

## **I. 1948 to 1969 from Jwp birth to Marriage to Sandra Lyn Morris Wolter Jacobs (Sandra Morris Jacobs, CPA, Houston, Texas)**

In 1988, my father and mother as well as myself found companions. My parents had been divorced for over a decade. My father connected with Nickie who is seven years his junior but when you are sixty-two and your companion is forty-five it does not really matter. Not he is eighty-one and she is sixty-three and age really does not matter.

On the plane home from New Jersey where I was discharged, I changed out of my uniform into my civilian cloths in the airplanes tiny bathroom. It was not unusual for soldiers to be harassed and even spit on due to the conflict in the US over the way in Vietnam. I did not want to endanger Sandra or my ten month old daughter Stephanie so I changed my clothes. Smart soldiers avoided being spotted. When I got off the plane and felt the 95° heat, I felt truly warm for the first time in eight months. At the outside I have four months left to endure this jail. It will be June and hot if I get out at that time.

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When I was a child I loved to play with my toys. Mostly they were toys that I could play with alone. I remember thinking when I was about 7 that I would never stop having fun with my toys.

Shortly after that, when I was eight I remember very clearly a vision of \_\_\_ when I was out in space. I had no body but I had an individual presence. I remember looking around and seeing a warm hole about ten feet in diameter and to the left and right were two spirits that looked like Roman soldiers. They were guarding the entrance to the warm hole.

As I stood there I heard a voice that said that the only reason that I had been able to do the things that I did in each life was because I carefully selected my parents to make sure had money and the opportunity for an education. That without that selection I would not be able to life time after life time accomplish my destiny. I denied it and then other voiced also spoke up saying the same thing. I had no one to take my position and support me. It was just me against all these negative sprits.

After a while I got irritated and agreed that I would change my designated parents and I would still accomplish my goals. I would chose

parents who were not wealthy and could not pay for me for my college education. When the bet was agreed to the voices went silent.

I then began to think how stupid I was to let these dark souls bate me into such a commitment. I was reviewing what I had promised God to do in the lifetime and realized that I had severely handicap myself. I then asked God if I was going to make it. I looked up and saw an old man with a full white beard in a heavy white robe with the hood laid back. He looked at me. Before I received an answer I was pilled into the warm hole. I don't know if this was at the time of my conception or my birth.

The dream never left me. I have thought about it all my life. I did manage to acquire these university degrees in Political Science, Accounting and Law. At forty I divorced my first wife after ten months of marriage counseling. Shortly thereafter I had a revelation.

I looked back on my life and realized that I had proceeded toward my destiny achieving one goal after another in addition to my education there had been a constant stream of people who had tried to hold me back or harm me in some way. My first ex wife being the darkest soul. I realized that those dark souls with whom I had made that bet had come into this life reality right before or after me.

In other words it had been their intention to not only sucker me into a bet but also once the bet was made to incarnate with me to work with those souls who had already incarnated to stop me from achieving my destiny even if I had not made the bet.

There is a Zen Buddhist story that goes like this...

There was a little frog who lived in a little mud hole by himself. He was happy and full of joy. He was the king of his dominion. Then one day a fox came by and asked the frog if he would like to see something interesting. The frog said yes and followed the fox for a way. When he made a particularly long jump he found himself out of the high grass and on the edge of a large pond. His eyes got big. He never imagined there could be so much water in one place. He was speechless.

The fox then asked him if he would like to see something else. The frog nodded yes. So the fox picked him up in his mouth and started off in

the tall grass. In about an hour the fox exited the tall grass on the shore of a very large lake. The frog saw the lake and then fainted.

When he woke up the fox told him that he had one more thing to show him if he was interested. The frog nodded yes. The fox again picked up the frog and carried him a great distance. He climbed a sand dune and showed the frog the ocean. The frog's head exploded.

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In 1988, I had been divorced a little more than a year and I was about to turn forty in April. Forty is considered a time of change, sort of an entry into full adulthood. Also, with the separation and divorce the accounting, tax and law businesses, Sandra and I had set up was destroyed. She took the accounting business which she destroyed within a year and I took the tax and law business. The little financial empire that had been built, and would within a few years gross a million dollars a year, was destroyed. All the businesses required two people to run them. When Sandra left the common office I could not continue to manage thirteen people, especially after several of them began to steal money from me. Sandra had been the deterrent to theft when I was out selling or in court.

All these factors seem to indicate that I was going to be on a new path. I still had my health, my energy, my experiences and my education but the business was in chaos. My family was gone. I gave custody of the four children to Sandra because I was not going to fight her in court when I knew that she did not want them. What she wanted was the \$10,000 a month income from me. I knew when she realized that was an insane dream she would give me the children. I also knew she had never disciplined the children and four children ages 10-16 were going to make her life hell.

I thought of having four children in a burning house and I could save two maybe three but probably not all four. The chaos of the divorce was going to take its toll. All I could do was stay very close and involved so the children felt some sense of security.

At any rate, my old life was over and a new era was about to begin. I decided to change my name as a reminder that I was now on a new path. So on April 1, 1988, April Fools day and Good Friday, I decided to change my name from Kenneth Edward Wolter to John WorldPeace. I filed the documentation in the courts on April 5<sup>th</sup> and walked them to the 11<sup>th</sup> district

court of Harris County and had the Judge sign the Order of Name Change and officially became John WorldPeace nineteen days before my biological birthday on April 24<sup>th</sup>. Since then I feel like I have three birthdays each year; April 1<sup>st</sup>, the day I committed to change my name, April 5<sup>th</sup>, the official day I changed my name and April 24<sup>th</sup>, my biological birthday.

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Now I found myself two decades late in jail and a safe harbor of sorts meditating on the past two decades and considering my future. Kay divorced me in December, another failed nineteen year marriage. My youngest son David a year ago destroyed a web design business that he and I and Kay had stated on October 2004 and was predicted to gross about five million dollars in 2007. We had finally found the right combination in July 2006 and had experienced 30% per month growth from July to December. The root cause of the chaos was Sandra. Even though I had not spoken to her in over seventeen years, evil casts a long shadow. On January 1, 1986 she destroyed our tax, accounting and law businesses and on January 6, 2007 she influenced Davis to destroy the web design business. Twenty-one years almost to the day later.

The imploding of the web design business created unmitigated hell and was the event which ended Kay's and my marriage. In July 2006, Kay's first husband finally drank himself to death after thirty five years of addiction to alcohol. Kay had never achieved closure with Randy. He died in a coma after a week with Kay talking to a Corpse. In December 2006, Kay lost her five year old grandson Cal to an undisclosed brain problem that took two years to finally terminate his life. In January my son destroyed our business. In February after a very bad night when Kay and I thought she was about to die of a heart attack, she told me she was leaving.

So it is time for some act to mock the end of my first sixty years and out at the same time to make another commitment to the future, a reaffirmation of my lifetime commitment to advocating WorldPeace. It was time to shove my hand. Coincidentally I had read in the \_\_\_ \_\_\_ \_\_\_ in the Christian New Testament \_\_\_ Paul after.

“Paul stayed in \_\_\_ for some time. Then he left the believers and sailed for Syria. \_\_\_ and \_\_\_ went with him. Before he said he has his hair cut off at \_\_\_. He did this because he had made a promise to God.”

The passage does not say what the promise was but I tend to believe it was a reaffirmation of his commitment to bring the news of Jesus to the non Jews in the Middle East.

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Between 1970 and 1990 I wrote about 2500 poems. I did so because it was an easy way to maintain my connecting with my creative side. I could write a poem when I was inspired in about three to five minutes. They were mostly one page of about 25-35 lines. I found that if I did not immediately write or if I mentally wrote the poem I would lose it. Also with five minutes after completing the poem I would not remember what I wrote. I learned to keep pen and paper close by and to immediately write the poem when I got the first line.

In 1990, I decided to see if I could put together a few small books from all the poems and so I began to organize them by category. What I found were the same subjects over and over but the settings were different. Each poem was unique. After organizing the poems and understanding what I had been consistently writing about I just stopped writing them. I can still stop what I am doing now for about five minutes and bring down a poem. Twenty years of writing poems created a method that I doubt I will ever forget. Last year I wrote several poems to a woman I was dating. They meant nothing to her so I quit. But it verified that I could still do it easily.

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Twenty years of experiences as John WorldPeace has convinced me that people hate peace, especially Americans and anyone who advocates it. The fundamental Christians always tell me that there will be no peace until Jesus comes. I don't argue anymore to these people about the fact that maybe only Jesus can bring perfect peace but we can in our limited human way increase the peace no matter how \_\_\_\_\_. That argument is lost in these people.

Another argument lost on fundamental Christians as well as other fundamental religions is that a Christian (Buddhism, Jewish, Hindu, Islam) peace will never manifest WorldPeace. The reason is simple. Religionists are all exclusive believing they have the only real truth. So to Christians peace cannot manifest unless the whole world is Christian. That will never happen.

Bureaucratic religion is exclusive. WorldPeace is all inclusive. “How can you manifest peace on earth if you don’t include everyone (all races, all religions, all nationalities, and both genders) in your vision of peace?” Answer: You cant. The reality is that religion has caused and bolstered more wars in the human society then any other cause. This is a great paradox how the words of Jesus can create Christian solders. There are enough sayings of Jesus to argue that he was a racist, pro Jew, or an advocate of love everyone. But it was not Jesus who reached out to non Jews. It was Paul who did that due to a vision of Christ given him the mandate.

The truth is that Christian America is a warrior nation and no generation of Americans have been touched by war. America the best hope for democratic free world with it \_\_\_ constitution and In God we Trust on its money none-the-less had committed genocide against Native Americans and enslaved Africans.

My life has been threatened and the CIA and FBI watch me. That is why I never use terrorist words and I have no organization, \_\_\_ or followers. And I an careful not to cast myself as a messiah or savior or prophet. David Koresh was a worst case scenario of a man who decided to use those words. Janet Reno and the FBI estinguished his tiny ministry. I am just one man with one simple message; WorldPeace. All the rest is just commentary.

More than a few people who know the truth about what I have experienced have suggested that I change my name because this path of peace and WorldPeace is too hard. I cannot so that. The vision I saw the day I decided to change my name was clear that I would suffer and the choice was mine. The only difference is that not I know the specifications of those difficulties. I have not suffered like Job. I have not suffered to date like Paul as \_\_\_ in the Acts of the \_\_\_ but I have seen the hatred for peace. I know who I am doing. I know how to be careful. This is an evil world in many ways.

For me is very simple. Regardless of how the rest of my life, short or long unfolds, regardless of what I accomplish if I accomplish nothing in regards to increasing the level of peace in the human society with my last breath I will know that God knows I tried. That is all that matters.

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I have been married twice for nineteen years each. In both cases it was my desire and lack of desire to just exist that drove them away. A lack of normalcy. I truly have too dynamic a life not only in my mind and spirit but in my outside activated. I like to bike, sail, jog, walk, horseback ride, take road trips, build things, work in the yard, and sun bathe. All these are solitary acts but ones which a companion is welcome but some women like to bike and others like to read and others go to the opera and others sail. I like them all but it is unlikely that I will find a woman with as diverse interest as I have. So it may be that the time for a single life companion has passed and I will have several relationships that satisfy only part of me. But in that scenario, no matter what activity I pursue, I will be with someone who enjoys it as much as I do. I have no desire to make another woman miserable in the long run. The truth is that I am a good and loving husband but one whose many mistresses are not females but the many wonders of this reality.

I have the ability to do something like write this book while at the same time stepping out of myself and observing myself. In other words to see where I am going. As I physically write I spiritually try to understand why I am writing and where this activity is going. How does it fit into my future?

In non focused conversation like sell a business service when I stay on track of necessity, I tend to confuse and confound people. I have found that the reason is because I jump around in a conversation talking from several time frames from the spiritual and practical. So I have to tell people that I am making a global statement and have shifted away from the specifics of the current situation. I may shift from talking about how to pick apples to a global statement of how important fruit is. Or I may shift from talking about current finances to how the finance will be later as my mind has quickly calculated the math of a certain endeavor. It all makes sense to me but I know it is confusing to those whose mind is not as quick as mine.

I think this is why many ultra conservative people are weary of me and even hate me. They always sense that I am seeing beyond the conversation at hand. They tend to fear what may be going on in my mind. This is a psychic thing I think. Nothing tangible, just something they see in my eyes or the inflection in my voice. I have been a very successful

salesman so I am not unsocial or unable to converse on the most mundane level.

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I suppose a good example is my name change; 95% of the people I meet don't care, 1% think it is \_\_\_ and interesting and the other 3-4% fear it because it is unconventional to change ones name (even though most women do it when they marry) much less to a name like WorldPeace. Changing ones name is always suspect to ultra conservative but the thought of WorldPeace and a truly \_\_\_ world is truly to be feared. People with little personal power tend to identify with a group larger than themselves. They become Christians, or Americans, or doctors or government workers. They don't understand someone who does not feel a need to associate and identify with a clan or group. The problem is that these identities are exclusive us and them mindsets and an exclusive mindset is detrimental to an all inclusive concept of WorldPeace. So as an advocate of WorldPeace I became an object of concern, a potential anarchist who wants to bring down all distinctions in the world society to strip the power of associates and identity from the \_\_\_. The truth is I have no such agenda. Grouping and associating is part of the human condition. I simply draw the line at one group victimizing another out of a sense of superiority. America has no right to rape the rest of the world and but so doing increase the misery globally. Slavery and Native American genocide are the two most glaring internal examples. Colonialism is an example of outside activists.

I am not for social anarchy. I am for moving toward a saner and just world society.

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Everything we do in life ripples through the human society. We are all made from the same earth and are one within God. We are all connected more than we realize. The good that we do increases the peace and harmony in the world society and the evil we do decreases it no matter how little. Christian fundamentalists tell me all the time that there will be no peace until Jesus returns. This is a perfect peace they expect. And the way they say it is as if there is no point in trying to change anything because only Jesus can make it happen. I disagree with the apathetic mindset. Maybe we can't bring a perfect peace to earth but we can increase the peace in the world

human society. That is what I tell people: we need to increase the peace as much as we can as they wait for Jesus to return.

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The cause of chaos, confusion and anarchy souls constantly leave holes in the human society as they die and others create chaos as they create a new presence. Hence you add to this the number of people who change jobs, they sick, retire and all the other things humans do with their lives there is a constant state of change and seldom is change peaceful. Change creates tension, chaos and confusion, as well as anger. It has many ramifications. This is why manifesting peace is such a challenge. But we can adopt attitudes about change that will reduce the chaos and confusion that change brings. That is what I advocate: An objective to increase the peace in the human society. A perfect peace amid the chaos of constant change is unimaginable.

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I graduated from law school in August 1984. I had worked full time while attending and Sandra had worked with me in the bookkeeping business I started in January 1981. We also had four children we were raising so we had worked very hard for a lot of years.

I had never given up my desire to one day become a credible artist and so when I graduated from law school I immediately purchased some oil paints and some canvas to paint on. I had last painted in 1972 in the Army. I had done three small paintings when I was discharged from the Army and came back to Houston. During those last months in Italy I had spent a lot of time reading on metaphysical subjects, mainly books about Edgar Cayce, meditating and starting to paint. But to President Nixon's campaign promise to end the war in Vietnam I became eligible for a five month early out. So in January 1971 I found that I would be discharged in May as opposed to October 1971.

So in 1984, after seven years of college and working full time I had acquired a Bachelor of Accounting degree and a Doctor of \_\_\_ degree from the University of Houston. I was tired. I could not practice law until I passed the state Bar so I had some free time to spend in transition. I have found that when a person disengages from something he has done for a long time, like being in the Army or going to law school it takes a while to adjust

to life outside those activities. It took me over a year to get used to civilized life after the Army. I expected about the same amount of time to adjust after law school. In both cases for me it was not a matter of not doing anything as much as adjusting to not having to go down to class or study every Sunday night. I saw painting as a bridge over to my new reality and an opportunity to see if I really wanted to devote anytime to my art. Until I was forty I was not sure whether I wanted to be an artist as opposed to a business man. I enjoyed both. But deep down I know that being an artist was too tricky financially. So I know that even if I did paint it would be more of a hobby than a serious career.

When I began to paint, Sandra seemed to freak out. She had out it in her mind that I had gone to law school just out of curiosity and the challenge. In fact, after I quit my last real job in 1980, she and her father suggested that since we had a three year old successful bookkeeping business and I could do ahead and get my CPA, that I should drop out of law school. I thought she was out of her mind. I was halfway to my law degree. I have never understood her mentality.

As I began to paint, she began to send rumors out to my family, friends and clients that I would never take the Bar. I have no idea what processed her. Why would I spend seven years in school and not practice law. All though during law school was accused of being a professional student. I never understood that because I was working seventy hours a week as was Sandra. In fact, I only attended about 80% of my law classes and only tried to pass each course. I know I was not going to work for a law firm and so my grades did not matter. All I wanted was to graduate so I could take the Bar. I always had a large client base. As it turned out within a year of passing the Bar I had 500+ open legal files.

Instead of going to law school each night I would come home and paint. But the more I painted the more paranoid Sandra got. I enrolled in the Bar prep course and began to go to those classes sometime in December, I think. I believe the Bar exam was in January 1985. I took the Bar and failed the second part by one question. Part 2 was the procedural part and was only about 10% of the entire Bar exam. I remember the last day of the exams when I took Part 2. I had gone to Austin and checked into a motel to study for four days and take the exam. The last morning I was exhausted. I had a list of 250+ questions and answers for Part 2 but I just could not study anymore and refused to read over them one more time. Had I don't

that I would have passed Part 2. I retook Part 2 and became licensed to practice law in May 1985.

After I passed the Bar, Sandra started telling everyone that I would not practice law. Well that was just another ridiculous assumption on her part. In fact, before I even took the Bar I had worked out a deal with an attorney who I had as a bookkeeping client to start taking the law business that would come from my bookkeeping business. At the end of 1984 I had brought a tax business and starting in January 1985 we began to do 1000 tax returns a year. So in January 1985 the law business that I sent to George began to increase dramatically. The plan was that I would take over the business that I sent George when I got my license in May. So again, who know what was going on in Sandra's head.

As I began to put together the procedure of the tax business in October 1984 as well as go to the Bar prep course I painted less and less. Sandra kept telling people I was going to be an artist. Apparently she expected me to shut down all the businesses at anytime and \_\_\_ off everything I had built to go and paint. Ridiculous.

In 1984, Sandra had a hysterectomy. It was at that time, in hind sight I see that her behavior altered dramatically. She turned thirty-four on December 2, 1984.

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During the last months in Italy I had a lot of time on my hands. When I arrived in Italy at the Southern European Task Force \_\_\_\_, a NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) \_\_\_\_. I was assigned to the \_\_\_ company in \_\_\_ about forty miles east of Venice. I was assigned to the \_\_\_ generals (AG) office. My job was to type letters from the commanding general, who I never met, to various politicians and family about soldiers assigned to the post. Most of the letters were only a few paragraphs long but they were typed on an old \_\_\_ typewriter and there could be no typos. The letters had to be perfect. So sometimes I would have to type a letter four or five times.

I was in a unique position in the Army. I was a college graduate and had become a sergeant in less than a year. So I had enough rank so that it took a major to \_\_\_ me and yet my mindset was the of a college draftee. I had done well in all my training. The guys in the AG's office were all rag bags most of whom had joined the Army to guarantee themselves a desk job

as opposed to an infantry job. But they had to sign for three years. I on the other hand had allowed myself to be drafted. I went to a year of infantry training and had more rank than volunteers. So they resented the fact that I had gambled and ended up in a cushy job like they had but had not signed for the extra year. My time was only two years.

I did OK in the AG's office from September to December but my attitude was degenerating. There was also some jealousy about the fact that I was married and my wife was in Italy with me.

Sometime in December a determination was made to ship me to Germany where I could play war games in the snow. But God and Nixon intervened and I was put on the list of people who would get out five months early. I had already begun to do my paper work to get out early by getting accepted back into college for another degree. If you accomplished that you could get out five months early. But President Nixon made all that unnecessary.

Since I was so short after Nixon's order, I could not be sent to Germany or anywhere else. So the AG decided to reassign me. The commanding General had just issued an order for the 1000 man AQ Company to run two miles everyday. The company commander was John Wayne \_\_\_\_\_. The universe is funny with names. So I was given the job of conducting PT every morning.

I would arrive at the post by bicycle at 7am and proceed to check in and then go to the motor pool which had a very large tarmac. It was there that I was to conduct PT. About 600-700 soldiers would show up each morning. They were all broken up into about five groups all under my command.

I had been in training for a year and then I was riding my bicycle ten miles a day in two trips to the post and back so I was in excellent shape. The general said to run two miles so that is what we were going to do. I understand what to do because morning PT had been part of my job for the last twelve weeks stateside. I was an \_\_\_\_\_ drill sergeant with an Advance Infantry Training Company.

After some exercises, I gave the command to start the run. The tarmac was big enough to run in a half mile circle. We only ran about 100 yards when the \_\_\_\_\_ sergeants began to fall out. Most had significant bellies on

them. We did about a half mile the first morning because of all the drop outs and the fact the formation degenerated onto chaos.

The \_\_\_ came to me wanting a severely modified routine. I told them the general said we were going to run two miles and that was what I was going to do. If they did not like it then they could talk to the general. Of course that was not going to happen. At the end of the week 90% of all the \_\_\_ NCO's formed their own PT group. His made me extremely mad. How did they expect to have the respect of those under them is they were to fat to lead. It also represented a problem of leadership ion the formation. I told them what I thought and told them that they should be a better example to the men. The reality was that the whole AQ Company had a bad attitude. They all had super cushy jobs during the Vietnam War and the discipline was never more than minimum.

One morning I was so mad I wool my group of 600 and ran them around the old \_\_\_\_. I made the sing cadence "Look to the right and what do you see? A bunch of big fat sergeants looking at me." I guess you could say I was not very diplomatic and not user friendly but one thing for sure, it motivated my group to keep running and I assume the general had made the observation that the leadership at his post looked pretty bad. So no one jacked with me. I was gone in a few months anyway. Good for me and them. SO my last five months on post required my presence about an hour a day. The rest of the time was mine to do as I please. I had the perfect job. I would ride home at about 9 am and then return after lunch, show my face around the office and ride back home.

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At home all Sandra and I did was to read. We had no money to go anywhere. Read metaphysical books and practical meditation for about six hours a day. Id some of the psychic experiments I read about with card reading and so on. One of the things that bothered me was the books kept saying I needed a mentor to go into the upper levels of meditation and other psychic experiences. I had a spiritual interest all my life and this metaphysical psychic phenomenon seemed to be something that could help me expand my spiritual knowledge.

One day I came home from the post and I could not remember the prior five hours. My life was not that routine or boring. This bothered me a

lot and so I decided to shut down my meditation and card reading and ground myself. I was becoming to spread out. And by the way, I have never to this day used and mind altering drugs so the levels of meditation I reached were without any mine altering aids. I decided that I would not return top my studies until a teacher appeared. I chose to let God decide when the time was right. That time came in early 1985 when a client of mine connected me with a very good psychic named Penny Looney, a legitimate Irish name. The meditation and other psychic exercises proved to me what I had always known. That I was very psychic. But doing it for money was not on my agenda ever. I determined that whatever talents I had in these areas would be used to bring down something to benefit all of society not to tell individual futures which I found I could do. A lot of people don't want to know their potential future but more often then don't want to be around someone who they know can read them like a book, even someone like me who stays out of people's aura unless invited in most real psychics know how to keep a low profile. The psychic with little business on vision street canons around the world are in the minority. Most of the really good ones don't hang out signs. They don't need to \_\_\_ find them.

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After my divorce in 1987, I thought that it would be interesting to write a book about a man name John WorldPeace who lived in the year 2025. The book would look back as the prior 30+ years and talk about how things that were important in 1987 developed and evolved. I wrote about eight chapters before other things in my life prevented me from continuing on with the book. To date I never went back to work on it. What it did was give me an idea of what it would take in time and energy to write a Novel.

In early 1988, I considered how my life had changed from January, 1986 and I felt that I would be on a different path in life. Maybe not so different on the outside but certainly different on the inside. I had read that people in Asia and China sometimes change their names after their children are raised to be more in harmony with their new life. So I began to consider the radical experience of changing my name.

I was sure it would confuse and irritate my family and friends and clients but it seemed like the right things to do. I had three sons to carry on my father's name. I also wanted to distance myself from Sandra who as much as she wanted to divorce me still wanted to keep my family name. I

did not know what I would change my name to when the thought first occurred to me but after a few weeks I thought that John WorldPeace would be a good name.

I look back now at sixty and I can better see how normal people could be expected to react to such a radical move. Unfortunately I have paid little attention to what others think and have always valued my own internal guidance over the advice of others.

I also considered that I had always wanted to do something to benefit and uplift the human society. It came to me that as John WorldPeace people would have to think about WorldPeace even if for just a moment when they said heard or read my name. I felt that if I never did anything more to \_\_\_ and help promote peace, this would at least be something. I thought about how radical the change would be but I also considered that I would be the only person in the entire world whose name would translate into every language on the planet. And I would be the only person on the planet with the name WorldPeace. I also considered that in time others may follow my example and change their name to WorldPeace as well. It would be an \_\_\_ commitment to an endorsement if not advocacy of WorldPeace. So far no one has done that except Kay by virtue of her marrying me.

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On April 1, 1988 a friend of mine from years prior when I was actively exploring the psychic realms called and said she was going to Conroe to meet with a psychic name Cia Sun and wanted to know if I wanted to go along. I said yes. I had not been around any psychics for a couple of years and I wanted to get away from my office to clear my head.

We had been visiting with Cia for several hours about things in general and were about to leave when I decided to see what kind of effect it would have to mention that I was going to change my name. So I told them that I was considering changing my name. Their first question naturally was to what. I said to \_\_\_ \_\_\_. Neither one of them laughed but I was having trouble keeping a straight face. After they seriously discussed this for a moment and had a chance to psychically consider it I told them I was joking about the name. I then told them I was going to change it to John World Peace, three words. Cia immediately said that if I did I would be known as John Peace and there were a lot of John Peace's in the world. She suggested

WorldPeace as one word. I immediately understood what she was talking about and decided to follow her suggestion.

Over the years I thought I should have kept my first name, Kenneth, as a middle name, John Kenneth WorldPeace. This would have caused less confusion for friends and especially family who had known me for forty years as Kenneth. It was not enough of an issue for me to change my name again.

I have nit seen or heard or heard from Cia Sun since that day. While visiting that day with Cia and Linda and before I made my announcement, I saw a vision, I was of a crystal tipped wand laying in the ground. I saw all these people walking by it. I just saw from their knees down but no one wanted to puck up the WorldPeace wand. They all know it meant a life of hell. I had a choice to pick it up or not. It was one of those roads less taken moments. I knew that it would change my life. I also knew that I really had no choice. So I picked up the want and all that went with it.

April 1, 1988 was a Friday that year. But after I made the commitment to change my name I realized that it was also Good Friday. I thought that one tradition considered me a fool, it was April Fools Day and another greater tradition. Good Friday indicated that I was going through a metamorphosis. Both traditions have played out over the years.

Linda had been scheduling me to paint some psychic pictures and had already set a date for me to go to Cornel Temple in South Houston to paint a picture for their chapel on Sunday. I did not realize it was Easter Sunday. I went and met the patrons of Cornel Temple, a New Age church and painted a picture which still hangs in their main sanctuary.

Richard and Charlotte Segler were significantly involved in the New Age phenomenon back in the 80's. They had prayed meditated and channeled information to each other. They thought of themselves as \_\_\_\_\_ who were a strict set of Jews who lived apart from the main body of Jews in Jerusalem. Their goals was to bring forth the Jewish messiah. Joseph and Mary are alleged to be \_\_\_\_\_.

Richard and Charlotte were guided to build Cornel Temple on faith. They began the Temple with no money and over the course of building it money came from one source on the alter to pay for everything. The Temple was therefore built with cash and when it was completed the cast stopped.

Cornels mission like that of the \_\_\_ of old was to \_\_\_ the messiah. They were promised that Richard would meet the messiah. Richard died about ten years ago of Alzheimer's and other problems. The Temple is still open today.

The Temple has always been very small but over the years it had had many guest speakers in Sunday morning. I don't know if there are any New Age gatherings anymore. Richard and Charlotte were there at the beginning of the movement and I guess when they close their doors, if they do, the New Age era will come to an end.

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I filed the pleading to officially change my name on April 5, 1988, and I walked the paper through to the 11<sup>th</sup> District Court, Harris County, Texas. Judge \_\_\_ was kind enough to take a few minutes and sign my order changing my name to John WorldPeace. Judge said "He's busy with more important things than mine."

On the way out of the court house I encountered a friend of mine from childhood. We were best friends until age thirteen. He was the best man in my marriage to Sandra even though we had not seen much of each other in eight years. And I saw him only a few times before we met in the elevator that day. And I had not seen him since. It is strange how the universe works, I always wonder about these kinds of events. I don't believe in coincidences but I have yet to understand why these encounters with \_\_\_ the odds of seeing him that day were astronomical even though he is a lawyer. He started law school as I went to the Army. He was the first person I told that I had changed my name.

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A few days later I was standing outside my office after work. I looked at my building from across the street and I felt different. I was a new person. Kenneth Edward Wolter was dead and John WorldPeace had stepped into his place. The only thing that was really different, but that was a major difference. I thought about how women feel after they marry. They are the same person but different. They are now married to another human being and from then on they live a different reality. This new name announces that they have buried their old identity. Their name change is an

announcement of a rebirth. My name change was no different. It was an announcement that I was a different person.

When a person is born his or her parents give them a name. The child has no say in that selection. It does not seem strange to me that a person at some time after reaching adulthood would want to chose his own name. To have a name that he chose. One the best fits to who he is. However, to change ones name has a primal implication of rejecting one's clan. And that bothers some people a lot. I have had potential jurors on \_\_\_\_ tell me that they will vote against my client because I have rejected my family name. As will most things in life, when one person speaks out he is speaking for others who are not willing to stand up but in fact fell the same way.

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As a young man I read a lot of books on Hitler. It irritated my father. HE misunderstood my intentions. I am sure he thought I many have some neo Nazi tendencies when in fact I could not understand how in the modern world so great an evil could posses the German people. How one man could create so much hell on earth.

I also could not understand how the Jews, allegedly six million of them, would allow themselves to be exterminated or how the world could allow it. I cannot believe that America and England did not know about the death camps.

I studied Hitler for almost a decade. My global \_\_\_\_ are few; 1) England and France tried to punish the Germans after WWI to the \_\_\_\_ Germans were starving. Their economy in ruins and so is always the case when you take away peoples hope they will turn to anyone no matter how evil to survive. Israel is creating that same hell for the Palestinians and it is just a matte of time before another, lesser, Hitler arises from among those people.

I believe that WWII was the Armageddon related in the Christian New Testament of Revelation. The Book of Revelation was written by John on the Island of \_\_\_\_ when drug induced visions were common place with the use of sacred \_\_\_\_\_. Psychic visions are always flawed and never perfectly

match real events they predict. It is a highly abstract language and those abstracts can be misinterpreted.

The entire \_\_\_ world was caught up in WWII: both East and West with the evil centered in Germany and Japan. The only thing worse will be a nuclear holocaust that will pollute the entire planet.

The Christians do not believe that WWII was Armageddon because they have not identified a Christ like figure but for me that is not \_\_\_\_\_. The Jews still do not believe in Jesus as their long awaiting messiah. (In fact all the major religions have an expectation of a messiah like person returning to renew their faith or to begin another religious drama) It is possible that Christ had returned but not in the way that the conventional wisdom had laid out the parameters of that event. The Jews expected a women king and Jesus appeared as a man of peace who in fact brought chaos into society with his radical message of forgiveness and love.

My expectation is that an \_\_\_ of spirituality, which emphasized the one on one conversation between a human being a God, will have to be embraced by the human society in order to significantly increase the peace. It must be an all-inclusive philosophy without form another religious bureaucracy. People will embrace that philosophy individually and at the same time worship God through their chosen religion.

People may silently associate themselves with the unspoken Way of Peace and yet still be a Christian, Jew, Buddhist, etc. They may simply refer to themselves as Human Beings.

My segregating statement is “How can we manifest peace on earth if we don’t include everyone (all races, all religions, all nationalities, both genders) in our vision of peace?” The answer is, we cannot. A Christian peace will never manifest WorldPeace because Christianity is an exclusive religious bureaucracy as are all religions. WorldPeace is all inclusive and cannot manifest from an exclusive mindset. A white peace will never manifest WorldPeace inclusive of all races. An American peace will never embrace all nations. And women who are second class citizens all over the world must be given true equality in the world society of human beings.

This all inclusive philosophy is so radical that it causes me some apprehension advocating it. The human society is one of class, nationals and other organizations. Human beings take pride and security in belonging and

there is nothing wrong with a desire to associate with others who share your views.

The danger comes when a person forgets they are a human beings, a child of God, to use that as a metaphor, and became White Christian Males or Black African Muslims or Yellow Asian Buddhists.

“How can we manifest peace on earth if we do not include everyone (all races, all religions, all nationalities, both genders) in our vision of peace?”

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I met Melanie Suzanne Walker in Geometry class in 11<sup>th</sup> grade. By virtue of her last name being Walker and mine being Wolter. I sat behind her in class. We began to date mostly on the weekends and I would go over to her house sometimes during the week. I was working about 25-30 hours a week at the grocery store my last year and a half of high school and my time was limited.

Melanie’s mother was a dark soul. She had adopted two children late in life. They were four and six at the time I knew Melanie. Melanie was the surrogate mother. Her mother was a nurse and the plan was for her mother to stay with her brother (who the mother had total contempt for and passed it on to Melanie and to her older brother James) until Melanie went through medical school. Then Betty would live off Melanie for the rest of her life.

When I came along Melanie started to visualize a different future and the disengagement as surrogate mother. Over the next months Betty began to try to undermine mine and Melanie’s relationship. When her manipulation did not work she decided to divorce Melanie father to try and hold Melanie to her.

I told Melanie in August 1967 that she had to chose between her mother and me. I could not deal with the manipulation anymore. I got no response from Melanie so I let her go. The next day I went to my grandparents in the country where I had experienced peace during my childhood summers. I \_\_\_\_\_ everything and came back home.

As I turned into my block I saw Melanie’s car blocking my driveway. I was immediately depressed.

The day after I ended our relationship Melanie confronted her mother and her mother beat her up. Melanie managed to get away and came to my house. My mother did not know that I had ended the relationship and had taken her in. I told Melanie we would plan to get married. We set a date for December 22, 1967. I didn't want to marry her. But I decided to do it anyway and if it did not work I would divorce her after she was able to support herself. Her mother had killed my love for Melanie.

I worked at MD Anderson Cancer Institute as an inhalation therapist in the medical center. I worked \_\_\_\_\_. I got Melanie a job at Methodist Hospital as an inhalation therapist working 4-12. We both went to summer school and had one class together. We would have to get up at 5 am, go to school, then come home and go to work. She would have to go to work an hour early and I would have to stay an hour late at my job. At midnight we would go home and start over again the next morning.

Melanie moved into my room and I moved next door with my mother's parents. Everything just stayed busy. We worked on our wedding plans as well.

In November our relationship was more and more strained. I did not know why. Then the last week in November, Melanie said she wanted to go spend the weekend with her mother. This bothered me a lot. I was back to when I had been in July, dealing with an ultimatum for her to make a choice. I was also irritated that some nights she would keep me waiting an extra hour while she chatted with her fellow employees.

When Melanie left for her mother's on Friday night, I found out from my grandparents that she had been talking to her mother behind my back for about two months. When I found this out I told my mother and father to \_\_\_\_\_ up her staff. Unfortunately the wedding invitations had just been mailed.

On Sunday, I picked Melanie up from her mother's and we went to the park to talk. The conversation centered around her demand that I try harder to make things work. She never really understood that I had no more to give. When I said that she got arrogant and told me to take her to my house to pack her things. I told her she was already packed. She looked like I had shot her in the stomach. She began to cry and jumped out of the car and began to walk. I followed her about a mile to one of her friend's houses and she drove off. The next day she came and picked up her things.

The problem was that she was about three weeks late on her monthly cycle. I had no further communication with her. I found out about a year later that she had tried to call me and my mother had not told me. I found this out because how luck would have it I was in another class with her in the Fall of 1968. I noticed that she had gained a lot of weight which was totally unlike her. I wondered if she had had a baby but I did not pressure it. I felt if she had been pregnant and either had an abortion or had given the child away I would have had a tremendous amount of anger.

I continued to see her in class but neither of us make any attempt to contact the other or even look in each others direction. In 1970, I \_\_\_ to see her on campus. I was within ten feet of her and did not speak but her weight was less than when I was with her.

In April 1971. while I was at NCO school at Fort Benning Georgia, I ran into her brother James at the laundry. He was in the class ahead of me. We talked a while. We had a very good conversation because we had never had any problems between us. But I did not ask him about Melanie. I told him I would come see him at his barracks and we parted. I never went to see him. I guess I just didn't want to relive any history.

Sometime in 1974 I saw that Melanie had opened a Veterinary Clinic in her maiden name. So she had not become a doctor for humans. I had also checked the marriage records in 1972 when I got out of the Army and was selling insurance. I was at the County Court \_\_\_\_\_ getting leads \_\_\_\_\_ and decided to just check the records. I saw that she had been married twice. Both time to men with Arab names.

Over the last forty years I have wondered about whether I had another child. I had thought that one say he may just show up. I say he because I always felt if I had a child with Melanie it would have been a boy. One day I may hire someone to find out. If I find I do, I will be very sad for all the lost years and try to make up for whatever pain he suffered because of me.

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When I was about six I remember going with my father to his parents in El Campo. They lived on a 65-acre farm. It was a very cold rainy morning and my dad had gone hunting. My grandfather had torn down most of the house that my father had lived in as a kid to use the lumber in the house he was building. They were staying in the original \_\_\_ camp that he

and my grandmother were given by her father when they got married. They had pulled that \_\_\_ house down to my grandfather's property. That was about 1925.

There was a wood burning stove to heat the house that morning. I remember my dad came in with some ducks he had shot. One was a Red hood and the other two were Mallards (green heads). He had put them in the corner just inside the door. I can remember being taken by how beautiful they were.

Three or four years later I had gone dove hunting with my dad. I was too young to carry a gun so I just tagged along to pick up the birds. My dad was a real good shot but he had been hunting since he was a kid and he was about thirty at the time.

On the way back to the house my father scared a very large bullfrog who jumped about fifteen feet into a ditch that cut through my grandfather's property. He gave me his gun and went after the bullfrog. After a small chase he caught him. When we got back to the top of the ditch he said he had not seen a frog like that in a very long time. I asked him what he was going to do with it and he replied he was going to eat the legs. I started to ask him why he did not want to let him go. Seemed to me that he deserved to live because he was one of the last of his kind. I just kept quiet. Death is a daily ritual on a farm. Something has to die so people can live.

When my dad got to the house he tried to kill the frog without success. He finally got a hammer to drive his knife into the frog's brain. He skinned the frog and took the legs to my grandmother to cook. I remember them laying on a pan of water and when she would put salt on them they would twitch. Later she fried them and I had some. It had no particular taste to me. I realized much later in life that I had a very limited sense of smell and taste. Not only that, in the South almost everything was fried which significantly reduces the taste of whatever had been fried.

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In 1985, I was at a psychic class at Penny's. That evening we were in a group meditation where New Age music was playing and Penny was the guide. She guided the class as a \_\_\_\_ \_ \_ \_ . In meditation, many times you are fully conscious of your environment and conscious of some vision you are seeing and experiencing.

On this particular evening shortly after the meditation began my spirit (or high self) exited my body. I was free. I immediately went high above the earth and orbited around the planet in a matter of seconds. I was going as fast as a comet. After a few orbits I decided to go to the moon and I was there in a matter of seconds. I was not there instantly; I had a sense of traveling. Everything I saw was shimmering like a mirage. Everything had a sparkle and depth to it. When I got to the moon I took a seat and looked at the earth. After a minute I decided to travel to all the planets in the solar system.

I went out to the edges of the solar system passing by all the planets and then I shot back toward the sun. When I reached the sun I orbited it from about a half a million miles distant. I could not feel the heat because my body was too light. I then return to a position close to the earth. From there I looked across the solar system. I had the vision to see all the planets. I did a turn around looking at all the planets in their various positions around the sun. It was a euphoric experience.

I have always believed that my home in this galaxy was on Polaris. Polaris is at the center of the galaxy and is the North Star. I looked up into space and saw it clearly. I then took off to explore it. However within seconds I realized that I was going to get lost because when I looked back to the solar system I was so far away that I could not distinguish it from the other stars and planets. I realized that if I continued on that I would get lost and not be able to return to the earth.

Psychics have said that our souls are attached to our bodies with a silver thread. When that thread breaks we die. I felt a sense that Polaris was too far and I would snap that silver cord and my earthly body would die. I also felt that my spirit would be lost for a time in the galaxy.

At the moment I realized all of this the cassette recorder clicked loudly and the music stopped. I then had a sense of floating back to earth. I just closed my spiritual eyes and drifted back into my body. I have never been out of my body in meditation again. I think my angels and spirit guide know that I am too fearless and can't be allowed that much freedom without more experience.

The next similar experience I have had is a nightmare. I would find myself in my room out of my body and I could not return. The way I return

to my body is to begin to move it. The sense of touch pulls my soul back into my body.

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February 29, 2008 After Breakfast

In February, 2008, after my son David essentially destroyed the Web Design Business that Kay and I and he had begun, my father took David's side and started to attack me on several issues related to other family matters as well as the business. He continued to attack me when he knew that because of David's malicious acts that Kay was leaving our nineteen year marriage. I told him that I had too much chaos in my life to allow him to attack me every night. I had also been calling my mother. I tried to talk to him several times before I came to jail but the conversations were strained. Since I have been in jail I have written three of four letters. I have received no response.

I believe that it is important to know our parents. Especially mine who are both now eighty-one and have supported me all my life in my various endeavors even while \_\_\_ after that I was stupid for pursuing certain things. They have never really understood me but my childhood was as good as it gets I think as the average.

My parents were married at eighteen and within six months both re married and left home when they were forty-five. Like a lot of marriages, when the children leave, then the marriage collapses. They divorced after thirty-six years of marriage.

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When I was a child I was at my grandfathers farm. We had come back from some gathering. There were no lights except those from the cars. Hen they were turned out for the first time in my life I was able to see the heavens clearly. It was a clear night when there was no pollution. I could clearly see the magnificence of the Milky Way. The vision was over \_\_\_\_. To see the galaxy across the havens was just awesome to me. I was only six or seven I think but something in me was at worship at the moment. Later in life I found Psalm 8. It speaks of what I saw that night but no \_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_. Words can only \_\_\_ describe it and the creator of those heavens is at my side at every moment. What is fear in the presence of God majesty.

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March 5 2008

Many people think that because I changed my name to WorldPeace that I am an old hippie who has used his share and drugs. The truth is that I have never used illegal drugs in my life. I have never smoked and my use of alcohol has been extremely limited until I had my heart attack. For three years after my heart attack I drank a glass of wine with dinner. I never really liked it and thought of it more as medicine. I quit after three years. I should drink it but I just don't care for it.

When I was in college LSD was the popular mind altering drug. I always had concerns that if I took a drug like that I would end up in a catatonic state staring out the window in some window in an institution. From what I can tell, I have the ability to reach an altered state of mind very quickly through meditation. To bolster that altered state with drugs seemed to me to be dangerous for me. Other drugs concerned me about the source. I don't smoke so I don't want to smoke marijuana. I have no desire to shoot any drugs straight into my veins nor snort anything up my nose. I am allergic to yeast and malts and hops in beer. I will drink a shot of whiskey or liquor if I have a bad cold.

My son Brian is an alcoholic and he tells me that whiskey going down his throat is like sex. I can't even image such a feeling. I suspected that Brian was an alcoholic but his mother and her family who are helping him stay in denial. The truth came for him on \_\_\_ in \_\_ Korea in the Marines. I think he was \_\_\_ \_\_\_ due to the alcohol and passed out and began to see things. I think he is very psychic and he experiences what I was afraid of.

He became suicidal and was put into a straight jacket and in a padded cell. He went to hell on earth at 21. He recovered and as far as I know he has not had a drink in over ten years. He knows it will kill him.

When I went to college from 1966-1970 the Vietnam war was hot and the civil rights movement was in full swing. It was interesting going to class where about 10% were conservative, traditional Americans soldiers and wannabes and 15% were hippies. The rest of us just went about our business. I worked full time, dressed normal, observed by had no time to participate. I had no social life due to school and work. I had my girl who took care of my social needs.

Funny al the radical war protesting hippies that I knew grew up and became so much a part of the system that they elected George Bush and supported his war in Iraq. Just a contemporary Vietnam. I was anti war in 1966 and more so in 2002. But in 2002 I was John WorldPeace and I had a large anti war internet site.

The hipped were a turn off to me mainly because most of them were dirty. I liked the clothes but hated the smell. I could not stand the greasy hair. Most of them seemed to me to be draft dodgers. Their anti war interest was self serving and did not survive after the Vietnam War ended. They became their parents.

The most annoying thing to me was that the majority of hippies wore Army field jackets. They liked to wear the field jacket of the soldiers they did not want to go to war. I think it was a inevitable indication of their incoherent philosophy.

The other interesting thing was that some of my classmates had been in the rice paddies of Vietnam just weeks before classes started. Most of them kept a low profile to keep from being attacked by the hippies. The only that talked to me did so because they know I was going there myself due to my low draft lottery number. Several of my good friends went to Vietnam. Thank goodness they all came back whole.

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When I was a child my mother's father, my grandpa Ellis, was sick a lot. We had been told on four occasions that he was dying and to come say goodbye. One time he had terminal cancer. He survived every time. He finally died of old age at 77 clinging to life. I came away from those experiences with two things. One, God can work miracles if someone will fight hard to live. Two, I did not ever want to experience that much sickness so I have tried to stay in shape all these years. My father has had a lot of stomach and heart related problems among others. He has never been totally healthy. But he drank for a lot of years, ate badly and never exercised. Yet he has lived to 81. I just don't want to live the lower \_\_\_ of life he has experienced. My father's father, my grandpa Walter, also had bladder cancer and after ten years was cured. He lived to be 80.

I received my forth letter from Kay yesterday. Due to my son David's trashing with regards to our business \_\_\_ January. Kay left me on March 30<sup>th</sup>. We never really had an argument. She just could no longer deal with the chaos with her health problems.

She did not talk to me for seven months after she left and then she exchanged a few emails and a few phone conversations. Since I have been in here she has helped gather my things for a garage sale because if my mother sells the house that is tied up in bankruptcy, I will have to move<sup>3</sup>. She lives in Austin and has made two trips here. She gets along well with my mother and so the trips to Houston have a \_\_\_ purpose.

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When I first came in here, I was calling my mother daily, John daily and my girlfriend daily. I was also talking to my main employees Oscar. In all cases the phone company after about 25-30 calls changed the procedure for recurring collect calls from the jails. A \_\_\_ had to be made to pay for the calls which cost \$3.60 locally. When they blocked my calls to my mothers she refused to make the deposit. She had the money. She was mad that I was in jail. U was calling her everyday for years. It did not matter. I have written about five letters to her and she has not responded. The next person to stop the calls was my girlfriend. John never stopped talking phone calls and I call him once a day. This phone is like a hospital in that if you have a loved one here or there you need to check on them everyday. Things happen. Also, it is very lonely and even depressing for those who have no one overtly show they care about them. Lately the phone at my office was cut off because Oscar could no longer come to work. Like other matters I realized I could not control it from in here so I will have to pick up the pieces of my business after I get out. I can only deal with what is under my control and right now that only includes his book and communication through John to my attorney.

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Charlie had about a dozen pear trees and they would generate about 15 full buckets of pears. There were more than we could eat of give away. One evening I wool come to feed the horses; my Arabian and Kay's \_\_\_. I first fed a few to the \_\_\_ and then turned to feed come to my horses. I was in the open pasture and not behind the fence. My horse was to my left facing

the \_\_\_\_\_. A few seconds after I turned to my horse and took my eyes off the \_\_\_\_\_, I heard her give a high pitch whiney.

I knew she was about ready to kick. I knew she had turned and was going to try and kick the Arabian. I did turned to my left and jumped away from the \_\_\_\_\_. She caught me on the right hip and because I was already moving boosted me about an extra ten feet. When I hit the ground I wondered if I was injured. I prayed that I wasn't. The \_\_\_\_\_ had been shod and had she caught me standing still she probably would have killed me or snapped my spine.

I had not heard any bones crack and did not feel anything. But I knew I could be in shock. I was just \_\_\_\_\_ and had been hurt I could not have made it to the house about 150 yards away. I would have just had to wait until someone found me. I seemed to be OK.

My next reaction was to get my rifle and shoot the \_\_\_\_\_. If I had been hurt I would have shot her. I could not have a crazy around people. I decided to sell her and did so at the next auction. I had the auctioneer make an announcement that she could not be trusted. The French eat horse meat and a lot of them that are brought are slaughtered for their meat. The \_\_\_\_\_ was big and fat and I assume that is where she went but I don't know.

Kay and I had become part of the land. We loved it. We hated to see it go but we had to get back to the city. When we left there was a terrible storm that seemed to follow us all the way to Houston. When I got bear downtown it was so dark I thought it was night. The sky was black in all directions. You could not see the horizon.

Finally the thunder, lightning and rain slacked off and I saw light on the horizon ahead. It was only about 4 pm. I felt like we were so connected to the property that when we left there was a great short circuit. Just another interesting event in my life. I don't really believe that dramatic events are coincidences. Events like that occur to make an impression. I have never been in a storm like that in my life.

Charlie's love the farm now belonged to Joann. Where I walked to 125 acres everyday my understanding that Joann never ventured more then a few hundred yards from the house. She offered to pay Kay's son to go inspect it for her.

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When I was about 21 I became focused in freedom. I wanted to know why I did certain things. Did I do them because they were in line with my desires or did I do them because something outside me was manipulating me. Basically did I eat a certain cereal because I liked it or because I was influenced by a commercial.

I began to analyze everything in regards to its control over me. I was not paranoid about being controlled and as all people in society we have to subject ourselves to some level of control.

I also wanted to understand why people did obviously wrong things. I was still wondering about Hitler control over the German people. I still wondered about the Jews going quietly to their death.

My conclusion was that the lack of knowledge and the inability to analyze facts in what made people easy to control I realized that the lack of education makes it difficult for people to fully control their lives. Not in the sense of more income but in the sense that they could not evaluate control over their lives because they had not studied how dictations come to power and how large corporations misrepresents their products and how politicians lie.

When I ran for governor I found that in each election there is a big emphasize on education but when the elections are over, education only gets lip service. In Texas the state lottery was sold to the public based on the money going to education. It didn't. The public was hoodwinked.

There is a common agenda of the rich and powerful to keep the average citizen ignorant. I knew many decades ago the Communism would not survive once enough people became educated. Any education even if it teaches lies cannot stop people from learning to think. Once they can think they begin to question and demand equality. Politicians and religious bureaucracies thrive on lies fasted on the ignorant.

In all the sales marketing careers I have taken, all the courses on jury selection and all the writing courses I have taken teach the same thing, gear

your presentation to an eight-grade mentality (13 years olds). If that is the case and it seems to be then the public is easy to control and \_\_\_\_.

And if America is operating on an 8<sup>th</sup> grade mentality, then consider the level that the rest of the planet functions with. Freedom requires education. Justice requires education. It is harder to control and manipulate an educated population.

Increasing the peace in the world society, in the short term, education is a threat to those in power who run massive advertising campaigns to control the public. The jingle mentality of politics is an example. People vote for the best ad campaign not the best candidate. The master manipulator was \_\_ propaganda minister Josef \_\_\_\_. The fallout was divesting to the world society.

\_\_\_\_\_

My father's father's parents immigrated from Stavno Poland/Germany in the late 1800's. His fathers surname was Wolter and his mothers was Kersey. My grandfather was born in either 1896 or 1898. No one was sure when I was about ten and working on my fathers genecology with his mother and sister.

My fathers mothers parents immigrated from Sweden. Her fathers surname was \_\_\_\_ and her mothers name was \_\_\_\_.

My mothers mothers family was from Scotland and her mother surname was \_\_\_\_\_. Her fathers surname was MacPherson. A Macpherson had fought in the Revolutionary War and another in the Confederacy and was discharged at Harrisburg, which is not part of downtown Houston. I understand he was discharged at Allen's Landing on Buffalo Bayou.

My mothers fathers father was Irish and his mother was French. He fathers surname was Ellis and he mothers was Heipel or (Heiple) French.

I have never been interested enough in genealogy to teach the family back into history. I am fortunate to have pictures of them back to the 1860's.

Bloodlines are of interest to some people and so I have included it here. Also some people think I have a Native American heritages if they think that WorldPeace is my birth name.

I have experienced prejudice from some people simply because I changed my name. These people think I am rejected by me family and now disrespected my father by changing my name. That is nonsense. At forty I had become my own person. I felt it was logivcal that I have a name defining who I am.

I have three sones who have the Wolotor famil y surname. What I find interesting is that three generations back there were eight family name that contrubutated equally to me DNA. Wolter, Kersey, Paulsen, Kersey, MacPherson, McQui\_\_\_, Ellis and Heipel. By tradition, society gives priority to the Wolter name. If you go back to the forth generation there are 16 family names to chose from and five generations back there are 32.

Five generations only take you to the early 1800's. We are all here because of successful human mating back tons of thousands of years. Family names have only been important for hundreds of years. SO what is in a name? What values a name? In many cases the least worthy ancestors name carried forward. The logic of it is that we cant give our children a name that included all family names so a decision was made to give the male name priority. A mans lineage goes forward regardless with living heirs that the major of the family names are lost. It is another example of the patriarchal society we live in.

I am the only human being on the planet with the WorldPeace name since Kay divorced me in December 2008. I have the only name in the world that can be translated into every language on the planet. TO have the WorldPeace name you have to abandon your birth name and by so doing I suppose make a commitment to WorldPeace.

The other thing that more significant thing that comes from a consideration of family name is just how inter\_\_\_ the human society really is. We are related by blood to millions of other human beings. Think about that, related by blood to millions of other human beings. We are related to each other through our infinite immortal souls as children of God but according to current scientific research we all can trace our genealogy back

250,000 years to an Eve in \_\_\_ Sahara Africa. Biblically, we are all related to Noah. As recent as 13000 years ago which is the approximate date that science can prove that the whole world was incarnated.

And lastly, when our bodies' die they decompose into individual atoms and those atoms became plants that are eaten by animals and animals are eaten by human beings. So the atoms of our ancestors are recycled and \_\_\_ our bodies contain a few or many atoms that were part of humans who have lived and died before us.

So we are all more connected than we think. SO why are we killing each other. Why are we creating so much pain and suffering to our brothers and sisters near and far? We are children of God spiritually and children of the earth physically.

Politically the earth is one country and human beings are its citizens. Scientifically our bodies share atoms with our ancestors and we are part of the earth spiritually we are all children of God. This is the undeniable reality which we reject as we kill each other and cause pain and suffering on a global scale.

March 11, 2008 After count

### The WorldPeace Endeavor

Twenty years ago next week on Good Friday 1989 I made a commitment to try and increase the peace in the world society. Not just in my family or my small world but on the entire planet. I changed my name as a solemn and \_\_\_ commitment to WorldPeace.

I have no intention to start another religion or to have disciples or followers dedicated to me. I simply wanted to try to find some ways to increase the peace in the human society.

I know that in order for the peace to increase it will be necessary for human beings to give up putting such a high priority in gaining power and control over their fellow human beings but instead join together to take the human society to the next level where this is common respect for every person and where possible true love to the others.

We can do so much better but to do better we must believe we can do better and we must be determined to do better. It is time to quit murdering people just because they are not of our race, religion or nation. It is time to quit plundering the natural resources of other societies.

We no longer must live our brutal and mercenary past into the future. The world is a kind place and we must be prepared to successfully defend ourselves from the evil that men do but we must never because the evil that we oppose.

I have a very modest goal. Part of that is to complete this book to show my life. To show what I know to be an open example of how I have found peace in rising above my base human nature and primal desires and live on a higher more spiritual plan of existence. I do not have all the answers. I \_\_\_ only my quest that is recorded in this book. And that quest will go on. It is appropriate that this book be finished by my 60<sup>th</sup> birthday on April 24, 2008. I hope to finish the first draft by Easter Weekend, the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of my name change.

In the world at large, I most desire to travel the world like Johnnie Appleseed but instead of planting apple trees I want to create beacons of peace and WorldPeace.