

III. 1988 until 2007 when Jwp divorced Elizabeth Kay WorldPeace (Elizabeth Kay Long, Georgia)

My second wife and I had what I considered nineteen good years together. Kay and I never fought, but our life was hectic. Over the years we had many experiences of raising our children from prior marriages, moving to the farm to care for her father and fifty year old Downs Syndrome sister, moving to Colorado for three years working together in our business, my running for Governor, to mention a few of the highlights. I am glad that Kay and I have an open communication past divorce. There are just two many great memories over nineteen years that I like to talk about with her.

Kay and I met in 1988 but our relationship ended in 2007 officially with divorce. We had both come from nineteen year relationships, she with two children and me with four. We did not see the point of officially marrying. We felt a piece of paper would not matter to us. And it didn't.

However, Sandra and my sister Cheryl felt it necessary to apply their fear ___ conservative Christian ___ to bear and kept telling my children that Kay and I were going to hell because we were living in sin. My sister did not accept Kay or my ___ companions. She was ___ vicious in her attitudes. Neither of my parents married their companions but Kay and I on January 1, 1990 went to a friend of mine who had a small New Age ministry and married. It was just me, Kay and Eleanor Button. That ended they going to hell discussion but did nothing to stop the attacks from Sandra and Cheryl focused on Kay.

Cheryl had worked out some morality in her mind where it was OK for her to divorce and marry, as she sis her husband, but somehow it was not OK for Kay and I. And since my parents never married their companions the polite distance that my sister kept with Nicki and Vernon Two never ended.

My mother's companion was named Vernon the same as my father so we came to can him Vernon Two to make the distinction between he and my father. Vernon had sold cars for forty-five years and he was a hoot, always having fun, always happy to see you. He had a temper but he rarely let people know now angry he was at them.

I came to love him. He was a very bright life in my always tense life. He was one of those people who would always make time for you. And he had a million stories and jokes. The last time I had seen him I had gone over to fix his closet doors. Vernon lived small and his home was a memorial to his deceased wife.

Rosemary (his wife and also the name of my mother's sister) had died twenty years prior but the home they shared was almost exactly the same as the day she died. When Kay and I moved back from Colorado in 1996 Vernon insisted we stay in his home. He and my mother never fully integrated their lives. They both maintained their homes. Vernon would stay at his home on Thursday and Sunday night because they could not tolerate each other seven days a week but only five. To keep the five days good, two days off were needed. My mother ___ both Vernon's like indentured servants.

Kay and I learned that anything we moved in the house, no matter how small would be quietly put back in its place. We laughed. Kay and I lived in the master bedroom den and kitchen. The other 75% of the house remained frozen in time. Kay and I worked together in my law business so Vernon's house was mostly just a place to sleep.

The last night I saw Vernon he was on one of his nights away from my mother. The clothes in his closet were perfectly arranged. He had to arrange pants and shirts, suits and ties so they matched. It was funny to me that his career began as a clothes salesman. He had to be shown what matched and then remember it. It made me smile to think what combinations he had inadvertently worn over the years. Vernon dressed like a used car salesman. Maybe they are all color blind.

Vernon and I talked about a renter that my mother had in the garage apartments behind the house. Angel was killed by a drunk driver later one Friday night. Vernon loved his company as he did most people. But he saw Angel everyday for almost thirteen years. He sort of teared up as we looked at the picture of Angel he had taped to his kitchen cabinets about his phone. The next morning Vernon died while clipping the hedges at my mother's. He was 80. I conducted the funeral as he had asked. He had been a devout Catholic but became a member of my mother's Presbyterian church. He came to dislike preachers even as he went to church each week and I can sure went to mom's without mentioning it to my mother. He didn't want a preacher saying anything at his funeral. He wanted me to discuss the scriptures. He had not rejected Jesus just the church bureaucrats.

After my divorce from Sandra in February 1987 I dated. Actually I began to date in late November 1986 when the mutual decision was made that we would not continue as husband and wife. After about a year of dating and about thirteen crash and burn relationships I literally got down on my knees and made a solemn vow that I would no longer date any women who did not appear to be a candidate for a long run companionship. I found I was no good at casual dating. I just did not understand the concept with being intimate with someone without any emotional feelings commitment.

Three weeks went by after I made my vow I met Kay. I was living in a house that belonged to a friend of hers named Carla. Carla's sister and Kay had come over to check on the house and me. I was upstairs working on one of my paintings when Kay came up the stairs. She was a little ball of happiness in red shorts. She leaned on the entrance to the room I was in and we had a brief very friendly conversation. She was married and had two sons in the same age range as my children. It was August 1988.

I was allowing an ex girlfriend of mine to live in the house with me. She had her own room.

Over the next few weeks Kay would call now and then to talk to Linda. When Linda was not there Kay and I would have a light conversation. During these conversations I came to know that she was about to divorce her husband Randy, at the point I wanted to get to know her better.

She told me that she ran in the park close by and I made arrangements to meet her there one day in September. My son Brian had just come to live with me and so I took him with me. Brian is my oldest son but second oldest child. We met Kay at the park about the time she finished her run.

I had always been attracted to tall women and I had married Sandra in part because she was tall and I wanted tall sons in addition to preferring tall women. I was not going to have any more children. In fact I had had a hysterectomy so the child issue was not an issue. Several of the women I had dated would have wanted children and for that reason alone the relationships were not going to be long term.

I had told Brian that after he met Kay he was to find something to draw away from Kay and I and he complied.

Kay sat on the end of a picnic table and I stood close talking to her. We had not been talking long when she put her legs around me and pulled me close. It was a magic moment for me and one that made me feel that this was the next women in my life.

I am a jogger and have been since I was thirteen. I jog about six months out of the year on and off. I like to be in shape but I am not obsessive about it. Kay lived about a mile and a half from me and I had jogged in the direction of her house for the two months I had lived there. I would encounter this man several times a week during my morning jog and found that he was unfriendly to the point of refusing to even acknowledge my typical Texas nod of Hello, I just wrote him off as a jerk. Shortly after the day in the park I came to realize that he was Kay's husband.

I often refer to God and his angels and other light beings in the universe to the universe seemed to enjoy creating the coincidence of me encountering Kay's husband before I met Kay. I seldom encountered anyone else during my morning jog. I never had a conversation with Randy who died in 2006. I have always wondered about connecting with him like that. Just one of the many strange and interesting events over the nearly sixty years of my life. God is always present, always.

I also think that I quit writing because Kay was satisfying so many emotional needs that Sandra never did. Sandra and I had a partnership. I never knew how emotions could intensify and satisfy one during sex. I never had it with Sandra. So in a word Kay made me feel loved in any way. In fact, in marriage counseling she kept saying "I raised your kids, cooked, cleaned, and supported you in you endeavors, what more do you want?" I kept saying all you have to do is love me. Neither Sandra or the psychiatrist ever understood what I was saying. I don't fully understand it wither until I met Kay.

Where Sandra could be compared to Satan's daughter I always considered Kay an angel sent to me by God. No one doesn't like Kay. Somebody referred to her as H Ball Angel.

The reason is that Kay is totally giving and never carries negative feelings. Virtually all hurt that was faceted on her by anyone was immediately forgotten. In time I came not only to love Kay but to worship her. I believe she still loves me but the life written down in this book was just too much chaos. Kay loved me but could not deal with the chaos that seems to follow John WorldPeace. I think that chaos

attaches to anyone who stands up for peace. Some peace advocated brought about their own death from trying to advocate and fester peace on the human society.

When Kay and I were living on her father farm we were running some errands one day. We had her fifty year old Downs Syndrome sister with us. Barbara had the mind of a four year old. She was about four feet tall and her eyes would chafe when she talked to you. She called me John Boy. She spent most of the day coloring in squares that someone had drawn for her, just a 10 x 15 matrix on construction paper. The other thing she liked to do is watch the TV show Wheel of Fortune. She would talk endlessly about winning a red car.

Kay and I were at the little two man post office in Thorton mailing some certified mail. After Kay and I walked out the door Barbara started panicking because she needed to go to the bathroom. Key knew she only had a few minute to hind her a toilet so she went back into the Post Office and asked the Post Master if Barbara could use his bathroom. He refused.

When Kay came back outside and told me that the Post Master refused, Barbara urinated all over herself and the side walk. She started crying and was very upset. Kay calmed her down as best she could. I do not know a time in my life when I was more angry. The abuse the retarded endure is enough but when they have to endure that kind of humiliation it is just too much. I had a lot of ___ for the Post Master.

Kay and I did nothing. There was nothing to do but to return home and change Barbara's cloths and clean her up. I could not quit thinking about the cruelty for a week. Three weeks after the incident the Post Master died of a hear attack at the Post Office. He was forty-three.

I have always wondered what part of my anger might have played in his death. I we can pray for people to get well and have an effect, then I feel certain one can pray for harm and have an impact as well. I had not prayed for the post master to die. But I will admit that at no time in my life was my anger as great as it was on that day.

My first year with Kay began on October 3, 1988. Kay had told Randy a year before he had to quit drinking or she would leave. He made a promise which he kept for about a week. A year later when Hay and I met she was making plans to leave.

On October 9, 1988 while Randy and his sons went to the air show in Clear Lake, South of Houston, Kay moved in with me. Randy had abused Kay both mentality and physically the way a lot of alcoholic do. I think Kay put up with it for nineteen years because her father was an alcoholic as well. When we met she was leaving. I did not destroy a functional marriage and put two teenage boys in jeopardy, that comes with a broken home. Other than stealing Kay's Mustang Convertible from my backyard there were no other problems. Randy paid for the car in the final decade. Kay only talked to him a few times over the next nineteen years when his alcoholism and other habits killed him. He died in a coma. He had fluid in his body with alcohol.

In March 1988, I was living in a shack with about six pieces of new furniture. By the end of the year I had three sons living with me, a new wife and a houseful of furniture that came from Sandra, Randy and my parents. The Lord provided the house and furnished it.

Kay immediately got involved in my law business and took charge of getting the work done. I had been overwhelmed. Frankly, I did not know how I was going to do all the work. I had let my last secretary go and closed my office the time Kay moved in. I had started to accumulate a stack of Bar grievances. God had sent me Kay to take care of my personal needs, business needs and needs of my children. She became their mother as Sandra began to peruse her CPA and disengage from the children almost completely. All I can say is that God has always been there for me. My life has not been easy but it has always been blessed and full of miracles.

February 24, 2008

1989 began year two with Kay, was the beginning of us seriously working together. She quit her job and began to work through the 500 open files I had. The Bar grievances started to come in because I was just not able to do all the work. In all, 33 grievances were filed.

In addition, we began to work on Kay's divorce from Randy. It was a minor matter where property was the only issue. It seemed both boys would stay with their father.

John, Brian and David were no living with us and my family was coming back together. Stephanie continued to live with Sandra.

Furniture came from both Sandra and Randy during the year along with other personal items. The big empty house became full of furniture and a new family. Kay and I did well together. The whole nineteen years were full of outside chaos but Kay and I did well together. We tried to bring all the children together on special days but it never happened. In nineteen years there was never a time when my four children and her two came together at the same time. I would become irritated when Kay would put so much effort into some event for her sons and then they would not show up and she would cry.

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February 26, 2008

On December 27, 1997, Kay and I were on our way back from Florida. We had gone there to celebrate Christmas with she and ___ and Steven and Stephanie. Steven was Stephanie's first husband ___ son, Sarah was Stephanie's and ___.

Kay and I were brining Steven home with us to spend the rest of his holidays. It is about an eight hour drive to Houston to Pensacola. I like to drive and so I had driven all the way from Pensacola. We stopped this side of Beaumont at a roadside ark. I truly felt better than I had in years. After about a thirty minute break we left for the final ninety mile hall.

As I got nearer to Houston I began to get angry as I considered two lawsuits. One against Kay's sister Joann for manipulating the will of Kay's sister Pat to remove Kay from the will. The second case was one against a ___ named ___ who had taken a head injury case for a client and lost a multi million dollar judgment. ___ was totally incompetent to handle such a large medical malpractice case.

As it turns out her entire \$500,000 malpractice ___ went to her attorney. ___ had a clause in her severance contract that she had to approve any settlement. She refused to do that. In the end the client got nothing and neither did I because it was a contingency case. I was able to get ___ disbarred from practicing law.

I realized over the last five years that I had too much anger to practice law. I have built large insurance, accounting, tax, legal and web design businesses because of my people skills and ability to sell. But when I perceive an injustice and confront

someone who is obviously a sociopath predator I over react and pour all of my energy into getting justice. I am not able to not take the matter personally. I should have never paused the energy into the Krome case that I did. But my tenacious nature will not let me quit. I practiced law for over twenty years and I don't regret it but my inability to personally disengage from a lawsuit causes me to squander too much energy.

Since I have been in jail, I have come to the conclusion that evil people are like a tar baby and many times is not all the time one should not engage the tar baby. The more you ___ it the more tar you get in yourself and the greater the energy drain. My time for fighting tar babies has come to an end. I will be sixty in a few months and I have too much positive work to do to engage anymore dark souls.

As I drove into the apartment parking lot my anger was running high. As I pulled into my parking space I started to feel a tremendous pressure in my upper stomach and back. I ignored it and made three trips up three flights of stairs carrying in our luggage from the trip.

After I finished I told Kay I felt bad but I thought it was just too much junk that I crammed in Florida. I tried to go to the bathroom and I tried throwing up to relieve the pain with no success. I then told Kay to go ahead and call the ambulance. It had been about twenty-five minutes since the pain began.

The ambulance was not immediately available and so about five firemen showed up. I was lying sown on my bed. They came in and saw that I was over weight and that I looked about forty and thought I just had too much Christmas. It was about fifteen to twenty minutes before the EMT's arrived.

When they hooked me up to the EKG machine they said I was spiking significantly and I needed to go to the hospital immediately. I was having a heart attack. The pain felt like I had an elephant in my chest and a horse on my back. But the pain was like a dull pressure and not sharp like I expected a heart attack to feel. My mothers brother had died at forty-six of a heart attack but he was not as strong as me. He always had health problems and he was a very angry man. Not violent, just angry.

My father arrived and looked worried. I told him I was going to be OK. He was seventy then. He is eighty-one now. IT took about thirty minutes to get to the nearest hospital. They took me into the ER and the two doctors were discussing

whether they should put me in the big or little room. I spoke up and told them that if I was going to die, put me in the big one.

About ten to fifteen minutes later Dr. Garcia came in. He had been on call and was about my age. The other two doctors could not help me so Dr. Garcia had been called. After looking at the test results he said to me that I was dying and that I had thirty minutes to live if I did nothing. That my heart was shutting down due to blockage in the coronary arteries. He then said he had a magic bullet that he could put into my IV.

The experimental drug would do one of two things 1) kill me anyway, 2) make me a mental vegetable, or 3) cure me. But if I did nothing, I would be dead in thirty minutes. I said I would bet on the bullet.

During the ___ the nurse asked me to squeeze her hand which I did. Then she asked me on a scale from 1-10 how bad the pain was. I said a seven. Br. Garcia spoke up and said I was at a twelve. It was then the I realized that I have a very high tolerance to pain.

They had given me all the morphine they could for the pain. Dr. Garcia said anymore would have lowered my blood pressure and kill me.

I had begun to focus all my energy on dealing with my problem and trying to live. I felt that I could do it. I was just getting settles into a deep meditation when Kay walked in. I saw so much fear and stress on her that all my pain came back. I could not give her any energy. I needed all my energy if I was to live. I would have given anything not to have had to tell her that. I had no time to explain. I know I was fighting for my life. I told her I loved her and she left.

I then told God that I did not want to cause all the suffering tat my death would cause but if it was my time to go, lets go. One revelation I had that was significant was the fact that I had no fear of dying. My faith in God was there and is now too strong to have any fear.

As I laid there I found myself standing at the base of a castle wall. There were large white rough cut stone and an arched, very heavy, oak door but into the wall. There was a light ___ on it and I was about fifteen feet away. I thought of those pictures of Jesus knocking on the door to a home.

I had read enough about near death experiences to expect to see door open and light behind it. When nothing happened I looked more closely at the door and saw that there were no hinges and no doorknob. It could only be opened from the inside and it was not opening. It did not occur to me to knock. I just stood there. I thought that whoever was inside knew I was there. When nothing happened, I realized I was not going to die. So I relaxed and went to sleep. I woke up two days later.

When I woke, mother and Kay were at the foot of the bed. Also my mother's preacher who five years later I would have removed as minister of her church. I felt bruised inside my chest.

Dr. Garcia visited me and told me I needed a bypass and I told him I would think about it. He acted like I was going to die if I did not have the bypass. My instincts told me very strongly not to have it but I had no logical reason for my feelings.

I went home and began to read. As a lawyer I know how to research these matters. I found that Dr. Dean ___ had written a book about changing my diet that could reverse the clogged artery that I had. The problem was that my body can not process cholesterol. So my cholesterol was about 400 when I had he heart attack. I was very physically fit but I was not healthy.

I immediately began to diet. It took me eighteen months to recover but I was back in the court house within a few weeks. I stayed on the diet for about two and a half years until I could not stand it anymore.

I thought I would never be able to jog again but I am fully recovered and do anything I want. My heart has 20% dead tissue and when it beats it only pushes out 45% of its content, not 55%. Over the years I have pretty much maintained that diet but I am not as strict as I was.

I drank wine for dinner a few years and then quit. I just don't like it and I have never been able to drink.

All in all just another extraordinary experience in my life. I have complete faith in God. I do not follow the Christian bureaucratic doctrine and dogma. I speak directly to God and always have. I know that through God all things are possible. I know that God answers my prayers. I will live a long time I think, maybe to 150. But regardless of how long I live, I will be alive and fully awake.

On January 1, 1990 Kay and I went to a New Age minister friend of mine, Eleana Button, to get married, it was just the two of us. Kay and I would not have gotten married at that time except that my sister Cheryl and Sandra kept telling my children that we were living in sin and going to hell. I thought it was a good idea to let my sons go to church with my sister but it did nothing but cause Kay and I grief. When I could find no other solution I told her they could not go with Cheryl to church any longer because it was messing up their heads.

Coincidentally in early 1990 Kay's father had two heart attacks. He lived on a 125 acre farm in ___ Texas. Kay's mother had died five years earlier and Charlie had Barbara, Kay's Downs Syndrome sister living with him. It was obvious that someone was going to have to take care of her father. He would never leave the farm.

I told Kay that I would be willing to move to the farm with her if her father approved. The legal business only required me to appear in court once a week or so. I closed the office and was not taking on any new business. For five years Kay and I lived on just the business I had at the time we got together.

I had been gone a lot during the marriage as I had been with Sandra so I promised my sons that I would always be home when they left for school and I would return when they returned from school. I kept my promise for five years until 1993 when we moved to Colorado.

Kay's father agreed that we could move in with him. He lived in a 1200 sq. ft. house with three bedrooms and two baths. Kay and I slept in one room, Barbara stayed in her room and Charlie had his room. My sons had to sleep in the living room or the couch and the floor, but we were a family and together.

Sandra began to tell everyone that I did not want to go to work and I was living off Kay's father. Even to this day Sandra still spews lies about me. She was a prime motivator for my son David to destroy our web design business.

So in early 1990 Kay and I had to deal with the State Car grievances filed against me due to the divorce, the IRS on our backs, Kay's father being ill, and Carla, the woman who I had a deal with on the house in Spring filed a lawsuit saying I stole the property from her and she did not know she deeded it to me. That was a lie.

After the suit was filed I tried to work it out with Carla since we were going to move to Grossbeck to be with Kay's father anyway. I did all I could to settle the suit to no avail. Carla's attorney was vicious in her attacks in court. Then God stepped in through Kay. Jay found a letter I had in Carla's handwriting in my important papers box. The letter from Carla to me acknowledged that she knew she had signed a deed to me. With that letter the lawsuit immediately ended with Carla releasing all her rights in the house to me, in lieu of me counter suing her. I am sure it was Carla's family that created all the problems.

Carla's house had nine liens on it that belonged to Carla and my \$45,000 IRS lien. The house was worth about \$125,000 and there were almost \$250,000 of Carla's liens. The lien holders could either agree to split the \$80,000 of the IRS was going to sell the house and they would have about \$60,000 to split. It took about seven months but a deal was made. I walked away with nothing but the IRS lien was paid.

We moved to the farm in the summer of 1990. I did well with Charlie. He reminded me of my grandfather, my dad's father. We all settled into our new lives. Kay became a housewife and mother to Barbara and helped me in the law business. She was attentive to her father's every need.

I never met anyone like Kay. She is a loving doer. As I said before I came to worship her. 1990 was a very hard year. Her father made her cry every morning. Her sister Pat would call twice a week ever since I had been with her and Kay would cry for two hours during the conversation. Pat was crippled from ___ and an alcoholic. She had a hard life but she never had trouble finding a companion. But she was an alcoholic and she enjoyed in making Kay miserable. Neither Pat nor JoAnn, Kay's other sister could tolerate their father and he did not like them.

Charlie was a hard man. Born and raised on a farm in Mississippi he took care of his family but he was tough as nails. He lived by the old code of the west where a man's word was his bond.

One thing very positive about moving to the farm was that Sandra became less and less of a factor in the life of the boys. Two hundred miles physical distance between Houston and Grossbeck gave Kay and I some peace from Sandra's never ending malicious acts.

By January 1991, I saw that we were going to have to leave the farm because I could not deal with Kay's crying everyday. We had bought her a kiln and she loved to make ceramics but overall she was miserable due to the constant harassment from her dad. So I told her we had done our tour of duty and it was time for one or both of her sisters to come live with Charlie. Kay did not fight with me. She knew she could not continue to take the abuse.

I decided that we should move overseas so Kay and I began in March to gather company names that had offices overseas. It took us three months to get the names, write and print 1000 letters, fold, stuff, seal, stamp and address them. We mailed the letters out on June 1st and Charlie died on June 6, 1991.

The week Charlie died he had just come from a two week stay and the VA for a check up. He was seventy-five. We picked him up on Sunday night in a good mood.

The next morning he wanted to dig up some potatoes he had planted. There were seventeen rows of about thirty ___ each. It was mid day and he wanted my sons to help him. He had plowed up the entire seventeen rows. Charlie tended to be a little too abusive to my sons and I just did not feel like dealing with it that day. He had also gotten onto Kay and upset her so much that she did something she had never done, she talked back to him. So he was in a bad mood and the best thing to do was to stay out of his way.

After he plowed up the potatoes and he saw he was going to get no help right away he began to pick them up himself. It was ridiculous to turn up that many potatoes at one time. After a few hours he came into the house looking like death. That was not unusual for him. He pushed himself too hard for a man without a heart condition much less one with a heart condition like him. One day Kay and I found him laid out on the ground conscious but unable to move. He had worked too hard and sweated so much his electrolytes got out of balance and he passed out. I think he laid there for an hour before we found him.

Charlie came in from picking the potatoes as per usual and watch two hours of old TV cowboy shows as he ate lunch. He has no color in his face but after a few hours he went back out to pick more potatoes. He only lasted about an hour and a half in the heat, June on Texas is hot.

The potatoes just laid where he left them for the rest of the week. No one talked about them. Kay did not talk to him in the morning in order to avoid conflict.

Kay never carries over her frustrations day to day but after ten months of almost daily abuse she had had enough.

On Friday morning, things had cooked down and Kay and Charlie had an ice breaking conversation. I remember him walking out after breakfast and stopping about three feet from the house to take his bandana out of his pocket to clean off his glasses. He stood there for a few minutes then put his glasses back on and his bandana in his pocket and went to the coral to work with his bull. Glen, a neighbor, was coming to help him.

After breakfast the boys and I went to an out building where they studied and I worked. I was working that day on a political suspense novel I had started a few months prior. I saw Glen through the open door walking toward the coral and waived.

About thirty minutes later I saw Glen running back toward the house, I ran to the door and asked what happened. He just hollered Charlie and kept running to the house. I thought maybe the bull had hurt him so I ran toward the coral and my boys followed.

When I got there Charlie was outside the ground on his stomach with his head on his hands breathing very hard. I did not see any dirt on him or torn cloths so I thought he was having another heart attack. I kneeled by him and put my hand on his back and told him the ambulance was coming. We both knew it would be thirty minutes minimum before it got there.

After a few minutes he stopped breathing. I turned him over and saw he had wet his pants. That happened when people die. I saw it when I worked at the hospital years before. I began to give him CPR with the help of one of my sons. I got the color back in his face and the blue off his lips and fingernails but he was not responding and I could not detect a pulse. Glen came back and said Kay was calling the ambulance. He began to push on Charlie chest and I was giving him mouth-to-mouth respiration.

We lived out in the sticks and the ambulance was having trouble finding us. It had taken about thirty minutes after they drove up and began to work on Charlie. Kay came out. I told her that Charlie was died and I doubted he could be revived. The EKG the EMT's attached showed no pulse.

Kay became hysterical and passed out in my arms. I laid her down and brought her back and told her that the EMT's needed to work on her dad, not her and to relax.

She understood. After about fifteen minutes the EMT left for the hospital which was thirty minutes away. Kay and I did not immediately follow because we knew Charlie was not coming back.

In about thirty minutes the hospital called and wanted Kay to come sign the papers to hook Charlie up to life support. I asked is they had gotten any pulse and they said no. It had been a hour since he quit breathing. I told them not to hook him up. Kay agreed.

On the Monday before Charlie died Kay and I had dropped 1000 resumes in the mail for overseas employment. God has his agenda for us and we were not supposed to leave the farm. When you are trying to make a hard decision as we were about moving, you have to move in the direction you think best and then God will respond. You always have to move forward sometimes not knowing if you are going in the right direction. It makes no sense to just sit and wait. Some people wait decades. I keep moving while I wait. All I know was that we were not supposed to leave the farm just yet. God had spoken. My sons had seen Charlie die. They were fifteen and seventeen years old.

March 4, 2008 Prior to Breakfast

Charlie had a small funeral in Grossbeck and the body was taken to Houston to be buried in the family plot.

Kay's oldest sister Joann had come to the farm from California. As soon as she arrived she began taking things from the house and padding them for shipment home. She was sneaky about what she was doing. There was nothing of any value and Kay would have given her almost anything she wanted. But the house had become ours in the sense that it was our house. I am not talking about legally.

When I had first met Joann in 1988 at the airport, there had been an immediate dislike of each other. I had long hair and were in my Army jacket. She knew that I could see her evil nature and more importantly I was not one to ___ it or one to be more ___ her the ___ respect due Kay's sister. But that respect was very limited.

After the burial Joann came back to the farm for a week to prepare to take Barbara back to California. That was as it should have been. Kay and I had three sons to raise. Her son Scott had lived with us for about seven months after the divorce but Scott did not get along well with Brian and David. And I was the man who took his

mother from his father. He had seen his father abuse his mother but that was logical. Families are glued together with emotion.

The divorce from Randy had been easy. All the negotiations were between Randy's lawyer and me. Kay would call to talk to her sons and would occasionally talk to Randy but they never had any parting conversations. Nothing like the closure I had with Sandra after nine months of marriage counseling.

Randy finally bribed Scott to come back to live with him by buying him a rottweiler. It was all about the \$750 a month in child support that Randy had to pay. We did not try to convince Scott to stay. We knew he was not happy sharing his mother with my sons. But I think more importantly Scott liked his privacy and solitude and that was hard to come by with my three sons as well as Kay and I working at home. After Kay and I believed that we would stay together she quit her job and began to do legal work for me. The amount of money she could bring in working with me was significantly greater than what she was making at her job.

I had promise my sons that when they came to live with me, I would be home when they left for school and home when they returned. I therefore worked out of my home. Kay and I tried to work out of an office about a block away for a short time but it was a bad location and so we moved back into the house after a few months.

While Joann was at the farm, I stayed away from her. We had nothing to talk about. She and Kay discussed the past and the estate, Barbara and so on. Pat, Kay's other sister, stayed in Houston. There was no room for her in the small farmhouse and she did not like Joann either. All in all the Charlie Goldman family was very dysfunctional.

It was decided that Kay and I would stay on the farm and close out the estate. There was an incredible amount of junk that Charlie had accumulated. People who live on farms and ranches tend not to throw away anything that may be of use in the future. This is even more true of people like Charlie who had experienced the Great Depression as a child.

We had cows to sell and repairs to make to get the property ready to sell. Kay and I had planned to leave the farm mainly because of Charlie's abuse but Kay and I are city people and the farm was getting a little boring.

I had looked at my time on the farm as I look at my time in this jail. It was a time of reflection. I had accomplished a lot while married to Sandra and at the time

that she wanted a divorce on January 1, 1986. We had all the things that people aspire to and the future looked very bright but Sandra was not happy and had decided sometimes in the prior two years that she was going to leave the marriage. I had been to busy going to school, working, and interacting with my ___ to ___.

I knew that my marriage to Sandra was not the best. But it was as good or better than all the other marriages that I had observed. After two months of marriage counseling I still did not know what the problem was.

The farm was my time for reflection. I had to deal with the repercussion of the divorce as it impacted all my children. I had to deal with my legal business and I was trying to build a new life with Kay. And we were trying to take two broken marriages and create a happily ever after scenario for our children.

And on top of all of that, I felt a need to define my life. I had already changed my name to John WorldPeace but I did not know really how I was going to advocate peace. I had many commitments which took priority but I knew that I had to move forwards with my WorldPeace Endeavor. I felt at that time that the 2500 poems I had written over the last twenty years or my art or the books. I was working on when my life would go. I felt the law business was not going to be long term because it was a dead end. IT would provide money to live on but it led me global destiny. That was what WorldPeace was all about.

Changing my name to WorldPeace was not a frivolous act. I never tried to really explain it to anyone but Kay. It was just beyond most people to consider an endeavor that was bigger than just surviving the day to day business of ___ all humans. Any spare time was about pleasure and having fun. My fun was WorldPeace, my art, poems and writing.

There is a Robert Frost poem I believe it is called ___ ___. The theme of the poem is to make ones avocation over vacating. I wanted WorldPeace to be my job but I did not know how to make it happen. I just felt that one day I would spend all my time promoting peace and WorldPeace. I did not know it would take twenty more years before that vision I had in 1988 would be given enough time to grow.

I knew in 1988 that I could accomplish anything I chose to do. I had had plenty of success in my life doing what many considered impossible. I wanted a life purpose that could not be accomplished, something from which I could not retire. The advocacy of WorldPeace was that endeavor. It was years later that I understand that the goal was to do something that would permanently increase the peace in the world

society as opposed to ending war or something like that. I also continue to believe that part of the WorldPeace endeavor had to do with creating a new spiritual dynamic that would allow people to achieve a high degree of personal peace and that would impact on the global human society by raising the overall level of people not matter how incrementally, to most people this is a total waste of time.

I had been contemplating all of this since I had arrived at the farm. I remember the ____ first morning. I looked out the bedroom window and saw the ____ as an Orange ball rising in the thin fog through a ____ that Charlie had built. It was beautiful.

I went back twenty-seven years to my grandfather from where I would get up before sun up and take my bow and arrow or my 22 and hunt rabbits. I would look for them feeding in the first light of dawn. For me it was a morning _____. Even now I love my morning walks even in the busy city and even in this jail, which provides enough space. These walks are about turning inward and listening to God. The environment is secondary I walk to meditate.

As the sun would come up I would often find myself on the 300-yard road from the house to the gate leading to the main road. The sun in the morning would rise up between the two gateposts in a big flying orange ball. The beauty of the sun and peace of the early morning was always surreal and heavenly to me. I had returned to a farm at forty and there was that same orange ball greeting me. The experience was a blissful blessing and make me smile as it gave me peace.

Joann left with Barbara after a week and Kay and I began to settle down into our new life. We both felt that God had determined that we needed another year on the farm. It was not time for us to reenter the real world. The first five years Kay and I were together, we never left each other for very long. We ended up cleaning up the law business and doing the open files. I did not take on any new business. It was a time when we bonded tightly. I could never get tired of her presence and the longer we were together the more I loved her. I will love her until I die but she was not meant to go this distance with me or I with her.

I knew when we met that it would be a wonderful twenty years but no more. All I promised her was that I would not bore her to death and I didn't. She did not leave out of boredom last year. I always believed that we had a pre birth commitment where she would help me raise my children and then I would support her in her life in which she could grow in her own light.

Kay to me is an angel. One of the very special people who is almost totally loving. Always giving. Uncomfortable ___ but a such a loving person. The world is such a harsh reality, it always seemed to me that she wanted to learn to be more guarded in this reality. To have that experience now she has that independence and I will honor my commitment to support her in any way I can. I let her go because of my love for her.

While Charlie was alive I did not try to change anything at the farm. Now that he was gone I had the freedom to do what I wanted. My first priority was to build a fence across the front of the property in front of the house. HT house sat on the front of the 125 acres and was only about 60 feet from the gravel road that ran in front of the house.

Along with the fence I wanted to cut about an acre of grass around the house and use the tractor to cut another three acres. Also an old friend of Charlie's had a windmill that belonged to Charlie. I wanted to get it and set it up behind the house.

I went to Clyde's with a trailer and got the windmill. I had never put one up before. I was just for decoration. It would be thirty feet high when I put it up. It was galvanized steel so it was like new. It had been lying in Clyde's pasture but amazingly all the parts were there.

I had a tractor that would pull it up. It had to be assembled on the ground and then pulled up. I did a bit of research on how to do it. It required chains and ropes and a long solid pole to bridge the rope. I would also have to jack up the ___ so that I would no pull it like a sled. The legs on one side had to dig into the ground so it would pull up.

It took a day to figure out how all the peaces went together. I did leave out one piece that would fold the tail against the fan so that it would not create so much drag in a heavy wind. I did not realize this until I already had the windmill up. I would have to climb to the top and disassemble the fan. The post belonged on a shaft upon which the fan rested. I never got around to installing the post. A few times the wind blew so had I thought it was going to tear up the farm but it did not.

I look back now and wonder how I got it up without getting hurt. I had a lot of shaky wood under the top so it was above the base while laying on the ground. I

needed that extra leverage. I am surprised the wood did not collapse. I had to build it up a lot higher than I anticipated.

When I was ready I told everyone to get out of the way and I engaged the tractor. My only real concern was that I would pull it to far and it would come down on me and the tractor. All went well. When the windmill reached a certain point it fell forward on its own and then rocked back and forth until it settled. Like other things I have done, I sort of marveled at the fact that I accomplished the goal with no prior experience or advice. I just felt that God was in agreement with putting it up.

I cemented the legs into the ground to finish the installation. I then climbed to the top plot farm and was amazed at how far I could see. It was a lot high but it would have made a great deer stand, I did not use it for that. I walked the property enough so that when I wanted to shoot a deer. I just walked to where I knew they would be coming and ambushed them. I shot two deer in two years. One before and one after Charlie died.

A couple of months later Kay and I bought two horses. A big point and I found an Arabian stud. Charlie did not want horses on his land. They ate too much grass and he did not want them mixing with his cows. After he died we sold the fifty cows and replaced them with three horses. I did not ride the fence line during deer season because I did not want the experiences of having a horse shoot out from under me.

I bought a huge easel in Houston and began to paint. Kay did her ceramics. It was very pleasant without Charlie harassing Kay and without Barbara. It was also nice to be able to go to sleep at 10 pm. Charlie was hard of hearing and he would go to bed every night watching TV. He had a one-hour timer on the TV. The TV was so loud that Kay and I did not even try to go to sleep until it was off.

Because Kay and I moved to the farm, Charlie got to live out his last days in the place he loved. He had always told everyone that he wanted to die working with his cows. That is exactly how he died. I think one of the most powerful things we have in the ability to create our own reality. Jesus said ask and receive. Charlie wanted to die working with his cows and me wanting me to be a sergeant on the Army in Europe were both long-term projections that came true. We do have the ability to create our own dreams in the lifetime. We just need as much faith as a mustard seed as Jesus said.

Brian and John went to work in a restaurant in Grosbeck to make some money. They each had a truck to drive. I had given John my truck and my father had given Brian his. It was not necessary to take them back and forth to school. Dave would ride with open of them to school and catch the bus if ___ was coming directly have after school.

Both of the boys second to do with but I felt an _____ about the manager of the restaurant based some of the questions they were making and statements they were making. I felt they would look out for each other and so I was not overly concerned.

As it got closer to Christmas the managers wanted the boys to come out to their ranch for Christmas. They promised they would buy the 22 rifles for Christmas if they came. This immediately got my attention as if in the tactics of child molesters. I then told them they were definitely not going to spend Christmas with these people. They were upset, Brian more than John because he was more self centered and materialistic. I did not tell them my reason. But I did tell them that if they did not quit begging me I would no longer let them work at the restaurant.

A short time later, late in the evening Kay and I got a call from the restaurant that Brian was sick and that the manager would bring him home. I was immediately concerned and Kay and I left to go get Brian. Something was definitely wrong.

Kay and I sped the seventeen miles to the restaurant. When I entered I saw Brian in the last booth on the left up next to the window. He restaurant was like a connected house trailer. There was a man in his early forties setting right next to Brian. Too close. Brian had his head down on the table and did not respond when I called to him. I went to the table and the man did not seem to want to move. Brian lifted his head and then dropped it back on the table.

I told the man to get out of the both and I pulled Brian to the aisle. He was out of it. I was concerned that he had been drugged. Brian got to his feet then collapsed. I told several men close by to get his arms and legs and we carried him out to my car. Kay opened the back door and we put him face down on the seat. He was limp. I could feel his pulse.

I sped to the hospital about two miles down the highway. The orderlies got him out of the car with my help. He was taken into the hospital and immediately hooked up to an IV. Kay and I were right at his bedside and I held his hand. He opened his eyes in a blank store and I was not sure if he was going to live. Kay and I held his hands and prayed. We both knew something was very wrong.

After about ten minutes he began to come around, his color came back and he became more alert. The doctor continued to test and monitor him. After a few hours the doctor said the he believed that he was just stressed out. I did not believe that because there was no indication in the prior days or weeks that there was a problem. There was no trauma going on at the farm. Everything was rather peaceful.

After a few more hours Brian continued to get better and more alert. He said he did not take any drugs. None of the children had been drawn to drugs. Years later I realized that Brian was an alcoholic but he had no alcohol on his breath that night.

Based on the hell that Sandra was causing I had several months ago stopped the boys from talking to her. It was a measure of last resort. Every year after I wool custody of the boys, Sandra's attacks became more vicious. She sis everything she could to undermine Kay and I.

Because Brian was sick and because it was Christmas I allowed him to call his mother. I thought it might help. I found out shortly it just gave her viciousness a chance to work on Brian. I look back and with that I had recorded their phone calls.

Brian got better. We took him home the next day and after a few weeks he seemed to be fully recovered.

Shortly after school started Brian and John came home from school one day and told me that the restaurant managers, a husband and a wife, had murdered the man in the bath and buried them on the farm where the boys were to have had Christmas with them.

The boys were sort of scared and thankful that I had not le them go. I have encountered Satanists when I was exploring psychic phenomenon in 1985 with Perry Looney. There are some very evil people on the planet. They have blood sacrifices and sexual orgies. They spend all their time dong evil the way monks and nuns spend their time doing good.

I have found that the nature of Gods entire realm, not just the earth is balance in all ways. Good is balanced by evil. The greater ones light the greater the evil drawn to it. On this reality however, could fight each other on their negative levels. In other words the weakened souls fight each other and the stronger souls fight each other in an ongoing war. This is not a metaphysical explanation, it is real. As the angels fought in heaven human beings fight each other on earth.

The nature of God reality is that the power of the Infinite Oneness can be used or any purpose. You can use the “force” of you desire for good or evil. The core essence of this reality is neutral. However, the universe is unbalanced in its perfect balance because the forced of darkness can never overcome the force of love and goodness. I believe this is the unique nature of Gods presence. This reality is shoved toward love. This abstract concept is so way beyond human ability to bring into logical linear human consciousness. The above is the best metaphor I have been able to create to explain the tension between good and evil.

I worked for a burglar alarm company many years ago and I asked the engineers who ran that division if the very expensive alarms we sold really worked. His reply was that the best burglar alarm attracts the best burglars. This is the nature of good and evil. They draw each other at infinite levels.

One day on the farm after Charlie died I was walking the 125 acres as I did every morning. There was about 70 acres of wood. As I was walking through the woods I noticed a patch of sunlight about ten feet in diameter. Right in the center was a white rock with black specs. It was about the size of an ostrich egg and standing upright. It was bright in the sunlight. I know it was special because there were no rocks like that in that area. It was sitting alone on a bed of pine needled. I took the rock home and kept it in the bedroom. A year later we had moved to Colorado and I found many rocks just like that one where we lived.

It was a small or large miracle, depending on how you look at it. There was no great meaning except that God is always with me. He was telling me we were moving to Colorado but I did not know that until we moved. I still have the rock and consider it blessed.

However with regards to the airplane I kept it along with my other models until 1981. I had then stored it I a small shed behind the house we were living in on Blue water. I came home one day and found all my models, made of balsawood, smashed to pieces around the shed. I was upset and sad but no mad.

One of my sons little friends, a kid I did not car for but never interacted with named Darin who was abut eight, found the planes in the shed and he and my sons proceeded to destroy all of them including the little red biplane. I started to gather the pieces and try to put it back together but it was thoroughly smashed. I should have

put all the pieces in a box but I was very busy those days and I just raked up the bits and threw them away. I did not punish my sons. I was just sad. They could not say why they did it. They were just being kids. But it was not like my kids to be so destructive of things that belonged to me.

In early 1972, Kay and I were at the auction barn in Grosbeck looking at horses when we were paged over the loud speaker. We both wondered what that was about or who even knew we were at the auction farm.

I went to the office and asked what they wanted. I was told that high school principal was on the line. I was concerned that there was a problem with Brian or John. When I answered the phone and was greeted by the principal I immediately asked if my boys were OK. He said yes. He said that he needed me to come to the school to talk about Brian. I thought there was a problem related to his sickness in December.

When Kay and I arrived were directed to the principals office. I entered the office and as Kay was about to enter the sheriff stopped her. He said she could not enter and he did not care if she was my wife. This seemed ____ but we complied. I wanted to confront him but I thought I needed to focus on whatever was going on.

The principle said that Brian wanted to withdraw from school and that he did not need my permission but the school wanted to inform me of what was going on. The sheriff then said that if Brian had not been 17 and an adult, that I would be in jail. I asked him what he was talking about and he said it was none of my business. He was very confrontational.

I asked why Brian wanted to leave and got no answer. The superintendent simply said that I was there simply to be notified that he was withdrawing. I said fine. The sheriff said he would follow us home to supervise us leaving, I said fine.

Kay and I tried to figure out what was going on as we drove home but could not come up with any ideas. The sheriff came in the house and Bryan got his things and left. I had thought that Brian was going to live with his mother. But as soon as I saw him leave he was with the father of his best friend when we were living in Houston. I will never forget the look on the father's face as he drove away with Brian. It was a look of "got you". It was totally ____.

I later found out that Sandra and her new husband to be had been to Grosbeck many times prior to the incident in the principals office. I also found out that Brian had gone to live with his best friend. I did not know these people got so involved in Bryan's life but I was glad he did not go to live with his mother.

Brian then came back to Grosbeck on several occasions to visit John and David at school. He would show them new clothes and boats and money in his pocket and tell them that if they left me they would hey the same. They both told him to go to hell. John and David told me this but I did not ask for anyone details.

Shortly thereafter, Sam and Sandra called me and said she wanted to resolve the conflict between us. We had not talked for several years. I was glad to open communication. Then she said she would take the boys off my hands and I would not have to pay her child support. This was also _____. Kay and I and John and David had a coherent family relationship. It was better after Brian left because we did not have to listen to his constant griping about doing shores and other things.

Sandra said that Sam would come to the farm and discuss the matter. I agreed. I told John and David what was going to happen. I also told them that I wanted them to listen to the conversation so they did not have to have me relate it to them. I also told them that under no circumstances they were to speak. They were there to just listen. The agreed.

When Sam came I was curious as to what he really wanted. He got right to the point and said that he and Sandra would take the boys to raise and I would not have to be bothered with them. Sam had no children and he is my age. I wondered why he had chosen not to have kids and now wanted to take over mine. It really was a joke. One time when Sam and Sandra came to see the boys at Grosbeck David wanted to fight Sam. John had no respect for Sam and David just did not like him.

Sam offered some other compensation to me to let them go. I asked if that was all he had to say. He said yes. Then I asked the boys if they wanted to go any they said no without question. Sam left. To this day I have never figured out the motivation for that conversation.

Sandra did not care about the boys. He had already abandoned them a year after the marriage. I feel it was basically that for two years to the dicorce, Sandra, fas told all our friends and family that I was a worthless person who did not care about the children. However a year later when they were out of control and then came to live with me everyone was wondering why she gave the kids up to a person as worthless

as me. She could never answer that question. The more time that went by the more people saw the truth. And I feel Sandra was constantly confronted with the lies she would about me. My father was the only person that did not believe her lies. He had seen her trying to destroy the bookkeeping business when we worked out of his office. He knew her true colors; no one else did but me. And shortly after we got together, Kay did too.

I did not have any communication with Brian for several years. Then as always I heard that his life had hit bottom again as it did with him any time he came under his mothers influence.

John had gone into the Marines in 1994 and Brian decided in 1995 that he wanted to go as well. He wanted me to get him ready. He knew that over his life I had put him back together more than a few times. I told him he could come to Colorado but he would have to follow my rules. He would come only to get ready for the marines. The first thing he would have to do is go to the recruiters and enlist. Then we would try to get an entry date about six weeks later and I would help him get into shape. If it did not work out he would have to leave. I was not going to let him disrupt the stabile family Kay, John, David and I had created. He agreed and everything went as planned. Our relationship was cordial. I was not going to open up to him until he told me what he had told the people in Grosbeck.

Due to his alcoholism, Brian was discharged early from the Marines. He met a women in rehab and they eventually began to live together and got married. They raise her two sons and lived in California until November 2007, for months ago. I had limited contact with him, a phone call a year. I felt it was good that he stayed away from his mother if he was going to have a chance to make his marriage work. Sandra had so much hatred for Stephanie's first husband ____ and ____ the two ____ destroyed that marriage. Sandra referred to Susan, Brains wife as trailer trash.

I told John, my son, who maintains a relationship with his brother and sister that he could tell Brian that I did not want to see him until he was willing to tell me what he had said in Grosbeck to make the sheriff talk to me like I was a piece of trash. So far he has said nothing. The lies he told must have been something he remains ashamed to this day, 16 years later.

Kay and I continued to manage the farm we were selling everything and using the money to fix things to get the property ready to sell. We did not want to be part owners with her sisters and so we were going to buy them out or they were going to

buy us out. Other than the incident with Brian we had the most peace we had in our marriage during this time.

Kay and I had to begun to spend our money to maintain the farm because Joann and Pat refused to contribute. Most everything had been sold at multiple garage sales. When we could not get our \$2500 back and it looked like we would have to keep spending we sold the tractor for about \$5000. About this time Kay's sisters sued her. They accused her of selling the assets and keeping the money. After all we had been through with Charlie and Barbara with no help from them Kay was very livid. Kay does not carry grudges but being sued was too much abuse for her to ignore. I was not concerned about the lawsuit because I had records of every penny.

An agreement was reached where Joann would buy out Kay's share of the property. We had brown tired of the farm. We loved it but we were city people. We had both looked up from the prior years and prior marriages and we were ready to get back to Houston. Pay and Joann had created a lot of hell with the lawsuit and had put Charlie's and our business all over the little town of Grosbeck. Joann is a vicious money grubbing woman. She and Pat accused Kay over and over of theft. I was about to get some pa back for all that hell.

We closed at the local bank where we gave Joann a check to the property and she paid us the agreed amount of cash. Pay stayed out side. Her game had always been to stir things up create conflict and stand back and watch the fight. She was just an instigator.

After the closing I told the lawyer I had something to say. I was going to ___ the lies that had been told about us stealing. The first thing I did was to produce a valid Power of Attorney from Pay to Kay from the years prior and I made the point that if Kay and I wanted to steal all Kay had to do was to sign over Pat's share of the estate to herself and then she would own half the estate.

Then I pulled out the marriage certificate of Kay's parents. This had been a closely guarded secret for over fifty years. Kay just happened to find it after her father died. Kay always had a knack for finding important papers like the Carla letter. It seems the Charlie and Ruth had always celebrated their wedding anniversaries three years in advance. In other words, when they had their 50th anniversary they had only been married 47 years. What the meant was the Joann was not Charlie daughter. When I put this on the table, Joann looked like she had been shot in the stomach.

We were told that Charlie had threatened over the years to kill anyone who revealed the secret. We thought that Joann's father was really Charlie's brother. We never found out and did not care.

I then told Joann that since Ruth's estate had gone to Charlie at the time of her death that all Kay and I had to do was to decide not to file Charlie's will and she would have gotten nothing. She would not be able to prove Charlie was her father because of the marriage license and all the relevant parties were dead. The point was that if Kay and I had wanted to we could have owned the farm true and clear. We would have been appointed guardians over Barbara's share of the estate. SO Joann would not only have gotten nothing from the estate she would no longer have access to Barbara.

Kay and I then got up and left. Joann was visibly shaken and would not get up. Kay did not talk to Joann again until December 2006 at the funeral for Kay's grandson and then only briefly.

About three years later, ___ Kay's son was graduating from college in San Marcos. Kay knew her sister was going to attend and we were dreading the confrontation. Pat had been very involved with Scott and Cody and was not going to miss his graduation.

Kay and I felt she was going to come to the graduation and cause a scene and problems for Kay. The day of the graduation ceremony we did not see Pat or Joann. Joann had moved to the farm after Kay left.

Later that day we found out that Pat had died the night before of a heart attack. We never found out what happened. Kay did not attend the funeral. I thought that either Pat was going to come the graduation to raise hell or she was going to come and reconcile with Kay against Joann's wishes. I thought maybe they had a fight and Pat died. I doubt if anyone will ever know the truth. Neither Kay nor I cared. Pat and Joann died when her dad died as far as Kay was concerned.

When Joann had filed the farm page will that Pat had left, the third page had been retyped. It was typical of what Joann would do. She was left Pat's entire estate of about \$100,000. Kay would have understood being cut out of the will but not her sons. Joann did not want Kay having and ___ interest in the farm again. I filed a challenge to the will and that was one of the things I was angrily processing when I had my heart attack on December 27, 1997. We dropped the lawsuit as not being worth it due to my diminished capacity.

A few years later Barbara died and the word is that Joann did CPR on her and brought her back. I thought it was wrong to bring a 52-year-old Downs Syndrome person with bad health and a 4-year-old mind back to life. Barbara had suffered enough. She died about a year later.

There were only two other events of note on the farm. One time Kay and I were in real need of cash. We had about \$3 on our bank account. My intuition told me to go back in my old encyclopedias when I used to hide cash. I did and found \$1000, another small miracle. God always know our needs.

People often tell me stories about their lives and they say they don't know why they tell me because they never talk about those matters.

I met a old Jewish lady in Colorado at a book discussion. She said she had been about 15 living in the Wausau Ghetto before the Nazis invaded. One day she saw a German soldier dressed in black on a motorcycle ride into the Ghetto. She said that night at supper she told her mother they were going to kill them and she was going to run away to Russia. Her mother said she was foolish that the Germans were human beings. This woman said no and she was leaving. Her father said he would go with her but her mother and brothers stayed. Her mother and brothers died in the Concentration Camps.

She and her father made it to Russia and worked on the farms where they barely survived. At the end of the war the word came that she could return to Poland. She said she was very upset and began to cry because she still had the same dress she had when she left the Wausau. She said she went out into one of the potato fields and cried to God that she would have to return in that old dress. After all she had survived the old dress had brought her to tears. She said when she opened her eyes there was a \$50 bill in front of her. She survived the war which was the big miracle but Gods love extended beyond that to the minor matter of a new dress.

When we left the farm in June 1992 we moved to Clear Lake South of Houston. We thought we would go back and see if we could reestablish a family relationship with my parents sister and so on. In the six months we were there was almost no family gathering. So Kay and I decided to move to Colorado.

When we settled in I began to work on my book, The Book of Peace. I originally title was he Common ___ of Peace and ___ - _____. I had developed a list of 21 global issues that were potential ___ of peace. I spent months editing the chapters until I finally got it into a format that I was one with. I had wanted a short _____ book and that is what I had after untold hours. I then publishes it in a cheap format which was just 8 ½ x 11 paper folded in half and stapled in the middle. I made about 50 copies and passed them out to test the reaction. There was not much but I was not discouraged. The book like this one had been on my mind for years and I had finally figured out a format and then wrote it.

Also, after we settled in on Woodhorn, we begun to go __ Temple each Sunday to see if we were meant to be a part of that small New Age Church. We went every Sunday and Wednesday night and became very involved.

But the serving founder, Charlotte ___, was determined to keep the church small and for adults. She had all kinds of guest speeches every Sunday. But she as just not interested in expansion.

Charlotte and Richard had changed a tremendous amount information about the church. But this information was kept secret. After several months Kay and I decided that ___ was not a part of our future and so we withdrew. Even with the two dozen loyal members there was conflict and dissent. One couple came to us wanting to take over the Temple. Kay and I declined. It was Charlotte's church and her dream and we had no desire to in anyway try to control it. When we saw that it was not in harmony with our future we just quit going. I had wondered for 4 years if I was to be a part of the church. I found out I was not.

During this time Kay and I went to a lot of psychic fairs and other such gatherings. We had met a girl named Pam Moore who was in her early 30's and the three of us became very close. Pam was a full blown New Age space cadet who was very psychic and not very grounded. She was a very loving person. We enjoyed each others company.

Pam met a abusive guy named Bobby and they began to date. Bobby was no goof for Pam but he was just another of the type of men she was attracted to. They married and hen moved to the Tennessee woods when Pam mostly stayed home by herself. There was another couple that was as worried about her as Kay and I were.

About a year later of less Pam died. The other couple and Kay and I wondered is Bobby had killed her. She has written letters that seemed to indicate that she was

being abused. Both the other couple and Kay and I begged her to come back to Houston and we would help her get back on her feet. She chose to stay.

In practicing law I was exposed to a lot of abusive and even sick relationships. I always got to personally involved and after a while learned that you can help people who will not help themselves. You just have to disengage and turn it over to God. That's what we did with Pam. It is always hard and we were upset and saddened about her death, but we had done all we could.

In 1972, in Italy when I was meditating at night and I began to paint some small 12 x 14 canvases, I had a dream one night about a gallery showing that I had. When I woke I drew a picture of the gallery. I thought I would somehow become an artist when I returned to the USA I continued to work a normal job but I never gave up the thought of being an artist one day. It created a lot of problems with Sandra when I started to paint after graduating from law school.

Kay and I moved to Clear Lake in June 1992 and then I painted almost full time. I would paint for an hour and then look at the painting for an hour. As I looked at the paintings I would meditate on many things and see if the painting needed adjusting. Typically I would draw enough of the painting in detail, like a part by numbers and then I would move to another section and do the same. When I had a section finished I would begin to paint. I would mix a base color and dot that color on the areas that I wanted to use that color. Then I would paint. Next I would tint the color with white and then dab the lighter color where I want to paint it. I would continue the process until I finished that color and then move on to the next color.

Many times when I would see a painting in my mind I would not be able to exactly match the color when I painted it. One of the reasons I would take so much time looking at a work in progress was to see how I would have to adjust it from my original vision. I would say that my paintings reflect the dream or vision of them about 80%.

I had a dream, vision one night that all the paintings I ever did were in a large room. There were probably hundreds of paintings there. They were all on easels with a canvas or other sheet like cover over them. I felt all I had to do was to go into meditation and go to this room and lift the canvas covering to see the art and then reproduce it. I feel like when a painting flashes in my dream or vision for seconds. I remember it because I am actually going into the future to see it. Since I am in the future I remember almost exactly how I painted it. So I only need to see the painting for a second.

This is different from seeing a painting that I am to paint for the first time. I go to the future where I have already finished the work of art and look at it and bring it back to the present. In heaven, the spiritual realm, there is no time only now. So past present and future are all _____. I have found that when I can do something that I have never done before it is because I am consciously or sub consciously taped into that past or future like when I had those skills and use them to the extent necessary.

After being in Woodhern for about 4 months Kay and I realized that were not going ot be able to establish the big family gatherings and interaction that we had hoped. So we were free to move were ever we wanted. We began to research were all the best choices for is to make a living were. Eventually we decided on Colorado.

Kay and I then began to meditate and focus on moving. We had a method of meditation together where Kay would lay down in a couch and I would sit next to her in a chair. I would then guide her meditation. It is like hypnosis but different. At these times I would ask questions about Colorado and she would answer. I would also see me own visions. As it turns out when we got to Colorado we has seen several of the places in our visions during meditation. This is a method used by Edgar _____. He had a guide to help him see the past and future. This is how Charlotte and Richard built C_____ Temple as well.

When we were going to leave, we decided to have a showing of my art. So we began to hang the painting all around the house. One day when I was hanging one of the last paintings, a drawing lay sideways in a gold frame, one I had done in Italy. I realized that the room that I was in was the same one I had seen the vision in Italy. I had made a drawing at that time and I found it and showed it to Kay. I had thought when I saw the vision in Italy that it was a big gallery showing. As it turned out it was a small one. No one came but _____. We had set out a lot of announcements but we were nobodies and the show was in a house and on a Sunday.

I had a habit then of finishing a painting and them making out about 40 color prints. I would write a narrative and then send a photo of the latest price and the narrative to the gallery owner in Houston. I got no responses.

When I started my bookkeeping business in 1981, one of the first clients I had was Betty Moody. She owned a small but successful contemporary gallery in River Oaks. She and I had good relationship and I thought that one day she might help me

with marketing my art. As the business grew I was forced to turn that account to Sandra. It was a mistake. At the time of the divorce I had come to realize that Sandra had poisoned Betty's mind about me as she had done with our friends, families and clients. She had been doing this for several years. I was never able to overcome the poison that Sandra has spewed out to Betty. Betty had formed one organization of all the major art dealers in Houston and was very influenced in promoting their common goals. We had taken on several other of these galleries as clients. I would sell them and Sandra would manage the work. I am sure that Sandra spewed her lies to everyone.

One of the main reasons for all the hatred since the divorce by Sandra because she had told all these lies about me and then she gave me the children to raise. People could not understand why she gave such a bad person as me who did not want his children those children to raise. People began to see her for the liar she is and confront her with those lies. Her reaction was to try to destroy me and that hatred continues _____ to present.

I laugh. She thinks I am suffering in jail and that Kay hates me and my life is trashed. She is so wrong. Kay and I are and will remain very close friends. And I am writing this book in prison. Where she thought I was destroyed she will learn that I have been renewed, revitalized and reborn (not in the Christian sense). My success is her ever present nightmare. She is one of the darkest souls I have encountered in this lifetime.