

Journey Into The Kingdom Of God

A True Story That Could Happen To Anyone!

By David Soloman

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DEDICATION

This work is dedicated to all who suffer in this present world as they seek to find God. It is also dedicated to those who believe without seeing, and most especially to those who think they know all about who and what God is.

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Chapter 1

A THIEF'S BOOT CAMP

December 7th, 1951Ten years after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Outside, the snow is drifting to the tops of the telephone poles, blinding and stinging as it traveled horizontally at 30-40 mph. The temps will drop down to as low as 40 below zero. Wind chills will exceed minus 60. This is Presque Isle, Maine, about as far north and east as one can go in The United States. Presque Isle was little more than a one-horse town in the hip deep snow upon the vast and frozen, Maine, landscape. But, this small town of sod busting potato farmers supported an Air Force Base that was the location of the greatest concentration of nuclear weapons in history up to that point in time, nuclear weapons that were en route to destinations all around the world.

The locals were simple, fun loving country folk that often times would make a redneck look good (And knowingly do so just to entertain themselves), but they did excel at common sense and survival, at least, for the most part. Coke's cost a nickel, a pack of cigarettes 10 cents and gas was 15 cents a gallon. It was at this point in time (shortly after WW2 and during the Korean Conflict), that as the floors and walls of the local hospital vibrated from the deafening roar of military aircraft overhead, I was injected into this mess we call 'Life'. I wasn't happy to be here. Not at all. My screams were not those of someone with vast amounts of joy in their heart. If my mother could have foreseen the trouble and sorrow that I would soon bring upon her, my family

and our hometown, she would very likely have slam-dunked me into the trash can on her way home. I wouldn't have blamed her.

Growing up in the back woods of northern Maine was like living in the days of the pioneers. It was quite primitive. A cave man probably had more luxuries. Bears scratched at the outside walls to get into our house in the wintertime. They would wake us up with growling, snorting and clawing sounds and we children would always be scared to death, no-one wanting to get anywhere near a window! We often envisioned being killed and eaten by a bear. Our parents would give us pots and pans to bang together to frighten the bears away. Thank God, it always worked. The old house that my grandfather gave us to live in was little more than a glorified chicken coop. It was uninsulated, cold and always heavily rat infested. My older brother and I each had our own personal rat trap which we placed the highest value upon. We would hold contests to see who could catch the biggest rat. It was lots of fun for us. I used to lay awake at night and watch the rat hole in the wall next to the toilet in my bedroom (The bathroom was my bedroom). I would bring crumbs of bread to bed with me every night and feed them, sometimes for hours. No wonder we could never get rid of them, I was always feeding them good. They ate better than we did most of the time, because of me. They were my friends and I felt sorry for them. They were the only pets I could have then because we couldn't afford to feed real pets. Heck we could hardly afford to feed ourselves. We did have a dog once until a neighbor shot and killed him for attacking his dog while it was chained up. My dog was probably hungry and saw an easy meal?

One Christmas we spent the holiday at my grandmother's home in Canada. Grandma never forgot that Christmas, as I left her a good present, but she didn't find it till days later. She smelled a foul odor for a week or so after we went home. After searching high and low, she finally discovered that I had pooped behind her piano. Merry Christmas, Grandma! I was a little stinker for sure!

I started playing with matches at about age of 3. The flames were so pretty. I loved the blues and the light purple colors especially. I would on several occasions scream for help after setting the house on fire. A trash can one day, the curtains on another and the back of my brother's head once. I snuck up behind him as he sat and played on the floor, and I sparked him up! As I got close to the back of his head with the flame of the match, the fire jumped to all his greasy hair ends and took off 'Poof' and a miniature mushroom cloud shot to the ceiling as the flames all went out instantly. He turned and looked at me like he had just seen God and then he went back to playing like nothing happened. I was amazed. It was so cool. But I didn't want to do it to him again because I was afraid he might get mad and thump me. One day, my mother reached the point where she had enough. She activated the burners on our propane stove and shoved my hand into the flame and held it there for a short while. That almost cured me. My fingers hurt like hell and my cuticles would crack and re-heal for what seemed like years. I can't count the times that I have felt the hickory, or willow switch stinging my body. It was probably like to a grown man getting 20 lashes, or so it felt. Cured? Nope, not just yet. I quite often learned things the hard way.

I remember going out and walking along the train tracks with mom and my siblings and pulling dandelions out of the ground to take home to eat because that was all we had. I did have a pet rabbit once. I discovered him hiding under a car at the local car dealership. I worked two days baiting him till he got close enough where I could grab him. I took him home and we kids enjoyed him for a couple days until my father decided that he would be much happier in our belly than breathing as our pet. The rabbit didn't taste half bad, but the situation robbed me of respect for animal's lives. I would later execute perhaps many hundreds, or even thousands of critters. We were poor. Critters were food and sport. Many a frog ended up tethered to one another by their legs with a string to be whipped up to snag on the telephone wires and hang in front of our house like trophies. There, they slowly baked in the sun until they expired. We even once lived in a house by a river that would darn near be suicide to step out the front door because the street was only a foot or so away from the house. If there was ever a poster child for 'Poor Folks', we were it, hands down!



Poverty always bothered me. It wasn't so much that I would have to scale a small mountain of dirty laundry to retrieve the least filthy cloths that I could find to wear on a daily basis. The poverty bothered me because we were always in need of nearly everything. This bothered me so much so, that one day, I decided to do something about it. I put on some cleaner, filthy cloths, took the little piggy bank that I had received for my birthday and headed out to seek my fortune in parts unknown. I was about 5 or 6 years old. I walked to the other side of town and immediately went up to people's front door's and knocked to collect money for poor people. They didn't ask who the poor were. The little old ladies were especially generous, some inviting me in for cookies and milk and then giving me money and candy. It was a sweet gig. About 3 hours later, I returned home with over \$35 (Which was a lot of money back then) and when my mom saw the money, she gasped and asked me where i had gotten it. I told her the truth, that I had collected money for the poor. She asks, "Who's the poor people you were collecting for?" to which I replied "Us". She laughed and reprimanded me, told me to never do that again and then confiscated all my hard-earned cash. But I did notice that we ate pretty well for a few days thereafter.

I was becoming a very enterprising young man about this time. Often, I would go to the local store and turn in soda bottles for cash. I would then leave the store and watch from nearby as the store owner placed my bottles out back of his store. I would then go out there and get the same bottles and take them back in and sell them to him again, sometimes 2 or 3 times in a single day. The store owner never seemed to notice. When it came to stealing, I swiftly learned that if you do not get caught, life is a very awesome, beautiful thing. But, otherwise, even if I got

caught, it didn't matter to me as I realized that I was poor and I was a kid and nobody was going to kill me, so why not Go for the gold I figured.

One night, as I was walking down our street (7 yrs old?) just after dark, I came upon a house with a large picture window on the second floor. I could see plants, a big TV, beautiful pictures on the wall and people laughing, eating and having fun. I was hungry, dirty and sad because I did not live like this, and I knew that when I got home all I had to look forward to was a place to sleep. So, in my anger and my jealousy, I picked up a sizable rock and sent it smack through the center of the big picture window and then ran like hell off into the night with the screams of my victims in my ears. I never got caught. I never felt any guilt, either. I felt like all things were placed here on earth for each of us to share, not 'it's every man for himself' like it was at our home. I was rejecting the world because I didn't like how it was. It just didn't seem fair, and I wasn't going to stand for it! The world was mine and I was going to take it!

At 8 years old, I am down by the river near a dock and attempting to steal my very first Float Plane. There it was. A beautiful metal bird glistening in the sun and which could take me for a ride in the sky. I sneaked up on it, being careful to look and see if anyone was watching me. Nope! Coast clear! I stepped up on the pontoon and opened the door and got in. I sat in the pilot seat and began to flip switches and push buttons. Nothing worked. I thought about untethering it from the dock and sending it downstream a tenth of a mile to the Dam. I figured that I could run along the riverbank and get to the bridge over the Dam in time to watch the plane nosedive over the falls. But I didn't follow through with it cuz I got scared. I did realize at

that time that one can very easily cause a lot of crap to happen with very little effort. I would retain this information for future reference when I would come to commit acts that could have killed people!

I always had the roam of the neighborhood, and I was usually not home till well after dark. No-one ever seemed to notice me gone. No-one ever had a problem with me being away, so long as I wasn't under their feet, I guess. I had absolutely no supervision and no-one ever took any time to teach me anything. I would often be in town shoplifting, stealing things out of people's cars and yards and businesses. I would see a mom with her little boy out back of their house hanging laundry out to dry. I would go to their front door, go into the house and walk around and take whatever money or candy I could find. I would then calmly leave and share the stuff with my brothers and sisters at home. Times were tough back then. Heck, throw a candy bar on the floor and watch us kids fight like cats and dogs over it, like it was the last candy bar on Earth.

Scratching, biting, and bouncing rocks and other objects off each-other's skulls. We were wild and we didn't care because nobody else cared. Dad ? What Dad? He was either working somewhere or shacking up with some slug and a beer bottle. One of the very few things that I remember of him from back then is the echo of my mom's screams as he beat her over and over, which seemed to be every Friday night when he would get drunk. Life on the farm was always out of control, no money, no security, no parental guidance (Not Mom's fault - with 10 kids to deal with alone and nearly always at the end of her rope). It was hell and I was determined to break free of it real soon! It would happen by accident, but within a few weeks, I would nearly burn the town to the ground and have a new home, money and security.

On a bright, sunny summer day, a friend and I were playing 'Cowboys' on the train tracks near where we lived. My friend was the son of the local garbage man. The kid wasn't too smart and always ran around with spaghetti sauce around his lips and all over his cloths. He was a sight to see! Anyway, we decided that we would build a small campfire on the train tracks just so's we could really feel like real Cowboys. It was my idea, of course. Seemed like I was the only one in the area that ever had ideas and acted on them. We are both 10 years old. I looked around and after professionally assessing the situation, I concluded that it would be safe to light a fire because all the plants and trees were already dead, so nothing could get hurt, or destroyed, or so I figured. What I did not realize is that all the trees and grass in that area was dead because the trains always dumped waste oil in that area. My small pile of twigs was placed against the outside of the rails. As soon as I lit it, the darn wind gusted and took the fire to the oil-soaked dead grass and 'That was all she wrote'! I scrambled like a mad man, beating and stomping at the swiftly growing fire as I see my buddy from the corner of my eye running like hell for home. So, I did likewise, except, I didn't go home. I traveled to the other side of town and climbed on a mountain of dirt that the highway department uses for the roads in winter. I got to the top and turned around and saw billowing black smoke rising thousands of feet up into the heavens. It was awesome, as if the whole town was going to burn up. Sirens blared, horns blasted, and everyone was running in all directions to either get away, or to find out what was happening. I wasn't afraid at all, nor concerned. I had done nothing wrong. It wasn't my fault. It was an accident. I wasn't trying to burn Presque Isle to the ground. It just happened. The fire destroyed a few acres of land and took out much of the local lumber yard. I was often in the habit of going

around town and pulling fire alarms for no reason other than to see the fire trucks go by, but for some reason I didn't think to do that this day. I guess I didn't want to cause any trouble.

A few days later, the State Welfare people came to our home and told my mother that if she didn't sign papers to allow me to be placed in a foster home, they would put me in a boy's 'School' until I was grown up. So, she signed. It didn't matter that what had happened was an accident, they wanted to control me because they felt that I was bad and a threat to everyone, my family included. No-one told me anything about what was going on. I never knew until 15 years later why I was removed from my family. The worst part was that the State would place me in a home with a thief and an abuser that would make me even worse.

My new foster home was quite nice to start with. I was the only child there and therefore, I had it all to myself. The home was decent, was close to the highway and my upstairs bedroom window overlooked the road and a river. For about 3 weeks, I would look out the window at night and wonder when my parents were going to come get me. I cried for hours and hours, day after day, night after night, but never loud enough so anyone could ever hear me. I was so alone. I could not establish in my mind why things were as they were. I think someone told my family that it might be better if they just leave me alone and forget about me. It would be maybe 5 years before I would see them again, except for a couple times at school. So, things went fine for about a year, until the foster parents decided to get more kids (A lot of people did the foster thing around there as it gave them an income from the State for dealing with it). It was all about money.

Two girls, sisters, Brenda and Karen arrived one summer day. They were beautiful little girls about 7 and 8, whose parents had to let them go for a while because of hard times. About a year goes by fine with not too many problems and then things begin to get weird. I didn't mean to, but while my foster parents were away for a couple hours, I shot the younger girl (Karen) in the chest with a 45 cal bullet from a military handgun that I had stolen from our next door neighbor after sneaking into their house while they were gone. It was an accident (The shooting, not the burglary). I didn't mean to do it. I had taken the 45 cal bullet out of the gun and had clamped it firmly into a vice on our back porch. I left the end of the bullet base exposed so I could whack that little center part with a hammer and a chisel. I told the girls to come and watch that it was like fireworks. They stood behind me and looked over my shoulder as I whacked at the bullet. 'Tap tap tap tap tap, KA-BOOM!'. The jaws of the vice instantly explode and shrapnel was sent in all directions - into the roof, walls, floor and somehow, behind me and into Karen's upper body. I was hovering over the explosion and didn't get hit at all! Karen instantly screams and starts clutching her chest, blood flowing from between her little fingers as she is horrified to think that she was about to die. I took her hands away and looked and saw only a minor scratch like wound about 1/2" long. It wasn't really bleeding bad, so I got a couple of Band-Aids and placed them on her and told her that there was nothing to worry about that it was only a scratch. She calmed down after a few minutes and the whole thing blew over with the foster parents never finding out what had happened. However, about 4 years later when Karen's breasts began to grow, she experienced constant pain and had to be taken to the hospital for x-rays. Sure enough, there was a small piece of the vise lodged in her chest. After

surgery, she would be fine.

The foster father worked for a moving company and was in the habit of helping himself to the property of people he would move. A lost box here or there did not get anyone excited, so he would bring them home about every week and we children (I was about 12 then) would see and know what was happening. We didn't mind him being a thief, we thought everyone stole. This taught me big time to not have respect for other people's property. I was a fast learner especially with the wrong things. If grown-ups could do it - so could I and probably even better. Common sense. So in the summer, I would ride my bike several miles into town and put my skills to the test. I would go up to someone's door and ask them if Joe lived there. If someone answered the door and said 'No', I would deal with it and go away. If nobody answered, I would go into the house and rob them. Nobody locked doors there and then. It was easy pickings. I would come home and hide the candy and cash outside before I made my presence known. I robbed nearly all the houses surrounding us. From some I didn't take anything, I just wanted to know what was there in case I needed to come back for some goodies. I never got caught. I would overhear our neighbors talk about how so and so's house was robbed only down the street. They never ever knew or suspected that it was me. What child is going to do something like that, right?!

The foster father was in the habit of staying up late at night and watching TV. Sometimes, I would go to bed and the girls would stay up later. One day, one of the girls tells me that the old man was feeling her up and playing with her on his lap after I went to bed. I was furious! It

pissed me off big time to no end, not that he could do such a thing, but because of the fact that he had beaten me to the punch! I liked her and I wanted her to be my girlfriend. I was so angry that I became determined to kill both him and his wife. I planned it all out in great detail! I would poison them both within the next week or so! I was intent upon carrying my plan out so that both he and his wife would be gone forever. I figured that would teach him a lesson for snatching me up in the boat last weekend and threatening to throw me into the lake and drown me just because I forgot to bring a stinking can of worms with us. He was always cold and scary to me, as he didn't like anyone except his wife and evidently little girls.

It was a Saturday morning, and I was up early before anyone else. I tip-toed downstairs and made sure the coast was clear for me to execute my plan. Knowing that the foster parents have coffee with hot water from a pot every morning, I went ahead with my plan and dropped enough pills into the pot to kill a couple of healthy, northern Maine Bull Moose. About 30 minutes later they come downstairs with the girls, and we all sat down for breakfast. The 'old lady' makes the coffee and comments on how the coffee water is sort of green but pours it anyway and they both drink. I eat with excited anticipation, glancing every few seconds at both of them, expecting them to start breathing weird and foam at the mouth, or to keel over and drop dead immediately in their tracks before my eyes. Never happened. I would later discover to my great amazement that you cannot kill people with One-A-Day Multiple Vitamins.

With my career as a murderer on the back burner, I decided that something needed to be done to protect the girls and myself. Things were not getting any better. When I would go to bed, I

would always wonder what he was doing downstairs to the girls. Something had to be done and fast! As I lived through this time, I noticed that I was thinking about faraway places and wondering if I could go somewhere that was better. I did not know how to achieve this, but I did know that I needed money to do so. This motivated me to get out every chance I could and rob somebody. I figured that it was the least I could do to protect myself.

One day as I was searching the neighborhood for a good house to rob, I noticed a package sticking out of a mailbox. I grabbed it and headed for home. I snuck it up into my room and cracked it open. Jackpot! It contained over \$16,000 in local payroll checks for a local construction company. I stashed the bulk of the checks in my hiding places in the walls in my room. I then took the two smallest checks for about \$25-\$30 each and went to the local store (Where the guy knew me) and I cashed them in and bought enough ice cream and candy to choke an elephant. It was good times, for sure. Fat City! Over that summer, the girls and I became better friends and stopped snitching on each other. We had gotten tired of the whippings and the numerous hours of kneeling on the floor with outstretched hands laden with schoolbooks. We were sick of being abused and agreed with each-other to take turns calling the State Welfare people and telling them that 'those kids at such and such address are always being beaten and abused'. All stinking summer, we called and called and called and nothing ever happened. No-one ever came.

Then, the crap hit the fan! At school one day, I was called to the principal's office to have a personal interview with FBI Agents. I felt mighty important! I was 13 now. They wanted to know

about the stolen checks. I confessed really quick with what I thought would be my best excuse for what I had done. I told them the truth. I explained to them about the situation and abuse at home and I told them that I did it because I didn't care if I went to jail forever, so long as I was out of that home. That was my bottom line. I told them how we had tried to get the State to help us, but they would do nothing. A few days after that, The State authorities show up at the foster home to take all of us kids away. The foster father gave me a big cigar on my way out the door and congratulated me profusely on my being so effective at causing all this shit to happen. I felt great! I even took the cigar he offered to smoke later that day! The girls were placed in another foster home on a farm near to where I was relocated in a new foster home. We didn't see each-other much after that, but we were all far better off and much happier.

For me, the next couple of years would be enjoyable with little, or no problems. My gambling business on the school bus each day was doing real good and nobody had busted me yet for raiding the school gym lockers and stealing nearly everyone's money on a weekly basis. Everyone was always in a hurry to return to the shower room after gym class. I told the other classmates that I always turn my combination lock two numbers when I go to class so when I hit the showers, I only have to turn the lock 1 turn to have it open and that's how I am always so fast. It worked great. They bought it hook, line and sinker! About 15 minutes before the class was over, I would exit class to use the bathroom. In less than 5 minutes alone in the locker room area, I would have 6 or 8 lockers opened and rifled through them to retrieve the cash. Even when I was sent to sit in the principal's office for doing something wrong, as soon as I was the only one in the office, I would pull the counter drawers open and steal money. I wasn't proud. I

was poor. When other kids at school would eat an apple and throw the core in the trash, I would go to the trash can and make like I was throwing a piece of paper away, while snagging their cores to have me something to eat. That's the way it was. I would steal every time I thought I could get away with it.



I once stole the teacher's purse with a couple hundred dollars in it and would have gotten away with it, except my brother snitched me out when some bigger kids rolled up on him to ask about the purse. "Yeah, its right over there, He threw it on the porch. Yeah, he did it, yeah, it wasn't me, he did it!". Meanwhile, this same snitching brother would spend a couple hours each day after school in a garage nearby having a sexual thing going on with some bum that would pay him a quarter. Eventually, he and his old (50+) pervert partner were busted. A short while later, this same brother gets in trouble with the Law looking for him and his cohort for robbing several

businesses and schools in town. Everyone in school knew about it! It was like the day President Kennedy got killed, that intense and memorable for me.

My brother and his male lover made it away from the area to some sleaze bag hotel in NY where my brother stabbed the hotel clerk in the back when the clerk pulled a gun on his crime partner (While the partner was attempting to rob the clerk). I would go to school and get a fresh report every day from other students about those "Carter's". It was terribly embarrassing. How could I hold my head up and live a decent life with all this crap going on? I was treated like hell, and I felt like a sub species, an outcast with no friends and a reputation far worse than I deserved. I felt like a guilty killer, as if my life would never, ever be normal again. I was trying to get right and do things right. But I knew I could never out-distance myself from my family's troubles.

About this time, I joined a group with 3 other guys, and we hung out together for better or worse. Roger, Randy, Jeff and I were the terror of Skyway Jr. High School. Everyone knew that if they picked on any one of us, they had to deal with the four of us. This was great because it provided me with some protection. Shortly before joining this gang, I had an unpleasant dispute with a kid who was bullying me. We were in his daddy's garage and as soon as he turned away from me - I whacked him over the back with a hand saw. He screamed up a storm and bled from about 60 little prick marks stretching uniformly across his torso. He looked at me, terrified with fear in his eyes as he pulled his hand across his back and discovered blood. He then looked at me very shocked and ran like hell for his house. I can't say as I blamed him. He never messed

with me again.

I had absolutely no perception of other people's pain back then, because I had no perception of my own pain. Even though things seemed great at times, I was still broken and hurting inside. I lacked a moral foundation to my personality because no-one ever took time to instruct me. I didn't want to hurt people and would avoid trouble, but if cornered or threatened, I would react with something to eliminate that problem. My sneaky and devious personality was very well formed by now. I was 15 years old when I started smoking cigarettes and having the American Indians down the street from my home buy me beer to take to school and drink in the bathroom with my boys. This was in 1966. We had it made! We enjoyed the good life! We felt like real men, like no-one could mess with us. And they couldn't. It was 'One for all and all for One' - The Three Stooges on cheap drugs, so to speak. We would bring itching powder and sneezing powder to school and laugh hysterically all day long as we picked on the other kids (the ones weaker than ourselves, of course). But, as with all good things, our friendships would end as I disappeared from their lives.

My new foster home was a small farm located even further out into the northern Maine woods. It was a ramshackled mess of dilapidated structures. The house had burned to the ground a few years earlier (No. I didn't do this one), so we lived in an old chicken house which was converted into acceptable living quarters. Sort of reminded me of home. From the road, it looked like some 3rd world slum, perhaps somewhere on the outskirts of Tijuana, Mexico - except the stuff in Mexico probably looked much better. We had no running water and no inside toilet. In spite

of these simple digs, the new foster parents were very good people and I sensed that they understood much of what I had been through as they had successfully raised several kids on their own. They were kind, caring, organized and just plain ol poor white folks that valued the simple things in life. Wilber (foster Dad) was a character to behold. Every time he ran across anything that taxed his mind for attention, his lower jaw would flutter up and down quickly and he would look like 'Amos McCoy' in a fit of frustration. He was a fair man, not quick to judge and execute punishment. But, when his beautiful granddaughter, Debbie, told him that I had told her to give up her body, or I never wanted her to come back there again for a visit, I figured he would whip the dog crap out of me! But he didn't. I swore up and down that I had never told her any such thing - which I did not. That's the God's honest truth. Whether he believed me or not, I never, ever knew. Fact is, I never said that to his precious granddaughter because I did love her. She was lying to get me whipped cuz I wouldn't leave my girlfriend for her. I was shocked as this was the first time I had seen a female lie to utterly crush someone else's life because she didn't get what she wanted. But, it didn't sink in and I would remain a sucker for love and lust for many years to come, never finding what I really needed to satisfy all those deep misunderstood feelings that haunted me inside and caused me to do and act as I did.

CHAPTER 2

BRING ON THE HEAT

One day in the summer of 1967, a white 1959 Ford pulled into the yard and my mom and several of my siblings jumped out. My long-lost family had come for a visit and to tell me that if I wanted to return home, I could do so by bus in a couple weeks. My mom was shocked and disappointed at the lowly conditions of where I now lived, thinking that her son was far worse off than I actually was. My foster parents did not want me to leave and for good reason. I was healthy and strong and an asset to their farm. I milked 2 cows every morning and night, not to mention taking care of pigs, horses, ponies and chickens. I even found time to bury a few pellets behind a ground hog's ears as he sat waiting each morning for me to dump a wheelbarrow load of manure so he could eat. My foster father offered me a car, a snowmobile and money, if I would stay there and not return home where 'I would have to share things with my siblings' according to him. But no way. I didn't mind sharing and more than anything else in this whole world, I wanted my freedom like RIGHT NOW. If he had offered to let me be with my girlfriend there, I would have stayed. So, I left on a greyhound a few weeks later for Enfield, Connecticut.

My parents picked me up at the Hartford bus station. I was amazed when I got off the bus to see all these hippies. There were no hippies where I came from. There were lots of street people, most of which were blacks that looked filthy and ragged as if the street was the only home they had ever known, which for many it was. I was feeling very good, like life had started anew and I

had not the weight of my past problems to deal with. But that was an illusion. Deep inside, my character was no different than it had always been. I was the person that my environments had caused me to be. All of my brothers and sisters were very happy to have me at home once again. I felt like a celebrity. I was smarter, better looking, stronger and wilder than any of them (or so I thought). Even so, I always felt (for some reason) that I was different from them, not better, but just different in some way that never allowed a close family bond between us.

It was at this time that I met Sheryl, the most beautiful and succulent piece of female flesh that God ever created, or so I was convinced. It was lust at first sight and I immediately moved on her and made her mine. When one neighborhood kid said that she had 'Fat ankles', I swooped down on him like a 180 mph Peregrine Falcon and knocked some teeth out of his mouth. I saw his mother at the local store a day or two later and she confronted me about the assault upon her dear son to which I replied, "Let him run his mouth again and I will knock the rest of his teeth out!". She went silent. A day or so later, a large Porto Rican showed up to kick my butt for what I had done to this kid who was a friend of his (The kid was my own age). All I said to Hyrum was "If someone says bad things about your girlfriend, what would you do? You do what you want, but if you touch me for defending my girl, make sure you kill me because if you don't, I will kill you and that piece of shit friend of yours sooner, or later! He walked away and never messed with me.

I wasn't really a tough guy, but I was built like one. Broad shoulders, thick chest, natural V shape torso. I looked tough, but I was a Teddy Bear. Inside, I was always afraid of confrontation due to

the whippings I had received as a child. But I never let on that I had any fear within me to anyone and consequently everyone steered clear of any confrontation with me because they figured that they couldn't win in a fight with me. And they were right. I could be devious enough to sneak up behind someone and mess them up in such a way that they would never know what had happened or who did it - until they woke up later - at which time, I would have long since split for parts unknown. But I never had to do that to anyone because my demeanor caused them to keep their distance.

My brother would always be jealous of me for my strength and good looks, and because when someone whipped him, I could whip them. I was a good looking, 'strong as a horse' farm boy with a unique character that possessed the intelligent, learned and alert mind that he lacked. It must have sucked big time for him to live in my shadow, but I never felt bad about it as he was always living in someone's shadow. That's how I saw him. I would always get the beautiful girls, while he was left to whatever low life STD infested beast, or slug that would mistakenly think he was something worth having. He continued for years to peep in people's windows (Day and night) and would later drill holes in the walls at his place of work to view others in the bathrooms, both male and female. Due to this I looked upon him as a predator. Although he had calmed down with his male lovers and his criminal activities, he was still an idiot (16 years old). He would steal his own mother's car nightly and write bad checks on her account to cover his gas and alcohol expenses. Mom didn't have any money, but he didn't care. Other than these few, minor flaws, we got along just great. We would soon start breaking into the homes and camps around the lake where we lived, stealing property, booze and whatever other valuables

and cash that we could find. Sometimes, my brother would get excited and laugh hysterically during a burglary, he being totally excited about finding some clean underwear.

Eight months after I had returned home, I was arrested for only a very few of my crimes. I was sentenced to 1 to 2 years in the Connecticut State Reformatory in Cheshire. I would serve 9 months (16 years old) and while there, my brother would drug and rape my girlfriend. But, I would not figure that one out until about 16 years later. Otherwise, I would have long ago killed him no matter what price I had to pay. God, alone, has stayed my hand from upon him and God knows also, that I surely would have done that. Although I hadn't developed a good set of morals and scruples to deal with life around me up to this point, I was always ready to lay down my life, or destroy it totally in any situation that I felt was righteous to me and that warranted that some Justice be secured or delivered. I didn't know anything about 'God' but deep inside I always felt that there must be one, somewhere. If people trusted me, they could trust me with their lives as I would never, ever, rip them off, or hurt them in any way. But, if someone did NOT trust me (Which was usually for no reason at all, except for my reputation), I would rip them a new asshole (Steal all they had) and not care at all about their pain, or losses. I would never, ever, hurt them physically, but I would take from them whether I stole, or destroyed. I owed them nothing, not even common respect (Which is exactly the way I felt that they were treating me!). You respect me, I will respect you. You pre-judge me and your stuff was mine, whether that be your material possessions, or your butt, if things need to go that far! That's how I felt. I would only judge you, because you first judged me (Like drawing first blood - with Rambo). If someone comes up to you and punches you in the nose, what do you do? Defend yourself, or

fold (As my brother always did) like a cheap, well used lawn chair? My logic and common sense may not have been perfect, but it had a tone of righteousness and a ring of truth to it - at least to me it did. It worked for me. It still does, but I do not now go as far overboard as I used to (Something to do with staying close to the ship for safety reasons).

Cheshire Reformatory was set up like a regular prison with multi-tiered cell blocks, high walls and gun towers. It looked like a medieval castle or rather, an ancient prison from the 1700's. It was indeed a prison, not like the Tolland jail where a judge had previously sentenced me to 10 days to teach me what jail was like. At Tolland, jail cells were always open and inmates could wear their own cloths and go across the street to the store to get things. It definitely was not a deterrent to crime as I lived better there than I did at home. That's a fact. For real. What a joke. Naturally, I was not thereafter intimidated by the possibility of jail, or prison due to this and even became bolder in my activities because I felt I had so little to fear.

While at Cheshire, I would work in the print shop and stay to myself most of the time. I was very quiet, a deep thinker with fear, anger and love battling each-other inside me. I wondered if I would ever get out. or be free again. I wondered if I would have to kill somebody to protect myself. I quietly moved about ready at any moment to deal with whatever would happen. I only associated with a few people and always carried myself with a demeanor of 'Mess with me and I'll kill you'. My silence scared people and they would talk behind my back, saying 'It's the quiet ones you need to worry about. I wouldn't mess with him... he's way too quiet". They were right.

One time I came out of the chow hall to line up in a single file line in the hallway and be counted before returning to my cell. A tall black kid about my age came up behind me in line and did a little "Humping" type movement on my butt. I instantly realized that if I didn't do something, if I didn't act immediately, I would likely have all the blacks in there on me to press me for sex, or whatever (both of which I am highly allergic to). My mind just went blank (For the first time in my life) and I swung around and laid an impressive round house upon his jaw that would make even a prize fighter wince in pain just to see it. He instantly stumbled backwards and was frozen in shock with fear, not fully understanding what had just happened to him. The guards were all over us in a matter of a couple seconds. We were taken to segregation (The Hole) and had a brief trial of sorts. When asked what happened, I told the truth, "He's a stinking faggot! He came up behind me and humped me to see if I would be a punk for him. I hit him and I'll kill him, or anyone else who attempts to make me their punk!". The black kid said that it was an accident that he just happened to bump into me. We were both sentenced to a couple weeks in the hole. I was not prejudiced, but I was careful because back then there was a lot of racial tension everywhere.

It was a nice break from things to be in segregation. I would listen to other guys in segregation crying like little babies for hours on end, begging to be let out, begging for their family. These were just kids 16 to 18 years old. I heard the taunts of those who would deride and condemn these weaker minds and antagonize them further with ill statements about their mama and their sisters and how they will never get out, how they would die in there. And then these poor

Souls would then cry even louder. Man, not me. I loved it in there (Other than for the crybabies). I could have done all my time in there. I didn't have to deal with anyone's crap. Everything that I needed was brought to me. It was beautiful, downright peaceful when compared to general population. I felt safe and comfortable. I didn't have to watch my back. I could deal with just my mind and nothing else. I was strong inside. Wrong, but strong. I would on numerous occasions during my term there intentionally get in trouble to be sent to the hole just to have a change in my routine to help the time pass more quickly. It was like taking a vacation while never leaving the prison. I was looked at as a hard ass by the guards, but they also had respect for me because I defended myself. The inmates thought of me as a tough, bad boy that was Ok, but don't play. At 16, I could bench press 240 pounds and dead lift 325. I didn't have to work at it. I was naturally strong and healthy from my years on the farm in northern Maine.

After we were released from the hole and upon entering the chow hall, I was pleasantly surprised with the clapping; cheering and laughter as we sat down to eat. I sat with the Whites, and he sat with the Blacks. The older and tougher Blacks (Which dominated the place) immediately began to loudly berate the black kid that I had punched. They would scream "You got your ass whipped by a God damned little white boy! (I was 5'4" and 125 pounds, he was about 6'1" and 150). "You ought to be damn ashamed for your sorry ass!". "Now it's YOU who are going to be a punk". And the black kid would sheepishly be-bop some Neanderthal strut across the room to his seat, as if he were tough and could deal with any of them. And they would all instantly laugh hysterically at 'Bo Peep' as he was called. The White boys all looked at

me with admiration for having defended myself. Needless to say, I felt very proud. I thereafter had a few friends always watch my back. A couple months later, I was released on parole. I learned a lot while in The Connecticut State Reformatory. I learned how to be a more effective thief, I learned how to make sulfur bombs and I learned how to smuggle State Seals out from the print shop and get them out of the prison to the streets where documents could be illegally processed, or the seals sold. But, I learned nothing that would help me to stop getting into trouble. There was nothing to work with to achieve an education in there.

I lost most of my hair in those 9 months in Cheshire, big clumps being washed down the shower drain each day, mostly due to stress and too much thinking about my girlfriend. I was madly and insanely in love with her. I had never known anyone who had ever shared or cared so closely with me before. I would spend many years away from her, to later come back into her life and have her say she would marry me and then to have her bail on it, because she was afraid that if I ever found out that my brother raped her - I would kill him. So, she ends it and I lose the love of my life and basically the only life i had ever wanted here on earth. I may as well have spent those many thousands of hours in prison dreaming about getting my own Lear Jet, an ocean liner, or maybe becoming The President Of The United States, because I would never get them either.

I tried reading the Bible while I was locked up, but for me, it was useless. There were too many contradictions, wild fairy tales and crazy off the wall dumbness in it that just turned me off. I didn't understand it. There was no way I could figure any of it out. I wanted the PROOF right

now and when it wasn't forthcoming, I gave up. There were too many other things going on in my head (of far more importance to myself) to be able to comprehend anything other than an ill plan to thief my way to extreme and immediate financial success as soon as I was released. And that's what I spent most of my time thinking about. I would listen to the other prisoners' stories about their criminal activities and make mental notes. It also was a common practice for most inmates to find a crime partner so they could watch each other's backs as they planned their future capers. This helped them time pass more quickly and provided a sense of security.

I wrote a letter to everyone in my family while incarcerated. I asked for a donation for educational materials while there. Only one sister responded. My father once sent me \$20, but never anything more and never so much as a single letter saying that he cared or gave a shit. He divorced my mom with 10 kids and then he married an abandoned woman with 7 kids. How stupid, I thought. He paid \$50 per month (for years) as child support for his own 10 kids. He drove semi-truck and made at least a couple thousand each month, but never gave more than that lousy \$50 a month to help support us. It seemed to me that nobody cared. I know my mom cared, as she would come visit a couple times each month. I felt so sorry for her, and I wanted to show my appreciation, but the words always escaped me. A simple 'I love you' was all we ever shared with each-other. But, that was fine. I knew that she cared and that she was unable to reach me with the words that might pull me up out of my spiraling out of control. But, by this time, it was far too late for anyone to be of any influence upon me that would have made a difference. And so, I continued to exist alone in my own silence, dreaming, scheming and planning my future, one of riches, excitement, fame, power and beautiful women. I felt that it

was the least that I deserved considering all the crap I had been through. I could not have been more wrong!

Getting out of prison for the first time was a shocker. It was incredible how different everything seemed. Even the air smelled fresh and new. Although I did not look forward to going 'Home', I was glad to be free and I had good expectations that gave me a feeling of hope for the future. I was glad to be reunited with my girlfriend. I loved her dearly. I did respect her wish to wait till we were married before having sex by abstaining, but my hormones were raging. I was very fond of being real, so that abstaining routine got real old, real fast. But I didn't tell her that. There were other girls around that wanted to be with me and I signed a few of them up and began to see each one about once a week, whenever I could get away from my frigid dream girl that often seemed as cold as a well diggers butt in the middle of a northern Maine winter. I loved her as much as any man could love a woman on earth, but at the same time, I resented her for not giving herself to me. So, with this being my situation and not wanting to lose the one that I did love, I was careful to hide my activities from her.

I soon got a job at a 'fly by night' gas station near my home and readily learned the finer points of fleecing the public. I would pump \$5 worth of gas and then not shut the pump off, just hang the pump so it didn't shut off. I would then fill the next guy up with that same pump and let him pay \$5 more than what he was supposed to (As the pump started out at \$5). I soon learned how to record the pump numbers (In the course of my duties) so that the guy who came on to work after me ended up coming up short by a couple hundred dollars each night until he was fired. It

took about 8 days. It was about that same time that he discovered what was going on and how I was doing him. But, he couldn't prove it. The last day he was there, he tried to do the pump reading thing on me, but I caught it and told the boss he was messing up. I got some good points and ended up being promoted to working the night shift by myself. It was great. I soon made a number of friends who were regular customers, and we would go out to party together at Cape Cod, The Cellar (Bar) in Albany and many dives in The States of Vermont and New Hampshire. I bought an old Plymouth ex-police car. It would easily do 134 mph on the NY interstate (and that was with bald, unbalanced tires, loose steering and two cases of beer and some wine chilling under the hood in front of the radiator). Stuff stayed nice and cool in there.

I would enjoy a fair relationship with my father for a while after I got out of prison this first time, so it was a shock to him when he got a call from me asking him to bail me out of jail when I got arrested 8 or 10 months after my release. He did try to help. He put up \$1500 for my bond for stealing a radio out of a car. A couple weeks later, I was informed by my court appointed cop-out attorney that I could expect to see another 1 to 2 years in prison because I had just got out of prison less than a year ago for the same type of crime. I got scared, so scared that I decided to jump bond and leave forever. And that's what I did. I wasn't going to willingly put myself in prison. I forewarned my father of what I was going to do and why. He said "Son, you do whatever you have to do, but, they will come to get you!", to which I replied "No they won't, It's not a Felony and they can't come across State lines to get me". And for once, I was right.

It would be 10 years before I would see anyone in my family again. However, (unknown to any

of them), I would live only a few miles away and work for a car dealership for two years while keeping a relationship with my girlfriend and branching out into the surrounding States and Canada with my criminal activities. Basically, for two years I was an honest, Law abiding and hardworking citizen by day and a lying, thieving, burglarizing, marauder at night and on weekends. I was getting very good at it. I would have 2 or 3 cars that I owned parked in various cities in Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. If ever I had to run from the scene of a crime and leave a car behind, I knew exactly where to go to get another one quickly. Like that time when I attempted to steal a Jaguar from the Chevy dealership in Springfield, Mass and I had to leave my ride behind. I was in the dealership building and inside the Jaguar and getting ready to spark her up and leave when a security guard showed up. He yelled at me to 'Freeze'! But instead, I ran like hell and dove through the small broken window where I had entered. As I exited the window, I hear 'BOOM, BOOM'! I felt no pain and therefore kept my butt in the wind and got away, clean.

It amazes me today to watch "Bait Car" on TV. You can't get away with stuff today like you used to, so I recommend that you do not even waste your time trying. I used to show up at a dealership and take a test drive and have a key made. That same night, I would come back and pick up my new ride. The States were easy on requirements back then, some not requiring insurance, or all of the documents that you now have to deal with today. Many a time, I would go to Maine, NH and VT and go to a junk yard and rip a VIN off a junk vehicle that I wanted to own. I would then write myself a Bill of Sale for the vehicle using my junk yard VIN and pay for a license plate at which time the DMV would give me a license plate and registration (which had

the 'Proof of Ownership' on the back). I would then take a leisurely ride on a Greyhound bus and scope out the dealerships that we passed on the way to find the exact same car for sale as the one I had registered that VIN for. Once found, I would then get off the bus and go to take my test ride to have a key made and return that night to take possession of my new vehicle. I was never caught red handed stealing cars this way and over the next several years, I would steal and sell perhaps 150 cars and light trucks all over The U S and Canada. I would see the world on everyone else's dime. You can't get away with stuff like this today. They are hip to what is going on, plus there's much more security today. So be cool and don't do it! Save yourself some trouble.

I was the scourge of the Northeast for a few years, traveling day and night from State to State and burglarizing homes and businesses. I had a number of storage locations where I would drop off electronics, tools, equipment and whatever else I wanted to deal with selling after the things cooled off. All the money that I would get from my ill labors would be spent partying, boozing and gambling. Sometimes, I would see a car that I liked on a car lot and I would go in and give them a \$100 deposit that morning while telling them I would return later that day to pay it off and pick it up - all the while having only \$10 or \$20 to my name. A few hours on the road and compliments of the good people of Vermont, New Hampshire, or Rhode Island, I would soon have the cash I needed to return and get my vehicle. It didn't matter if it was day or night, I would deal with it. In the day time, I would roll up to a country home that had no view of it's neighbors and stop to ask for directions (As I did on my bike as a child). If someone was home, I would get directions to some nearby highway and leave. If no-one answered, I would

immediately crowbar the door to the house and within 5-7 minutes, I would have their valuables and be back on the road again.

I often had an accomplice, or trainee to assist me in my criminal activities. One time, I owned and lived in a raggedy old Cadillac Limo and while canvassing the State of Vermont, I came across a house in the country that was just begging to be robbed. After stopping to find no-one home, I parked the Limo down the street and a short distance into the woods where it was not visible. My apprentice and I slithered up to the house like a couple of snakes in tall grass, ever watchful of anyone being around. We were inside this one house for about 10 minutes, when a car pulled into the yard and people started walking towards the house. They were at a position where they could also see the side of the house, where there was another door. I was immediately locked into a panic mode (as my partner couldn't get this side door opened and there was no other way out except the door where these people were about to come in). With my partner being up against this side door and pushing on it rather gently to not make any noise, I came upon him unannounced with a tremendous pro football thrust upon his back that ripped the door from it's hinges and sent my dear friend flying spread eagle out on the lawn on top of the door. I stepped on his back as I ran for the woods, never once looking back to see how shocked these people were at what was happening, nor to discover if my pal had survived this onslaught of panic that caused me to get my butt into the wind so immediately. By the time I got to the Limo, he was at my side. We were only a couple miles from the State border and we felt safe as we crossed it, being sure that by the time any authorities arrived, we would be long gone. The cooler was full of beer and wine, and we would laugh and feel good while cruising in

search of our next victim. It wouldn't take long.

Another time (With this same partner), we found ourselves in the Limo with two females and their boyfriends who were friends of ours. We decided to camp at a reservoir area about 10 miles off the State highway. It was a beautiful area. The trees and mountainside were quite visible in much detail at near midnight, as the half dozen or so State-owned picnic tables snapped, crackled and popped as they burned one on top of another. We could see clean across the lake about a mile or so away. We enjoyed the beer, wine and weed as it got about midnight, and I got restless for some smokes and more booze. I got into the Limo and headed towards the nearest town, maybe 25 miles away. I went alone. Everyone else stayed at the camp. I was broke. I didn't have 2 dollars on me, but I was going to come back in an hour with about 15 cartons of cigs and \$200 in quarters, compliments of a local, closed gas station. I had backed into a bay door and pushed it in enough to weasel the cigarette machine outside and into the trunk of the Limo. Then I went down the road to an area where I could pull off the highway without being seen. I got the cigarette machine out and pulverized it until it opened. I then got the goodies out and left it there. On the way back to the camp on that old, winding gravel road going up through the mountains, I nodded off and the Limo went down a ravine, rolled over twice and sent me through the passenger window while the window is up! I landed in a swamp on my face and immediately expected the Limo to continue to roll over on me. If it had, I would very likely not have been discovered to this day. It was a very remote area. As it was, I only got a slight scratch on one hand. Other than that, I was good to go.

I was beat, tired, wet, cold, hungry and dirty when I finally hoofed it into camp at sunrise. Naturally, everyone wanted to know where the Limo was, considering that it was our only ride home, over 150 miles away. I told them that it rolled over while I over steered trying to avoid a deer in the road. These "Friends" were not yet aware that I was a crook of epic proportions. "Oh, what are we going to do now?" asked one of the girls. "How are we going to get home?". "Don't worry", I said. "I got friends in this area only a couple miles from the main highway. I'll call them when we get to a phone and have them come and pull the Limo out. It still runs fine. We will be home before you know it!". Heck, I didn't have any friends there (or anywhere else). I was talking about ripping what we needed from another innocent local. Two hours later, the girls are crying in the back seat of the cop car while I am trying to explain to this Barney Fife type how a freshly stolen car got to be down the mountainside and almost crashing into the aqueduct (Which could have killed people if the water went loose down the mountain valleys). The officer sat me and my cohort on the ground right in front of the Cop car, as he called for back-up. I explained to my Cohort that I was highly allergic to prison and that when I said "GO!", he was to jump up with me and run into the woods to make good our escape. He was ready. And then "GO!" and we were off quicker than new bride's panties. The Cop was yelling and cursing for us to stop, or he would shoot (as our backs disappeared into the thick underbrush). Soon we were on the mountainside a good distance away and we could clearly see them searching for us on the highway far below.

We would spend that day moving south along a stream beside the only highway out of that area. We would drink from a stream and stay out of sight as we worked our way to the next

small town. There wasn't much there as we came out of the woods late that night. All we found was several modular homes on display with a U-Haul truck parked nearby. We broke into the homes and discovered that they all had new furniture in them. After hot-wiring the U-Haul, we loaded up new furniture from the display homes and headed for western Mass to sell our truck load of goodies and pick up another ride. It was just another normal day, the same as any other, business as usual.

This particular apprentice (my cohort thief buddy) had a background and family problems at home similar to mine. We understood each-other very well. We trusted each-other. That's why it about broke my poor little heart when he failed to return from an assignment that I had given him to enter a local business and steal some cases of cigarettes. I sat there in the Limo, in the tall weeds, out of sight from the nearby interstate highway entrance and traffic. It was a clear night and I could see very well through the tall weeds. I had an excellent view of the highway both ways and of my cohort - making his way down the mountainside to the business. I saw him go in by smashing the front plate glass window (He always was good at following directions). But, I never did see him come out! I waited and waited. I had told him to turn the lights on and off a couple times to signal that he was ready for me to pull up and load up. I figured, in-and-out in maybe 10-15 minutes. He was well aware that we were on a very tight schedule (so hard to find good help these days). A half hour later, I am still waiting. No Lights. No cohort. No cigarettes. The business was directly across the street from the interstate highway entrance. I sparked up the limo and headed down the hill in that direction knowing full well in my heart and mind that I am going to turn left onto the interstate and disappear. I could feel that

something was wrong. He had been too long completing his task. Sure enough, as I turn left onto the interstate, I see my buddy in the arms of the Law. I laughed and thought..."Done gone and got yourself busted! What a dummy! I remain free and you get to go to prison! Oh, well". I figured if he had been faster, we'd both have the cash and he'd still be free! The boy was too slow! He was nothing more than a thief like myself and therefore he didn't deserve much respect as far as I was concerned. I would continuously hook up with wild and crazy criminal types who were unafraid to get involved in nearly anything. The stupider ones didn't get to hang around with me for long. When tired of their company, I would devise a suicide mission of sorts, a high risk, high gain criminal activity that might make us both rich if successful. If not, it didn't matter to me because it was not my butt in the sling. I cared about no-one, at least, not for long. I'd never hurt anyone, but if you had anything to do with me, you would get hurt one way, or another, sooner or later. It was just a fact of life for me at that time, as real as any of the Laws of Physics.

I used to love going to Canada to commit crimes. I knew that if one got back across the border and hadn't picked up a Capital offense, one could be sure of not being pursued with Warrants to have to return to 'pay the piper'. I was in the habit of meeting up with other criminal types in Niagara Falls, Canada. Over there, the car dealers leave a board with all car keys in plain sight in their place of business, day and night. Plus, all the cars on the lot have license plates already on them. Every night, we would have a brand-new car to burn up and down the streets and go around doing burglaries. I especially loved the Dodge Super Bee we snagged one night. It was brand new! There was no vehicle too powerful for me. I would have stolen a Saturn V Rocket

and tried to drive it if there had been one close by. That's how I felt.

We would steal a car and make our way across Ontario and Quebec on a 30-day crime spree that would make any con proud. We cracked safes in businesses, did dozens of burglaries, committed several armed robberies (Always with a toy gun) and always got away. We cleaned out an electronic's store once in Fort Erie and boxed everything up and carried it across the train bridge into Buffalo, where we sold it all. Dozens of times, we would enter Canada and escape via that train bridge. It was sometimes spooky because of the distance between the railroad ties and the fast-moving Niagara River below, but we never had to deal with checkpoints, or have to answer any questions about who we were and where we were going. You can't do this today!

I distinctly remember the night that we broke into the Antique Car Museum in Niagara Falls. I sat in Al Capone's Cadillac with my crime partner and discussed whether we should steal the car and drive it across the international bridge to become instantly famous. And, then we sat in the Lincoln Continental that President Kennedy got killed in. Instead, we decided to steal a high powered 429 Thunderbird. After burning most of the rubber off the tires with massive 'Burn Outs' up and down Lundy's Lane, we went to my friend's home for the night where we put a brick on the gas pedal and launched the T-bird down the hill and into a nearby neighborhood. We laughed like crazy as it crossed the intersection, took out some guy's fence and crashed into his porch!

A few days later, after another productive criminal night in Niagara Falls, we were sleeping in a friend's house when we woke to the Ontario Provincial Police holding guns on us while they stepped on our necks so we couldn't move. We were busted. That brick from the T-bird had been matched to be the one missing from my friend's walkway (we weren't too smart when wasted). As we got into the elevator at the 'Cop Shop', this one detective took a duffel bag full of stereo equipment he had confiscated from us and said " I am damn tired of you Americans coming over here to do crime!" to which I replied, "Well, I guess that makes up for your guys going over there and doing the same to us! His face turned beet red as he slammed the 75 pounds duffle bag down onto my feet! My head about exploded, but I kept my cool because I knew these boys didn't play. I put on a sheepishly scared face to keep him off me, as if I were afraid. But, I wasn't. Three of us were placed in adjoining cells in the city lock-up and the cops forgot about us for several hours as they attempted to sort out all we had been involved in. The toilet worked in the cells, but no running water to drink. After hours of being thirsty, I couldn't handle it any longer. I flushed the toilet a couple of times to get rid of any surface material and I lowered my mug into the shitter to get a refreshing and much needed drink of water. Images of some stinking, filthy wino taking a crap crossed my mind, but no matter. I would get my fill without anyone knowing. I reflected upon how low I had come. It wasn't pretty and it would get a whole lot worse soon.

I was sentenced to 6 months in the Provincial Prison in Burwash Ontario and would make it to the Sudbury prison facility to end up breaking rocks on a rock pile with a sledgehammer for most of that 6 month sentence. I wasn't on the rock pile because I had to be. I was on the rock

pile because I wanted to be. I wanted to be with the toughest, hardest cons in the prison. I wanted to work outside where I might find opportunity to escape. There were bears there and the prison guards would throw dead chickens out to them to keep them in the area to prevent prisoners from escaping. If one wanted to escape, one would have to travel about 30 miles through the woods and then either steal a boat and some fuel, or swim across one of the Great Lakes. I was not a strong swimmer and therefore decided to just wait out my time.

I was deported to Detroit, Michigan when my time was served. At this time, my mother and brothers and sisters lived in Lansing, MI and I was only a couple hours from their home. I decided to pay a visit and ended up staying for about 9 months. I would often have a half dozen stolen cars in my mom's yard at one time. But, she didn't know that. I would spend most of my time partying and chauffeuring my aunt and her American Indian boyfriends around. Her husband had died from cancer, and she had inherited a good amount of money, like 10 or 20 grand. As near as I could tell, my aunt was wasting all the money on alcohol and entertainment for her friends, instead of taking care of my cousins. I made arrangements for someone else to take them to the bars one night and I proceeded to raid her strong box and discovered several hundred in cash therein. I took it and made my way by bus to Vermont.

I would be in Vermont only about 3 months before being arrested for another burglary. My defender was in the habit of taking the Judge's place on the bench when the Judge was out of town. He advised me to plead Guilty, stating that the Judge would give me 'time served' and I would be set free. So, I plead guilty, and the Judge gives me 0 to two years instead. I had been

serving my time at the State Prison where they had only about 60 people doing time. I was at The State Prison because of problems I caused at the County jail. When I get sentenced, I told the people at the prison that they could send me back to the County jail and I would do a work release program and calm down because I now knew how much time I had to serve. Wonderful They were quite happy to see me turn over a new leaf and change my ways.

Two days after being transferred to the County jail and getting set up with work release, I stole the employer's truck. I drove the truck for about 3 hours, until I was sure I was near the state border, at which time, I ditched the truck in the woods and hoofed it on the highway. I came across some houses and burglarized them, getting some cash and food. As I had done these things, I did not want to be seen on the highway, so I kept to the woods until it got dark. Then I would walk on the side of the road and jump into the ditch if any car lights came. Finally, I got tired of that and decided to stay on the road. Another car started coming and I thought "Damn, I am going to get out of sight one more time", so into the ditch I dived. I peeked over the tall grass to see a cop car go by. That was it. I walked in the woods beside the road till I came across a grade school. I broke into the school and went to the second-floor principles office. From there, I could see two cop cars sitting in the parking lot, the officers were talking with each-other. As I was confident that they did not know that I was there, I relaxed and kicked back with my feet on the desk and watched them as I ate some raisins and cereal with milk. And then I fell asleep. Four hours later, I wake up about 6 am and the cops are gone. I get a phone book and locate the number for a taxicab in the next State, about 20 miles away. I call the cab company and tell them where to pick me up and that I needed to go to the local Greyhound bus station.

No problem. About an hour later, I got into the cab and made good my escape from The State of Vermont.

I called a friend and had him provide a bus ticket for me to Beaufort, SC, where I would stay on base at The Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island with my sister and her new Marine husband. I would get a job working at a construction company in Beaufort, SC. I would work there about three weeks when I saw my boss's paycheck, \$750 for 1 week. That was about 5 times what I was making, and I was doing most of the work! Fine I went to my place of work on a Sunday night and loaded up a truck with tools and headed out. The next morning, I found myself at Richmond, VA, where I sold the tools, abandoned the truck and got a bus ticket for Seattle, WA. I had no idea where I was going, or what I was going to do. All I knew was that I wanted to see the world and find a place where I could be happy and content.

It was hell on earth to live in that Greyhound bus for 5 days and nights traveling across country. Smoking was allowed and the air was thick with smoke, sweat and the nasty odor of the winos and drunks that were passed out in the back seat. When I got off the bus in Seattle, I had about \$35 on me. I bought a small tent, a sleeping bag and a little food. I then hitch-hiked all the way to Fairbanks, Alaska, up through British Columbia on the Alcan Highway. It was a heck of a trip, especially with the near broken back I now had, compliments of Greyhound. I watched the sun rise for 3 days, as i was stranded in Dawson Creek, British Columbia. But, on that 3rd day, I got a ride for 1500 miles (Nearly all dirt road), all the way into Fairbanks.

It was early summer, 1973 when I arrived in Fairbanks with only 6 dollars, my tent, backpack and sleeping bag. The oil pipeline was being built and things were very busy. There were many young adventurers like me there, people who had come to see what Alaska had to offer. It was the most beautiful place I had ever seen, double rainbows, wilderness as far as the eye could see and all kinds of women looking for a man. It was here that I met Shannon and Tiffany, friends and young ladies about 15 years of age. They had lived in Fairbanks form several years and were now at the age where they could get a man. Their parents didn't mind them dating. I was like 21 years old at this time. Shannon invited me to her home to meet her parents and brothers (But that was only after we had spent the night together in my tent and enjoyed each other's company immensely). Her family was real nice, had relocated from Idaho many years earlier and had a sizable section of land with a large and comfortable home. She introduced me to her parents as her boyfriend, which made my butt cheeks sort of squeeze up tight for a spell. I figured that they might do me some harm if they knew I had given it to her. She was real sweet too. Just looking at her made me want to bury it so deep in her that one would darn near need inter-stellar radar to find me. But no-one got excited. They welcomed me in like I was one of their own! Shannon would hang on to me and place little kisses on me to make me embarrassed and blush. Her parents would laugh and tell her to stop teasing me. Within two weeks, I had several hundred dollars, a job as a computer operator at a VW dealership, a 4-wheel drive truck, a 270 Mouser (Rifle) with a scope and last, but not least Shannon, as my fiancé. Her parents had agreed to allow me to cut down 1 acre of trees on their land to build a house for Shannon and I. We would many times go to our acre of land and make love. It wasn't all that bad - in between slapping at all the mosquito's and all. There were literally clouds of them, hundreds upon

hundreds in each cloud.

I took a friend and spent 2 days clearing that 1 acre of Paradise. When I went to Shannon's home one night, I was told by her daddy that he didn't think it would be a good idea to live there, that the neighbors were complaining about the noise from the chain saws. I was polite. I didn't respond. I just listened. Shannon stood nearby and acted as if it didn't matter, as if her getting a man was all she wanted. Although a woman physically, she was still a child in heart and in mind. So, I took my "Q" and did not return to their home again. A couple weeks later, Shannon's dad called me at work and told me that he wanted all the cash back that Shannon had given to me, a sum of about \$2,000 that had belonged to her parents. I told him that I didn't have it, that it was gone. I never heard from them again.

Alaska in the summertime was thoroughly awesome! They had a concert outside of Fairbanks that summer that lasted 24 hours a day for two weeks. Small airplanes regularly landed in a nearby field to drop new folks off. Police officers from Fairbanks brought couches and moved in for those two weeks. They enjoyed the festivities and never once messed with people over alcohol, weed, or some of the crazy antics that were going on. They were my kind of cops! Most people carried firearms of one sort or another, because of the abundant wildlife there. With the sun shining over 18 hours each day, there were always critters roaming around. Moose and wolves would wander across the field surrounding us. At 4:30 in the morning, one could look south and see the peaks of the McKinley Mountain Range about 300 miles away. People lived in nearby log homes, some which had logs 4 to 6 feet thick, the roof being set up with dirt thereon

where all manner of wildflowers would bloom. It was a strikingly beautiful place, compared to anywhere that I had ever been. The people were somehow different from those in the lower 48 States. These were mostly brave pioneer types who would risk life and limb to have a real life. They refused to be enslaved by a convenient routine of servitude merely for the sake of survival. I was one of them. I didn't steal in Alaska. Maybe that's what was so great about it. People were generous with food, a helping hand, or whatever you asked for, if they had it. The young ladies also, were very, very generous with their affections. It was like the way the world was meant to be!

I met Vickie as she worked in a restaurant in Fairbanks. She was a beautiful woman my age and we dated for 1 week before we got engaged. We liked each-other immensely, but I really don't think it was love, especially after we got back to her mom's home in Portland, OR and I find that the mom's boyfriend's brother had nailed everyone in the family and probably the dog too! Things were messed up. Vickie and I had planned to marry in about 6 months. It would never happen. One evening, I said "Honey, give me a kiss. I'm going to go out and grab a pack of smokes!". That's the last she ever heard from me. Never saw her again. She wrote a letter to me at my mom's house, telling me that she would forgive me, but please, please, please just come back?! Although I knew she was a good girl and that I did genuinely care for her, I just couldn't bring myself to tell her who I actually was. I didn't even know at that point, myself. So I broke her heart. I may have been good looking, smart, healthy, and have other desirable attributes, but I was still very messed up inside and didn't see an end in sight. Better to hurt her now, than to destroy her later I thought. So, I moved on.

I would continue to crisscross The United States, traveling on different highways each time. It was a big country. People who live in one spot all their lives do not realize how breathtaking some of this land is. I did not always have opportunity to dig in somewhere and find a job. Not having a place to stay always kept me moving. I would sometimes be stuck somewhere for a few days until I would get impatient and steal some wheels to get me down the road. Sometimes it was only 50 miles away and I would get rid of the car. Other times, I would rent a U-Haul for \$20 bucks for the day and a week later, it would turn up 3000 miles away. I have done this many times. I would rent a car for a week and put 5000 miles on it in that week. I loved to travel. especially when there was nothing going on where I was at.

'Hit and Run' was nearly always my routine! Why work for something good that takes a long time to get when you can work much less and have most of what you want right NOW!? For me, it was like, if I wanted anything that cost a quite a bit of money, I would just go steal. It was easier to steal it than to work a long time to get the money to get it. Of course, it's wrong. But, I didn't know what that word meant, yet. Who says what's right? Who is to say what is wrong? Society? A society that cannot even successfully govern itself to the benefit of its own citizens? Society in the greatest country on this earth had failed me, big time. I have had no reason to have any faith in any society that I have ever ran across since I have been here. It was like where were the boneheads when I needed them? Society was what I could not deal with. I loved the world and the things in it, but people I could do without. People were the only thing that really messed this entire world up, as far as I was concerned. So, I would remain a loner most of the

time. But, that never bothered me. I liked thinking in a productive manner, even if it was just about criminal matters. I always got along very good with myself. I was rarely ever confused if you can believe that?!

After a few not so bad years (Only arrested a few times per year), I find myself fleeing from the FBI for outstanding criminal charges of Theft from a Military Installation. Now, I hit the Big Time! I had a premonition that the charge was coming down a few weeks beforehand and I immediately slipped into my survival and panic modes. I thieved my way across the country to Missoula, Montana, where I met an older college slug that invited me to her home. Naturally, being homeless, I graciously accepted. I would stay there for only 3 weeks, trying to satisfy her every desire. I became her sex slave! But, I had to get out because something inside was driving me to keep running from The Law, my past crimes and this world I never felt right in no matter where I went. One evening, I took a bike ride and climbed on to the roof of a grocery store. I had a rope with me and as soon as I found a vent that I could remove, I lowered myself inside to the floor and headed for the front where the money was. It was quiet and no-one knew I was there. The safe was locked, but I found about \$1000 in rolled coin. I put all the rolls into a satchel bag and scaled my way out and went home to hide it. The next morning (While my slug was in class), I went to the bus station and went to the next State, cashed the coins in and bought a car and then returned to Missoula to get my things. I was going to try to make it to Alaska again and disappear into the wilderness. I figured that it would be better for me to live as a hermit in the wilderness, than as a miserable wreck in prison for the rest of my life.

I arrive at Bellingham, Washington, trying to figure out what to do. I had a car, but not enough money to get to Alaska by road, or ship. I had to do something. I could have sold the car and flew, or hitch hiked. But no, I had to do one more burglary to get what I needed to make my departure from the lower 48 States a complete success. So, I found a store with an easily accessible rooftop, and I broke in. Halfway up to the front of the store, I hear an officer say "Freeze!", but he was too late, I was already gone. I ran to the back of that store and climbed up my rope (pulling the rope up after me) and out onto the roof! Upon dropping from the roof to the top of a semi-trailer, I didn't stop to think that I could have stayed up there to hide. When I dropped to the ground from the semi-trailer, they had me! It was over once again, like for the millionth time. Any hope that I had of a life here on planet earth was once again shattered because of my own actions. I realized for the first time in my life that I would be better off dead than to keep putting myself through this perpetual hell of repeated and unending self-destruction. But, who would ever have suspected at this time that within a few weeks, (With both State and Federal Charges against me where I could be locked up forever), that I would be totally free and enjoying life like never before in only a few weeks!

CHAPTER 3

TIME TO DIE

Bellingham, Washington, 1976. The Bellingham jail was located on the 4th floor of City Hall. It overlooked a green with benches and a fountain where inmates family and children could be seen below. It was a small jail, having only about 30 beds in population and 6 or so in segregation. It was nothing special, except maybe for the fact that it was quaint and small. Half of the residents were Native Americans; the other half were whites with various charges. From bad checks, to bashing baby's head against the wall, they were all there. I was a curiosity of sorts, because of my pending Federal Charges. For some reason, a lowly County, or State prisoner had a little extra respect for anyone playing with the Fed's. That's just the way it was.

I was super disappointed with this latest arrest. I wondered if I would ever stop getting into trouble. I wondered if I would end up dead, or eventually serve the remainder of my life in prison. I was lost in space. I would have panic attacks and never recognize what was happening. I had to do something to change my life. I knew that, but what? I was alone. Mom couldn't help me now and there was nobody else in this world that genuinely cared about me at all. And why should they? I was nothing more than a low life miserable failure. I was so tired of all the disappointments in my life, tired of all the times that when I had anything to call a life, it would always end up being destroyed, or taken away by my own actions. I couldn't any longer blame my troubles on society, the Law, or the environments that had contributed to the forming of my

personality. It was my own fault entirely. There was no-one else to blame.

I would spend many hours thinking about everything that had happened in my life. I would think about any whom I had sincerely loved in my life. They were all gone now. I always wanted someone to love me and someone to love (since a child). But, it just never worked out for me. I was never genuinely happy, nor satisfied with life in this world for any great length of time. My past actions had nearly always been more about survival than getting rich. I started to think about how if there was nothing after death, then I would welcome death, because my suffering would be over. I tried to imagine death and what it would be like. No more suffering! No more pain! No more sorrow and no more feeling so terribly alone, abandoned and forsaken. The more that I thought about it, the more I realized that death was the only practical option for me. I reflected upon my life and all those that I had hurt and ripped off. I really wished that I could tell each of them that I was sorry. I wished that I could live my life over. I had experienced enough suffering in my life. So, in my heart I decided to choose Death. But, before I would put the razor to my wrists and check out of Roach Motel (Earth), I decided that I would be smart for once in my sorry, messed up life and at least try to check out God one last time to see if there was anything at all real that I could discover about him. It had been many years since I tried to read the bible and with death being such a permanent step as it is, I decided to try this one last time.

I didn't make it to The Bible right away, but rather, I ended up reading the works of Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius and Homer (Greek Philosophers). I was fascinated with their logic

about what life, death and God might be. These boys gave me a better understanding of the nature of things, of the possibilities of what life is all about in general. For me, it was an eye-opener, a chance to imagine how and why things are as they are. It was an educational journey that brought me to think seriously about my life for the very first time considering something other than my own lusts and desires.

The jail would every so often have a turnover rate of prisoners and sometimes there were only 3 or 4 people there. But, now there was like 40, a full house. The new guys that would come in always had to be loud and annoying. Remembering my days in the hole in Cheshire, I decided to take a vacation before I got into more serious trouble. When they were handing the chow in through a small door, I took my tray and shoved it out onto the floor at their feet. I told Guard "Take this crap home and feed it to your mother!". That was all it took! The last thing they needed was a smart butt causing problems in a full jail house. I was immediately escorted out of general population and into segregation. I loved solitude as it provided peace, quiet, safety and security for me!

The next morning was bright and sunny. It was quiet. You could view Sea Gulls flying by the windows and children with their parents at the fountains on the green, below. It was a beautiful day. I felt different for some reason. I wondered if it was something inside that was telling me that my decision to pursue death was right? I was looking at probably 30 years of State time and another 40 with the Fed's. I didn't have a whole lot of beautiful stuff to think about. My stinking life at this time was (to me) nothing more than a totally wasted attempt to crucify the World.

Realizing that I had nothing but an 8th grade education (The height of which I achieved by cheating, of course), I decided that I would get a dictionary and a Bible (King James Version) to see if I could figure anything out. I knew that many words have more than one meaning and I wanted to get the right meaning from what I was reading. I would look up various words and try to fit each meaning into the context of the scripture I was reading. I said a sincere prayer in my head, asking God to please bless my understanding. I would ask God that if he was real, to please forgive me all that I had done and show me some sign, any sign that he was real (so that I could have reason to go on living). Otherwise, I would be concluding in my heart and mind that there was indeed no such thing as a "God". I would then end my suffering and all the sorrow and disappointment that had engulfed me and made me feel dead inside all my life. I had never been able to accept the way the world was. But, now being on the precipice of eternal non-existence, I chose to forgive everyone. I felt no hate for anyone, or anything (Including Society and Governments). I was judging no-one. I felt at peace completely inside at this point which was something I had never experienced before. The raging conflict within was subsiding.

I began reading the Bible in the quiet confines of my solitary cell. I knew in my heart that no matter what happened from here, that in a couple weeks I would either be dead from my own hand or discover a reason to continue with my life. I kept a razor blade hidden in my Bible, not to harm others or to protect myself, but to take care of business if and when I decided to end my life. My solitary cell had a shower and a toilet in it. I figured that when the time came, I could conveniently cut my wrists and relax in the shower as my blood ran down the drain. I

thought it funny, envisioning that the jailer would come in to discover this gruesome scene to immediately sound the alarm and announce that I had escaped out the sewer pipes!

I was reading a scripture that seemed to have special meaning for me. It was one that I had read before, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God". I thought upon this scripture for a good while and I wondered why it hadn't said 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God' after they die? And I wondered, how can someone see God, when God is supposed to be a spirit? And if he is everywhere at all times, how can one see something so big? I would think 'If God is everywhere at all times and if that's true, then the pure in heart can see him whenever their heart becomes pure, either now, here on earth, and/or later after they die!'. Sure, scripture said 'No man hath seen God at any time'. But, then again, scripture also says that when one is supposedly reborn of spirit and truth - they CAN SEE The Kingdom Of God. 'Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God' (John 3:3). What this was telling me was that with knowledge of God, one can become Born Again and can then LITERALLY SEE The Kingdom Of God - which most assuredly includes GOD, himself! So, for me, I was discovering that there is a GREAT difference between an earthly, biological man and the spirit of God 'within man' which scripture describes as a new creature once he is Saved.

I want to emphasize to you at this point that what I am about to describe is something that is a total life changer in a matter of less than a few seconds. What happened was 100% real and is 100% True... so help me God! I was not on drugs, and I was totally sober. These events

happened.

I was reading that King James Bible. At the exact instant that I concluded in my mind **'If God is everywhere at all times.... if that is true then the pure in heart can see him whenever their heart becomes pure', either now, here on earth, and/or later after they die, If God truly exists!'** and as I said to myself in my mind "That's right!" - at that exact moment that I TRULY BELIEVED what I was thinking and that what I was reading was TRUE - a small spot of light appeared on the page upon the scripture that I was reading and that small spot of light rose up off of the page and moved towards me within a few inches of my face and then disappeared before my eyes! At that exact instant, I immediately thought in my mind "Oh my God, if that is you, please do that again!?". And again, the spot of light appeared and moved towards me and then disappeared. Now, I was immediately thinking "Oh my God, it is all true! God is real and it's ALL true!" and as I thought that - the light appeared again, getting even brighter and slightly bigger as I perceived, envisioned and concluded in my heart and mind that I was witnessing or communicating with was God, himself! As I continued to read the scriptures and perceive and conclude the possible meanings in my heart and mind, this light, my God, my instructor, my guiding light, was teaching me whether or not I was right or wrong in the conclusions that I was coming to. God was leading me and directing my intellectual paths! I would say (think) "Father, is it right that a man should live this way?" and I would think in my mind of situations throughout the history of mankind and in my own life of situations and I would conclude in my mind "Yes, a man should live in such a manner!" and if I were right, 'my light' (God) would appear bright and beautiful. If I were wrong in my conclusion, a small dark spot would appear on the page and immediately disappear. I continued to read and the Lord instructed me in this

manner continuously. Soon, I would understand much, much more of God's true nature and hear his voice in my soul. My 'Guiding Light' (The Holy Spirit) would teach me all about himself and many, many things of The Kingdom Of God.

When my 'Experience' began to happen, I was super excited and wanted to scream out in Joy and tell everyone what was happening. This was far more real than anything I had ever experienced in my life! But, I held my silence and focused entirely upon communicating with the Lord and learning the answers to any and all of the questions that I could conceive and ask in my heart and mind. God heard every word as he continuously performed a re-birth within my heart, mind and Soul. I was becoming 'Born Again' of Spirit and Truth. My inner person would never, ever be the same again! Sure, this was my rebirth, but it was also the beginning of the creation of God within me. My old person (self) was dying, and I was becoming a new person.

The more that I was blessed to perceive and understand, the brighter my guiding light became. Within two days of searching the Bible and learning from God in this manner, I could be in that pitch dark cell and talk to God in my mind and watch him respond to my thoughts (Prayers??) with an astoundingly beautiful light that would form in midair before me and enter my body ever so gently totally un-noticeable physically. I could close my eyes, to be imprisoned in the total darkness of my mind's vision and still perceive and see my guiding light. The more I praised God in my heart and thanked him for everything the brighter my light became. On that second day also, I could look out through the window and off into the beautiful blue sky and ask God a question and conclude my answer and if right, I would see my light form in the sky far away and

zoom towards me at astounding speed and disappear before my eyes as it got close. Or, if my conclusion was wrong, God would have a dark spot appear far away in the sky and just disappear in a second or so.

At the same time that I was communicating with God in this manner, I would often test God to be sure of the spirit I was communicating with. I would say in my mind "Father, if it is right what I am thinking, please let 3 Sea Gulls fly by the window" and they did, within a matter of seconds. A fluke perhaps?! No! I tested the Lord many times in a large number of ways in similar manner and he always came through with an answer. At times, I would not even know that I was in jail. I was so much more free than I have ever been in my whole life! I was learning the secrets to the mysteries of God and life and not only of things in this universe, but of things above and World's existent within a dimension that surrounds and penetrates our universe, but which are unseen by mankind's eyes. "There are many mansions in my Father's house"... Jesus - John 14:2. Anything that I could conceive and ask in my mind was instantly confirmed as correct as soon as I envisioned it correctly in my mind. I would stay awake about 20 hours each day, paying the utmost attention to my search of all the scriptures from beginning to end.

There was a new righteous fire burning in my Soul. I was becoming a believer in things that before; I would never have even thought of. Dinosaurs in Heaven? Real live Dinosaurs?? That's right, some of all of the creatures that God has ever created (He told me so!) "And the lion will lay down with the Lamb and nothing shall hurt in my holy kingdom". Sure looks like it to me! And why not? If God is all powerful, why couldn't all of what he placed on earth as living things

have its own counterpart in 'Heaven'?! "Thy will be done on Earth, as it is in Heaven". What's that mean? Is that a prayer where someone is asking that God's will be done on Earth? Or is it a statement that **His Will IS Done** on Earth as it is in Heaven? Or, does it mean BOTH! How one reads things makes a BIG difference in what they understand and comprehend. We could read the same thing and both have a different understanding of it. But, when God teaches you - your eyes are open to see it all as it really is. All contradictions are removed when God takes over. He is the only real, righteous teacher. Where many go and learn about God in collages and get their religious degrees - they are being taught by men, not God. They are being groomed to know about God according to organized religion, but not to actually know God for real. Perhaps this is why Jesus said that many will come to him stating about how much they have done for him in this world - yet he will not accept them because they never came to actually KNOW him.

There is a great division among men on earth that I wanted to ask God about. I wanted to know the truth of this matter. Creation, or Evolution? God told me that there is no division, but that he created all things and that even within Creation itself, he created Evolution to be a creative process whereby life could continue to diversify and flourish on this planet. He said that he created biological 'Man' (the same as a beast) to be a vessel to allow his spirit to be created, or born therein and then to be released to him at death. And why not? I never looked at it like that, but it made perfect sense to me. So what if God chose to use Evolution as a creative process for life to diversify? It is all part of 'Creation'. Shall we dig up Darwin and kick his butt for assuming that such a scenario was impossible? For leading others to believe that there was a division between God and man when actually there wasn't?! People are each on a different

level of awareness of the facts. To me, the facts were becoming very obvious (only because God, himself was teaching me). The fact that the majority of mankind is for the most part is clueless (lost) as to who and what God really is and the fact that God can reach anyone and that all things are possible with him.

What does the 'Voice of God' sound like? I had been waiting forever to hear God's voice. I was always expecting to hear a human type voice, so it was a shock to me when I heard God's voice and I did not recognize that that's what I was hearing until after his words had entered my being, at which point, I instantly understood what was being said. When God speaks to the heart of a person, his 'voice' is very still and quiet, more of a feeling than anything else. 'Be still, and know that I am God' (Psalm 46:10).

God asked me only one very important question that my heart heard clearly and without any doubt "I have now accepted you as one of my own sons. Of all the things that you could possibly want out of life here and hereafter, what is the greatest desire of your heart?". I didn't have to think for an answer. Immediately, the words came from the depths of my being ... " Father, I do not care what I have to suffer in this lifetime. I do not care about how much pain and sorrow I must deal with. My greatest desire is to when the time comes that I die, I want to inherit the most beautiful and permanent existence possible, forever! And then the Lord replied "If you will follow my ways and walk with me all the days of your life and do as I am teaching you, if you do not abandon me for this world or the things in it, if you hold fast your love and faith until the very end, you shall have all that you desire from the deepest depths of your Soul, always and

forever!". And, I would express my love for God in many thoughts and praises, thanking him intensely in my heart and mind for my salvation and his never-ending perfect love.

As I slept that second night, it appeared that I was in a dream, but it was much different than any dream I had ever experienced. I was actually aware in the dream that my body was sleeping on the jail house bunk while I was in the 'Dream'! I had never experienced this before. I was 'In The Spirit'. I could logically think and see in this dream state of being while realizing all the time that I (my body) was safely asleep in the jail house. As I was standing there (Somewhere in space and time) I saw before me a house that looked exactly like one I used to live in as a child. Everything was intact, the house just looked old and dirty, with everything inside being disorganized and messy. There was no grass, no trees, no landscape at all. There was just this house resting in the blackness of space. When I recognized that this house was mine (Because I used to live there), the house began retreating off into the distance away from me. It stopped at a distance where I could still see it's details and then all of a sudden, the house exploded with a violent blast that sent out the most intense and incredibly beautiful flames from every crack and crevice in all the walls, roof and floors. But, the house was still intact after the blast and looked as new as the day it was built. I went into the house and looked around. Everything was spick and span, clean as a whistle, with all things being orderly and in their place. I asked God "What is this?". He replied "That house was and is you! You have been cleansed and purified by the fires of my eternal love. See to it that you keep your new house clean!". I understood what he was talking about, that I needed to watch not to pick up any bad habits again, to not let my new 'Self' become polluted with the sins of the world that had previously destroyed me and my life. I

would still be in this 'Dream' and knowing that my body was asleep on the bed, when I would think "This is so beautiful", at which time I opened my eyes to instantly and peacefully awaken, being totally alert and conscious as if I had not been sleeping at all! I would thank God and begin another day of ultimate discoveries of the reality of his existence and of many things in The Kingdom Of God.

In another such 'Dream' state, I find myself somewhere in time and space, watching children playing 'Cowboys and Indians' in a beautiful meadow. I walk up to the children and pick up an arrow that was on the ground and glance at the rubber suction cup tip on it. I look at the arrow and the children as I ask God... "Father, what is this? To which he replied "The children are the peoples and armies of the world. The arrows are all of their weapons of any manner and all their weapons are harmless as I, alone choose who shall live and who shall die! They have not the power to end life! Only I have that power".

And in another, I find myself taken up into space somewhere and I see before me a Desert. It is vast, wide, dry and dead. In an instant, before my eyes, a rain descended upon the entire desert and everything instantly began to turn green and grow. Palm trees sprung up, lakes formed and mountains rose off in the far distance. All manner of beautiful birds and living creatures appeared. And, I asked the Lord, "Father, what is this?" and he responded "The desert is your life past. The paradise is your life now, but will be hidden until you die and inherit it eternally with me!". It was a glimpse of my very own, personal Heaven - what the deepest desires of my Soul had revealed to God when he looked deep inside me. He was preparing a world of my own

for me and had given me a peek at it! He had looked deep inside my heart and soul and created everything that I would possibly want in a 'Paradise'. It would be my Heaven one day. My world. My eternal Kingdom. This was my "Promised Land"! And I would thank God and praise him in my heart and mind and my 'Guiding light' would approve with displays of incredibly beautiful light(s).

I asked God about Reincarnation. "Father, is Reincarnation real?" and God responded to me "I created all Souls in my OWN image and that image is not the shape, or structure of the human body but rather, that image is the very qualities, properties and essence that I, myself, am composed of - Pure Eternal Spirit! Therefore, all Spirits, or Souls will live forever, for all are as I AM, being created in my own image by me. Be it in Heaven, or in Hell - all will exist forever unless I choose to destroy a wicked or utterly unrepentant Soul. There are some Souls that do come to the untimely death of their physical body on Earth at Satan's hands and these I preserve and send back into a newborn body to allow them the opportunity to walk the path of life on Earth again, to learn and become saved. Only by being Born Again of Spirit and Truth can one come to me and be saved. Not everyone reincarnates. Those who have lived a life not experiencing an untimely death and have rejected me do not reincarnate. They have made their choice and are rewarded accordingly!". Reincarnation = someone coming back to Earth over and over. Think about what Jesus said when he referred to his life - "No one takes it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This command I have received from My Father."... Jesus (John 10:18). Jesus came into this world as a baby and he says he can do that over and over again. What is that but Reincarnation? If you

have access to a computer online, you may find this video's content compelling evidence of reincarnation - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S7SQoQj9868> . There are many such cases.

I was reading my Bible and thinking about Jesus, about how he was a man with flesh and blood and bones like all the rest of us while he lived here on earth. I thought about how he had overcome and was raised from the dead (And now, because I witnessed the presence of God around me, I super believed it even though I didn't yet fully understand it all). OK Jesus was and is the son of God and I loved him for that and for him laying his life down to save me. But, I would now reflect upon how if God has accepted me as one of his sons, that Jesus and I should be similar in God's eyes (as brothers) and just as I thought that, as I was reading how Judas came upon Jesus and kissed him on the cheek to betray him.....just then - a kiss materialized upon my cheek as if someone was right there laying it on me! I immediately thought "Father, I am just like Jesus?"and my guiding light (The Holy Spirit) reflected a huge flash of beautiful blue/white light and immediately, the room went dark and took on a red glow ... as if one were wearing red glasses. It was like seeing in an infrared universe. It's hard to describe, but basically what was happening was that the Lord was indeed showing me that I was like (not equal to, but like) Jesus (When I am perfect in him). "And the sky shall turn dark and the moon as blood before that great and notable day of the Lord arrives". I had a twinge of fear because the situation was getting more intense than I could handle. I was almost expecting Jesus to show up at any second! As it was, it would take me 35 years to calm down enough from these experiences with God to be able to express (somewhat) what had happened to me. "And try Me

now in this," Says the LORD of hosts, "If I will not open for you the windows of heaven And pour out for you such blessing That there will not be room enough to receive it". Malachi 3:10.

On the last day of my 'Experience', The Lord told me that I must "Return to my first love" and then he proceeded to have me understand that my "First Love" was the world that I lived in before these supernatural experiences at God's hand had happened to me. I promised that I would obey his laws and live as I should in him. I had every intention of doing something very constructive with my new life! Now, I had something to work with and I was not lost in the maze of human emotions and uncertainties that would continue to plague all people. I had been blessed and I wanted to do something with my life to say "Thank YOU!" to God in the biggest and best way that I could. For me, it was not just a matter of getting a life and living it out in pleasure, satisfaction and comfort, although it was OK if I do that. The old me had died and I was (inside) a new person. I had great aspirations that would soon put me in the middle of a multi-million-dollar business deal to sell an invention which I had conceived and recorded with The United States Government. But, first, I had to get every Law Enforcement agency in the Country off my back!

I was given a 1 year jail term for my crime in Washington, State. As soon as my time was served in Bellingham, I was released to the United States Marshall's for transportation to San Diego to face Federal charges of Theft from a Military Installation. I wondered why there were no charges for stolen cars, as the FBI had been looking for me for years. Maybe I was getting a break? As I rode down the road in a van with the United States Marshalls, I looked out the

windows and gazed in the sky and prayed/talked with God. "I don't care where they take me, Father. I don't care what they do with me, just so long as your will is done in my life. I know I will be released one day, Father, and I know that I will have to deal with the World and the people in it. I pray you now, Father that if anything is ever going to separate me from you, that you will end my life before that time ever comes."... my light indicated that I would be fine.

I was concerned about my Federal charges. All I knew about the case was that I was innocent. Seriously. A couple years earlier, I had lived in San Diego with my sister and brother-in-law who was stationed with the Marine Detachment on the aircraft carrier, The U S S Kitty Hawk. I was friends with several of my brother-in-law's friends, who were also Marines. When we would go to the mountains and party on the weekends when they were in port, a straggling sailor might also be present. Acid, weed, wine, whiskey, pot and if you wanted something else, all you had to do was ask someone. Someone always had the connections. The Marines were in town! I couldn't believe what my eyes and ears were processing. Sure, God and Country when on the clock, but otherwise these guys were cool to hang around. I didn't do the acid, or blow... but I did smoke weed and have a few drinks. I got to know one Marine real well. I used to work on his truck while he was on cruise back and forth to Hawaii. When he was in port for the weekend, we would live it up. He and I planned to hook up together and go to Alaska for excitement once he was discharged. It would never happen. On a weekend when he was out to sea, I borrowed his truck from the Military parking lot on Coronado Island. I used it for the weekend on a drunken, high and wasted fiasco to San Filipe, Mexico. Late Sunday night when I crossed the border back into the United States, I made it about 2 miles away before being stopped and arrested for DUI. The truck was impounded, and I was held a few days and

released. Knowing that I couldn't get the truck back and return it to the lot, I simply decided to split.

So, now, here I am in the Federal Court in San Diego and standing in front of a woman Judge. I was talking with the Lord in my mind and praying for things to go well for me. I didn't know what to expect. Then the Judge said "Charges Dropped. Coronado Island is NOT a Military Installation! Case closed!". I had been in jail for over a year, looking at darn near life in prison for crimes I had committed. I would return to Bellingham immediately to start my new life. Little did I know that my education with the Lord was far from over yet. Sure, I was going to return to my "First Love" as he had instructed me, but I was having one hell of a time doing that. It's hard to get back in the sewer after you have come out and got yourself all cleaned up and all. I would do very well for about one year, until an employer threatened to smack me because I had stayed up all night before showing up for work that next day. I ended up working all that day and actually doing twice the work of others there. But, he didn't see that. I had an old school bus that I was living in. It wasn't in bad shape, but the motor rested on a couple sheets of plywood and wobbled back and forth as one drove down the road. I sparked it up, checked the brake fluid and headed for South Padre Island, Texas. I never ripped the guy off and I never saw him again. It was just time to go.

It always seemed hard for me to figure out what the Lord wanted me to do. I couldn't understand what his will was for my life. I was looking for a specific plan and didn't realize that all I had to do was 'Do Good'. I would live in south Texas for about a year and then tour all of Mexico by bus. I would find the most beautiful women on earth, 50 miles south of Mexico City. They had long beautiful blond hair, light brown skin (as if tanned) and the most beautiful green

eyes you ever saw. They were direct decedents of Cortes, I was told. I would spend a few months in a town called Chet Te Mal on the Yucatan, peninsula. I was camping with my friend in the jungles along the Belize border. We had tried to get into Belize. We had all kinds of camping gear and topographical maps of Central America. We were going to buy a canoe in Belize City and follow the streams through the mountains of Central America all the way to Panama. But, Belize required us to have \$2000 each to get in and we didn't have anywhere near that. So we stayed in Mexico.

A local invited us to live in his shack with him while we were there visiting. The shack was located adjacent to a lake that had a dock and a rundown road house. The area had all types of tropical plants like I had never seen before. It was like being on a different planet. One morning, my friend and I got up early and went to the lake for a swim. We were about shoulder deep in the water when a number of men and women gathered on the shore and started yelling and pointing to the other side of the lake. As they spoke in Spanish, we could not understand them. And then, as one put his palms together and made a clapping motion (like big jaws) with his hands, I realized what all the fuss was. Alligators! The lake was infested with gators! We immediately got out of the water and kept clear of it after that. It was a close call.

Those of you that believe you are 'Born Again' Christians should understand something more at this time, because some of the testimony you are about to read is very disturbing and this true story of what God was doing with me is far from over. DO NOT pre-judge ME for the things I would soon do after being Saved. You need to finish reading my testimony to fully understand what was happening. If YOU are looking forward to forgiveness, yourself, you should pay

particular attention to these 3 things...

1. Jesus said to forgive 70 x 7 (which means always) because if you do not forgive others, God will NOT forgive you! Jesus said that himself!

2. The Apostle Peter spent a good deal of time with Jesus and seemingly should have been a very solid believer, but when it came to the end, Peter denied Jesus 3 times! Did God abandon, or condemn Peter for this? NO! "And I also say to you that you are Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven." . Jesus knew in advance what was going to happen! Jesus told Peter so!

3. At the end of his ministry, all of the Apostles abandoned Jesus!

God knew I had to experience more pain, suffering and destruction in my future than I had in my past (The same thing happened to The Apostles, every one of them). There is great reason for all of this. To be saved is one thing and to deal with this world and fight the battle to keep your Faith to the end is a whole another thing. If you are truly Saved, you can count upon suffering until the day you leave this planet because when one becomes ALIVE in God - one is going to feel the full impact and reality of this Spiritual War you will find yourself in.

Upon coming back to The United States from Mexico, I ended up traveling by car through New Mexico. I was broke, had no food and couldn't get any help from anyone. It was then that I reluctantly decided to rip off a house to get what I needed to survive and make it far away from

this God forsaken part of the country. That's right, I had just found God a couple years ago, and now I was in a situation that I felt warranted ripping someone off because no-one would help. What was I suppose to do – starve to death or die of thirst on the highway? I was still lost as to how to deal with my 'First Love' (The world). For those of you who are now thinking OMG, he was saved and went back to the crime, remember this - I had many times before that chosen to go hungry, believing that I would rather die than do those things again. But, here I was. I asked the Lord to forgive me and I went ahead and dealt with it. We took a bunch of stereo equipment and jewelry and trinkets that filled the trunk and the back seat. We would drive to Ohio and attempt to sell these things. Someone got suspicious and called the cops on us. Within 3 hours, I would be arrested again for possession of stolen goods. I would make a deal to go back to New Mexico and face these burglary charges, if Ohio would drop their charges, which they did. A few weeks later and a couple of New Mexico State Police Officers would arrive to drive me to Farmington.

The small jail in Farmington was comfortable enough, but I was restless and didn't want to be there. I would flood the floors and cause so many problems that the Sheriff would take me and another prisoner for a ride and warn us that we could end up disappearing out there in the desert if we didn't settle down. I got the message. While there, I met Dwight. He was a young man of about 23 years old and he had a wife and a couple kids. He was in for burglary. I talked with him very often about the Lord and what God had shown me. I told him about my 'Experience' and 3 days later while sitting on his bunk and reading a Bible, he, too began to witness the Lord as I had. But, he didn't stay quiet and follow God as he was being led. He chose to get excited and talk to everyone else about what he had just witnessed - a light appearing on

his bible as he read. They thought he was nuts. But, I knew different. This proved to me that others can experience the same things that I did. I talked to the Lord about this and although this was a few years after my 'Experience', I ended up having another of those special 'Conscious Dreams' as I like to call them. I was taken up in the spirit to a very high bridge. I was in the heavens and as I looked over the bridge, I could see the earth, far below. I had a fishing pole in my hands and the line disappeared going down to the earth. I asked the Lord, "Father, what is this?" and he replied "This is what you will be doing when you write a book about your experience with me. Your testimony will gather others to me long after you are no longer here on earth!".

Now, I figured that all I had to do was write my testimony, get it on paper and put it in print to turn it loose and let the Lord deal with those who will believe in him and my testimony. It was a purpose for my life, God's will for me to complete this work. But, although I did write 1750 pages longhand about my life and these experiences, I found that I couldn't finish it. Why should people believe me? I had done nothing with my life that was good for others, except speak to a few who were receptive to the Lord. I felt that I had to achieve something really good with my life for people to believe me. I knew that with my track record, it certainly would help.

A couple months later, Dwight and I were transported to the State Prison in Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was a cold, barren facility, lacking a resemblance of a correctional facility and showing itself to be merely a human warehouse in the desert. Inmates were for the most part angry and always fighting with each-other over some of the simplest of comforts. One could easily get a broken jaw, or even killed (if he fought back) if he did not give up a pillow, a mattress, or whatever else was demanded by the older, harder cons in the other cell blocks. They had

freedom to approach the entrance to the orientation dorm and would demand whatever they wanted, stating that all were to remember that they were going to be in general population soon and their refusal to do as told now would bring Hell upon them. That was all that needed to be said. Dwight and I would hang together most of the time. We were quiet. People left us alone.

Two months later, a Federal Warrant came through for my arrest for a vehicle that I had stolen years earlier. I was glad of this because I knew that NM would let me go to the Fed's as soon as possible. I would leave 3 months before the riot took place there where many (30+) got tortured and killed. The charge was Interstate Transportation of a Stolen Vehicle from The Southern District of Georgia. I wondered if they had followed through on this car theft charge because the other Federal charges were dropped in San Diego?! For somebody being in prison, I was getting to see the Country! I was released to The United States Marshall's and then transported to the Federal Prison at El Paso, Texas. I would be there only a few weeks before being bussed through every Federal Prison between El Rino, Oklahoma and Atlanta, Ga.

The Atlanta Federal Prison was massive, and many famous people had been inmates there, including Al Capone. I would be there for about 3 months, en route to my Federal Trial in Swainsboro, Ga. The massive walls and huge perfectly arched columns in the dining hall were shocking to see. It was like living inside a huge castle. The ceilings had to be about 70 feet above the floor. I was on a tier set up for transients, those who were going to other places to do time and those waiting for court. I met a black man on my tier. He had just been released about 6 months earlier after serving 9 years for bank robbery and had picked up another bank robbery charge. He was a Muslim, carried a Koran around wrapped in a towel and was never shy to

He and I had a lengthy conversation about many things until it got to the point that he was dumbfounded and shocked to his core. The conversation was witnessed by others there and went like this...

Me: "So you are telling me that when Jesus said that he was going to send 'The Comforter' that Jesus was referring to the prophet Mohammad? Surely you do not believe that?!"

He: "Oh Yes! I believe it! There is no doubt about it! Jesus sent Mohammad! Jesus was merely another prophet like Mohammad, nothing more!"

Me: "Let me ask you a couple questions?"

He: "OK!"

ME: "Who is greater, the prophet, or he who sends the prophet?"

He: "He who sends the prophet is greater!"

Me: "Who is HE who sends the prophet?"

He: "God sends the prophet!"

Me: "If Jesus sent Mohammad, who then is Jesus??"

He: "OH my God! You are right! Oh my God! Oh my God!!! And he wraps up his Koran and excuses himself and leaves. I had not even tried to think at all of what to say to this man. The words just came out of my mouth as if God, himself, were talking (And my 'Guiding Light' was super pleased at this, being bright and beautiful as ever)! I wished him well and shook his hand when I left Atlanta. I knew he was definitely on the right track now!

CHAPTER 4

MY WAR ON SOCIETY

Although I was guilty of the charge, I decided to plea innocent and put the Federal Government to the expense of a jury trial. I had never had a Trial before, so I figured "Let's see how professional these Boys are!". I had nothing against the Government, but I figured that if I had a shot at beating it, or getting off at all, I had to risk the trial. I got lucky. I was convicted of a 5 year maximum charge, whereas, I could have received as much as ten years if they could prove that I was the one who drove the stolen car across the State lines, but they could not prove that. So on the day of sentencing, I stood before the Judge and verbally explained the circumstances that had allowed me to be a thief most of my life. I apologized for my actions. I told the Judge that I needed an education, and that I would appreciate at least enough time in prison to get that. He granted my desire by giving me the maximum sentence that he could, 5 years. So, I was off to a Federal Country Club for 2 and 1/2 years straight before being released on parole. I would more than get the education that I desired.

The Federal Prison in Danbury, Connecticut was indeed a Country Club. It had large dormitories and private rooms (Converted cells) where you could even open and close your door whenever you wanted. I would spend my first year and a half in a dormitory. It was called the 'A' Unit. 'A' stood for Alcohol. If you told these boys that you were a drinker when you came through the front doors, they would see to it that you went to the proper housing, education, or

treatment unit to help you get a grip. There were numerous educational programs available. One could choose to go to Welding School, Computer Simulated Semi Truck Driving School, High School, and Marine and Industrial Engine Mechanics School. I choose all of them! Within that first year and a half, I had a diploma from The Danbury High School and The State of Connecticut, Department of Education for multiple types of welding. I was also, awarded a Diploma for Marine and Industrial Engine Mechanics School. I didn't cheat. I buckled down and did my homework and studied Big Time! I applied myself to study Mechanical Engineering privately and I would spend many hours in the evenings and on weekends completing engineering drawings of mechanical devices that I would invent. I would also, be awarded a Section 9 Cash Award from The United States Government for the timely and efficient rebuilding Government equipment. I would also attend therapy, Alcohol and personal development classes. I especially remember Dr. David Bricker and his 'Rational Behavior Therapy' Program which I would later often use. The Guard who oversees my dorm unit was asked by prison officials in an evaluation if he thought I was for real? He told them "Yes! No-body can do that much studying and not be for real, it's just way too much work for most guys who ever come through here.". And, he was right. I was absorbing information like a sponge and developing skills that would allow the means to never have to steal again! I was dead serious! I wanted my life to change for the better. While others wasted their time, I worked on getting my life in order.

It was early 1980 as I was still in prison at Danbury and I decided that I needed to do something good to make up for all the ill that I had done in my life. I thought about the Country's oil problems and about all of the air pollution and decided that it would sure be a

great thing if someone could invent an engine that does not use fuel. I now knew engines very well from my training and could definitely design and weld items together and adapt them to an engine to effect greater power, or better efficiency. I was also, allowed to work and learn in a machinist apprenticeship program in the prison Machine Shop. I would learn to set up and operate an Automatic Screw Machine (Automatic parts making machine that does it all. One only needs to feed raw material into it once it's properly set up). I was the first person to come through there that correctly and accurately calculated the cam angles and ground the cams to have the Screw Machine increase its production rate significantly and successfully while slowing the machine down. I scored very high (90's) on mechanical aptitude tests, English, Math and Science. And, now, I was going to invent and record the designs of a non-fuel electromagnetic engine that I had envisioned would propel all land and sea vehicles indefinitely without using a single drop of fuel!

I attempted to design an engine that had steel pistons and big electromagnets for heads. The only problem was that a magnet will not act upon the steel piston unless it is very close to it. It's like if you held two magnets close together, when you get them real close, it's very hard to keep them apart. That's a lot of power! I wanted to harness this pulling power and turn it into a usable energy source. After hundreds of hours of checking everything out, including the production procedures to build this engine, I came up with what I was confident was a workable design. "The Electromagnetic Engine" was born in 1980, at least on paper and inside my skull. Federal employees at the prison would notarize and witness my drawings and specifications.

What is "The Electric (Electromagnetic) Engine"?

The "Electric Engine" is an electro-mechanical machine that by nature of its design harnesses

the pulling force of electromagnets and transforms this pulling force into powerful rotary motion. It is neither an engine, nor an electric motor, but utilizes some of the electrical and mechanical principles of each to produce a new machine design that will function as a power transmission device to supply mechanical energy to any application where an electric motor or internal combustion engine now do the same - without using any fuel!

How does it work?

Remember when you were a kid? Most American children have at one time or another, taken a small, round, iron bar and after placing it on a tabletop, slide a magnet on the underside of the table to have the iron bar follow the magnet and roll across the table top surface. If the magnet has enough strength (and the table surface is not too thick), this always works. If you remember this simple event, you will easily understand the principles of operation that make The Electric (Electromagnetic) Engine do what it does!

Imagine the tabletop. Instead of dragging a magnet on the underside of the table, let us place several electromagnets in a row/line on the underside of the table (then place the iron bar on the tabletop), and energize these electromagnets in sequence, one after the other. The same thing happens - the iron bar rolls across the table surface, (following the pull of the electromagnets). It works every time! And today's high-powered electromagnets are many times stronger than what we used as kids.

Going a step further, imagine that your tabletop is composed of 10 electromagnets where their pulling surfaces are all facing up (all 10 electromagnets in a straight line, one next to the other, their pulling surfaces being flush with the table top surface). Now, place your small iron bar on

the surface at the beginning of these electromagnets and energize them in sequence, one after the other. Because we have eliminated the thickness of the table, the electromagnets are acting directly upon the surface of the small, iron bar, which will now accelerate across this surface far faster and far stronger than you could ever do by pulling a magnet in hand under the table.

Here is one of the most important functional features of The Electric Engine.....

Imagine your tabletop being composed of 10 electromagnets (each 1 foot square), so that you look at your table and see a table 1 foot wide and 10 feet long. Now, take this table/surface (row of 10 electromagnets) and form, or otherwise wrap it into a cylindrical shape. You now have a cylinder composed of 10 electromagnets with their pulling faces, or surfaces facing inward. A simpler illustration might be to imagine an iron pipe 3 feet in diameter by 1 foot long and having 10 electromagnets mounted around the circumference, such electromagnets having their pulling surfaces facing inward towards the pipe center. Now, place an iron pipe (2 foot diameter by 1 foot long) inside your cylinder made of electromagnets and then energize your electromagnets one after the other! What happens is that the inner pipe rolls (it does not spin as an electric motor armature does, but ROLLS) around on the inside surface of these electromagnets as they are energized! It is the same as the iron bar moving across the table when we pull a magnet under it. The principles of operation are exactly the same! The mechanics are exactly the same!

The configuration of elements in the Electric Engine (Electromagnets, mechanical design) that accomplish **rolling motion** (NOT to be confused with "Rotation") in the smaller inner cylinder is part of what is new, or different. The smaller inside pipe is what one might call a rotor. Such a rotor may be either geared or crankshaft mounted to allow an output shaft to be used for the

actual transfer of energy. I have done both, not to mention the designing of my own small 12 volt motor driven rotary switch to energize the electromagnets in a controllable sequencing fashion. Mom always wondered why I tore all my toys apart to see what was inside! I was curious - but got my butt whipped for tearing my gifts apart.

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UNIVERSAL ENGINEERING
ELECTRO-MECHANICAL PROTOTYPE SPECIALISTS

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May 23, 1983

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Enfield CT

This will acknowledge receipt on May 17, 1983, of your
Evaluation Request Form #1019 regarding an invention
for which we have recorded the title:

ELECTROMAGNETIC ENGINE

Your form #1019 was accompanied by an invention
disclosure.

Should you have occasion to inquire about the status of the
invention, please refer to Evaluation Request #19251.
When our evaluation is completed you will be informed
of the results.

Sincerely,

George P. Lewett

George P. Lewett
Chief, Office of Energy-Related Inventions



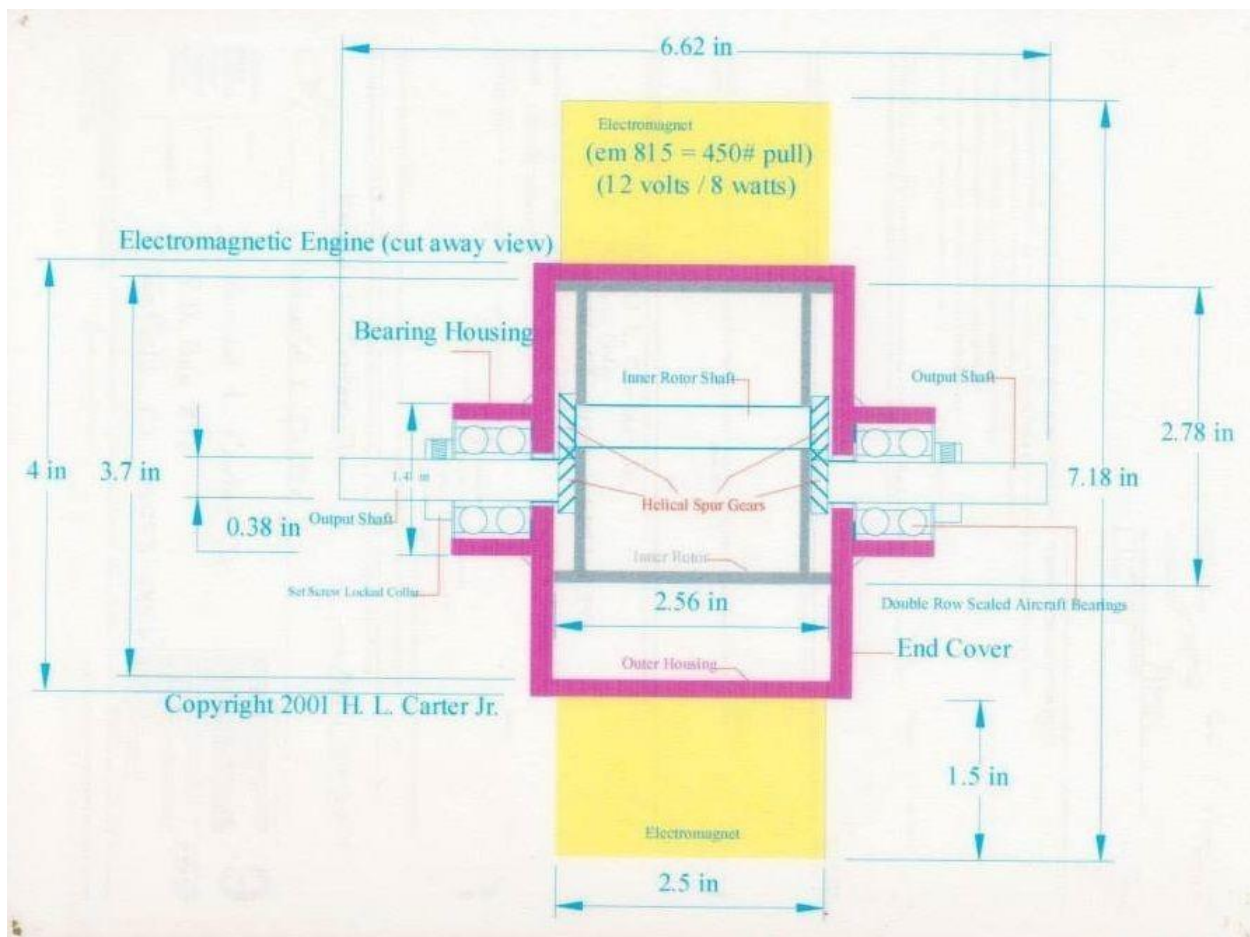
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
National Bureau of Standards
Washington, D.C. 20234

FEB 3 1983
RECEIVED

Mr. Harold Lloyd Carter Jr.
P.O. Box 277
Enfield, CT 06082

Dear Mr. Carter:

We have completed review of the descriptive material concerning your "Electromagnetic Engine" which you submitted for evaluation in accordance with Section 14 of the Federal Nonnuclear Energy Research and Development Act of 1974. The review is to determine if the disclosure is complete, understandable, technically sufficient and within the scope of the program. If the review shows that the disclosure does not meet these requirements, it is not accepted for evaluation.





UNIVERSAL ENGINEERING

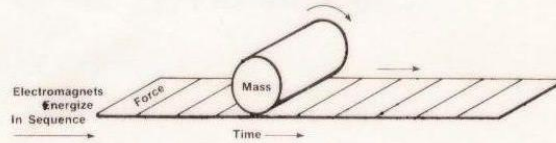
P.O. BOX 277
ENFIELD, CT 06082

Rotary Concept
Example Of Concept Operation

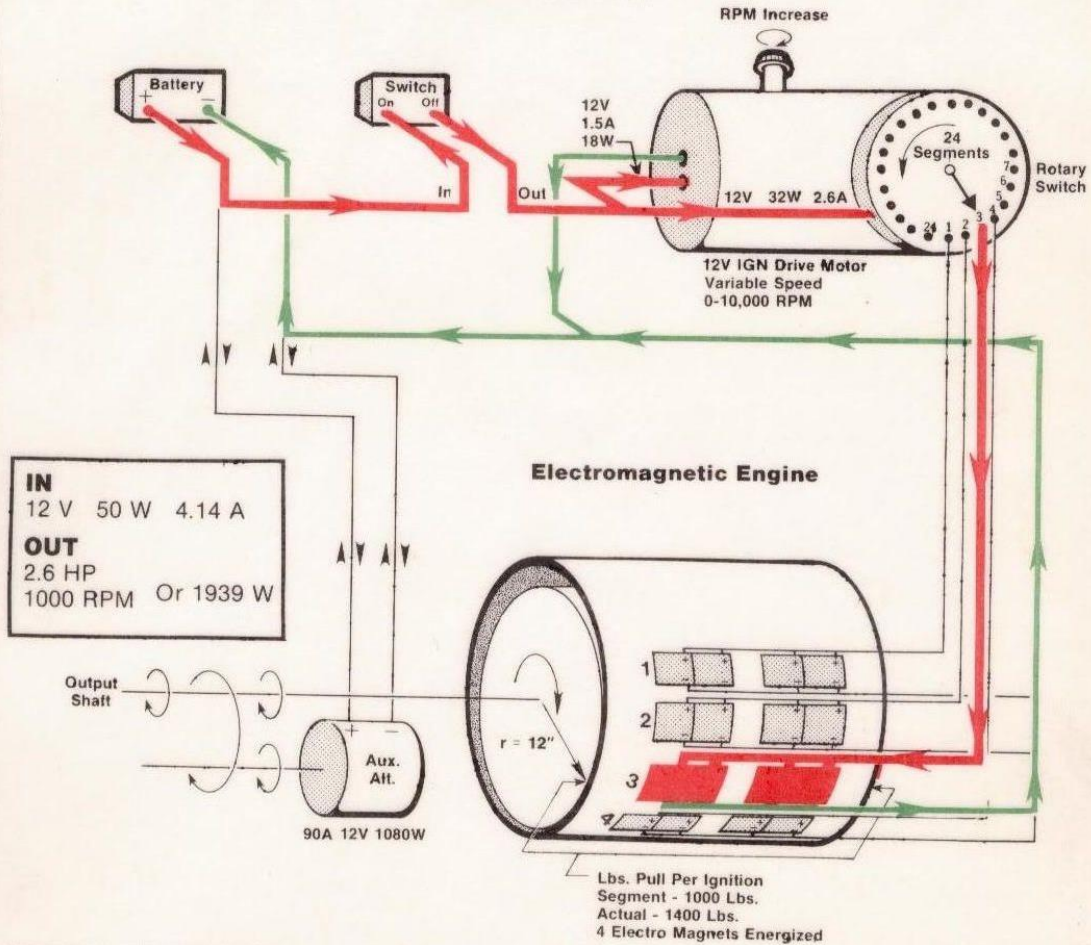
Phone (203) 749-9214
749-7164

Electromagnetic Engine Ignition System

CONCEPT



DEFINITION



All Rights Reserved - Universal Engineering

I was granted parole and had only six months left to serve until I would be released. It was at this time that I received a letter in the mail. I was floored! It was from my childhood sweetheart, Sheryle. I was blown away by this. This was my love that my brother had drugged and raped, but I didn't know about that just yet. I had loved her intensely more than anyone in my entire life. She was the ultimate love that I had ever experience short of God, himself. I still loved her! I was super excited about this. I realized the possibility that I could yet have the love and life that I had lost so many years earlier. I would tell her about a few of the things that had happened since I last saw her. I was skeptical about it all as generally speaking, any prisoner crying out with his heart is usually a loser looking for a meal ticket for when he gets out. I did not want her to think that I was about that. I wasn't. With the letter came a phone number! I called every day for a while and we talked about a lot of things. We then decided that a visit was in order.

The visiting room was very cozy, set up like a lounge in a restaurant, maybe. There were curtains on the windows and toys on the floor for children. There were about 20 guys there visiting their families. And there she was! She had not changed all that much at all, still petite, pretty and healthy. Her hair looked a little dead, but that happens with age. She was better off than I, who was nearly bald. We sat and chatted for a while. Then she turns beet red and looks embarrassed, big time. I ask her "What's the matter?". "Nothing!" she says with a smile and changes the subject immediately. I look behind me and see an inmate squatting on the floor with his hand down the front of his pants and shoving dope up his butt. Although he was visible to most other inmates and their families and children, the guards could not see him from where

he was at and everyone was certain to not react in any way like something was amis.

A few weeks later, I was granted a 'Furlough' for a 4 and 1/2 day visit with Sheryl. She would pick me up in a high-powered Trans Am. After a brief motel stay, we headed to her parents' home. Enfield, Connecticut had not changed much over the years. I had not been here since I jumped Bond many years earlier. They had never come to get me and by this time, the charges were dropped. Sheryl's mom and sisters welcomed me and asked how I was. All I said was that I was fine and would be better once I was free of my current digs. I wanted to talk to them all about my 'Experience' with the Lord, but I just wasn't ready to. I still felt like I had some work to accomplish before I could feel comfortable about claiming that God had changed my life. Where was the proof? There was none, at least none outside of what existed in my inner person which none of them knew. So, I was casual and not outward with them about the Lord in my life. I did, however, tell Sherlye about my 'Experience' during that weekend. She would seem to understand and not let on that she thought I was 'Strange'.

We would share another 4 day visit together three months later. This time, when I visited at her mother's home, I immediately discover fear in her mother's eyes when she enters the room to greet me. I immediately realize that Sheryl has told her mother about my 'Experience' with the Lord and that her mother doesn't believe or understand and she is frightened. I also realize that Sheryl did not believe me. A few weeks later, Sheryl would end our plans and disappear from my life for good. It would be another 5 years before I discover what my brother had done to her. So, between the Lord in my life and my dear brother doing what he did, my heart's desire here on earth was gone, forever. To this day, I do still love her as I remembered her so long ago. But, time and circumstance had long ago raped and robbed her of that pristine innocence I so

dearly worshiped back then. I realized that I never really knew her, I merely desired her for what I thought I saw in her, which was very real back then, but gone now.

James Swisher was a West Point Graduate, an individual who was a deep thinker and that had owned an international tool company. He was a very likable guy, always smiling and having pleasant things to say to people. I met him while working at a machine shop in Bridgeport, CT after I was released on parole. He would come in and pay my employer to tweak some invention or other that he was trying to perfect and sell. He was an inventor with many Patents already to his credit, locking devices licensed by Long Island Lighting to secure their meters. Jim was always puttering with one invention or another. He was creative, like me. We got to talking and I told him about the non-fuel electric engine that I had designed. We went over the details of how it was supposed to work and how to build it. Jim was impressed! So much so, that he invited me to come and live in his leased Mansion with his wife and kids in Westport, Connecticut. He said he could help me and maybe we could build and sell my engines. He drove a beautiful Diesel Cadillac El Dorado Biarritz. He reeked of money. He was a man who was trying to survive like anyone else. And, I am sure; he was smart enough to sniff out an opportunity. Bonnie (Jim's wife) was a super sweet person and instantly made me feel like she had been related to me all my life. I admired their home, the fact that everything was in order and was immaculate. It all looked like a super opportunity for me, so I accepted. I have never known such sweet memories of feeling like I was a part of a beautiful, functional and caring family. I would only be with them for only a short while, but that would end up being a near life-long friendship!

I would remain working at a machine shop and entertain Jim on nights and weekends as we used his diesel El Dorado as our “guinea pig” to discover better fuel mileage, whenever he wasn't off selling something to someone. It worked great for a few months. But, then I could see that I had much more to pursue in the development of my engine. Jim was a great influence upon me. He was a mentor to me, although, I would think for a while that it was the other way around. He had many things going on and suggested that I get some wire and start winding up some electromagnets for my engine. I was looking at such a project (building the electromagnets) to take 3 months to complete and that's only a small part of the production matters that needed to be addressed to bring my engine into reality. Three months of work vs buying a set of electromagnets that you will have in your hands in 48 hours! The choice was easy. I needed money, a lot of it, to deal with my dream machine.

Although Jim's name would appear in a newspaper article in the Fair Press Newspaper in Norwalk, Connecticut (along with my pic and a graphic illustration of my engines electro-mechanical design), the article would not generate a great deal of interest, except for the editor asking me for the rights to my story, if it proved true. Jim was a great guy, a firm believer in God that was never afraid to profess his Faith and understandings. He was like an older brother to me and I respected he and his family immensely. He was a 'Big Wig' with a solid reputation as an outstanding American citizen, a West Point man, a darn good person - accepting me as his brother and his friend. His advice and warnings about certain things in life would stay with me. I wished that I were more like him.

ST Michaels Roman Catholic Church was remodeling inside. They wanted to contract with an area machine and welding shop to fabricate and install a number of metal artworks. I was asked

if I could do such work and if I would like to bid for the job. "YES!" did not take long to come from my mouth. I went to see the Priests and they informed me that Polish artists had drawn up sketches of artworks and that they wanted these artworks to be mounted between marble columns in the church. I asked them to allow me to borrow the sketches for the weekend and after taking some measurements of the interior of the church, I was on my way. I spent about 22 hours over that weekend, drawing all the artwork to scale in engineering format to show exactly what those sketched artworks would look like if placed in the location that the priests had chosen. I thought about how much time and materials it would take to do the project and I gave them an estimate for \$16,000 dollars (\$8000 down, 50% of balance at 60 days, and paid in full when installed within 90 days). I left my proposal and engineering drawing with them. About two weeks later, I get someone coming into the machine shop and telling me that ST Michaels had accepted my bid and they wanted to see me right away to get started on the project. Wow! This would be more money than I had ever seen! I thanked God in my heart and my guiding light approved. You thought maybe my light was out? Nope! But it could have been extinguished if I had not always turned about with a repentant heart and righteous desire to do what is right.

We all make mistakes. Each time we fall, we must get back up and learn to walk right. God loved Solomon. Solomon chose to have a man killed so that he could have the guy's wife. God did not reject or destroy Solomon because he loved him! Solomon did pay a price for his actions! The Lord took one of his sons! I look at what has happened in my life and I see that I, like Solomon, have sinned by getting into trouble after having found God and his righteous ways that I should always abide by. But, like Solomon, God still loves me. He is ever with me and has

not left me since the very first day we met with that small spark of light on the Bible. I am, or rather was, ashamed for getting into trouble after having been saved. But anyone can slip away. The important thing to remember is to turn around and get right again! And stay right! God is ever there to forgive and love his imperfect children. Perfection takes time!

I went to ST Michaels Church and picked up \$8000 dollars. I had 90 days to complete the project. I instantly told my mentor, Mr. Swisher, that I was moving out. I packed up my belongings and moved to Enfield, Connecticut. I would live in a house with Ed Kelly and his wife, a wonderful and generous couple that always made me feel at home. Ed and his wife would end up being the people to witness the first electro-mechanical graphics presentation of the ignition system for my 'Electromagnetic Engine'. I had been working on my design and marketing options for the engine - even though one was not built yet. I sent out proposals to the then top 10 corporations in New England. GE Digital, Raytheon etc. I spent \$2000 on a mass mailing to companies nation-wide. I would let everyone know that I had invented and designed a revolutionary new type of non-fuel engine. I would put together a presentation of my engine for The Advanced Concept's Team of The United States Army, The U S Department of Energy, The U S National Bureau of Standards and Electrodyne Systems Inc, a division of Gauss Corporation - the largest manufacturers of single part Automotive Alternators (At that time). I would communicate with Electrodyne and have a meeting with them and my pal, Jim Swisher. We would sit and discuss what my invention was about. This is some of the conversation as I remember it....

Mr. Sampson (President of Electrodyne Systems): "It's nice to meet you Mr. Carter and you, also, Mr. Swisher. This is Calvin Brown, one of our engineers. I understand that you have invented a

new type of electric motor, or engine, Mr. Carter?".

Me: " Yes Sir! I call it 'The Electromagnetic Engine'. I have my engineering drawings and specifications here for you to look at.".

Mr. Sampson: " By all means, I would love to see what you have here!".

Jim Swisher: "I think Harold has hit one out of the park with this one!" he said, as he smiled and exhibited total confidence and certainty (Jim was good to have around, like a fresh vase of flowers, he just always brightened a place up. Although Jim was a firm believer and a great Christian, I would choose not to tell him about my 'Experience' with the Lord. Perhaps I should have? I felt then that he might think that I was indeed, totally crazy. So, I chose to wait. I didn't want this highly valued friend to abandon me because of the truth, which he might have felt differently about. How could I explain why I had sinned after finding God? (I was still trying to figure that one out myself!). It would be almost exactly 30 years later before I would reveal that information to him.

I explained to Mr. Sampson and Calvin, his engineer, the finer points of my engine design. I stressed the calculations as regarded the strength of the electromagnets and the mechanical design using my rotary ignition system. I showed them the graphic design of the concept of operation for my engine and told them that I had left out the last calculation as I felt that they would not believe it, that I wanted them to perform that calculation themselves. They were excited. The room was filled with energy and possibilities. Mr. Sampson and Calvin darn near fell over each other as they grabbed for their calculators and pens. It took them only a few seconds to figure out what they wanted to know. I had no idea what they were thinking, or the

horsepower specs derived from their calculations.

"This is very interesting and may have a lot of potential. What do you want to do with it? How much do you want, or think it's worth?" asked Mr. Sampson, as he looked straight into my eyes.

"I would like to see it marketed within 5 years - adapted to a generator that will be self-sufficient and supply power for a homeowner. I would like about fifteen percent of all gross sales for all units built and sold, World-wide. I believe these could also be used anywhere that an electric motor now works. This being self-sufficient due to the auxiliary alternator running off its output shaft (Which supplies all the power for the engine to run), could replace most electric motors and gas, or diesel engines. I would like \$15,000,000 also, but what would you like to do?" I replied.

They verified each other's calculations and Mr. Sampson exclaimed... "If this works as it is designed to do, it would have astronomical worldwide profit potential. It looks good. How about you allow me to discuss this with our parent company, The Gauss Corporation? I could get back to you with something within a week or so."

"That would be fine, Sir. I'll look forward to hearing from you". So, we said good-bye and parted company.

I would be living on a natural high the likes of which I had never known for the next few weeks. I was expecting at any moment for the phone to ring and to have someone tell me that I was now fabulously wealthy. My father would sign up for a piece of the pie by supporting my activities by providing cash, transportation and advice whenever I needed it. He told me that he had tried to discover a way in which my new engine design would not work and that he

couldn't, further stating that I was '50 years ahead on my time'! He was proud that the 'Black Sheep' of his offspring had finally made some of the right moves in life. How wrong he was, as I would soon give up all hope of my future and once again head down a road to the self-destruction that I seemed destined to follow.

The ST Michael's project had not even been started 60 days after my being granted the contract. I would get calls from the Priests that were concerned. Where was the artwork? I would explain that according to our contract, I had 90 days to complete the project, 30 days of which were still remaining. They were worried that I was not going to do the job. A friend of mine explained that the majority of supporters of this church were very powerful people and that if I did not complete the project, or return their money, I would likely meet a terrible end. I would get to pounding on this work in an old tobacco barn in Enfield. My brother would help me, allowing me to use the basement of his house to hammer out the various pieces of artwork before welding them together in the tobacco barn. One week before the deadline to have the job complete, it was done and installed to the great satisfaction of the priests and parishioners. ST Michaels would provide me with one of the most outstanding recommendations I would ever receive. Considering that the project cost a little over \$5000 to complete and only 3 weeks to accomplish, the \$16,000 was a good day's wages. But, that \$16,000 was less than half of the next lowest bid that ST Michael's had received. They saved a bunch of money! The artworks looked exactly as my engineering drawing had shown that they would. One thing that was particularly interesting about this job, was that the artworks that I built and installed held priceless paintings of 'The Black Madonna' and Saint Maximillian Kolbe. The 'Black Madonna' was named as such because of the candle smoke in the churches that had caused the Madonna

to turn black over the nearly 2000 years since it was painted - supposedly by ST John, The Devine, one of Jesus' disciples, or so the Catholic Church believes. I found it amazing that this could be true, and the fact that my hands had touched something that ST John and even Jesus, himself, had looked upon and touched.

ST. MICHAEL PARISH FRANCISCAN FATHERS

310 PULASKI STREET • BRIDGEPORT, CT. 06608 • (203) 334-1822

AUGUST 2, 1996

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This letter is to convey to the reader the gratitude of the priests and parishioners of St. Michael's Church in Bridgeport, Ct. for the work done in the Fall of 1982 when the church was renovated and MR. HAROLD CARTER, JR., with his tremendous skills, fabricated and installed two (2) metal artworks to highlight shrines of the Blessed Mother and St. Maximilian Kolbe. (Pictures are enclosed).

These two shrines are the object of much devotion here at St. Michael's and Mr. Carter was instrumental in designing these two shrines with great professionalism. One can see the intricate workmanship against the white sheet used to provide a backdrop for the pictures. However, one must really see in person the exquisite grill work to appreciate it.

Please know that Mr. Carter is certainly held in esteem for his work done here and we certainly would recommend him and his wonderful abilities to anyone interested in religious artisanship or even secular artisanship.

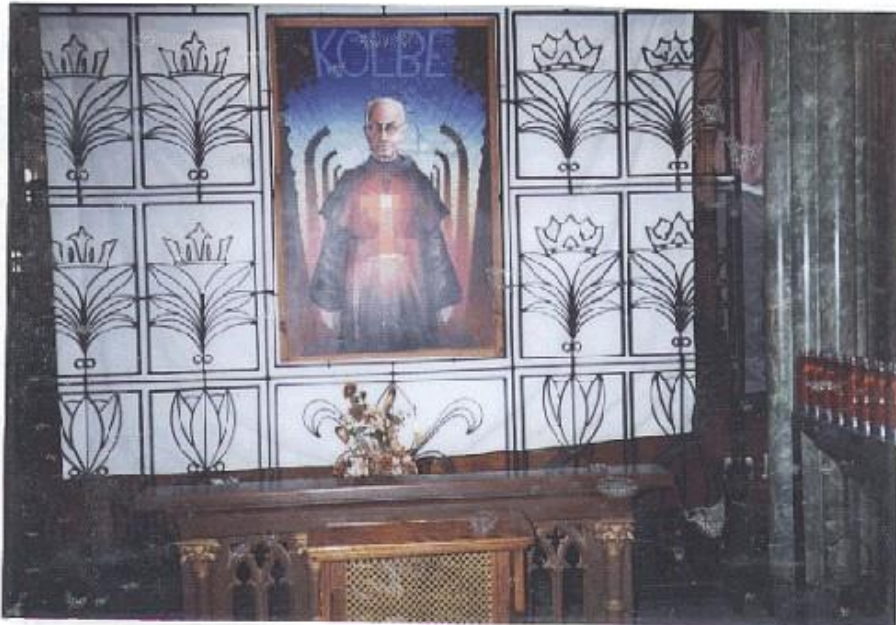
Should there be any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me at the above number.

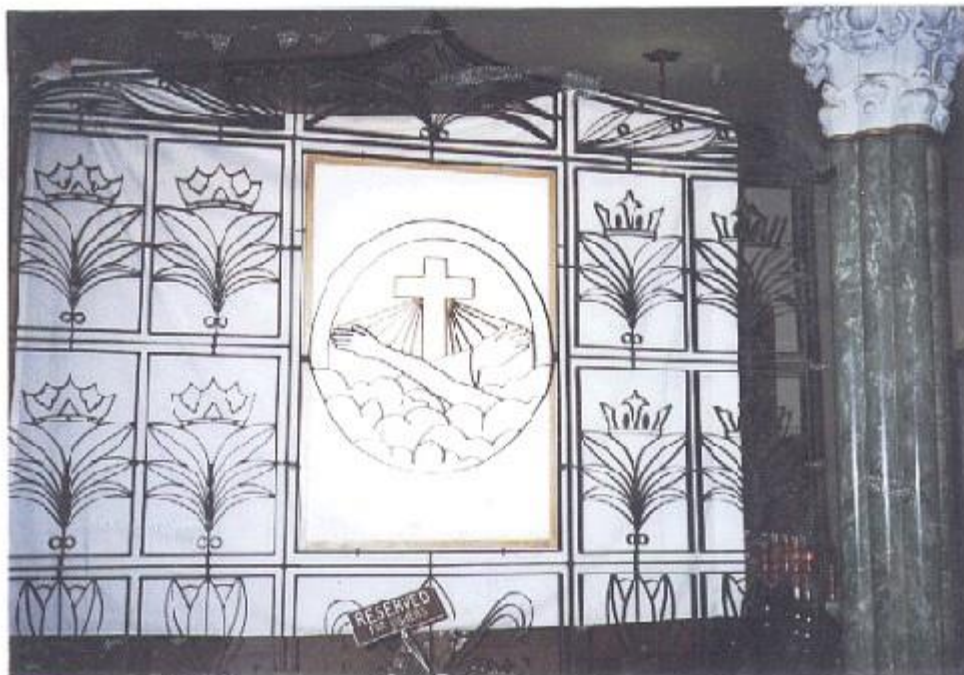
Sincerely in Christ and St. Francis,

Fr. James Smyka, OFMConv.

Fr. James Smyka, OFMConv.

Co-Pastor





A couple weeks after completing my Church art project, I get several responses to the mass

mailing that I had kicked off to promote and sell my revolutionary new Electromagnetic Engine technology. Each and all parties approached had declined to have anything to do with my invention. The last to respond of the top 10 corporations was a Research and Development firm, which also claimed that they had no interest. I called their offices and explained to them that I was very disappointed that everyone was declining interest in my invention. I asked them to be honest with me about a couple questions. The secretary was adamant that she would decline to admit ever having said it, but that she understood my position and would tell me what she believed was the reason for no interest. "All those who have declined interest are probably just like us. We have declined interest simply because you do not have a Patent and in the absence of that, whatever we, or anybody puts into this, we have no assurance that our investment is protected". That was the bottom line. No patent = No Sale! It crossed my mind that these corporations had probably checked me out thoroughly and perhaps became aware of my past criminal record.

By this time, I had existed for several weeks at the pinnacle of expected success. I was drunk on what was about to happen, sometimes, being so engrossed in my thinking and preparations, that I would not have something to eat for many hours, thinking that I was broke, but all the while having \$500 in my pocket that I had totally forgotten about. Many friends and relatives had signed on to lick my boots clean and be the first in line to benefit from my labors, should by some outlandish miracle, I succeed. Once I made it known to them that all companies were declining interest, they all chose to distance themselves from me. I was crushed! I had never been that high before, or that low afterwards! I couldn't believe that I had wasted all that time, money and energy pursuing something that was doomed to fail. I couldn't believe that God had

brought me through so much for nothing! I refused to believe that.

I was now unemployed, broke and friendless. I was angry at society and big businesses and the whole stinking planet, basically. I was ready to just give up, to just disappear somewhere, forever! To hell with the world and society! Better to be a hermit, than society's whore. I was at the end of my rope (Once again). The 'Lows' always kicked my butt. I would revert to survival mode whenever I hit bottom. That was the story of my stinking life! When was it going to stop???

I would receive a letter from Mr. Sampson at Electrodyne Systems explaining that their parent company declined interest, but also saying that they believed that I would be successful with my new engine design. The last 'Blow' was when I received a response from The United States National Bureau of Standards, a letter explaining that the scientists and engineers who reviewed my submission, did not understand my presentation, but in the next breath saying that because of my claims, it could not possibly work, it being designed to operate in violation of the Laws of Physics. This blew me away! I was again, dead in the water. But, this was not be the end of it, by far. I believed 100% in what I had accomplished, and I would continue to pursue the development of this non-fuel engine until I saw it run with my own eyes. In 2004, I would buy my own machining equipment, install it in my rented house and then build an 'Electromagnetic Engine' and successfully test it! I saw it work! I knew what I had created, even if I could not explain it to others. I could not now accept an invitation to appear on World News Tonight with Alexander Haig. I had received an invitation to do so. But, I couldn't because I wouldn't be able to come up with the \$25,000 "fee" that these boys wanted to set it all up. Hell, I didn't have \$5 to my name!

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION



This Certificate issued under the seal of the Copyright Office in accordance with title 17, United States Code, attests that registration has been made for the work identified below. The information on this certificate has been made a part of the Copyright Office records.

Marybeth Peters
 REGISTER OF COPYRIGHTS
 United States of America

FORM VA

For a Work of the Visual Arts
 UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT OFFICE

VAu 515-582



EFFECTIVE DATE OF REGISTRATION

APR 25 2001

Month Day Year

DO NOT WRITE ABOVE THIS LINE. IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, USE A SEPARATE CONTINUATION SHEET.

TITLE OF THIS WORK

The Electromagnetic Engine

NATURE OF THIS WORK See instructions

Technical Drawings

PREVIOUS OR ALTERNATIVE TITLES

The Electromagnetic Motor

Publication as a Contribution If this work was published as a contribution to a periodical, serial, or collection, give information about the collective work in which the contribution appeared. Title of Collective Work

If published in a periodical or serial give: Volume Number Issue Date On Pages

NAME OF AUTHOR

Harold L. Carter Jr.

DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH

Year Born Year Died

1951

Was this contribution to the work a "work made for hire"?

☐ Yes
☒ No

Author's Nationality or Domicile Name of Country

OR ☒ Citizen of *United States*
☒ Domiciled in *United States*

Was This Author's Contribution to the Work

Anonymous? ☐ Yes ☒ No

Pseudonym? ☐ Yes ☒ No

If the answer to either of these questions is "Yes," see detailed instructions.

NATURE OF AUTHORSHIP Check appropriate box(es) See instructions

☐ 3-Dimensional sculpture ☐ Map ☒ Technical drawing
☐ 2-Dimensional artwork ☐ Photograph ☒ Text
☐ Reproduction of work of art ☐ Jewelry design ☐ Architectural work

NAME OF AUTHOR

DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH

Year Born Year Died

Was this contribution to the work a "work made for hire"?

☐ Yes
☐ No

Author's Nationality or Domicile Name of Country

OR ☒ Citizen of *United States*
☒ Domiciled in *United States*

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If the answer to either of these questions is "Yes," see detailed instructions.

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☐ 3-Dimensional sculpture ☐ Map ☐ Technical drawing
☐ 2-Dimensional artwork ☐ Photograph ☐ Text
☐ Reproduction of work of art ☐ Jewelry design ☐ Architectural work

Year in Which Creation of This Work Was Completed

1983

This information must be given Year in all cases.

Date and Nation of First Publication of This Particular Work

Complete this information ONLY if this work has been published.

COPYRIGHT CLAIMANT(S) Name and address must be given even if the claimant is the same as the author given in space 2.

*Harold L. Carter Jr.
 378 N. Maple St.
 Enfield, CT 06082*

Transfer If the claimant(s) named here in space 4 is (are) different from the author(s) named in space 2, give a brief statement of how the claimant(s) obtained ownership of the copyright.

APPLICATION RECEIVED

APR 25 2001

ONE DEPOSIT RECEIVED

APR 25 2001

TWO DEPOSITS RECEIVED

FUNDS RECEIVED

MORE ON BACK

• Complete all applicable spaces (numbers 5-9) on the reverse side of this page.
 • See detailed instructions.
 • Sign the form at line 8.

DO NOT WRITE HERE

Page 1 of 1 pages



Division of The Gauss Corporation

June 6, 1983

Mr. Harold Carter
Universal Engineering
444 Hazard Avenue
Enfield, Connecticut 06082

Dear Harold:

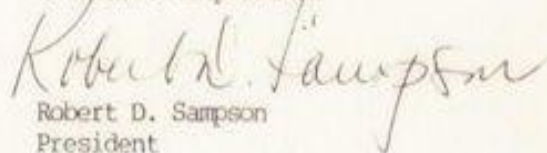
After careful consideration of our discussion with you and James Swisher in early May, 1983 and again with you alone on June 1, 1983, as well as our subsequent telephone conversation of June 2 and June 3, 1983, the Directors of The Gauss Corporation have instructed me to advise you that we have no immediate interest in investing in your proposed concept of a magnetic engine.

Quite frankly we simply do not have adequate engineering management time necessary to supervise and monitor the pioneering type of development work which would be required to bring your product to market within the indicated time limits which you have suggested.

We are confident that your other available options will prove successful for you and regret that we are unable to participate at this time.

If we can be of any practical assistance to you in the future do not hesitate to call upon us.

Very truly yours,
ELECTRODYNE SYSTEMS DIVISION
The Gauss Corporation


Robert D. Sampson
President

March 27, 2001

Hal Carter
Electromagnetic Engine
378 North Maple Street
Enfield, CT 06082

Dear Hal:

It was a pleasure speaking with you regarding your Company's upcoming appearance on Alexander Haig's *World Business Review: On Location*.

General Haig hosts this informative, fast-paced, magazine style, technology and business series. He features topical stories through field reports taped On Location, illustrating your solutions to industry problems in its application. We'll look to you for your insight and highlight your message throughout this program.

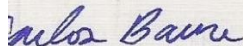
In addition to Public Television, *World Business Review: On Location* currently airs on **Regional Network Affiliates (ABC, CBS, FOX, and UPN), PBS The Business & Technology Network, TWA and United Airlines**. This ongoing weekly TV series is targeted to an educated business audience and is currently airing in Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Washington DC, Philadelphia, Detroit and more than 50 other U.S. markets. In addition, *World Business Review: On Location* is offered in full stream video on-demand on Yahoo Broadcast to more than 75 million PC users, as well as direct to Forbes 1000 type companies via satellite, and on cable specific business channels around the globe (see Clearance & Distribution Report).

As an underwriter of the series, you'll be in excellent company: **AT&T, Microsoft, Bank of America, Hewlett-Packard and Nortel** are among the giants and Plaut Consulting, Qiva, NetSat Express and J2 Global Communications are companies who have visionary leaders with great stories to tell although not yet a corporate giant. It's the story we are in search of, not the size of the company (see Corporate Underwriters).

Typically, to underwrite a Public Television series you could pay more than \$250,000.00 and only receive a 15-30 second open and close funding billboard. However, with this project you only pay a one-time underwriting fee of \$19,800.00 which includes a multimedia promotional campaign that will provide you with unprecedented national and international exposure for the next 6-12 months (see Benefits to Corporate Underwriters).

Considering *World Business Review: On Location* is a topical program, it is important that the shows are produced while the stories are still relevant. **Therefore, I will need your commitment by 3/30/01, and then we'll need to schedule your shoot.** I believe you have an exciting story and Alexander Haig and I look forward to working on this project with you to educate your industry as commerce heads into the twenty first century.

Sincerely,



Carlos Baine
Associate Producer

1001 YAMATO ROAD • SUITE 301
BOCA RATON, FL 33431
(561) 988-9449 • FAX (561) 988-9304
WWW.WBRTV.COM

So, I gave up on society. But, this would be the last time I would give up. I never gave up on God, ever. I tried to follow all the rules and do my very best, but it wasn't good enough. It never was. I slept on the steps of ST Michael's Church that night before I headed out of town for good. After this next fiasco, I would be in no more trouble the remainder of my life. One thing is for sure - if I am an idiot, I am a damn good one and I deserve the Gold!



CHAPTER 5

THE LAST CRIME SPREE

CT, MA, NY, RI, VT and Maine were on my list of stops as I would attempt to gather the resources necessary to relocate myself to Tierra Del Fuego (Land of Fire), South America. It was late summer, 1983. I would leave The United States, never to return! Ever! I hated this Country! Well, not so much the country, as those self-righteous citizens that act so upright and good, but that are inside nothing more than criminals and sinners just like me. The only difference between me and them was the fact that I could see far more deeply into the nature of things because I had been saved! At that time when I was saved, I had begged God to take me from this World (if I were ever going to risk losing my salvation later), and he had told me ... "It is better for you to stay. It will make you stronger for what is to come. You have the freedom to come to me whenever you choose. And if you do, I will not count that as a sin. That power is always in your hand, my son. I give you that power. I give you the power to lay your life down and to pick it up again with me ever watching over you!". To be saved does not necessarily mean that your life will be 'Heaven on Earth', or that you will understand God completely and from what I understand, things are pretty much generally, quite the opposite! If you are going to live right in God, you're going to get your butt kicked, regularly by the world because all are lost! You will have signed up for the ride of your life! I am living proof of that! But, in spite of my flaws and sins which I found hard to completely eliminate from my life, I have been super blessed to ride through all that has ever happened to me and STILL have God noticeably at my side, beck and call each and every day. The world would judge me, but God promised to justify

me in the end and to never leave me or forsake me and he hasn't. And won't.

By the time we (I had hooked up with someone who wanted a change in life, also) had made our way through CT, RI and MA, we had only about \$300 to show for burglarizing some 12 homes. We were in NH, close to the VT line and in the process of ripping off a motorcycle dealership at night. We had only been inside a few minutes, when the Law arrived. My friend ran. Me, I laid down in the tall grass beside the building and listened as the cop's bust my friend. I can hear him telling them that he was alone. I covered my face with my hands as one Officer tossed large rocks in my direction in the field. I lay still and silent. After securing the building and disabling my ride, the cop's left. A few minutes later, I was in Vermont and headed to Canada. I would go to Montreal and live on the streets for a few days, while I figured out how to deal with whatever I was going to do. But, something gnawed deeply at my Soul. I was feeling like I couldn't run away any longer, like if I did, I would always and forever regret it. I recognized that. "I have something to prove. I have some work to finish in the Lord. My life is more than just my failures. If I leave, I will never be able to finish my work", I thought. And at that instant, I knew in my heart that I had to go back and deal with what I had just done. Well, at least I wasn't any longer stressed. I knew what I was going to do and I knew that God approved. I felt quite comfortable as I thanked God for my life and all that had happened, even for the bad stuff. What a ride!

It was hell to be back in prison. My Soul, within me, would let out the most God-awful groans that one could ever hear. I was in a dazed sleep, almost out, but not quite, just yet. I could hear an inmate exclaiming "My God, did you hear that guy groan? I never heard nothing like that before!". Another responded, "Yeah, that's the new bald beaded guy that just came

in!", while another responded, "If I was bald, I would kill myself!". "Home sweet home", I thought, as I wondered when God would deliver me from this dead-end lifestyle, permanently.

I would spend my days working in the prison library and nights, writing 1750 pages about my life and experiences. But, it wasn't right. I would rip it all up (9 month's work) and wait until I knew more and understood more about what I was to do with the writing. It was an interesting enough story, but it lacked 'Works'. It lacked a reason behind all the insanity I had witnessed and been a part of. I wanted to achieve something noteworthy that would give reason for people to take notice and believe not only my story, but more-so all I would write about my 'Experience' and the God that had saved me. I had always wanted to be the hero. But it wasn't me making things happen, at least, not the good stuff. It was God. For me to release control to anyone, was against all I had ever believed in. But, now, I was at a point that I had to look much closer at what people would see when I told my story. I just had to leave it all up to God and 'flow with the river' - stay out of trouble, permanently and stop trying to be a hero, which I had well proven that I was not.

I had been lucky in court (It was God!) as I was given only 1 year for my many crimes. All the other States dropped their charges when they found that I also had a Federal warrant attached for parole violation. I could have faced 50-60 years in prison if everyone had prosecuted. If I were out west, I probably would have long ago been permanently buried in some prison with a habitual offender charge. Only God, knows how I avoided that one. I would serve only 10 months and be released to the Federal Marshall's once more. I would serve another 2 years with the Fed's and be discharged without any ties. I would not ever come back to prison again. That was more than 35 years ago.

When released from prison that very last time, I decided to make a fresh start. I would settle at Lansing, Michigan, as my mother and several of my brothers and sisters still lived there. My sister introduced me to a friend of hers and after a few weeks of courting, we got married. I didn't love her, but I did get along with her ok and I figured that it was one of the few mistakes that I hadn't made, so what the heck, I dived in hoping for the best. My many years of living the way I did had left it's mark upon me. I would be a little frightened if too much time passed before I was once again in trouble. After a year or so of enjoying freedom, I would be concerned, waiting for the hammer to fall again. My new wife had two sons and a daughter. All were in their early teens. I was about 34 then (Now 69). Kylie was a beautiful young woman, long flowing blond hair and a very pretty face, the type of beauty that make men stare. She was always smiling and friendly to everyone, a really pleasant and lovely young woman. Aaron, her brother, was handsome and smart and always inquisitive and ready to learn. He was a straight A student and had plans to go far in life. And he would, ending up in The United States Air Force and traveling all over the World. Charlie (Aaron's brother), on the other hand, was a unique person, sort of like myself in many ways. He was always in trouble and hardly a few days passed before more crap would happen with him. But, I liked him a lot because he reminded me of myself when I was younger. When my sister would stay for a couple weeks, Charlie would have the adjacent room. One day, my sister came home to discover some white powder on the floor next to her wall at Charlie's room. She went into Charlie's room and discovered in his closet, a chair and an observation peep hole! He was so scared about that, that he was almost freaking out. I am sure without a doubt that Charlie had expected me to kick his butt. But, I didn't. I remembered all the wild stuff that I had done as a child and inside I laughed about it. I would

tell Charlie "She got some big darn hooter's, don't she, boy?!" and he would laugh with me and assure me that he wasn't going to do this again. I loved all these kids and I thoroughly enjoyed the many times we had fun. I once took Aaron with me (13 years old) and while driving our school bus motor home for a road test, I let him drive several miles down the interstate while I sat a couple seats back and relaxed. I knew it would be a big thrill for him. He did just fine holding it at 60 mph and keeping in his own lane. He kept that secret from his mother and when he did tell her, she would never believe him until years later when she called me to verify it. She was shocked! Hey, I was driving large farm tractors when I was only 10 years old.

I had 'Smacked' Charlie twice before in front of a gathering of people for a get-together we had at home. He was running his mouth and dominating the atmosphere with much ignorance when I told him to "Shut up and chill out!". But he didn't. He kept on until I got in his face and told him "If you do not shut up and sit down, I am going to 'Smack' you"! Everyone heard me say that to him calmly, but firmly. He proceeded to educate the whole room with his loud verbal claims that I could do nothing to him, that I wasn't his father. He was mid-sentence when all of a sudden he slammed me sharply in the palm of my hand with the side of his face. He was a tall boy, about 6'. He came off of the ground and swung sideways to a horizontal position and dropped to the couch beneath him. A perfect landing. His eyes about 'bugged' out of his head with shock and instantly he went to hate mode. He jumped to his feet and screamed that he would have me arrested and everyone in the room was a witness! I looked at the others and smiled as I said "These guys? They are tired of your crap, too!. They are just too afraid to stand up to you! Now, I am going to tell you again, 'Shut up and sit down!'.... (Silence) "No-one is going to be a witness for you! He got about three words out when he decided to take another

slap, which laid him out gently upon the couch once again. He would now whimper and be silent. I didn't want to be a big guy and hurt Charlie. I only recognized that it was my responsibility to raise him proper and his mouth needed to be 'Brayed' so that he would learn not to be disrespectful to others. I felt bad about it for a little while, but I knew that it was for his own well-being. My heart was right with God in this event. Heck, even God corrects those that he loves! It hurts a parent when a parent corrects his child, but it will hurt the child a whole lot more later if he is not corrected at all. I surely knew this. My whole life was proof of that. I had many times wished that I had a 'Dad' in my life, someone who loved me and corrected me out of love while explaining things to me. I never had that, so I knew what Charlie needed. After I got a divorce from Charlie's mother, I saw Aaron and Charlie on the street one day. They both were happy to see me and both apologized for having been such butt holes that they made me leave. I would tell them, "Man! You guys got to be kidding. I didn't leave because of you guys! I left because of your mother. I like you guys and always have. I just couldn't deal with your mom!". And they were pleased, knowing that they were not responsible for ruining a family. I did love them. A few years later, Charlie would blow his brains out with a pistol in front of his friends. He couldn't accept, understand, or be happy in this world.

South Padre Island, Texas - Hawaii, on the mainland. I loved it here. The mild ocean (Gulf) breezes, the sun and sand, the beautiful young Mexican women. Life was slower here. It was the land of tomorrow, because nobody wanted to do anything today. It was nearly always nice outside and there was lots of things to do. People from all over the World would come here to enjoy the charm and easy living. It was just a little slice of paradise. I would end up in a motel on

the Island for two weeks straight, almost never coming out of my room day or night. I was on a mission. I had purchased the materials necessary to complete the most detailed and professional presentation of The Electromagnetic Engine's design. This was extremely important to me because I knew that without a Patent, I was flogging a dead horse. So, I would work day and night for 2 weeks to have these drawings complete and packaged and sent off to The United States Copyright Office. I made sure to do this because I knew that my descriptive drawings would be protected under Copyright where the same cannot be protected on a Patent application. I was a hoarder with many records of my work and I had many a work. I also figured that some day down the road, if God chose to, he might use my life for his Glory. I would then have been wise enough to secure (In advance) the evidence to prove myself and my word to be true. Just thinking ahead. While everyone else thinks about tomorrow, I think about eternity. You know how it is. One never knows when one will 'Give up the Ghost'. Death is certain, life is not. A short while later, the United States Copyright Office would issue Registration for my electro-mechanical drawings of my new non-fuel engine design.

Chapter 6

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

'People call me crazy' (Mostly, the Christian's). 'They say I am throwing my life away'. Does that sound familiar? I tell them that I know I am crazy, that God has made me that way and that it is not my fault! I am a product of my environments - that of God and Caesar (The World) for I am both Spirit and Flesh. I found God because I would not conform to this world and because I was ready to die as I had no hope or faith in anything on this planet. His Grace and Mercy was showered upon me as I became clean in heart and mind before him as I searched for him. I was in search of God and ultimate reality. I was receptive believing that all things are possible, while I repented and forgave everyone, including God, himself. I know that sounds strange, but some (in their ignorance) blame God for all their misfortunes. "Blessed is he who is not offended in me". Matt 11:6.

Some have sought God and have entertained an entity other than "God", himself. They have been "Overcome" by this entity and have either flipped out, or tried to fly, or killed someone, or whatever. Perhaps, the Truth and reality of God being existent was more than they could handle? That happens. You know what's happening when you see this type. They have found something, but it's not 'God' the father of Jesus Christ. And if one is not dealing with Christ that Soul is dealing with something else another entity that God has created at some point, which may, or may not have good motives. How does one know if he is dealing with God? GOD will

GIFT The Holy Ghost to you and The Holy Ghost (The Comforter) will cause you to have NO DOUBT ever again! I have discovered many truths in other religions, and I can say surely that the ultimate true testimony of the reality and existence of 'God' is most perfectly presented in the life and testimony of Jesus Christ. "For there is no other name given under heaven whereby we MUST be saved!" (Acts 4:12) . The 'Other guys' may be right in many things, but Jesus is ultimately THE MOST right. Jesus is our link to the one and only God ABOVE ALL OTHERS. Who wants to settle for second best? Not me! Besides, none of the others have risen from the dead, but more than 500 people saw Jesus here on the earth after his crucifixion and resurrection - before he ascended up to heaven.

I used to wonder what happened to people when they die. Now, I don't wonder so much. I have come to discover a number of things that my 'Guiding Light' has indicated are correct. First, whenever a person dies, they will stay that age forever. Although God will enlighten them to all they want to know and they will grow in the knowledge of who and what God is to eventually become mature in him, they will retain a new body in heaven that will exhibit recognizable characteristics of that person. Imagine - Jesus dies at the age of 33 and goes to heaven. What's he going to do? Grow old in heaven and change so no-one recognizes him? Of course not. Or how about the small child that died in a car accident? Will he/she grow older in heaven to one day be unrecognizable to those who love them? No. We each will retain certain characteristics that will identify us to those we love. When the child is reunited with the mother, the mother will see and recognize her child. And this recognition is not limited to the 'Facial' appearance but extends to include the heart with many individual enduring elements and

characteristics of one's own inner personality and/or Soul - things that are readily recognizable to another Soul without a word ever having to be said.

I would wonder why the things that I was learning were not more clearly presented so that all may understand. It's quite simple. The 'Truth' is not for everyone to know, not just yet. As people grow and learn, they become more receptive to understand the things that exist because their comprehension is like the lens of a camera, opening to discover what's out there - only after being properly focused on an object, or subject. But, most do not and will not apply themselves enough to a search that will enable them to discover The Truth. People are impatient, wanting the 'Proof' right now! Many give up on their search because God will not reveal himself (Or, Rather CANNOT reveal himself to them due to their heart that is not clean and acceptable to where they can stand unexcused before him). So they conclude that there is nothing to be found. They have no idea that they are the only reason that they cannot discover him! "to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore, they could not believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them". (John 12:38-40).

Throughout the course of history, many have claimed to have found "God". Also, many of those who have 'Found' him (God), have done so only after **purifying** themselves! They would go out into the wilderness (Away from society and mankind) and they would seek God. They would sacrifice from themselves, going without eating (Fasting - which is a personal sacrifice from

one's self) which made them weak ("Out of weakness were made strong"). Not eating would bring the 'Faster' closer to death and the closer to death one gets, the closer one is to the 'Other side', or God! They became receptive and acceptable to God via this personal cleansing and inner purification. It's that simple. God can only be found on his terms, not ours. During my search for God, I fasted, quit smoking, prayed constantly (Thought about God and searched his Word, the scriptures), and stayed away from everybody. If I had a religious mentor to teach me the things you are reading right now, I likely would have found God much earlier. Sure, the Bible has lots of stories where someone was trying to convey to others exactly what he was witnessing, or had witnessed, but, the language and terminology was and is, distant, difficult to decipher and understand in today's World. Many have written books to help others understand. And God wanted me to do the same. He had blessed me with an active imagination. Now, it was a matter of sorting everything out and setting it in order to complete my 'Work' so that it was 'Acceptable' to him. It would be the longest, on-going work of my life. It would take me 36 years to complete. It would be my way of saying "Thanks!" to God for all that he has done for me and for Saving me.

When I was having my 'Experience' with God (being saved), I remember asking every question that came into my heart and mind. One of those questions was "Father, what does heaven look like? And, he showed me! He gave me a glimpse of Paradise! It looks every bit as it looks here on earth on a most beautiful day, except for a few different things. There are trees and flowers and plants of all sorts, animals and fish and all kinds of creatures (many never seen by man on earth) of unimaginable beauty and size. All that one can see is totally and

completely visible and that is only due to light emanating or shining from 'within' all things. On Earth, light comes from without (sun) and shines on everything to make things visible. In Heaven all light 'Shines' from 'within'. I was allowed a peek at this. I was allowed to view the building in which I was imprisoned - transformed before my eyes, to have the walls, floors, ceilings and all objects appear to be made of millions of gemstones - all different colors of beautiful sparkling light coming from within and shining outward. And, I would thank God in my heart and mind and my 'Guiding Light' would respond with ever more beautiful 'Flashes' of light. For 10 days, God taught me. Then, he turned me loose in the world to see what I could do. I still failed miserably for several more years. I 'Back-slid'. I sinned thousands of times after my 'Visitation'. But still, after perceiving the error of my ways, I would turn to him again and again and he would always accept me each time as if nothing had happened. It was indeed instant forgiveness - if one's heart was in the right place - if one only paid attention with a little love. It's that simple.

God will bless whom God will bless. And in times past, he has even turned murderers around to be not only saved, but to become an Apostle! The Apostle Paul started life as a man named Saul - a guy who would hunt Christians down and persecute them, consenting to the deaths of many innocents. But, when God revealed himself to Saul, a great change took place within him. He became a believer because he saw 'Supernatural reality' with his own eyes! He witnessed the power of God and as God never changes and is always reaching out to people - you can find him too - if you follow the right path! If God can reach people like that, he can reach anyone! I also, am living proof of that!

I do not claim to have all the answers for all questions/things. But I do have access instantly to the only one who does! You could have the same. When my 'Experience' started, I came to be in the mental habit of whenever I thought of 'God' or 'Prayed' (by speaking silently in my heart and mind), I would at the same time imagine a point far up in space, far up above the Earth and into the heavens. I would think and pray while my thoughts were directed upwards to God in heaven above! I recognized God in all things, because he revealed himself to me in so very many ways - all while he and the events and circumstances he initiated to teach me (and direct my intellectual paths) remained hidden from the eyes of others around me. It was a very personal and private communion that spanned a period of 10 days. This entire 'Experience' was in fact, my Rebirth. One does not have to wait until one 'Gives up The Ghost', 'Checks out', or dies - to know that God is real. He is as alive right NOW, as he ever was, or ever will be. God can't die! Best of all, God never changes! He is the same always! He still reaches out to people in all the 'Old ways' spoken of in the Bible. In dreams, visions and visitations, but only to those who are worthy. He doesn't punish men for their wrongs! They do, by not entering into the safety and security of his ultimate reality - a reality that is foreign to mankind (Because God does not dwell in this World), but perfect, eternal and ever existent before all mankind -within a dimension that always surrounds us, but that we cannot see with our human eyes. I 'Walk' and talk with him daily. God wants all to be saved. The gift of eternal life is available and free to anyone, but not to those who are not 'Reborn'. It's a fact. Saying that you are 'Reborn' means nothing. Actually, taking the time out in your life and doing those things necessary to find 'God' (Instead of 'Religion') is what it takes to approach God and be 'Reborn' of Spirit and Truth. But,

"few there be that find it" Jesus.

Who would ever have thought that the 'Light Rain' from God spoken of in The Bible was actually and in fact, a showering of visible light falling gently from heaven upon one's soul - and not water falling from the sky? I have experienced such awesome beauty at God's hand. Words often do not mean what we think, especially when considering that the mystery of God is hidden in his words and can only be understood from a spiritual frame of mind (with his blessing). The mind that only thinks of worldly things (carnal) can never approach such heights or depths in Godly knowledge, wisdom and truths. But, for those who will seek God in righteousness and truth - those who overcome this world and find him - they are given the keys to the Kingdom Of Heaven and their going out and coming in are protected henceforth forever. How could life be any more abundant than to be so blessed with dreams, visions, revelations and visitations so enlightening that all you have ever learned in your life pales in comparison? The world is a huge classroom and God is the teacher. The world is his garden and those souls that become clean and saved - his chief crop.

The 'abundant life' is far more encompassing than most will ever suspect. I am no-one special. I was a terrible person before I met God. But, if you look at history, it is quite easy to see that God did not choose the good, outstanding, self-righteous people of this world to reveal himself to. He chose the broken, the suffering, those who would not conform to the social order of their time. Killers, robbers, liars, thieves, whores, drug addicts and some of the worse misfits he could

find in this world. He makes the last first and the first last even NOW. I have no doubt that there are many that would give all they have and even pluck out their own eyes out to meet God and see those things that he has shown to myself (and the others he has chosen to so love and bless in this world).

Most people in this world today are ignorant, arrogant, lazy and self-consumed with the world, choosing to love creation and their own self-gratification, while satisfying their base desires, all of which are vain. They do not want to find the truth about the reality and existence of God. They are their own God, demanding proof of things they are too stupid to find on their own. I know because I used to be like that and I can see that in the world and most especially in many who call themselves Christians. I look around America and I see a great sin being committed by Christian Churches nationwide on a daily basis. The sheep are being entertained instead of fed the right food - and then that generally only for an hour or two each week on a Sunday or Wednesday. They are starving the sheep to death because they, themselves do not possess the truth and therefore cannot give such to others. At the very least, a Christian church should be accessible 24/7 to feed the sheep with spiritual knowledge and to supply physical and emotional support. Considering the shape this world is in today and the fact that all signs are pointing to the end coming soon, how urgent should these matters be? I am sure there are some out there doing a good job for God and the sheep, but for the most part the sheep are being sacrificed upon the altar of ignorance. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge". (Hosea 4:6).

CHAPTER 7

A CHOSEN DESTINY

I don't think as other people do. I can't. It's just not possible to do so. I have seen too many things in my life. Miraculous things, things that most people will never consider in their entire lifetime. I have witnessed miracles beyond one's imagination and I have almost died via my own recklessness at least a dozen times. I have been trusted with millions of dollars' worth of other people's property (after being saved) and I have successfully registered numerous U S Copyrights upon intellectual properties which I have created, engineering drawings of mechanical devices meant to rock the world (And still could, I believe). I have also designed a non-fuel electromagnet engine for submission to the U S Department Of Energy and The Advanced Concepts Team of The U S Army (1980) in an effort to help clean up this world. I have also, robbed, pillaged, stolen, burned, destroyed and committed nearly every crime in the book. I have been shot at by police on two occasions and even escaped from a shotgun armed guard successfully. But, I have never killed and I have not hurt anyone physically. Basically, I was born a thief and I was faithfully true to that calling in a big way for very many years. It was a survival thing, well taught from my earliest days. I stole cars (Age 11-24), cracked safes (Age 17-22), burglarized businesses and homes (Age 7 to 25), committed armed robberies (Age 18, Outside of The United States) and even broken into cops' homes without getting caught (Age 22). I have even gone to jail on purpose at times just to survive, to keep from starving or freezing to death.

I have escaped from prison numerous times and am currently to this day a wanted escapee from the Provincial Prison in British Columbia, Canada - from way back in 1974. They won't come get me now for breaking into that gas station and stealing a few bucks for some food, nor for the car I stole to get comfortably out of Dodge that night. But, I have gone back to Canada after being deported (unknown to the authorities) many times since - driving semi-trucks and hauling millions of dollars in General Motors freight (A legit job - just lucky I never got stopped). I have also hauled a load of rocket fuel from coast to coast and delivered bomb shells to munitions plants in Texas during the First Gulf War when I was driving semi-trucks. My life from day one was little more than a endless blur of thievery and greed, violence, mayhem and insanity. But, all of a sudden, after 25 years of failures and dozens of arrests with years in jails and prisons, something happened and my bullshit stopped dead in its tracks. My track record proves this 100%.

It shocks many Christians when they hear my story, because they cannot understand why God would choose a low life criminal like me to become saved and to understand and witness so many things of The Kingdom of God, while they, themselves remained in the dark. It's quite simple. They do not believe, therefore they do not receive. I chose my destiny when I gave up all hope in this world and sought for God while being ready to die. My heart and soul had cried out to God in the deepest sorrow one could imagine. And God heard me and received me not because I was anyone special, but because my heart, mind, soul and thoughts were totally repentant and focused upon my search for him. "And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29:13). The struggle for survival always kept me

from seeking God earlier, not to mention my lusts and cares for this world and the things in it. This is where most people in the world are imprisoned today. It was the greatest blessing of my life to be in prison where I had no concerns about my daily survival needs and therefore, I had the freedom to focus without worry, or concern. But, even in prison, one must separate themselves from everyone else to be able to have the peace and quiet needed (without interruption) to be able to focus on their search for God. "Be still, and know that I am God" (Psalm 46:10). It is a straight and narrow path that one must force oneself to follow with a clean, forgiving heart. God is always watching one - even you while you read these words.

With my destiny chosen, I would search the scriptures and question everything I read in God's Word, while my guiding light would direct my intellectual paths and confirm my perceptions. I would think about 'things above' and things to come hereafter (after I would check out of Roach Motel - planet Earth). God (The Holy Spirit) would enlighten me to far more treasures in The Kingdom Of God than I can ever express in this lifetime. "He who overcomes shall inherit all things" ... Jesus (Rev 21:7). I would come to understand that great 'Rewards' are to be given to those who overcome (find God) and to those who serve him with their life here by waking others who are still spiritually dead. I would also come to understand that those 'Rewards' hereafter are quite extensive and that 'Heaven' is not limited to one just being there worshipping God and enjoying Paradise, but also that one may have a reward giving them great Power to rule over the nations that exist in heaven. For instance, consider this - "And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities" (Luke 19:17). This is so very beautiful to me - "And he said unto them,

Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting" ... Jesus (Luke 18:29). I for sure have seen this as a truth in my life here (manifold more in this present time - life more abundantly) because I have received far more of God's blessings in knowledge of his Kingdom and what is to come than anyone I know or have ever met in my life.

What have I lost in this world by embracing God so deeply and dearly as I have? I have lost numerous friends, because I come across as a fool (in their mind) because they do not know, nor understand the reality and existence of God, so they avoided me and slandered me. God bless them! I have lost my entire family, a mother, father and 9 brothers and sisters. They are all gone and have been for many years. They disowned me and have gone to great efforts to alienated me from themselves and numerous other relatives because they think I am crazy. God bless them, also! This situation with my family has brought me to understand that biological family means nothing in itself, as God wants us all to be one family whether we are related to one another biologically, or not. I can handle this now after so very many years of heartfelt pain and longing to be a part of a family that shared real love. I know they are fighting their own battle to overcome this world. God bless them! I pray for them! "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother". ...Jesus (Matt 12:50). I have lost the love of my life and I have lost the opportunity to know true love with another human being. I have also, lost the opportunity to be married and produce a family of my own. But, I have gained far, far more than I have ever lost! The fact that I KNOW (every

moment that I live on this earth) that God is real and that my eternal life is guaranteed in him is well worth all that I have ever lost in this world and so much more.

Being saved and overcoming this world has immediate and permanent benefits. My guiding light? It has now been more than 40 years since I was saved and my guiding light is still guiding me! The Holy Ghost (The Comforter) has never left me since that first day that I saw that little living spark of light on my Bible. It was the beginning of the creation of God within me and it has only grown greater. God has caused me to understand that when I think and pray to him and my guiding light responds - it is exactly the same manner of communication as that experienced with Adam and Eve as they walked and talked with him in The Garden of Eden. I am not perfect and I will not be perfect until I am in heaven with God. I still make mistakes as we all do. But - I am forgiven each time I fail - big or small - so long as I turn back to him. It's all about LOVE! There is nothing more powerful or enduring anywhere. Even in spite of having experienced all these things, I do not and will not count myself as having overcome until I am in heaven with God. One must stay focused upon God to the very end of this life.

CHAPTER 8

A FINAL JUDGEMENT

Yes, there will be a Final Judgment. "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the Judgment" (Hebrews 9:27). Many Christians assume that because Jesus died for their sins, they are forgiven and that means that they will not be judged at all. They are so very wrong! They will (if they are saved) be forgiven for their sins and they will not be judged for those sins, but they will ALSO be judged according to their works. 'Who will render to every man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life: But unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, Tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; But glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile: For there is no respect of persons with God' (Romans 2:6-11).

And when all is said and done, a righteous reward will be given to each for the good they have done. Many who claim to have 'Faith' will be in big trouble then because they have NO works (which proves their 'faith,' is Dead)! They may be saved, but they will have little riches in heaven, where they could have had far more if they would only have only payed more attention here. 'Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone' (James 2:17). Works won't get you saved or into heaven, but works will get you a Reward! 'But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully' (2 Cor 9:6). 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven' (Matt 6; 19-20). Doing good works for The Kingdom Of God will bring Great rewards. Some of those rewards are enjoyed here! For instance, this testimony is a work - a labor of love 40 years in the making. I have already been rewarded many times over for choosing this path even though I lost a good deal too. But, I have gained far more than I have ever lost. I have been rewarded with vast amounts of knowledge of The Kingdom Of God that gives me total confidence and

sureness in my salvation. But, the bulk of my reward awaits my entry into Heaven. I know this as I have already had a glimpse of those treasures and I am totally sure of what will be for me. It's a wonderful thing to know for sure that God exists and that he loves me. What more could a sinner ask for? That's REAL FREEDOM, baby!

THE REALITY OF IT ALL

The reality of it all is that billions of Christians are waiting for Jesus to return when he is already HERE!

They are blinded by their own lack of knowledge!

'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup (visit) with him, and he with me' (Rev 3:20).

Sure, Jesus will return one day as he left. But, in the meantime - HE IS HERE - NOW - UNSEEN – (watching you as you read these words) just waiting for you to open that door of belief so that he can make himself known to you and gift you with The Holy Ghost, (the comforter that will answer all your questions). Many Christians would die of a heart attack if they witnessed anything about God in a supernatural manner. But in all reality, God is nothing

but total supernatural. **‘But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death’ (Rev 21:8).** I know that one is protected from all supernatural harm merely by believing in God. I also know that when you set your heart upon your search (giving it all you got) that Satan will try in many ways to distract you. You can quote scripture to Satan and he will immediately flee from you! **‘And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve’ (Luke 4:8).** I used to repeat that in my mind when I felt attacked and things generally always calmed down immediately. God takes care of his own and he will protect and guide you! Only believe! And search with all your heart as if your life depends upon it, because it most surely does.

This entire thing (God and finding him) is the most important thing a person can do in their life. That’s **WHY God said ‘But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you’ (matt 6:33).**

What do you think God wants most from anyone that finds him? He wants them to **be a witness** to tell others what has been seen and experienced of him so they may learn and become Born Again also. The Kingdom Of God can be seen by anyone that becomes genuinely Born Again of Spirit and Truth. The Kingdom Of God can be seen NOW, here in this lifetime! It's all about KNOWLEDGE OF GOD and believing that he is and that all things are possible with him. **Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God'.** What Jesus is saying is that if you become Born Again – YOU CAN SEE The Kingdom Of God Here and NOW – otherwise, why would Jesus be standing at the door knocking? Do you get it? This stuff is real NOW!

'And saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel (Mark 1:15).

'The kingdom of God is at hand'? Where is your hand? It's right there in front of you, like NOW! And so it is the same also with The Kingdom Of God. It's there, invisible, a world sunken within a dimension that only God could devise. Unseen by human eyes, except for those who are truly Born Again. Many say 'I am a

Born Again Christian’ and most likely that same ‘many’ cannot tell you anything about The Kingdom Of God because they have never been there or seen it. They are merely wearing the cloak of Christianity to garner themselves some social respectability, to fit in with the status quo of organized religion. They have never given it their ‘ALL’ which means letting the things of this world go their own way while concentrating wholly on the task at hand – ‘First, seek ye The Kingdom Of God’. ‘And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart’ (Jer 29:13). But, few there be.

It is finished. Now, I ask you, Have you learned anything from my experiences with God and life in this world as expressed in this true testimony? Well, I am going to have to believe that you are brain dead if you didn’t learn something. In any event, if you believe yourself to be a bonified Born Again Christian, I ask you NOW (in Jesus Holy name, of course) to do a good work for The Lord by seeing to it that you provide a copy of this work to someone you care about, someone that needs this spiritual feast. They may be in prison. They may be in a hospital. They may be suffering and broken nearly beyond repair. But God can reach anyone (I am proof) and he is the same always, so he’s always reaching out to people in or with dreams, visions, revelations, blessings and yes, punishments too! Pay it forward to

help give others the opportunity to become truly Born Again! God Bless!



The Lost Child 1960



The Saved Child 60 years later, 2018

A fascinating discovery...

‘Two men were in the field, the one was taken and the other was left behind. Two women were, etc, ‘the one was taken and the other was left behind’. I asked God “Father, what does this mean?” and he told me – “The two men are actually only one man! But there are two! This is a seeming contradiction that does not exist (as is the case in many of my words) when you understand from the correct point of view and perspective what is real within me and my capability to do all things. One man, alone, is standing in the field and that man is the biological man which I created. There’s no-one else around. He’s alone. But – there is another man living within the biological man! That Man is ‘The Man (or woman) of Spirit’ which I have created in my own image (spirit) – an eternal being of light just like myself. When the physical death of the body takes place, the body of that man (or woman) is left behind, as the Man/woman of ‘combined spirit and soul’ (which is true life and my true essence) are taken by myself to do as I please.”.

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The End

(almost)

About the Author

David Soloman is actually a legally used pseudonymous name (Pen Name).

However, David Soloman is also my God given name! I am the actual author, Harold Carter, but as Harold died many years ago, I have acquired from God, this NEW Name! Do you remember from scripture how Jesus gave his disciples new names? Saul became Paul. Simon became Peter. And John became Boanerges?

All things new, baby!

So, who am I? I am nobody and I can prove it!

I may be nobody, but God has blessed me 10,000 fold over others! Why? It really doesn't matter because his Grace is sufficient, and he has saved me from the world and from myself. My destiny in him was sealed with that first spark of life that he caused to appear on my Bible so long ago. To this day, my guiding light has

not left me and I know it/he never will. That's one of God's greatest promises.

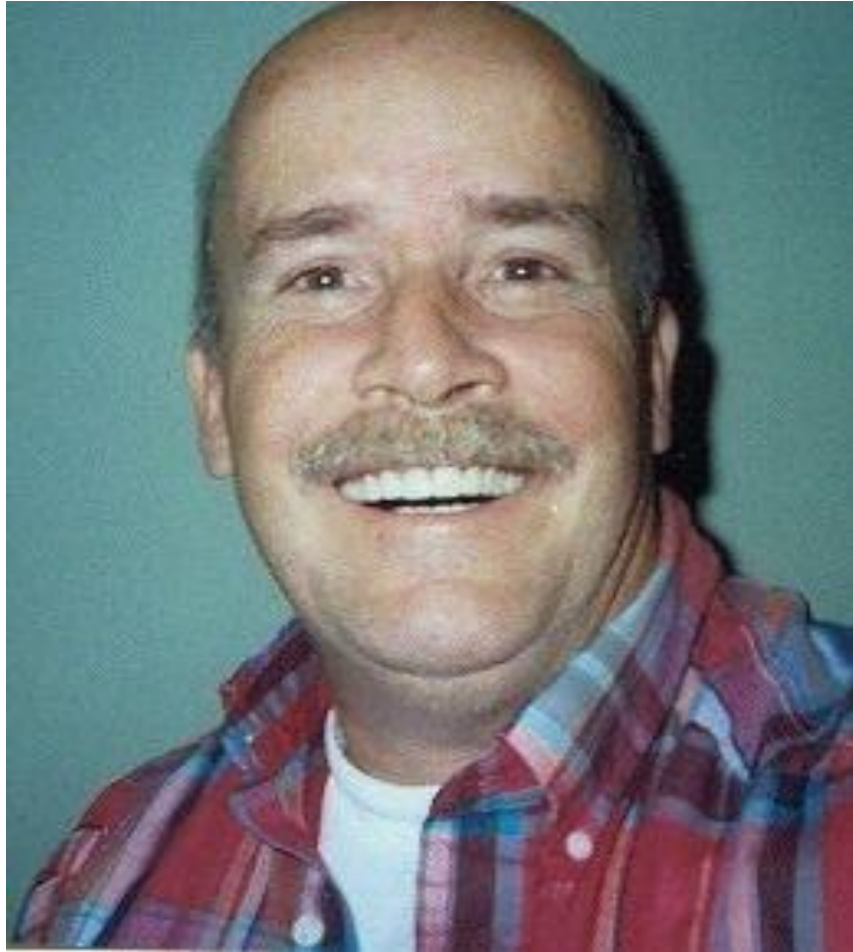
What do I do now with my life? I live in a beautiful 55+ retirement community in Florida – in a Custom, Greyhound Motor Home Conversion Bus. It's one awesome home! I wanted one of these for 30+ years and finally, God made it happen! I have written this book from this bus while living on oatmeal, noodles, dill relish and tuna fish, almost exclusively. Times are still tough off and on, but God provides, and all my needs are always met. My work from day to day is focused exclusively upon God's Will for me and my mission with the translation of my testimony to other languages and the distribution of it to people worldwide.

Perhaps 500,000 people worldwide now know about my true story, with a number of them having contacted me by phone, or mail to say "Thanks for sharing this because your testimony is, I am sure, instrumental in my having been recently saved!". And others have expressed their own experiences with God... especially with lights. **'Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world:**

he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life'

(John 8:12). How very wonderful it is to feel so blessed and empowered. What a massive reward I see for me in Heaven when I get there! Committing to God and staying the course till the very end (keeping all your 'Faith' intact) is one's ultimate

duty before God after “First, seek ye The Kingdom Of God”.

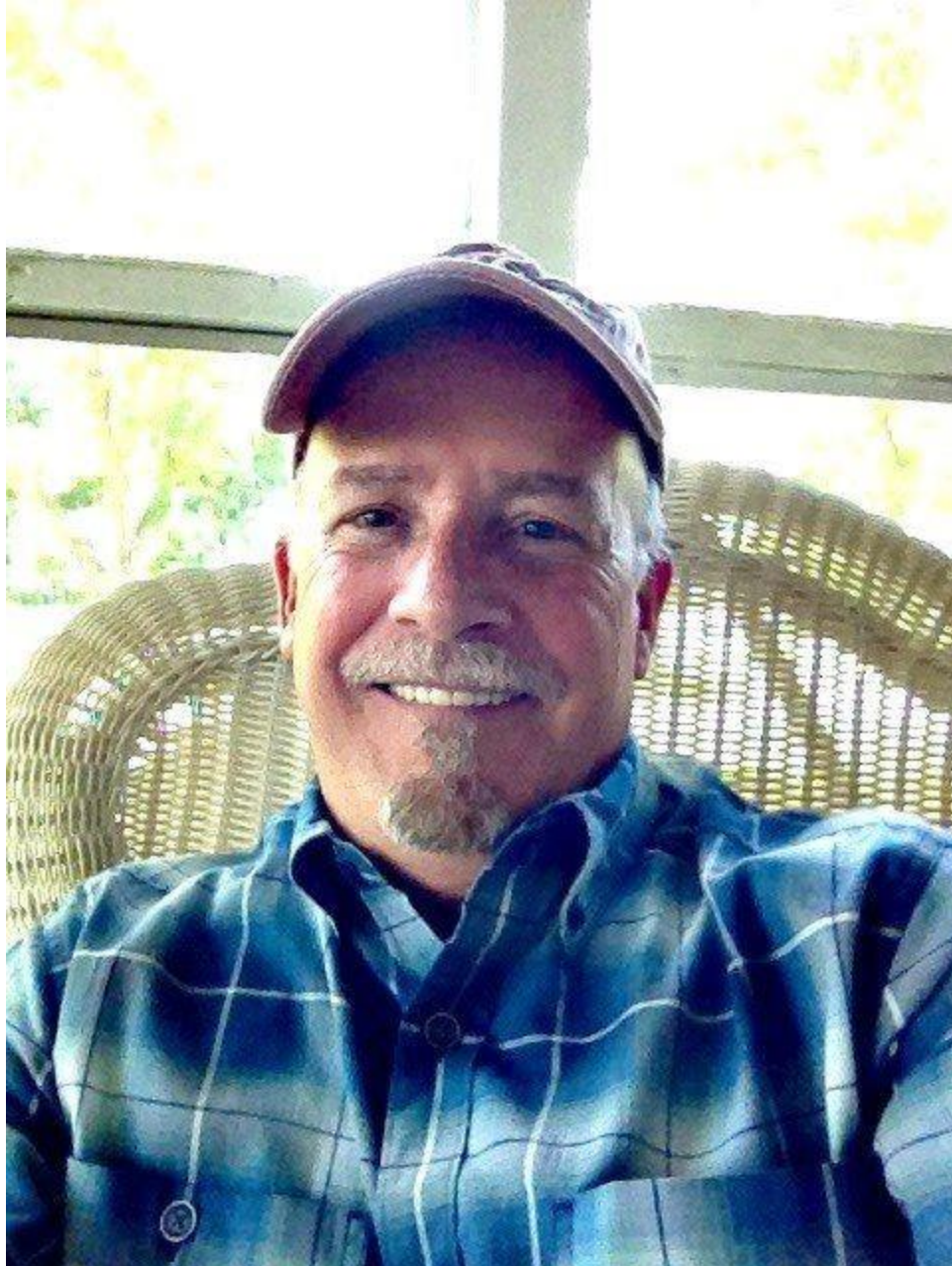


This is what a Saved person looks like! FYI

Finally, God bless each of you and I pray he will bless your understanding and comprehension as you seek him so that you, also, can open wide the doors to heaven! “Behold, I stand at the door and knock” Rev 3:20.

This is a race to get Born Again before you die so you can inherit ALL THINGS!

God Bless and Godspeed on your journey into The Kingdom Of God.



**Not to brag, mind you, but I am super glad
that God has made me handsome and healthy, instead of filthy rich!**

Not bad for nearing 70 years old! God Bless YOU!

Get busy, brothers and sisters! Time is running out fast!

The end is near! Like right NOW!

The End!