

an enemy to love

A novel

by

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Prologue

July 2000 - Hayden Lake, Idaho

Amidst the stale odors of sweat and beer, Richard Gerhard Booker ended his Aryan Nation tirade to raucous cheers. The crowd of two hundred fifty stood and waited for Booker's signature end to the meeting. He raised his right arm, palm flat to the ceiling and said, in a normal voice, "Seig Heil." The crowd responded quickly, in unison, "Seig Heil." Booker repeated the pledge over and over, each time louder. The audience responded with increased fervor until the Nazi flags hanging on the walls and the picture of Adolf Hitler shook.

A family, Carter and Bertha Woodhead, with a young teenage girl, Cheryl, and a younger boy, Henry, stood to the left and behind Booker. Carter and Bertha kept their hands raised in salute, screaming in sync with the crowd, while the girl cupped her hands over her little brother's ears.

Chapter One

Early Spring 2012 – Twelve years later

North of the City of Dominion, Stevens County Washington State

Cheryl Sweitzer sat with a plate of food at their small kitchen table after serving dinner to her husband, Dolf, and son, Addie. Both father and son were named Adolf. Adolf, Sr. had always gone by Dolf and Cheryl didn't like Junior or the formal, Adolf, so they adopted the name Addie.

"My dad thinks it's time you start doing some speaking at the meetings," Dolf Sweitzer said.

"I know. You don't think my mom and dad haven't asked repeatedly." Cheryl said.

"You're the face they see when someone goes to the website. People are going to think we hired some pretty actress unless you get up in front of everyone. You haven't been to a meeting in months."

"People in the Brotherhood know who I am. I don't need to get up in front of everyone."

"I'm telling you what the Brotherhood council is saying. That's all. Your dad is the Grand Wizard, and your father-in-law, and now me, are on the council. How does it look? Some think your absence from meetings and demonstrations means you don't believe in what we stand for."

"Maybe I don't. And you can change the website for all I care. For the sake of Addie, maybe it's not such a good idea for me to be the face of anything. That man at the Safeway called us such terrible names this afternoon. And it's not the first time that's happened."

"Then the guy was..." Dolf held his hands over his son's ears. "...was an asshole with a capital A. Happens to me, too. Water off a duck's back, as far as I'm concerned."

“Our son is old enough to understand. He kept asking me on the way home why that man was yelling at him. He’s only six years old. If I want to go into town and buy something, I should be able to take Addie and not worry about being accosted.”

“He’ll understand in time,” Dolf said, his voice touched with anger.

Cheryl looked to her son. His head swiveled back and forth, unused to hearing his parents argue. “Let’s talk after Addie is asleep.”

An hour later, Cheryl and Dolf were back in the kitchen. Dolf nursed his second shot of whiskey as Cheryl sipped on a cup of tea.

“You said Addie will understand in time,” Cheryl said. “I’m not sure I want him to understand. I read the newspapers and magazines when I go into town.”

“I don’t want you reading that shit,” Dolf said. “Or Addie.”

“I’m not a child and you’re not my dad. I can read whatever I want.”

“If you bring that stuff around here, your dad or mom will go ape-shit. You know that.”

“I know. I dump it before heading home. But I’m learning,” Cheryl said. “We, you, me and our parents and the Brotherhood have managed to isolate ourselves with our beliefs. Very few, and a smaller number in power in this country, believe what we’re taught. I’m just thinking you and I need to keep an open mind and explore the world. We need to find out for ourselves if what we believe is believable.”

“Shut up,” Dolf yelled. “You’re talking crazy.”

“I just want you to keep an open mind. Is that so crazy?”

“End of discussion and my mind is as open as I want it to be. I’m working with your dad early in the morning, so I’m going to sleep. I don’t understand what’s gotten into you. You’re getting stupider by the moment.”

Cheryl said nothing as her husband rose and headed toward their bedroom.

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At 6 a.m., Carter Woodhead, founder and head of the Northwest Aryan Brotherhood, grabbed a well-worn thermos of day-old coffee, turned back from the open door of the farmhouse, and yelled back to his wife, Bertha, upstairs in their bedroom, “Bertie, Dolf and I are going out back for a few hours.”

“Don’t yell. You’ll wake up Cheryl and Addie,” Bertie yelled back.

Bertie and Carter lived in a large farmhouse in northeast Washington State, fifteen miles outside the city of Dominion in Stevens County. Woodhead Farms had two hundred acres on which they, very successfully, grew potatoes and Christmas trees. Their daughter, Cheryl, son-in-law, Dolf, and grandchild, Addie lived in an unattached two-bedroom unit twenty yards to the south of the main house.

At the same time Carter had grabbed his thermos in the main house, Dolf Sweitzer opened the bedroom door in their small unit.

“Why so early?” Cheryl asked, half asleep. “It’s Sunday.”

“I told you your dad and I are going to work in the shed.”

“Oh...yeah. Is Erwin with you?”

“No. Just your dad and me.”

“Is that safe? Don’t you need Erwin? You shouldn’t be working with explosives without him.”

“No. We’re fine. We’re working on remote-controlled nickel wire ignitor switches.”

“What? What’s a ‘re-mocha-nick-tor-witch?’” Cheryl mumbled.

“It’s something to set off a bomb remotely,” Dolf said, “so you don’t have to be near it when it blows. Erwin showed us how to set them up yesterday. It’s totally cool. Your dad and Erwin are doing something big, I think, but they won’t let me in on it.”

“Oh. Please be careful with your ‘re-mocha-nick-tor-witch’,” Cheryl said, rolling over and closing her eyes.

“You’re funny, babe. Go back to bed. I said remote-controlled nickel wire ignitor switch.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

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An hour later, Bertie entered the kitchen to refill her coffee cup. She wondered if she should take the rest of the pot out to her husband and son-in-law in the shed.

“Why not,” she said to the pot.

When Bertie opened the back door to their farmhouse, she heard a loud pop, like a muted gunshot, followed by a blinding light, then a blast wave, seismic in proportion. The shock shattered the glass pot and threw Bertie back into the house across the kitchen floor.

Miraculously, she was neither cut nor burned.

In the unattached unit on the opposite site of the house, Cheryl and her son were thrown out of bed.

The massive explosion originated in the nearby shed where Carter Woodhead and Dolf Sweitzer had just accidentally blown themselves up.

Every window in the house and attached unit facing the shed imploded, showering shards of glass everywhere. Miraculously, neither mother nor child suffered an injury other than temporary hearing loss. The smell, a mixture of ammonia, sulfur, gunpowder, and concrete dust, would endure for days.

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The 7:14 a.m. explosion in rural northeast Washington State could be heard for fifteen miles. A nearby retired U.S. Air Force Korean War veteran called NORAD to see if WWII had begun.

That afternoon, a half-mile south of the explosion site, a neighbor mounted his barn roof to see if he could get a view into Woodhead’s compound. He found Carter Woodhead’s intact, but somewhat charred, keychain just under his barn’s weathervane.

The next morning, local radio station KUSB FM, channel 95.1, reported that FBI agents had already arrived in Stevens County to assist the Dominion PD and county sheriff’s office investigation into the explosion.

The *Pend Oreille County Courier* published a special four-page pictorial edition two days later describing the incident in detail and then included the history of the white supremacists in eastern Washington and northern Idaho.

An FBI bomb specialist told the *Courier*, “I was in Korea. The blast site crater was bigger than a five-thousand-pound bomb.” The specialist’s investigation of the shed explosion revealed that ammonium nitrate and fuel oil mixtures made up the majority of the explosive device. The debris also contained traces of black powder, nitroglycerin, dynamite, and C4. Woodhead

possessed a veritable potpourri of other illegal and incendiary devices, including a U.S. Army M240 machine gun, AK-47s, bazookas, anti-tank weapons, Russian hand grenades, Czech landmines, and a 155mm Vietnam-era howitzer. All had been rendered useless after the explosion.

The FBI searched Woodhead's entire property and removed all illegally kept weaponry.

The *Courier* article noted that Carter Woodhead had started the Northwest Aryan Brotherhood five years earlier. He had been a young member of Richard Booker's Aryan Nation.

Booker's notorious chapter, The Aryan Nation, went bankrupt and relinquished all its land holdings in 2001 after losing a \$6.3 million lawsuit brought by Vivian Kornan and her son, James. According to court records, the Kornans' car had been shot at by Booker's men after it had backfired while driving near the Aryan Nation headquarters. The car crashed, injuring the Kornans. Booker's men then harassed the Kornans, both Native Americans. The Kornans' successful lawsuit followed. Once losing their property and money, the Aryan Nations disbanded.

Subsequently, local fire departments burned most of the Aryan Nation enclave during planned firefighting training exercises. North Idaho College received the land as a gift and turned it into a park dedicated to peace. Booker died penniless in 2004.

No one believed, or at least hoped, any white supremacist groups would return to the area. They were wrong.

Carter Woodhead never stopped idolizing Booker and never gave up hope that the Aryan Nation would rise out of the ashes. Using Internet-generated contributions, Woodhead and a few dedicated Booker followers who remained in the area regrouped and created the Northwest Aryan Brotherhood. Woodhead installed himself as the Grand Wizard and headquartered the Brotherhood at his farm. The Aryan Brotherhood had steadily increased its membership and at the time of the article had more than two hundred active dues-paying members. Six different anti-Semitic, anti-Native American, and anti-Black incidents had been attributed to the Brotherhood. Lacking hard evidence, no charges were forthcoming.

The short obituaries of Woodhead and Sweitzer were published in the *Courier* days earlier:

Carter Woodhead, Grand Wizard of the Northwest Aryan Brotherhood, is survived by his wife, Bertha, a daughter, Cheryl, and a son, Henry, who is serving with the 101st Airborne in Afghanistan.

Adolf "Dolf" Sweitzer, twenty-eight years old, had recently been promoted to the Brotherhood council. He had married Cheryl Woodhead, Carter's daughter, in 2005. Sweitzer is survived by his wife, Cheryl, their six-year-old son, Adolf, Jr., his parents, Gert and Heidi Sweitzer of Dominion, Washington.

The Woodhead / Sweitzer joint funeral will be a private affair, restricted to invited guests only.