

# **Chapter One**

## **Coming Undone**

**“...since I was young, I tasted sorrow on my tongue...”**

**“*Coming Undone*” by KORN, 2005**

My entire life has been an interplay of complex factors. It's like good and evil swarming all around me and battling for control of what's next. As I became mature and understood these complex factors a little better, I learned of a supposed law of nature that seemed to creep into everything that I would set out to do or accomplish. This law is known as "Murphy's Law". It states, to the effect, that anything that can go wrong, will go wrong. This unhinged story couldn't exist without the influence of this natural phenomenon.

When I pay attention to what's going on in the world, it's easy for me to notice that there are lots of unstable people everywhere. I find that most of the drivers on the road now act as if they're stark raving mad! I should know what "crazy" means because I too am certifiably sick in the head! It takes one to know one, as they say. Even when I look at a mirror and gaze into my own eyes, I see two windows into a lunatic fringe. As I look myself over with genuine analysis, what seems to look so strong, is so delicate. These eyes have seen way more than anyone should have to see. It's all my past experiences and twisted history that defines my growing lunacy! My reflection seems to have filled in with signs of wisdom over time. I spent a huge part of my life not seeing any substance to myself and wasn't able to see who or what I really was. When I was a young man, I could see the reflection of my face, but I would see all the way through myself as if I wasn't quite there yet. I knew there was more to myself than was being seen by my own eyes. I knew there was more going on around me than I could imagine. I also felt as if more things were going on around me than I was willing to believe.

When I was a teenager, I would sometimes find some satisfaction from pretending that my birth mom was a witch who was burned alive at the stake for all the sins and crimes she committed. The worst of these sins were the things she had done to me and my siblings! She was a cold, selfish, empty shell of a mother who was never there for me and therefore thankless for all the many tears I cried for her! She was supposed to be my guardian angel but instead was a dark winged evil purveyor of sorrow and sadness for me. A true bitch in every sense of the word! What causes a person to think these kinds of thoughts? Is this normal? Probably not to most people, but it was for me. Later on in life, as I sat next to my birth mom's hospital bed as she lay dying of liver failure, I had my first experience with humility and forgiveness. I hated to see her or anybody going through that kind of death, but I couldn't seem to cry. I had put the past with her behind me the best that I could, but inside my head, I knew she was paying the price for her wickedness and many addictions. I had cried myself empty of tears when I was just a little boy.

Where was she then? Where was she when I got sick as a kid? Where was she when I was scared? Where was she when I needed to be loved? Where was she when I was hungry and cold? The truth be told, I probably would not be alive if abortion was legal in 1968/1969! She was very lucky that I was even there beside her on that day! As she was nearing her final moments being alive, I felt as if I were sensing unseen influences from another dimension for the first time and what I was sensing felt like a gathering of dark shadowy entities! The darkness from this other dimension was absorbing all the good light that was left in the hospital room! The room trembled and shook for me as she took her last breath. I felt the dark forces disappear and the room quickly seemed void of the evil buzz that had permeated it just moments before. I suddenly felt enlightened and had some relief. I'm not sure if I should feel guilty about that relief, but it was overwhelming and powerful for me. Finally, I could move on emotionally and not have anger and resentment pinned up inside me anymore.

There were additional reasons for my twisted fantasies of witchcraft and punishment for my mom. One of the biggest reasons was that it provided me with a rational explanation for some of my abnormal skills. I had a number of things happening in my childhood that seemed magical and even unbelievable to me. These unusual powers defied my own logic and left me scared to even talk about them to anybody else. I eventually solved the enigma in my own head by rationalizing that these powers were passed on to me by my evil mother! That is where the most satisfaction came for me when thinking those diabolical thoughts. I will give you three good examples of the weird, almost magical occurrences that had me so concerned and confused as a child.

The first time I noticed my odd abilities was when I was around eight or nine years old. I had gotten a cheap toy from the store when we were shopping one sunny afternoon. This toy was a propeller disc launcher that sent the propeller discs up in the air about fifty to eighty feet. When one of these discs went over my house and landed in the back yard, I couldn't find the disc anywhere. I looked and looked and eventually gave up looking and was at a loss as to where the disc could have gone. Later that night as I was asleep and dreaming, I dreamed that I floated up out of bed, through my ceiling and roof, and above my house and neighborhood. I could move in any direction that I wanted to go and the scale of what I was seeing was like being in an airplane even though I had never flown in an airplane yet. I looked down as I was above my house and could plainly see a brightly colored propeller disc wedged behind a pipe that protruded out of my parent's roof. The

next day, I was playing outside and remembered my dream the night before. I decided to walk myself to a spot in the yard where I could see that pipe sticking out of the roof. To my surprise, not only was there a pipe in the exact spot I dreamed about, but there behind it laid my brightly colored propeller disc I had so desperately looked for the previous day. I was quick to realize that I must have been really flying above my house to come up with the precise details that I had dreamed about the previous night. How was this even possible? I never mentioned this to anyone out of fear and lack of understanding!

The second good example of my unusual abilities is about another dream that came to me on the evening of January 27, 1986. I dreamed that I was walking on a beach somewhere when I heard a loud noise above me. I looked up to see what appeared to be an extremely large helicopter flying by me and climbing in altitude. Suddenly, the machine exploded with a tremendous force that knocked me to the ground. As I looked up at the fiery explosion in fear, I saw debris falling from the sky towards me. This debris was on fire and smoke trails followed each piece as they plunged downward towards me from above. I was definitely overcome with horror at the loss of life that I had just witnessed! I became so panic stricken about being hit by the burning fallout that I hopped to my feet to run as fast as I could when I suddenly woke up in a massive sweat! I sat up in bed as I felt like the dream was more than real to me. I was unable to go back to sleep for a while as I couldn't shake the sorrow of what I had just dreamed about. I eventually was able to put the thoughts aside and go back to sleep. The next day, I walked by the television sometime in the afternoon and was punched in the gut by what I was seeing. I was having to relive my dream in real life as I watched in horror and sadness as the Space Shuttle Challenger blew up shortly after liftoff from Cape Canaveral Florida. Every detail that was playing out over and over on the television was exactly like my dream the previous night. I felt guilty about not being able to stop the event from happening. I felt cursed that I had been given a glimpse of the pending disaster just hours before it happened. *What the hell is going on with me*, was what I asked myself for the next few months. Was this ability a curse or a gift? How was this even possible for me? Why was this possible for me?

Finally, out of all the many examples I could share about my strange abilities, this example is one of the most bizarre and doesn't involve a dream. One day I got angry and shouted out loudly as I punched my finger towards a hallway in the house, pointing at it. I was shouting the word "bullshit". At that exact

moment, the light bulb in the ceiling fixture that was in the hallway I was pointing at, exploded in a dramatic fashion. Sparks and glass flew everywhere as if there was a firecracker exploding inside of it! I have never seen a bulb do this in my life before or after this incident. I was so intimidated and scared when this happened that I forgot about being angry. Silence immediately followed the bulb detonation as everyone in the room couldn't believe what had just happened. I once again questioned myself and how I was able to do that stuff! What was causing me to unwillingly be a witchy kind of guy? Why was I being subjected to these seemingly magical abilities?

My name is Terry G. I was born in the spring of 1969. I lived as Terry for the first seven years of my existence. Due to my adoption at the age of 7, my full name was completely changed. It's easy for me to remember feeling weird about having to reboot my identity as someone new, especially at that age. I certainly felt real value in this new family, new name, and my new hope. I felt like a new little man! The thing is, Terry didn't go away from me, and he was always in the background, quietly paying attention. Terry must have been written into my DNA from the very beginning, just like evil was written into my DNA by my drug addicted birth parents. As I adjusted to my new identity as a kid, I always had Terry peering out from behind me, looking around. He was always trying to see what kind of stuff the new guy had going on. Terry was curious, of course! Terry was my real connection to my earliest memories, both good and bad. I always felt as if Terry represented the sadness and hardship that was, and still is residing inside of me. Because of my horrible childhood memories, I have tried really hard to always be good and kind to others even though I felt as if I were pre-programmed not to be. It seems to me; I must be loaded with "bad-boy" style genes! *Blame Terry* is what I always think to myself. I really ought to be sharing some of the blame with Murphy and his stupid law!

Terry G wasn't conceived out of love, kindness, planning, and adoration for new life. I was a product of lust and hardcore sin in action. I was just an accident that occurred while my parents were indulged in full scaled, self-serving activities of the flesh while being drugged up and immoral with one thing on their mind, shoot to thrill! The maternal vessel that brought me into this life was powered by nothing but evil! Does that make me evil too? I can't be sure if I am or not, but I have wondered that very thing quite often. I do try to consider everything possible to explain why my continual battles over good and bad are always accompanied by weird extremes. I am talking about crazy extremes! This memoir just happens to be

a story about the most extreme, and the most bizarre circumstance I have ever encountered – and a stranger who is pure evil, from his skin, all the way to his bones! I was just eccentric and twisted my whole life but now maybe I am all the way crazy!

It has gotten really difficult to mentally keep track of everything that has contributed to my loss of sanity. This book was an effort for me to organize and track my memories and provide myself with a better understanding of everything that led up to my feelings of mental anguish and loss. I needed accuracy in what I was writing to capture my life-changing encounter in 2014. I felt as if all of the details and thoughts in written form could help my efforts in dealing with it all. As it turns out, I was one hundred percent correct in that assumption!

You will notice that there are seven chapters in this book. This is no coincidence. The seven chapters represent the seven years of hell I went through after all the trauma that consumed me while traveling on route 66. Seven years of hiding from my own thoughts and trying to make the memories just go away. I live now in Las Vegas, NV where three “7’s” are a jackpot. I had lived seven years as Terry, I had seven years of hell and hiding after my fateful journey, and now I have put all of my story neatly into seven chapters for this book. That makes three “7’s” so let’s see where it all goes from here.

There are times in my life when I feel overwhelmed by bad luck or bad influences. My fight to stay on the good side of things is complicated by these negative influences. Sometimes it is like hell’s bells begin loudly ringing all around me. Dozens of loud bells all gonging my head like bad dream. The vibrations from these bells from hell are still reverberating in me even to this day. I will share with you a few of the most influential negative moments in my life that shaped my personality, and which led me to multiple rendezvous with evil throughout my personal endeavors.

Let me start with my earliest childhood memory involving hells bells and the loud chaos that followed its intrusion into my young, peaceful world. My earliest memories are of me with my little brother Timothy (Tim). He was exactly a year younger than I was. My very first recollection as a young child is of Timothy and I being inside a dark daycare. It was an old house that was converted into a daycare at some point. Tim and I were laying on blankets on the living room floor at night, in the dark, by ourselves. I vividly remember not feeling good at all. This was because we were both sick with chickenpox. There must have been an adult there

with us, but I can't recall anyone else being there besides Tim and me. We were evidentially waiting for someone from child protective services to come pick us up. There was a severe thunderstorm with heavy rain beating down on the roof and windows, and bright bolts of lightning were filling the room with flashes and shadows! We needed our mommy really bad! Scary bursts of loud thunder were making me super nervous and very scared. I couldn't help but notice that Tim was screaming and crying. And with my being raised to feel as if I were his caretaker, I was usually occupied with soothing him. What's crazy and sad is that I was about 3 years old, and Tim was about 2 years old, and I had come to feel like I was responsible for him. Tim had also come to rely on me to help and comfort him.

I took it upon myself to try to calm him at that time because, in my memory, nobody had come around to calm us. I remember getting Tim quiet for a moment by trying to teach him how to tie a shoe, even though I barely knew how to tie a shoe myself. I guess I was learning to be a problem solver, or maybe I was just trying anything I could to make him calm down. All I know is that he stopped crying and tried to learn how to tie his shoe. Somehow my efforts had worked quite well. He was temporarily quiet and occupied. Hurray! I also remember that he eventually started up his screaming and crying again. I thought maybe he needed some food because I knew that I sure did.

Nervously, I started walking around, in the dark, trying to find us something to eat. I made my way towards the kitchen. I remember opening cabinets. I remember opening the dishwasher and remember the smell of the chlorine on the dishes in the dishwasher. I remember opening drawers too and inside one of the drawers was a bag of funny shaped crackers. You know, oyster crackers, as I found out later in life. Oyster crackers were all I was able to find. So, I took them to the living room to share with my little brother. And for that moment, he was content, happy, and most importantly, he stopped crying! I remember vividly that both of us had enjoyed the snack and I believe we ate the whole package of crackers. I know I felt proud to be caring for my baby brother! I enjoyed knowing Timmy was taken care of and fed by me, his loving, older brother!

Later in life I was able to read court documents regarding that night. As it turns out, that was the second time we had been left there by our parents. This had been the second time we had stayed all night at this day care. My birth mom admitted later in life to me that she was too messed up on heroin to come and get us. Like that was going to make things any better for me! Tim and I were then

forced in and out of foster care for the next few years and each time, we would be separated from one another while in foster care families. Way too many times we were separated and then reunited and then separated and reunited. It was very crazy and confusing for both of us. I don't have recollection of everything, but I do know that he clung to me, and I also clung to him. Since I was the older brother, I naturally was protective of him. It was kind of like the blind leading the blind. One thing was certain, he looked for me to give him direction and keep him safe and I never did let him down. We were forging and building lasting connections to one another, at early childhood, that would carry with us for the rest of our lives. All these personal connections with each other were very important, in fact, it was great that we had each other. There was one major complication for us. Murphy's Law begins its assault on me and Tim once again. At that time, the courts did not view things the way they should have. There were probably some individuals within the court system that would have liked to have seen things turn out differently for us two brothers but that didn't matter in our case. I understand that there were no provisions for any exceptions to the state rules regarding protective custody of minors. My adopted parents said all the conditions and procedures were frustrating. They tried to get both of us boys together, but the state rule was that each child placed in foster care must have their own bedrooms. What a shame huh?

My foster parents (later adoptive parents) had a 3-bedroom house with 3 daughters already. My parents had one room, there was a room set aside for me, and my 3 sisters were required to share a bedroom (technically). The state thought it was okay for the foster household siblings to share a room, but Tim and I had to be torn apart and not allowed to share a room. Hells Bells! Because of the wrinkles in the laws, my foster parents were only allowed to have one of us two brothers. Tim's foster parents were bound by the same problem and rules. The courts never took our feelings, needs, fears and desires into consideration. The courts that were supposed to protect us failed us in many ways. Ultimately, crazy, and horrible results came out of all the chaos for Tim and me. All the legal decisions and court actions caused us to permanently be separated from each other when we were just 6 and 7. Yep, that was Murphy chopping away at my sanity right then and there! Being separated from each other would mean that our relationship, our visitations with each other, all our communications and connections would no longer exist for us. We never had a proper goodbye! I remember the last supervised visit that Tim and I had with each other. It was in a conference room of a children's home that was located in northeastern Oklahoma. I recall Timothy and I just crying our eyes



out when the visit was over. I promised him that I would see him real soon. I told him we would play cops and robbers again which we loved to do together. I had no idea how wrong I was about that. I felt guilty my whole life for making that promise to him. I wouldn't see him again for another 22 years and under severely different circumstances.

As I focused on knowledge and success in my early adult life, I was able to take my education, interests, and my skills and turn them into a great career. Once again, Murphy's Law and the annoyingly loud bells from hell would make a dramatic appearance in my life. In 1996, at the age of 27, I was in the middle of building this new successful career. It was early in my marriage, and we had our first child, and everything was perfect for me and my wife. Shortly after we had bought our first house, I received some news that was both exhilarating and incredibly scary at the same time. This news would be full of twists and turns for me and even had a second revelation that I was not expecting at all! One bright sunny day, late in the morning, I received a message regarding a phone call from my dad. I found a payphone (remember those?) that could be accessed while sitting inside my pickup truck and called him. He had a message for me and another phone number for me to call. He said that in all likelihood, I should prepare myself for some possibly shocking news. He said he honestly didn't know any of the details but figured it must be important and could be difficult for me. After hanging up the phone and taking three deep breaths, I urgently called the number he had given to me. When I got ahold of the person that was trying to contact me, that person asked me if I was sitting down. As it happens, I was already sitting down inside my truck, so I asked them to continue. I told them that I was ready for whatever it was that they needed to tell me. You know, I could have lived two or three lifetimes and still would have not been able to prepare for the news that I was about to receive. I could never have been prepared for the chain of events that followed the news and the ways it dramatically affected me through my life thereafter. Yeah, Murphy has been working behind the scenes for me and is now about to uncloak its unseen influences on me and my life. Evil is about to bare down on me from unexpected places and will tear at my soul and mind forever thereafter. This phone call spun my head and emotions all over the spectrum. With this phone conversation, I was indirectly provided answers to all my hidden fears and questions about little Timmy. Yes, my brother Tim was most definitely alive. However, my worries about Tim not doing very well got confirmed! A lifetime of daily sadness and anxiety for me was justified in this one phone call! This was

because I found out that Tim developed issues and problems in his adopted family life. He had disconnected from his new family and society and was not doing well at all! He found himself in jail at the young, tender age of 16 years old. Then later he was incarcerated in prison. He had turned to a life of crime as a way of escaping his misery. He was pissed off and trusted no one! I was told that he was again on trial after being in prison for many years already. I was regretfully informed that my little brother Timmy was on trial for capital murder!

One year earlier, Tim had gotten into a fight with his cellmate, and he had won this fight. Most of the time, to win a fight in prison means the other person dies! Especially if the fight is between two cell mates. This fight was no exception and my brother had now taken the life of another human being. I was told the State of Oklahoma was seeking the death penalty! I was told that my brother's defense team needed my help if possible.

The Oklahoma Indigent Defense System was representing Tim in his trial and they were the ones who had contacted me. They were wanting to put me in touch with Tim, and the rest of our biological family, if I so desired. They made it clear that I did not have to do any of this. They told me that if I didn't want to continue, then I would never hear from them again. They made it clear to me that I was not obligated in any way and my privacy would be kept intact. It was also made clear to me that they had high hopes to be able to convince me to be interested in all of this. They thought my help would be extremely important for the outcome in Tim's trial. Of course, I began wondering how could they need my help? What could I possibly do to help Tim in his trial? I had not seen him since I was 6 or 7 years old! I was given further explanation that my brother Tim, sadly, was more than likely going to have a conviction. They said the trial was likely a clear-cut case for the prosecutor and that the death penalty was possible if my brother was indeed convicted. I was told that the possibility of death by lethal injection was the only reason why the Oklahoma Indigent Defense System was taking his case, to save him from execution! I was told that I would be helpful in the sentencing phase of the trial to try to spare his life. My testimony would be especially important in establishing some insight into his background and maybe some insight into his behaviors and why. I needed to shed light on how and why it was important to keep him alive! Especially now that we have been reunited. Wow, no pressure, right? All of this was piling up on me while I was sitting on a payphone inside the cab of my pickup truck. Unbelievable! I am glad that I was actually sitting down when this conversation began!

I was shaking and sweating by the end of the phone call! I didn't know how to feel about all of this! I was overwhelmed with thought and emotion and wondered if I was even going to be able to finish out my workday. I immediately knew what I should do. I accepted the offer to testify in Tim's trial! I wanted to help his defense team in whatever capacity I could. It was about time that I found out about my past and the people associated with it. I needed to see Tim as soon as possible!

I was told that Tim wasn't the only brother I had. Being made aware of another brother is the revelational twist I had mentioned earlier. John K. is his name. He is nearly two years older than I am and it turns out that he knew about Tim and me his whole life. There is also a half-sister named Lisa. We all share the same mother. Tim and I had a small, limited number of memories of Lisa however, we did not know about John, at least not up until this point. This was a major shock to both Tim and me. I suddenly found that after thinking I was the oldest brother all this time, now I find out that I am a little brother. A middle brother I guess. *Wow, I have an older brother now!* I was thinking to myself. I was overwhelmed by the news. I can't put into words all the emotions that flooded me on that day. Most were new emotions to me and strong emotions too. I did notice a familiarity to a small portion of these emotions. I was completely confused but happy to sort out my thoughts and feelings about all my newfound layers to my life.

It wasn't long and lots of memory triggers began to occur as information in the form of documents and pictures began arriving at my house for me to absorb. Many more memory triggers were unleashed when actual in-person reunions began to happen. I met a huge number of people that were related to me biologically, and I also met people who were friends of biological family members. You know with most of these folks, I did not know anything about who they were, but they usually seemed to know who I was. I felt like I was being analyzed and observed by these new people. I was somewhat happy, but for a while, I stayed in a state of shock. As soon as I would feel elated about all the newness of things, the sadness and grief of what caused all of this to happen would displace my happiness and flood my consciousness and weigh me down. I still have trouble comprehending how I was able to receive the massive amounts of new information and all the new people that suddenly rained down on me. Finding out lots of the things associated with my biological family members made understanding my own personality traits possible. I also needed to learn about myself in biological areas and learn my genetic characteristics. I needed to begin to form an overall picture of myself that included

my family's health history and any health issues that might affect me. I always recognized early in life that I had desires and thoughts that none of my adopted family seemed to have. I felt this was due to the biological differences between us.

I guess I should repeat that none of this reunion stuff would have even happened without my little brother Tim being on trial for capital murder with the death penalty as a possible outcome! It was because of the dire situation with him that so many people were connected and stirred up together.

What a crazy and bizarre chapter in my life!!

Again, I am subjected to extreme good and bad happening in my life at the same time, as usual. This pattern will repeat itself again and again throughout my life.

It was relayed to me that the prison officials and his defense team noted a dramatic difference in Tim's disposition and attitude after being put in touch with me and the rest of the biological family. He had a reason to live now and was surrounded with people that not only cared about him, but I personally longed for him all those years!

Tim and I had an unimaginably large amount of catching up to do. We laughed, cried, dreamed together, supported each other's shortcomings, inquired into each other's interests and childhood events, and wished the whole time we had more time during visitations to make the process easier. Letters helped us but could not replace one-on-one contact. It was like I was looking at myself in the mirror with him. We had similar facial traits. We had the same hand gestures. We laughed and giggled just alike too. Everything about Tim was so familiar to me. Everything about Tim was comforting to me. I know those feelings were just what I needed. I had no way to imagine much of those feelings until they began to occur. I figured out once again that what I had been missing, in simple terms, was my little brother!

When the time came for Tim's trial, arrangements were made to bring family members together for the defense team to use if necessary and to be Tim's support group. He was so happy to meet and correspond with all of the biological family. I recall, just before Tim's trial, I decided to call my older brother John for the first time. We would be meeting each other soon so I wanted to reach out to him by phone first. I was nervous but also excited and curious. I really didn't know how I was supposed to feel. I dialed the number as my wife quietly watched in the distance with anticipation. John happened to answer on the other end, and I had no

idea who I was talking to when he said hello. I asked if John was there. He said, “this is John, is this my brother?” When I responded with yes, he got excited and said he knew when the phone rang that it was his brother on the other end. He was surprised and happy to hear from me. We talked for a while and began the process of getting to know each other but it was awkward, and we both wished the reunion wasn’t under such horrible circumstances.

Another vivid memory I have about reuniting with biological family members takes place at the airport with my wife present. An odd and nervous reunion was about to occur on that day. I remember when the airline flight arrived bringing my birth mother and half-sister. My wife and I watched out the terminal’s windows as each person exited the little commuter plane onto the roll away stairs. I wasn’t sure how I felt about seeing my birth mom, but I was excited to see my half-sister Lisa! My wife and I stood there trying to guess which passengers might be them as they appeared one by one in the doorway of the small turboprop plane. It seemed like the entire plane emptied before the correct people came to the door. While playing our guessing game my wife said “no, probably not them” as my sister and mom stepped through the doorway of the aircraft. It was amazing to me that as soon as I laid eyes on my biological mother’s face, I intuitively knew who she was. My memories of her all went back into focus in my mind. My mind flew backwards 22 years instantly! Crazy thoughts slammed through my mind as I watched her, and sis walk across the tarmac towards the terminal door. I was nervous as hell and felt really sick to my stomach but had no idea why.

Just at that moment, I clearly remembered a time when my biological mom had run into a convenience store and left Timothy and I in her black 1970’s Chevrolet Chevelle SS while it was running. She should have known that Murphy’s Law was ruling her life by then, you’d think! I guess the safety devices on modern cars had not been implemented yet. One of the reasons for the safety devices being added to production cars was to prevent what happened to Tim and I. Tim had taken off his seat belt and gotten out of his booster seat and crawled up front and pulled on the gear shifter. Of course, it moved into reverse and off we went through the parking lot, over the sidewalk, off the curb, and then across the busy street in front of the store, all thanks to Murphy and Timothy. I was petrified! We hit the curb on the far side of the street, crossing four busy lanes getting there. No collisions happened, just the curb stopping the car from hitting the commercial building that was right next to it. I remembered all of this stuff because I connected

her face in the doorway of that airplane with the memory of her face while she ran after us while we were barreling toward that busy street.

Tim's trial was a hard thing for me to have to endure. My adopted parents came to the trial out of respect, concern, curiosity, and to be there to support me. They knew just how delicate I was about my brother's situation. They also knew I was going to be dragged through more emotions than I ever had before. They knew that both happy and horrible feelings were on the menu for me while at the courthouse. I felt extra special to have them beside me while trying to sort out the psychological effects of this situation. Suddenly for the first time in my life I realized I was surrounded by two different families. How many people can say that?

One of the biggest pills I had to swallow was looking at my little brother and remembering the little frail baby Timmy from our childhood, while seeing a grown version of himself and knowing he took another person's life. He was still my little brother, but he was now sleeping in the bed he made for himself. I had to make myself remember that he made his own choices, and I should not feel guilty. Unfortunately, this did not completely remove my guilty feelings. I knew somehow, I needed to just focus on the positive ways that I might be able to help my brother and hope for the best.

Within days, my brother Tim was convicted of first-degree murder of another prisoner and was now waiting for the sentencing phase of his trial. I was now going to have to testify in front of the courtroom and the jury. It was time for me to find out if what I had to say could help Tim in any way. I was hoping to help but wasn't sure if I could change anything. I was nervous as hell! I answered every question with sincerity and directly from my heart. I was glad when my emotionally charged testimony was over, but I was unsure if I had any impact at all. I doubted the system at this point, and I just knew my brother would be taken away from me by lethal injection! Of course, I was shocked when the judge read aloud to the courtroom that the jury did not elect to send my brother to death row. Somehow he had escaped the death penalty! I was so relieved to hear this! When the trial was fully complete and it was late at night, I was with my brother's defense team near the Judge's chamber and the Judge asked me to come inside to speak to him. I was curious when I entered and was surprised when the judge informed me that he was told by the head juror, my testimony specifically steered them from seeking the death penalty!

Of course, I was thrilled to find out I had such an impact on the outcome! And of course, like everything in my life, it was bittersweet! As Tim's life was spared, they gave him life in prison, without the possibility of parole! The reality of all this for me was that I was only going to be able to have a relationship with my little brother through a visitor's glass and telephone.

We lived through letters and phone calls and lots of visitations and over the years I got to know my little brother like he was...my little brother! We both realized that even though it was bittersweet, it was all we had! It was all I had to connect to my long-lost little brother Tim, and I cherished every moment of it. Among many things discussed between Timothy and I, one topic of our discussions is noteworthy. On several occasions Tim had told me about his love of his life from when he was a teen. He told me that this girl was the greatest companion for him, and he insisted that she was a sexual goddess in his eyes. He even added nearly two decades to his incarceration by escaping twice to go see her! I joked with him about her being a voodoo sex girl. He always laughed at my humorous, third-party observations and comments.

One day after running his mouth to me about his days with this love goddess of his, he mentioned her name during the conversation. He said Regi\*\*\*\* to me. I immediately said back Regi X? His eyes got huge with a surprised look. He about choked a little when he asked, "You know Regi X"? I answered back "Oh yeah! I went to school with her." I explained that Regi X and I were in the same small class from 5<sup>th</sup> grade until 9<sup>th</sup> grade. I said I knew her extremely well. It was not long, and we both realized that we were only one person away from reconnecting to each other, all the way back in our school years. All I needed to have done is say the name of my brother in front of Regi X and she would have linked us back together. One of the disadvantages we had with reconnecting this way was that Tim was never made aware of my name changes. He never knew that I grew up under a new name.

Anyways, we were constantly exchanging wits, questions, answers, jokes, stories, good times, and everything else you would expect two "long-lost" bothers to talk about until it came to an abrupt halt in July of 2013! Murphy's Law has its most dramatic appearance! The loud piercing bells of hell turned my life upside down on this day!

Timothy, I found out one morning, had now been brutally strangled to death in prison! Murdered! I woke up one Sunday morning by a text message from our

half-sister, Lisa. The continual notification going off pulled me out of my slumber. I wasn't awake yet and my groggy mind believed that this text was a joke, so I had my wife wake up and read my message. She sat up and read the message as my mind was clearing and waking up and she immediately said to me, "Oh No, honey, I don't think it's a joke"! I sat there in disbelief for a while before I accepted what I had just heard. I started calling the unauthorized, hidden cell phone that Tim had managed to get his hands on while he was in prison. He was not answering me or texting me back. I would here the ring song playing on the other end while the phone rings. He had made his song *Save Me* by the band "Shinedown". As I listened over and over to the lyrics "...Someone save me if you will, and take away, all these pills...", I felt as if it were a message to everybody. Was it because he knew he was facing a fight soon? Did he know that this would probably get him killed?

Tim was no punk. His killer had issued a death threat towards Tim on multiple occasions. Tim had a 30-year reputation to uphold in prison. He would either be ambushed and killed when he least expected it, or he could confront the psychopathic maniac like a man and be considered a hero. As it turns out, he had stood up and took his aim at the most feared man in the Oklahoma Department of Corrections. He was half the size of his killer. He was overpowered by this multi-convicted murderer and a bedsheet was wrapped around Tim's neck and pulled tight it until there was no more fight in him. The energy from the struggle and resulting murder created vibes and ripples that I could now feel, I just didn't want to feel them. I instinctively could feel that Tim was no longer with us here on Earth. I surmised that he was free from his burdens and had paid his dues to society. He had been given a life sentence. His life was over and so were his responsibilities to remain in prison. He was indeed free. Just not the way we wanted him to be.

When I eventually gave in to the fact that Tim's death had really happened, I disintegrated into a million pieces! This was an abrupt end to an amazing friendship forged out of love and out of hope.

Tim's murder broke my heart! It took the wind out of my sails! I guess they say, "You live by the sword, You die by the sword."

My mental health and stability gradually began fading. I began coming undone. My career had disintegrated for me. My relationship with my family was failing. I was looking for answers and one year after my brother's death, I finally



decided to take a new lease on life! Even though I had sunken to record depths for myself and was making all the wrong choices, I pulled myself together somewhat. I had to get my act together and go back to Las Vegas where we had previously lived. I had to quickly find work. I was determined to re-establish a better way of life for myself and for my wife and kids. I had put myself and family through hell since my brother's murder. I had agreed with my wife to go there and start over while staying at her father's house who now lived in Las Vegas, NV himself. I was to prepare things so the rest of my family could follow soon thereafter. That is why I was heading on a journey in August 2014. That journey was the setting for this story.

I was by myself, of course. I was driving a pickup truck. The truck was a silver, 2000 Ford, F-150 extended cab. It had a V-8, and it was loaded down with all my belongings. You know, clothes and tools and everything that I would possibly need. I was also towing a small trailer. It was a white, low boy utility trailer. It was about 14' long and it had my motorcycle on it. I had a roll around toolbox on it and I had various things that I needed once I got to Las Vegas.

Before the trip began, I gathered up the money I needed, made my plans, and set up some job interviews for the following week in Las Vegas. As I mentioned before, I had made prior arrangements to stay with my dreaded father-in-law for a short duration. This would be only until I could start getting paychecks and find a place to rent. My father-in-law was Murphy's best friend! He was evil himself and was my nemesis! He proves to be a pivotal person in this story later. Other than the dread of my destination household, I was heading out on the highway, looking for adventure!

After I got started on this fateful adventure, events began to occur, and craziness started unfolding. It all was unexpected, quite traumatic, quite confusing, disbelieving, and bizarre. I had no idea that things were about to get worse. I thought that things in my life could only get better as I was already at the lowest point!

The circumstances that led me to begin talking about this dark time in my life was a direct result of my older biological brother John K. As you may remember, I had met good ole' John a few times when we were younger adults during the trial of our brother Tim. We had not kept in touch with one another a whole lot. He was living his life out in the Kansas City, MO area, Excelsior Springs to be exact, and I had my life in Las Vegas, NV.

Now, as fate would have it, in 2020 after the Covid-19 pandemic swept across the world, and our nation, John and I reconnected on social media and found that we were in a unique situation where I had the time off from work and he was also available with nothing going on either. He had been diagnosed with cancer and had beaten it up to that point. Without having health insurance, John was concerned about how long he would live. He feared the worst of course. We both were curious about each other's lives. After some serious discussion with my wife and kids, and careful planning, I decided to go to and get him. I would bring him back to my home and get to know him as my live-in brother and share my life with him. John and I really needed and wanted to have a working relationship with each other. We both dreamed of sharing our lives together and being able to forge new horizons together as brothers. This was incredibly important for both of us because most of our lives, neither of us had a brother around. During my trip to pick John up, I thought constantly about what this decision would do to us as brothers. I wondered how all of this would affect me and my family. I was nervous. I felt like I had an unknown destiny to fulfill by doing this. I was somehow pushed internally and driven to go get John even though I didn't really know why. I arrived and picked him up and his luggage and a few bags and then we headed west towards Las Vegas. I noticed that the uncomfortable, awkward feelings that we experienced during the first few hours of traveling together was just like the feelings I got from the "Devil Man" that I detail later. I tried hard once again to ingratiate myself to someone I really did not know. It was like my traumatic scenario from 2014 was playing out again in some small ways. I noticed that, once again, I was stabbing westward, in a silver pick-up truck, on Route-66, with an unfamiliar person. This time, I at least knew the person a little bit and was blood related to him. However, the weird, creepiness was the theme for me for a while. Eventually, the second day, we were more relaxed and talked a little more. We were head banging to the music playing on the radio in my truck and we felt connected again with something in common. We were both unsure and nervous, but the excitement of our new brotherly relationship was foremost on our minds.

John's perspective will prove super valuable for me real soon. We were able to sit for hundreds of hours during the Covid-19 pandemic lockdown and catch up on an incredible number of things. We told stories, talked, and laughed often. We were blessed to have been able to take advantage of the situation and get to know each other.

It was during this time period together in 2020 that we were exchanging stories. I would occasionally tell him about the messed-up time I had on Route 66 with the evil guy I have been calling a “Devil Man”. I was having difficulty partly because my brother looked like this “Devil Man”. John also sounded like him and had a shiny knife like the “Devil Man” carried! John had a goatee and lots of tattoos just like the “Devil Man”! I would be lying if I told you that I never wondered, with humor, if my brother had actually been my nightmarish “Devil Man”. I obviously knew John wasn’t that guy, but the similarities were remarkable.

Unfortunately, I had mental/emotional issues when I tried to talk about this story. I told him that my main issue was Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). I explained that I was never able to really talk about it to anybody nor did I want to. Somehow with the help of time, little-by-little, I got more comfortable with my brother. I felt a little more at ease with him and gradually began telling him some of the unbelievable details.

So now as the details began to come out, I started getting emotional! I would find myself, at times, feeling incredibly angry and I would be pacing the floor as I recalled the events and spoke about them out loud. I would get anxious. I would get tears in my eyes at times. I would be shaking uncontrollably sometimes as I spoke about what had happened. I would be oddly happy and elated at times too! I couldn’t understand why I was having these feelings. As I started telling John my story, oftentimes I would have to stop in the middle of a particular detail. I would tell him that I was unable to continue telling the story. I would acknowledge that re-living the events were working me up too much. Each time, the story would come to an abrupt halt, disappointing my brother. My story had become like a reality-based soap opera for him at this point.

Somewhere along the way, my brother John noticed just how much there was to this story. He said that it was obvious that I needed to get it all out of me. He saw that it had taken place way too long ago for me to be holding it all up inside me. He thought that somehow, he had to find a way to get me to speak and clear it all out of me. He hoped that somehow I would document it all as well. He said he figured that having it written down would help me see the bigger picture. He thought it would help me understand everything much better and with better clarity. He got me thinking!

One day, after lots of careful thought and consideration about some of John’s reasons for why I should write this story down. I took that bit of the new

perspective from my older brother and figured he was right! I decided I was now going to take all that negative energy and the repressed thoughts and feelings and get it all out of me! Writing this down would not only make me feel much better, the story and events would rattle people to their bones, just like they did to me! I could use this story as a focal point to make my life much better. John said that I could use the story to empower myself to help others through their bad situations. He said I could be happy again if I wanted to be. He was right! It was about damned time! Seven years had been long enough! I was left horrified and scared of my own shadow by the crap that I had endured. I was now on my way to revealing the horrors associated with the memories of crossing paths with a very evil man! I now was tasked to go find all of those precise memories, packed way in the back of my head, about, “Devil Man On Route 66”.

*Devil Man, Devil Man, CALLING....Devil Man, Running In My Head!*

While I began the process of telling my story to John, there was a point where I looked up and saw a blanket folded and laying on the shelf in front of us. I pointed it out to John and said that it was a blanket that happened to be the most important blanket that I owned. It wasn't of much monetary value, but it was a gift, years earlier, from my adopted parents at Christmas time. I also explained that it being a gift was not the main reason it was so important. I then walked over to the shelf and picked up the blanket and unfolded it. As I held it up and showed it to my brother, I said, “look John, this blanket I hold here was used to save my life!” “It gave me some serenity in the middle of a storm of fear, and a whirlwind of craziness! It was my moment of silence, and it was my moment of brief sanity. It provided me with some security. It provided me warmth!” “You see”, I told him, “this blanket was the only thing that I had when I escaped from that insanely evil stranger that I tried to help out.” I told him that I was huddled underneath that very blanket while in the woods outside of Flagstaff, AZ. I said, “this blanket made Hells Bells a bit quieter for me that night!” I explained how it helped me be able to sleep through that night and it kept me secure. John began to get excited as he listened closely to my every word. Oh, how he wanted to hear more. He said the things that I was saying to him seemed like a good book. He insisted that I needed to continue on for his sake too!

I decided that it was best that I start from the beginning. I told him that when I left my house in 2014 to relocate myself to Las Vegas, it all was supposed to be a moment where I was pushing towards a better life. I assured him that I was

supposedly climbing out of a hole in my life after falling apart when I got word that our little brother Tim had been murdered in prison! I explained that I had lost my mind and had quite literally come undone! I was acutely aware of the fact that the rest of my story was quite intense, so I warned him that it was brutal and twisted. As you might imagine, this just amplified John's interest and he was eager to hear more from me. Finally, I began narrating my story to John with precise detail, and I'm extremely glad that I did!

If it were possible to travel back in time to the point where I am just about to leave Tulsa, OK for Las Vegas, NV, I believe I would tell myself a few things.

First, I would tell myself not to stop anywhere unless there were other people around. Only stop in a safe location!

Second, I would insist that I personally make any emergency phone calls for any stranger that needs help! I should know to NEVER give my phone to a stranger!

Third, Never let a stranger inside my vehicle!