

II. From 1969 to 1988 when Jwp married Elizabeth Kay Goldman Long WorldPeace.

My first ex-wife, Sandra (who for many years I referred to as the Snake so as not to forget her evil nature and consequently not get bit) and I also had nineteen years together and we had four children together. Due to seven years of post divorce hell, I have not spoken with her since 1987 and I doubt I will ever do so. I have forgiven her but I can't forget the bad times after the divorce. Life is too short to have enemies and Sandra and I had a lot of good memories in the early days when the children were young and Christmas was a really big event.

I met my first wife Sandra in April 1968. I was 20 about to turn 21 on April 24th. Like many children I had come from a stable but dysfunctional family. I viewed marriage as a partnership first and a romantic endeavor second. I had broken up with my high school girl friend in Aug 1967. Again she was a girl friend. I felt no romance. She just seemed like she had the makings of a good wife. I was wrong and the relationship ended after two and a half years because it seemed to me that she would never break free from her mother's control. The control is not a problem in some relationships unless like this one I did not like Melanie's mother and she did not like me.

My best friend from childhood set me up with Sandra. As it turns out I should have explored a relationship with his girlfriend Julie.

Sandra's parents were better than average well off but not rich. I respected her and admired her father. Time would prove that even though he had I had much in common his ultra conservative company more mentally constantly clashes with my ultra liberal self-employed mindset. As it became obvious as time went on. I reminded too much of his self employed father.

Sandra had just exited a school for bad girls in Florida when I met her. She had been running with the wrong crowd and asked her parents to send her away so she could get control of her life. I respected her for that.

Sandra was tall 5'8" and I wanted tall sons. It is interesting the silly things in our youth. Love was not part of the requirements. Love for one was something that would develop over years of living and working together. I did not understand the importance of chastity and romance. I did not trust emotions. Did not feel comfortable with too many I Love You's. I trusted a commitment to common goals.

In the sixties the mentality for young adults was that marriage was the natural state of affairs. You graduated high school and found a woman to marry. I wanted a family and I wanted it young. I did not want teenagers when I was in my 50's. The reality is that you can have children when you are young and have no money or you can have them later when the money is there but the patience for children has begun to wear thin.

I had really good attentive parents but I was a man in a hurry and my wife and children were not a top priority. My education was most important because that is what would secure my future. I learned the hard way that you can't raise a family, go to college and be self employed. Something had to give and for me it was the marriages.

Sandra and I decided to marry sometime in June of 68'. When we brought it up to her parents there were all the reasons put forth that we needed to wait. As the conversation moved forward it became more dictatorial, her father saying no. At that point I politely but firmly let them know the discussion was made and the meeting was out of courtesy and nothing more. I am sure that conversation set the stage for a slow burning animosity that over eighteen years help end the Ken and Sandra story (Ken was my birth name).

In 1968, the Vietnam War was raging and it was important to stay in college to avoid the draft. But for me I was determined to have an education and I felt that if I went into the military for several years I would not finish my education.

I had to work full time to pay for college. I was not going to borrow any money. So going to school full time and working full time left little time for the relationship. But we did see each other briefly each weekend. Premarital sex was looked upon with ___ in 1968 but non mandatory wisdom and tradition did not impact on my determination to make sure the marriage worked sexually before the honeymoon.

In an attempt to slowing things down, Sandra's parents sent her to college in Huntsville, about 90 miles north of Houston. They felt the distance would cool the relationship, it didn't. I just got less sleep on the weekend because I had to make the drive to Huntsville. At the end of the fall semester, the wedding was set for May 31, 1969 and Sandra came home and went to school at Houston Baptist College.

The marriage to Sandra was as functional and loving as most. The last two years were shaky. It was the post divorce that made us lifetime enemies.

When Sandra and I were living in Italy we had no car. I would ride my bike to and from the post twice every day. It was about two and a half miles one way. On the weekend Sandra and I would take Stephanie, our baby, on the bus to the post to buy groceries. Back then the only way to carry a six month old baby was in a small car seat. It was awkward even though it was small.

After we exited the bus at the post we still had to walk about a half a mile to the PX. One day while we were checking out at the PX I thought about having to carry the three bags of groceries home. In those days the PX had paper sacks with no handles. I was not looking forward to the bus stop and the bus ride home. The bus stopped right in front of the apartment, Numero Uno Via Regalatro, funny how I remember that address thirty-six years later. One day I will return to catch a few memories but it won't be with Sandra.

As I was watching the girl check our groceries I thought, "God does not care about something so minor as my having to carry these groceries home."

We shifted all the groceries around in the bag and Sandra got ready to carry Stephanie. We walked about one hundred yards toward the bus stop and a sergeant stopped his car and asked if we wanted a ride. I just smiled. In the eight months we lived in Italy no one else had even made an offer to give us a ride. Little miracles is all I thought. God does care about every one at every moment.

God has many names and there are many concepts of God. I think of the traditional anthropomorphic God of Christianity as a manifestation of the all inclusive Infinite Oneness. I have found that even though I have rewritten most of the sacred texts of the major religions and I understand the curious norms and concepts of God I still am most comfortable with the concept of God I grew up with, an ancient old man with a white beard. My understanding of God is much more complex and dynamic than that mirage but it is the one to pray to. It is an emotional connection which defies logic. All religions imprint their young ___ to their visual of God.

The first years with Sandra 1969-1970 were relatively peaceful. Sandra's family had a bit more income than the average family and Sandra was spoiled. She had no problem spending Daddy's money. Knowing this I had made it clear from the beginning of our relationship we would live on what we made. She agreed. At the time of our marriage in May 1969 I had completed three years of college. I had also gone to school in the summer so I had a few extra hours. I was determined to graduate in 1970, four years after I graduated high school in 1966.

I went to all the various colleges at the University of Houston to see which college would take enough of my hours so I could graduate the following year. The college of Arts said I could graduate with a history of Political Science degree but I would have to take 27 hours of one or the other. I also had to take PE (physical education) because I had not taken it the first year. I chose political science because I felt that I would one day be involved with world governments. I could read history on my own but I felt I would learn more with an instructor in political science. The problem was that I as a slow reader and there was a monumental amount of reading as a political science major.

I determined that I needed to take a speed reading course so I found one of the Jewish ___ and enrolled. My logic told me that the only limitation to my speed would be the rate at which I turned the pages. ___ and hypnosis suggested that the brain stored a lot more information than a person typically accesses. So I assumed all brains were photographic and if the eye saw the full page the brain would record it.

The speed reading course would give me the techniques of increasing my speed but my success and ultimate speed would be dependent on my willingness to practice. After the first class I realized that I needed to spend one hour a day practicing. I would do this by going to the library and pull a couple of ___ books and then concentrate on turning the pages as fast as I could and focusing hard on the words on the pages as opposed to day dreaming. The class taught me how to expand my physical vision but horizontally and vertically. Also, I know what it was like to ride in a car at 80 MPH and then slow down to 50 MPH. Slowing down to 50 after going 80 made 50 seem like walking. So I believed, and found it to be true, that after going through a book as fast as I could turn the pages when I would make myself stay on each page for a full second, I felt I could consciously take in about 1/4 the content.

The basic exercises in class were to read about five paragraphs and then answer three or four questions. Of course the teacher would say go and I would immediately flip to the answers. This was unconventional and as per usual bothered most of my classmates. As per usual I did not care I was trying to get as much out of the class as I

could and I was not going to slow to their pace. I became a friendly joke in the class. The teacher was curious.

I diligently did my technique exercises each day and my one hour of reading at the library. The 3rd week the teacher asked me if I would take a test the following week. She would bring a book from home that she was sure that I had not read and I would read it in front of the class then relate what I had read. I argued. I was becoming a freak show and I was disturbing my classmates and I did not want to do that but I was not going to impede my progress or end my experiment for their convenience.

The next week the class began with me text. I was given a book called *The Promise* by Chaim Potok. It had 178,000 words. I took my time and read it in two minutes. What I found interesting was that I saw the book as a movie in my head. I was oblivious to the words. I had practiced the techniques enough to when I could look at the center of the open book and take in both pages with my peripheral vision. So I would turn a page and repeat. That night I slowed down and would focus on the center of the left then the center of the right page.

The other interesting thing in addition to experiencing the book as a movie was that as I began to speak about what I read more and more details came to my consciences. I felt I could have talked about twenty minutes more. I am sure most of the class thought I had read the book. I hadn't. The teacher wanted me to come back the next week and perform for her friends she would bring to class. I said yes but I knew I would not come back. I had learned what I needed to get through my class. I could not read a text book as fast as a novel but my normal speed had increased dramatically. I am sure the teacher might have thought when I did not show up the following week that I had read the book and did not want to push my luck that I would not have read the book she brought the next week. Maybe she will read this one day and know the truth.

Sandra found a job working for her family doctor and we moved about a block from his office so Sandra could walk to work. The first year was good. Her father's father died in the summer of 1970. He and I got along very well. He was like a third grandfather to me. He had a father son communication barrier with his son, Sandra father, who everyone called Tiger and that sort of explained the tension between Tiger and me. Had Big Pop lived even a few years more I feel that he would have made me a part of the larger family and run interference between Tiger and I. Who knows. The

reality is that I was never really accepted by Sandra's family. I did not smoke, drink or watch sports and that was enough to create ongoing tension. I always had a lot of contempt for drunks. Later I realized that alcoholism was a disease. My oldest son is one. Fortunately, he hit bottom at twenty-one in the Marine Corps and quit drinking. His mother told him he was just a social drinker. I told him he was an alcoholic. Alcoholism ran in my father's family and in Sandra's so I recognized it. Sandra was in denial. When I met Sandra she liked to drink beer. I told her she had to stop if we were going to stay together. She did.

1988 was an eventful year. The children had been with Sandra for a year and their grades were dropping and there was chaos. I had given Sandra the bookkeeping business which paid about \$10,000 a month and she could work from home and be with the children she said she loved. I also gave her the house we were living in. All I took was my truck, motorcycle, clothes and some personal items.

Almost immediately after the divorce Sandra found Jesus. Where she had essentially refused to touch a Bible while we were married, she now embraced it. We had gone to church but going to church with four children and the demands of my time did not allow it.

Next she decided to move out of the neighborhood. I begged her not to do it because the children had been traumatized enough by the divorce and they did not need more disruption by moving away from their friends and changing schools. Sandra did not care. She was living for Sandra. She abandoned the house that was eventually foreclosed on and moved. As I expected the children's lives became chaos. There was nothing I could do but see the children every Thursday after school and every Saturday. I never missed a day. Sandra told me I was seeing them too much.

I was living in a little two bedroom cottage across the street from my office the I was remodeling. I had completely gutted the inside. There was no kitchen and no air conditioning or heating. I did finish out the bathroom immediately. But essentially I was camping out.

In March 1988, I found that Brian was failing the 8th grade so I agreed to let him come live with me after Spring Break. John wanted to come as well so his grades dropped too. I brought the two of them to my house. They slept on the floor and a couch I had. I did not want them to change schools so I drove them twelve miles to school each morning. I essentially fed them doughnuts every morning on the way to

school. It was only going to go for about ten weeks. I would drive back to school each day and pick them up. Supper was fast food of the cafeteria. Then they studied each night. After a few weeks I found someone to take them to school and back. Their grades went up to A's and B's. Sandra had told the children that they made bad grades because they were just not as smart as the other kids at school. That was a lie. They all have about average IQ's. The difference was study time. Sandra did not require it. I did.

It became obvious to me that the kids were going to some live with me as I had contemplated. I thought it would take about a year after the divorce for things to start coming apart. I was right. I know I had to find another place to live because I was living in a bad neighborhood.

My business was in chaos. I had to let go ten employees after the divorce and I was getting very behind in my work. I did not know how I was going to afford another house and the problem of commuting to work and being a single parent.

In March a woman named Carla came to me with a IRS problem. It was a very large problem. Her husband had been a car salesman and had apparently been involved in selling drugs. Something went wrong and he was murdered in their house the prior year. Carla, out of fear for her life, moved to Carolina with her parents. The house they had lived in was vacant. I avoided he calls for about three months. I had decided to quit taking new business and just clean up the 500 open legal files I had to work with one employee. I sis not want her problems and she had no cash to pay me.

Finally I agreed to go look at her house in Spring, north of Houston, as a place to move. I had no idea what the house was like. When I went to see it I found it was a five bedroom house in a nice neighborhood. It would easily work for my children and myself.

I agreed with Carla to take on her IRS problem but she would have to deed the house to me with a ___ Claims Deed because the title had nine liens on it. I knew I could hold off the lien holders and so I told her I would be allowed to live in the house until my youngest graduated high school. At that time I would sell the house, pay off the liens and split the equity. She agreed. I was the only person who she could find to take her case.

As in many many situations in my life God knew before I did what I would need and he supplied it. He knew is March that my children would be coming back to me and I would need a place to live by September. I have led a blessed life but one

that most would consider full of chaos and pure craziness. I just feel it has been interesting. The road less traveled.

1970, year two with Sandra was an interesting year. I graduated from the University of Houston at the end of August 1970. There had been a draft lottery in 1969 and my birthday was called second. I knew after college I was going into the Army. I could not get a job so I waived my appeal rights with the draft board and reported for duty at the Houston Post Office in Houston on October 12, 1970. As it turns out, the decision to go a month or two early kept me out of Vietnam. God is always looking out for me. Always. Every life experience no matter how bad it looked to others was always a blessing to me. Always another necessity on my life path, my destiny.

I have absolute faith in God to guide my life. As much as I loved Kay, actually my feeling were beyond love and bordering a worship she had no faith in the future and her was her constant companion. I guess it was eighteen years with an alcoholic father and nineteen years with an alcoholic husband. I have absolute faith and virtually no fear. Kay loved me but her lack of faith and fear were one big reason she left me at the end of March 2007 after my youngest son tried to destroy our web design business and created chaos, confusion and hell.

I could not see Sandra for the first six to eight weeks of boot camp. The fifth week she made the drive from Houston to Fort Polk Louisiana for a four hour visit on Sunday.

What I found interesting about that first visit was that Sandra demanded sex. She said she did not come all that was not to have sex. I who ___ and still have a high sex drive had no interest in having sex. Sandra who had some sexual problems that manifested the first month of our marriage had never demanded sex in the two plus years that we had been making love. This is the first time I really thought about the fact that Stephanie was born on July 30, 1971, after a full term pregnancy. That would mean that Sandra would have gotten pregnant November 1, 1970. I am certain that she did not come to see me at Fort Polk until mid November. She never in the nineteen years of our relationship demanded sex. It was an issue between us that I was always the mediator.

I can't help but wonder now, based on other events that I will relate later, whether Stephanie is my child. It would make no difference. She has been raised as

my child and even though we are not communicating now, time tends to heal relationships. The pleasure and pain she has caused me over the years is mine and I do not regret any of it.

February 29, 2008 After Supper

When I arrived at my duty station in Italy in September 1971, I immediately looked into bringing Sandra and Stephanie over to live with me. They came over about two weeks after I got there.

One of the Italian soldiers took me under his wing and helped me find a place to live on the economy. I was not an officer so I could not live at the base with my family. We found an apartment over a jewelry manufacturer. It was a five story building and we were on the forth floor.

I had bought a bike to ride back and forth to the port and we settled into a simple lifestyle. The apartment was furnished. Every weekend day we would make the grocery run to the PX on the port and sometimes we would shop in the grocery store on the economy. I remember how everyone had cloth and material bags with handles to carry their groceries. I thought that eventually that idea would come to America, which it has.

I also saw that coffee and ice cream shops were everywhere. I know that that would come to America as well. These shops were more like little bars and people would get together and go to several of them on a weekend night. In America we only have Starbucks but I am sure that these small shops will come next. America is now hooked on Starbucks so alternatives coffee shops already have the potential market place.

Sandra stayed home with Stephanie and only went on the weekend with me to shop. We did make several trips to Venice by train because it was only forty miles to the east. We then made a trip to Rome and Naples and we spent New Years in Paris. I really like Paris and may live there one day.

We lived the life of a young married couple. Life was simple and good. We made friends with a couple from New York that lived above us. I mostly read books on psychic phenomenon and began to paint with oils and canvas. In January 1972 I

found I was going to be discharged in May so we prepared to move and I considered what I would do when I got home to support my family.

In May we left for America. We flew out of Milan to Paris and the Ireland then to New York. Stephanie got real sick and we were a bit worried because we had to ___ New York for about an hour before we landed. After we landed we took a cab to Ft. ___ New Jersey.

I reported in and there were about forty guys there to be discharged. The sergeant asked for men who could type to process the papers on everyone. It was about 8 pm and all the staff had gone home. I volunteered because it meant that I would be processed out first and consequently leave the next morning. All I had to do was to work most of the night. It was worth it. I wanted to get out of the Army and go home. All in all I served nineteen months. I did not go to Vietnam and I had made sergeant. It was a miracle really.

We flew home on Eastern Airlines and I changed cloths on the plane because I did not want any incidents at the airport. Soldiers were sometimes attacked and harassed by the anti war people back then. We had a great family welcome home. I was most thankful for the heat. It was May 12, 1972. and it was hot outside. I had not been warm since I had flown out of Houston for Ft. ___ in September. I was glad I served in the Army. I was glad I did not have to kill Vietnamese.

About this time, January 1990, I began to get letters from the IRS wanting the \$26000 in ___ taxes that were due at the time Sandra and I divorced. The decree stated that we were each to pay ½ of the \$26000. By 1990 the debt had grown to \$45000. I got together \$32000 and I told Sandra I would pay that much which was more than half if she would pay the other \$13000. She refused. The only way I could pay it all was if I sold the house we were living in. Sandra went to the IRS and convinced them to harass me for the money that she had none. That was not true. I was supporting the children and their lives had become settled. My law business was in chaos because I could not hire the employees necessary to do the work that I had to do. Sandra did not care about the needs of the children all she cared about was hurting me.

Prior to the divorce Sandra had convinced just about everyone that I was the bad guy, that I did not care about the children. When I took custody of the boys in 1988 everyone wanted to know why Sandra had given a jerk like me custody of the

children. This was something her ego could not take. People began to figure out that she was the liar and question her about it.

I March 1988, my oldest son Brian was failing in school. Sandra could not control him and he had become her whipping boy. Brain was about 6' and had begun to push her around. Once he nearly pushed her down the stairs.

I agreed to bring Brain to live with me. Since I did not want to take him out of the school he was in I had to drive him fifteen miles from where I was living in Houston to his school south of the city and I would have to make a second trip to pick him up. It did not matter it was my responsibility.

John wanted to come live with me when he saw Brian was coming. So it was agreed that he would come as well. When the children found out Kay and I were separating John and David wanted to come live with me. I caused me a lot of pain to tell then No. I felt it was netter if all the children stayed together.

I was remodeling the house I was living in across the street from my office. It had a functional bathroom but no kitchen except for a small refrigerator. There was no air conditioning or heat, no carpet and the walls had been striped. I was in essence camping out.

I made the boys study every night and their grades improved. John's grades were already good. I worked enough with Brian for him to not fail the grade.

I would take the boys to the donut shop each morning for breakfast and would eat out or get fast food every evening. After a few weeks I found someone to take my truck and take them to school and bring them home.

In May, Brian and John went back home to Sandra. Within a month Brian was out of control again. We began to talk about him moving in with me permanently after I moved into the house in Spring.

Brian moved in with me in September, a few days before school began. In addition, John could not take the situation with his mother any longer and he came to live with me as well about a week after Kay moved in.

In December I found that David was living free without supervision. He has gone to school seventeen days without a bath and in the same clothes. So the decision

was made that I would bring him to live with me as well. He came to live with us just before Christmas, 1988.

In January I went to check David out of school which I did without any problems. After I did the paper work I went to see Stephanie at her school. When I went to the registrar and asked for her I was told that no one by that name was enrolled there. I could not believe it and demanded to know what had happened. I know that was her school.

In about thirty minutes I found out that she had been dropped from the role because she had not been to school since before Thanksgiving. I was also given seventeen excused absences signed by Sandra from the beginning of the school to the day before Thanksgiving holidays. A few of the notes were forged by Stephanie but the majority were signed by Sandra.

When I got home I called Sandra and asked her if she knew that Stephanie had not been to school and she had been dropped from the roles. She said she did not know that. I wondered how you could have a child living with you and not know she was not going to school for over six weeks.

Sandra confronted Stephanie and she ran away and moved in with her twenty year old Pizza Hut manager, got pregnant, got married, had a son and eventually got divorced in a large part due to the fact that Jimmy's mother and Sandra hated each other so much they destroyed the marriage. Or at the least they were a very big factor.

At the time of the divorce I felt like I had four children in a burning house. I knew I had to let them go with Sandra because I did not want a big court fight. I also know she did not want the kids. So I had to let them go with her and stay in their lives by picking them up every Thursday and Saturday. I never missed. They had to know I was there for them.

In my mind the kids were in a burning home and I could save two or maybe three but I could not save them all. John and David made it. Brian barely made it but Stephanie was an early casualty. She was the one I could not save. In the long run, as of today, only John and I have a relationship. The shadow of divorce has a long reach into the future.

As the years went by I hear more and more horror stories about how they lived with Sandra. It is a pain that I will carry to the grave.

I sued Sandra for \$23,000 per the decree and then dropped the suit because I should not have sued her. I prayed to God to let the IRS be paid and when it was I should have just been thankful. Suing Sandra would have meant that I would have to deal with her and her attorney for years and I had enough to deal with in my life. It is just another example of the kind of person she is.

While we were in Italy in 1972, Sandra had a miscarriage. It was in the first trimester and the doctor said that 10% of all pregnancies end at that time on their own. It is still a little traumatic. In the fall of 1972 after we came home, Sandra had a second miscarriage in the first trimester. I went to the hospital with her but did not stay overnight. I had a fellow at work who was bugging me to death about going dove hunting at my grandfathers, I had planned to take him the weekend Sandra had the miscarriage. I could not deal with his bothering anymore, so when I saw that Sandra was OK and her mother was with her I took him hunting. I did not even want to go. I found out years later that Sandra felt I had abandoned her. I should have been more sensitive.

I had taken a job selling life insurance after I got out of the Army. But I left the company after six months. I was doing OK with sales but I found that the Army had a negative effect on my attitude. I realized later that it is a common problem for discharged vets. It took a while to get used to Army life and it takes up to three years for some to get used to civilized life when they get out. And this is time even if you don't go to war.

A few months before I discharged from the Army, my parents had purchased the house next door. Sandra and I moved into the house when we came home. We stayed there for eight years.

Sandra and I had our first Christmas with a child in December 1972. Both our families had big Christmases. My parents and both my grandparents had big Christmases and Sandra's parents had a very big Christmas and Sandra and I had Christmas. We were settling into a normal average American lifestyle. We decided that Sandra would not work because the cost of childcare would take too much of her paycheck. Sandra raised children until 1987 when I started bookkeeping business and I told her she needed to help me.

My mother had always worked and I thought it was normal. My mother's mother retired from the Houston Police Department but Sandra felt that she should not have to work and I felt she always resented the fact that she had to. Her mother had a business degree but Sandra's father refused to let her work. It was one of several major issues that eroded the marriage over the years. Sandra had become ___ after David was born in 1976 and I felt she needed something to do to give her a sense of accomplishment. It did change her attitude. Now she's a CPA.

In 1973 I went to work for another life insurance company and found that I was a good salesman. I began to study for my CLU which was to the life insurance business what a CPA was to accounting. But it was a much lesser ___ than the CPA. It was easy for me. The equivalent of 27 hours of college and I wanted to be a professional in my field, so I obtained it.

I still had a lesser post military attitude and quit the second company in June of 1973. Some of it had to do with the manager in short lying to me about what he could and would do for me. I became an independent life agent and went to work in my dad's insurance agency selling fire and casualty insurance. It was easy work but paid a little less. I did well at selling both kinds of insurance and also began to work on my CPCU ___ which was like the CLU but was for the fire and casualty business as opposed to the life insurance business. Only fifty or so people had both ___ in the state. I eventually became one of them. As with everything I have ever done, I tried to excel and become a professional in my field. I never got my CPA because it came with marketing restrictions. I had more freedom to sell bookkeeping ___ and less liability so I never sat for the exams.

In June 1973, Sandra became pregnant with Brian who was born in March 1974. The rest of 1973 was uneventful. Sandra and I were just a young married couple with a growing family. It was a normal average life style with lots of family interaction. I felt restlessness because the insurance business did not challenge me and it was one ordinary job even though I was self employed. It just lacked any depth. I also did not like all the night work that kept me away from my family. Working on acquiring my CLU and CPCU kept me moderately intellectually challenged. Together they were like an additional two years of college.

The only other significant event of 1972 and 1973 for me was joining the ___ Lodge. My father always wanted me to join and as a teenager I started to join the ___ but did not. The ___ because ___ if he wanted after turning in I believe. To join the

___ you have to petition to join. No ___ of soliciting members. There was also significant ___ work. So it was an intellectual pursuit as well. Many of the ___ and almost all the founding fathers were Masons. My father and I were raised to ___ Masons in 1973 at the same ceremony. It was something I enjoyed doing with him. We went to weekly meetings and the joined the Scottish ___ and the ___.

At the end of 1973 I was becoming more and more busy trying to provide for me family and build my career. In addition I did not like the internal politics of the local Blue Lodge and so I drifted away. I kept my membership until 1988 when I disengaged from memberships in all organizations, after I changed my name to John WorldPeace.

It was a philosophical decision. WorldPeace for me is an all inclusive concept and all organizations are exclusionary. So belonging to anything after then the State Bar which was necessary to practice law, by contrary to me commitment to WorldPeace. My father also became disillusioned over time die to the internal politics but remained a member until he received his 25 year pin. I am glad I became a Mason and believe in the ___ and the work they do on their hospitals for crippled children. I support them but outside the membership. For me they are a significant and worthy organization who undeniably reduce the pain and suffering in the world and increase the peace in the world human society.

The only real problem in 1973 was that my sisters husband starting hitting on Sandra which she did not discourage vigorously enough in a worthless person who divorced my sister when she became pregnant. He had told her he did not want children. She did not believe no meant no. In the divorce Henry gave up his parental rights so he would not have to pay child support. My father and I found him being a little to friendly with woman outside his marriage to Cheryl. I believe that whole situation significantly negatively effected my sister ever since. I have not seen her happy since the divorce.

In February 1974, in the eighth month of Sandra's pregnancy with Brian she began to have some bleeding. She had two first term miscarriages after Stephanie was born and so we ere both concerned. After seeing the doctor we moved in with Sandra's parents so that Sandra could stay in bed. The goal was to get as close to her due date as possible. There was a good chance that Brian would be OK if he was born premature but the more time he had ion the womb the better.

As the weeks went by we began to relax a bit. On March 31, 1974 Sandra water broke in the evening and we went to the hospital. Rosewood was the name and 25 years later after three of my children were born there my ___ was ___ by Dr. Garcia. Brian was born healthy and without complications.

We were asked about the name and we said Nathan Edward Wolter. Edward was my middle name and Sandra and I like the name Nathan. It was the name of a nice guy I had met in Italy. When we told Sandra's parents there was an immediate problem which we did not understand.

Sandra was on top of the world because she had given her father a grandson. Tiger and ___ had three daughters, which Sandra was the oldest. I was happy for Sandra. Neither of us could figure out the problem. His father had a fit and said he would never call the baby that and he may not ever speak to him. This was a heavy blow to Sandra and I don't know if she ever really recovered. I was determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

I went to Sandra's parents about 10 pm to have a discussion about what was wrong. I went to the living room and sat down with ___ and Tiger. I immediately asked in an irritated manner what in the world was wrong.

After a few minutes Tiger came out and said that Nathan Wolter sounded Jewish and he did not want to be accused of having a Jew bastard grandson. The Wolter name was German and to him so was Nathan. I asked him if he knew what effect all this had on Sandra. He did not respond directly but just reiterated his concern. All he cared about was his white status with his white buddies at work.

I talked to Sandra and we realized it was not worth the grief that would be caused if he made an issue of it. We agreed not to name the baby Nathan but we had no other name in mind.

We had to have a name before we left the hospital. We were going to keep Edward as the middle name. It was the first name that was the problem. We finally grabbed the phone book and decided on Brian. Brian was my mother's middle name, Esther Brian Ellis. So we named him Brian Edward Wolter and the mother was never discussed again. But we had both seen a very ugly side of her father in specific and her family in general.

Hazel and Tiger are nice people if you are of a White Anglo Saxon heritage. Tiger's father owned a ___ stone in Franklin Louisiana with his brothers. He had no prejudice as far as I could tell. I am sure that came from doing business with Blacks all his life. Bug Pop as we called him was a good guy when I met him, like my own grandfather. Unfortunately he died a year after Sandra and I were married. Had he lived a lot of these incidents could have been medicated. Instead as each year went by I grew more distant from Sandra's family. They were too much about protocol and what people thought. I was unfortunately just the opposite. I cared about what people were not what they appeared to be. And I was not friendly to people for whom I had no respect no matter who they were.

During 1974 we continued our normal life. I was in my own business selling life insurance and casualty insurance through in Dad's _____. I was also working on my CLU and CPLU and raising my children. Life was normal. Sandra and I were as happy as anyone else our age. I was glad we had a son. We were going to have six children at least. Sandra loved having children. It was the one thing in our whole marriage that made her happy.