

Lyme Disease And Medical Fraud

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Federal Lies Medical Lies And Statistics

A Personal Story
September 2016

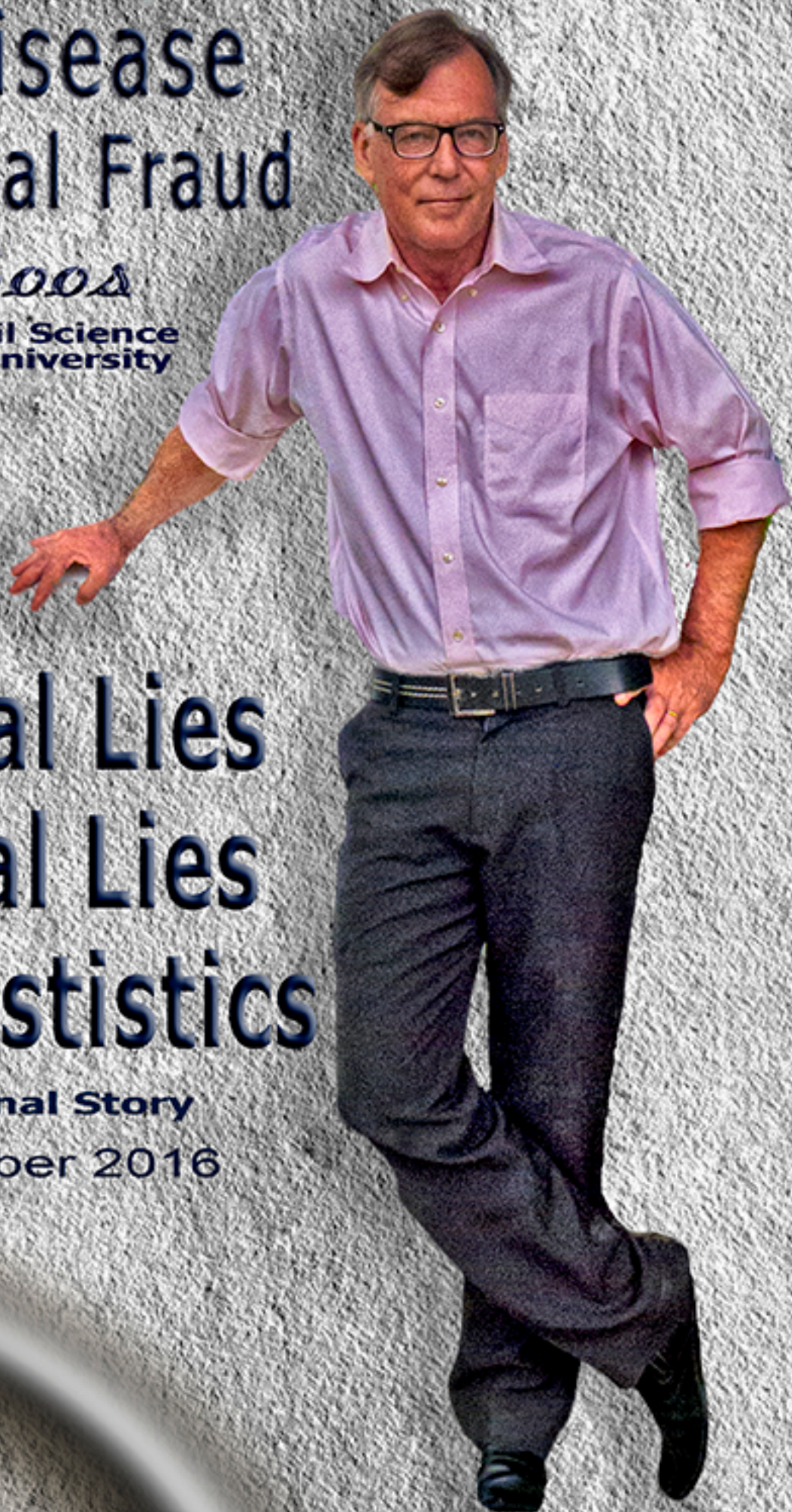


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LYME DISEASE & MEDICAL FRAUD

FEDERAL LIES, MEDICAL LIES AND STATISTICS

by Alan Foos

Mark Twain: There are three kinds of lies: Lies, Damned Lies, and Statistics

Recommended reading first:

[Lyme Disease: The CDC's Greatest Coverup](#)

[Lyme disease in Montana](#)

[Lyme Disease Link to Sinusitis](#)

[Scientist Who Discovered Lyme Disease Dies](#)

Dr. Alan MacDonald, MD: has “never had a single patient with Alzheimer’s, ALS, Parkinson’s Disease or Multiple Sclerosis who tested negative for Borrelia.”

Introduction and Overview

You don't believe in God? You came to find out about Lyme disease, not listen to more religious propaganda? I hear you, but understand that it took a devastating attack of Lyme to bring me to my knees and get God's attention. If He hadn't answered and saved me, I'd not have survived long enough to tell you about Lyme or anything else, so there's no choice but to tell the story for those who can hear it. In the end, the trials of this life are nothing compared to an eternity of peace with God or an eternity of Hell without God. Give it a chance, but if you don't want to hear about that and some of the lengthy biographical details, skip to later sections that deal more specifically with Lyme. The last chapter recaps how my 47 year battle with Lyme disease was overcome and eventually cured.

Yes, I can tell you how I beat Lyme, but your most vital defense is understanding and fending off the professionals lined up to make a killing from your ignorance, especially the medical industry, but the beast is bigger than that. To that end, let me tell you about my 47 or more years with Lyme disease and how five other family members who were completely destroyed, including three children born with congenital Lyme. Hopefully, you will find it convincing and useful. Much of this book isn't specific to Lyme disease. The Table of Contents links make it easy to skip over sections you can't understand or relate to. I want you to get to know me and how the lives of my family were exploited by the medical profession as they were also destroyed by Lyme. Your enemy isn't just the disease, but a fraudulent government system and medical industry, so benefit from my experience. As for beating the disease, let me share how I was struck down and recovered before I had a clue as to what was really wrong.

Few victims ever know they have Lyme. Chronic Lyme disease is a destroyer, yes, but it isn't even in the same league as its twin sister parasites known as the medical and pharmaceutical industries and their sugar daddy leach, the American government. Indeed, there has never existed a more vicious, cold and deceptive team of predators. There have been few crimes against humanity more brutal or on a larger scale. Our best hope of victory is to educate others and defeat their lies, so let's do it.

University Education - Montana State University.

Some personalities are infectious. I used to find myself mimicking Columbo, maybe because Lyme had rendered me absent minded, but I was still relentless in the pursuit of solutions. You have to let your subconscious do the work. I, too, would stop, turn and ponder yet another question and eventually zoom in to the answers through a series of mistakes. This was how I caught up and scored As in college and

stayed on top of a field of study. Perhaps borrowing from Columbo's persona bolstered my confidence and added some drama to an otherwise painfully dull life. Some university teaching I couldn't buy. At the university, questions about relativity festered for decades until the solution came into focus. My statistics theorem kept my mind and understanding sharp decades after graduation. With persistence, any endeavor unfolds into a complete understanding and proof, but the mystery Lyme disease took the longest even while it destroyed the lives of myself and those nearest and dearest.

The more proficiency gained in college, the more enjoyable it became to solve difficult problems with elegant concepts and higher mathematics. The first RPN calculator by Hewlett Packard enabled me to become the Clint Eastwood of science and math, the master juggler of statistical computation, the rifleman of applied calculus. I became adept at setting up problems and solving them in minutes whereas others would give up after hours. But questions often arose about how the science really ought to work. Science was my heart, but my definition of science was out of date with the modern atheistic fashion, and the passion with which I attacked problems was sometimes irritating to professors.

To me real science should be only about natural laws that can be easily reproduced and demonstrated conclusively with rigorous mathematics, not the atheistic philosophical of today based on theories and conjectures about historical events that cannot be reproduced. It hadn't occurred to me that the primary goal of that science occupying the ivory tower and job market was the discrediting of religion. For them, science is supposed to be a lamp dispelling the darkness of religious myths created by ignorant and superstitious dolts out of fear of the unknown. I didn't consider myself religious or superstitious, but the living God is not found by any scientific method. God is a spirit that lives outside this box we call the physical universe. It seems that "science" has become God to

most scientists, but as a student it never occurred to me that a belief in God was incompatible with science, but that is evolution. Denny Lee at MSU gave terrific lectures until the one on Einstein and relativity. That put a huge dent in my respect for modern science. Clocks cannot possibly run slower in two places at once due to uniform motion as Einstein claimed. Indeed, the notion was an unforgivable hypocrisy after declaring the first postulate of relativity, that neither object A nor object B can be considered uniquely at rest or motion. Denny attempted to obscure the absurdity by hinting at acceleration being involved, but that was a weak excuse. Globalists from the dark ages still pull the strings.

I was used to anti-religious bias bleeding through the talk of some professors, but remained a fool about its importance to career success. I was an all-around fool, not realizing when women were trying to get into my pants, not privy to con men, and half blind to intellectual hypocrisy. Math was my rock. An answer was either plain right or plain wrong. I tried to stick to that, but if you want a perfect 4.00 gpa or a living, you may have to eat everything on the plate. A man once asked who was right, Einstein, the Poles or the Bolsheviks? Why, indeed, sir, Einstein says that the Poles are only relatively right and the Bolsheviks are only relatively right, so he is quite rightly damned by both. Yes, he should be. But in the world of modern science and the new secular world view, Einstein is always right and the preachers always wrong.

Got Degree Am Now A Scientist

It was nice to be offered a PhD program by Earl Skogley, but in 1979 my GI Bill had run out. I couldn't replace the \$175/per month needed to pay rent and buy food. So, sadly, I declined. Perhaps the ivory tower wasn't so great, anyway. The only way out was to take a job with the Soil Conservation Service as a government scientist in Fort Benton. It turned out that master's degrees were viewed as being too high minded. The government sure can't be accused of fostering intellect.

Conversations quickly turn to alcohol and sex. I was older than my coworkers and supervisor, more seasoned by hardships and hard work, and focused on quality work, an ethic that wasn't properly bureaucratic. I was informed that credit for most of my hard work would be granted to my coworkers. This was a disappointment because of the careless attitude certain coworkers had in doing their own work.

Pressure was also coming from coworkers to have sex with them or their wives. The more I backed away, the more resentment built. This culture of alcohol and sexual exploit was a tradition rewarded by higher levels in the organization. I tried to distance myself by making Christian friends in the community, but that only made it worse. I wasn't welcome there, either. My science degrees gave no evidence of acceptable fundamentalist doctrine. I hoped this would keep the sexual overtures at arm's length, but the conflict escalated. It soon became plain that I would be fired, leaving no means to support the family. After eight years of intense stress, malnutrition and insufficient money to cover bills, I was physically and mentally at the edge. I suspected that some disease was eating on me, but unaware of what an imminent peril it posed. Very unpleasant physical symptoms were intensifying. I found myself struggling physically and emotionally. Suddenly, I could no longer cope. Descending into desperation, I sought help directly from God because there was clearly none that could be found anywhere else. Nothing happened then, but later...

The Christians were right about me, anyway. I had no direct experience with God and couldn't make the grade. They couldn't help me and surely wouldn't want to. That God himself might answer was all the hope there was. Shaking my fist at the clouds, I spoke directly to God, demanding that He quit hiding in an old book and talk to me personally. I wondered how that might happen. Would Jesus pop into my bedroom wearing a white toga? How would I know if it wasn't a dream? My joker side added a bit of wry humor to the demand. "... and leave something as a sign, put candy bars on my night stand so I have PROOF after the fact."

Well, that was me. But nothing happened. My health continued to disintegrate rapidly and I was in terrible suffering. As I lay dying a year later, a true Christian friend pointed out that God really did love me. This was Weird Howard, a guy I'd defended in college from mockers. He was ridiculed for being clumsy. Offended at first. I said, "Just how do you figure? I'm dying now, mocked for befriending the Christian likes of you, about to lose my family and career." Howard replied, "Yes, but maybe if YOU did something more for GOD, he would do more for you!"

This was a good point. Howard made me angry at first, but then he was near to the only real friend I had. He surely hadn't meant to insult me. Right he was. I'd never done much for God. But what could I do? What could anyone do for God, really? How do you get Him to respond when you're at the end of your rope? And what difference could He make? My suffering was beyond the limits of human endurance and growing, but it would be another year before Lyme disease was yet discovered and another thirty four years the medical industry would succeed in keeping me in the dark. Meantime, my wife and three children would also be destroyed by what would turn out to also be Lyme disease. But in 1981, nobody would listen to my pleas, and God was the last resort. So, I became absorbed in a Christian book another friend, Ron Holland, had given me. It was exceptionally well written, expanding in depth on each of the eight beatitudes. This guy really explained in a very logical way how to draw close to God and win favor. How rare to find someone who actually believed you could get a response from God and tell you where to start. For once, I paid close attention.

"Happy are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Yes, you could see God. Indeed, you would see God, that was the promise, but there is always a condition. Certain that I would soon die with hardly a bleep of concern from anyone, I began to feel a gradual relief from earthly worries. I looked forward to God's final judgment, even if it meant Hell. Why not Hell? Why would I deserve better? Anyway, what could be

worse than the Hell I was already in? Let it go. Perhaps I'd be spared the worst, but it was time. Then, gradually, as I languished on my back in the evenings, something happened. For several days, a wonderful presence drifted over me with unearthly sensations of love and comfort. As my body further weakened to where I could no longer move, one day I collapsed on the bed. Then BANG! With sudden, powerful impact, a presence jumped off the night stand. He said Indescribably Delicious (that was the slogan for Peter Paul Almond candy bars back then). These were not just human words, but a burst of penetrating, powerful presence that was pure JOY. In a moment, the spirit transformed from a vague form into an amorphous human shape.

This was the Holy Spirit. He seized me with immense force, plunging me into an ocean of mercy that seemed mixed with the blood of sacrifice. From there I was carried upwards like a rocket to Jesus. As I approached, the words came, "The Union Of All Things." God's words are much MORE than just words. The divine essence of the thing itself forms the words. Indescribably Delicious. The Union of All Things was literally all things in the universe, Jesus was literally ALL THINGS, all galaxies, all oceans, everything converging together to a singularity at the very center of any and all universes. I approached an exquisitely beautiful crown and stopped beneath it for several moments while being washed with brilliant diamonds. The gold in the crown reached out to touch me with an unworldly personal beauty. All things now radiated their own special personal quality and everything was alive. The jewels were pure diamonds made of the essence of kindness. Suddenly, I was past the boundary of the physical world and into a blinding white light.

After a few moments the glare faded to reveal a bright blue sky. I was pulled aloft, higher and higher. Finally, there was a thin, blue ribbon in the distance. It grew larger, soon showing itself to be a very wide, deep blue river. As I gazed awestruck, it spoke again in the same penetrating words that go past your ears and bore right into your being, "The River Of Life." This was the real gold, the real jewels, the real living water.

This water was the source and purest form of all life. The glory of God surrounded and carried me with a power defying description. It was like a wind in Heaven, caressing, personal and warm as it gently swept me high above all, then turned me back towards the water. He brought me down towards the surface where now I was engulfed in a freshly new quality of intense, exquisite, overpowering love that intensified with each moment. At first the river banks were gentle, but then rapidly graded into steeper, magnificent slopes.

I traveled slowly, farther down the River of Life where this new special love of God grew so intense I could hardly bear it. I had died. I was finally approaching what seemed to be a particularly significant bend in the river between these majestic, towering, rugged banks. But then, abruptly, it was all gone. The Holy Spirit was now bringing me back down, gently rocking me in his arms. He let me fall softly back into the bed. I could see his face, smiling broadly, before he dissolved into a mist. This was by miles the most singularly powerful and vivid experience of my enter life. How fortunate I was and yet how unworthy we are, but God hears every thought and will meet every need, not when you want it, but at a predestined time, likely when you had forgotten and least expected it. God has his own way. He doesn't dance to your tune. He isn't a wish fairy. He will save you if you give him the chance. Many people claim to have had similar experiences, usually in connection with NDEs (near death experiences). Some are real and some are fabricated. There have been many best-selling books about such encounters and visits to Heaven. One recently was taken off the shelves because the subject, a child, admitted that he'd made up the story to get attention. But mine is the real deal. My own experience got no awes from anyone. It was only ammunition for family members harboring an ax.

But put the negatives aside. It was a brief but incredible visit directly from God, so I can tell you a few things about God not everyone can. The words INDESCRIBABLY DELICIOUS had a lot of special meaning, mostly because it was the slogan for Peter Paul Almond Joy

candy bars, and I had demanded God leave me those candy bars on the night stand. Yes, God has a terrific sense of humor. "Taste and see that the Lord is good," says the Bible. All the qualities of God, all the reality of God, are more than just alive. They radiate the essence of life itself. Jesus said, "Unless you eat of my flesh and drink of my blood, you have no life in you." All that there is, the Union of All Things, comes from Jesus. He shed His blood so that you may take Him in, taste and drink of His flesh and blood that is now spirit and potent with mercy and love. Of course, Jesus did not mean actual physical blood, but the spiritual essence of the blood he shed for us, even more literal. The flesh and blood of Jesus has become spiritual food. Without it, there is no life in us. Only by accepting the sacrifice of Jesus, abandoning the self, and letting Him in can we truly know life and have eternal life. Otherwise, we will be conscious for eternity, yet utterly lifeless.

After the spirit picked me up, I could sense ALL of physical reality retreating into the distance behind while I converged towards the point where Jesus announced Himself at the boundary to Heaven, THE UNION OF ALL THINGS. I didn't know that Heaven lay on the other side. I didn't have a clue as to what was happening. He didn't say, I am Jesus, though the quality and power of His presence made that plain. He used these words, The Union Of All Life (Things), coupled with departure from the physical universe to reveal Himself as the center and origin of all reality, one side being the physical universe inhabited by the Holy Spirit and the other the realm of Heaven, home to the throne of God the Father. This is the fact, not a myth, not a fable, not a religion. This is why the New Testament in many places specifically refers to Jesus as the creator of all things or that through him all things exist. He was not made or born, but begotten. He always was and always will be the Son of God, one of the three persons of the Godhead.

This convergence seems not too different from the "tunnel" many describe in their NDEs, but I think more meaningful. You see, He showed me in a dramatic few moments how our physical universe is

only an outward creation, while he stands at the boundary ready to greet the souls drawn there. The whole of everything is a layered sequence of spheres. God's throne and the heavenly realm is at the center. Jesus has his own throne, but also guards the Heavenly boundary where admission is granted to those deemed worthy. Physical reality occupies the next outer region where the Holy Spirit is omnipresent and keenly aware of every thought you may ever have. Surely, none of us are worthy on our own merits to see the Heavenly realm. God took a short break to honor my sincerity and give me encouragement at a crucial juncture, also to honor my privately spoken plea for a personal visit and make me born again. No doubt, the realm of "outer darkness" that Jesus speaks of as being the destination for those who have rejected Him is past the far outer boundary of the physical universe. I doubt there really is a Hell at the center of Earth, but that could be the place for those who have committed particularly vile deeds. I don't want to know.

It may be that the physicists are correct about the universe expanding based on the red shift, and that therefore it must have originated with a "big bang." But the so called Big Bang didn't just happen. It was the origin of space and time when God slung the physical universe into existence. The center of the physical universe is the Heavenly sphere. God the Father sits on His throne at the center of Heaven, the presence of Jesus stands at the boundary of Heaven while the Holy Spirit listens to our thoughts and feelings. Stephen Hawking claims that God has nothing to do. Mr. Hawking is wrong. God's creation requires a lot of maintenance. Think about THE UNION OF ALL THINGS.

Approaching the golden crown just above my head, I could only marvel, because the gold was not a hardened substance but more real than earthly gold. It had a most special quality that radiated outward and into the center of my own being. I had never seen anything so beautiful and captivating. The crown itself was very simple and without jewels, but then I was surrounded with dazzling diamonds, not hardened stones as we see on earth, but living gems made of kindness instead of carbon.

Yes, that is right. The streets in Heaven I did not see, but they are made of the same gold. Other heavenly gems must also have their special heavenly qualities. Everything you could find in Heaven carries special personal qualities that blend into your own soul. Not only that, but all sensations and visual experiences represent the living attributes of God. They are brilliant manifestations of the very presence of the living God. Many NDEs describe how all things in Heaven are alive. They are part of the living being of God. Diamonds are the kindness of God. Gold I can't assign to a particular thing, but it is overwhelmingly grand and special. There are no clouds of water vapor that scatter sunlight. The glorious breath of God is the wind that gently moves all things.

These diamonds not only washed my sin away, but the intolerable pain that had without reason burdened my soul. This was only for several seconds. Since the candy bars jumped off my night stand, no more than ten seconds had elapsed, even though the experience was more than a lifetime. Then came the brilliant realm of Heaven. The presence of Jesus is the entry to the heavenly sphere, forming a real boundary between the outer physical universe and our world of death, entropy and decay. Jesus, the Union of All Things, is Himself the gate. If his mercy is available for you, then you enter; otherwise, you fall the other way into "outer darkness."

Entering Heaven is like leaving a dim room and walking into strong sunlight. Your eyes hurt and you can't see at first. In the Heavenly realm, you no longer have a physical body. Actually, nothing has a physical presence. There is no time, no decay, no gravity, no tears, no virgins waiting on Muhammads, no sorrow, no pain, no politics, no sex, no marriage, no wars, no robbery, no fear, no anxiety. All things are not illuminated by light but rather give off the living light of life from within themselves that is God Himself. It was over when the spirit brought me back. Or was it? A few weeks later, now facing down the contempt and threats from family members and coworkers, one last word descended

out of the eastern sky, "ARMAGEDDON." I think I got the point. What do you think?

Now I've told you what Heaven is like. Can you see that this could not have been imaged or fabricated? I've told it many times these 35 years since. Have you ever wondered if there's a real Heaven and what it's like, what God is really like? Now you know. People sometimes ask me if I saw other things such as people, the city, or the Tree of Life which lines the banks of the river. Sorry. All total, my experience lasted no more than a minute and covered only a tiny area of Heaven.

Being the center of billions of galaxies, Heaven must be larger than we think. I've read many NDE accounts that are far lengthier and complex. Some of these are difficult to believe, maybe because mine was so sweeping, overpowering and brief. You can be sure that there are streets paved with the same gold, that everyone who qualifies will see the tree of life. Wish I had seen flowers and other souls and the city so that I could describe these, too, but alas, This is all you get. Better yet, believe Matthew 5 so that you can see for yourself when the time is right. Remember, "The Kingdom of God does not come with observation." You can go if you follow the recipe exactly. If anyone tells you differently, you know he is a liar.

Being A Christian In Bellingham

The twelve years prior to this were filled with desperate poverty and pompous, interfering, unwelcome and demanding relatives. My goal then was to immerse myself in university studies to gain a proficiency in science and math that few others could attain. This was in part to get a decent job, but without enough thought towards a real career. By the time the masters in soil science was completing, the GI Bill ran out and there wasn't enough money to feed two infants and a dependent wife who turned out to be too ill with Lyme disease to function well. There

were no PELL grants or other help then. These academic goals brought hostility from family, not help.

Most Christians seemed to have it all. They would say that God had healed them of all infirmities and always bragged that He gave them the money they asked for. Clearly, I wasn't deserving of good treatment. My plight was desperate, mute evidence of a poor rating with God. Then He came. The awe of my born again experience impressed no one and faded with the demands of daily living. I was now unemployed, badly impaired from a mystery infection that MDs and helping professions would continue to insist was only madness. Jobless and penniless, confused and in terrible pain, I could go this way or that, but there was never a pillar of fire in the sky. I knew that the new birth was permanent. God now lived within, his spirit had given me new life, a joy in my heart and a light in my eyes, yet the problems facing us were still overwhelming.

It seemed for everyone's sake best to distance the little family from the mean spirits surrounding us in Montana, especially our predatory family. I sold everything for little more than nothing. The house I'd been very fortunate to buy was now lost along with half a million in future appreciation and rents. We headed out of state to Bellingham where we could structure the family around Christian influence. This gave us lots of time to spend with the children in the pretty surroundings of Sudden Valley. But even though now surrounded by Christians, I was never respected or able to find decent work.

Most everybody in Bellingham had jobs and strong families and were well off, but that couldn't be me. My good education counted for little. I was seen as mentally ill, unrefined, poorly dressed and not worth getting to know. Sometimes the Christians were quite cruel, leaning on me with unreasonable expectations and disapproval. After five more years of struggle to survive, I found a secular job back in Montana and was finally able to pay off the credit cards that would max out and fail soon

to feed and clothe us. A last minute but very fortunate opportunity did save us financially and for the next twelve years there was food on the table. Nevertheless, without a strong support structure or family, the children, born with a vicious infection, became confused and the marriage and job eventually insupportable. For simply exposing the embezzlement of Indian money by federal agents and attorneys in 1992, our lives were suddenly in jeopardy from crooked FBI agents and attorneys. So I moved the family to Missoula, my birthplace, the worst place, but a safe school.

Yes, I knew Missoula was a terrible dump, but my son could finish high school safely, and there wasn't any reason to go elsewhere. For the next five years things got progressively worse. I found myself surrounded by obnoxious pedophiles in the public school I had taken a job with and by sneering little punks trying to peddle crack. Lyme disease was again attacking me with a vengeance, the cost of living was breaking us down, and my wife was so chronically ill that it looked as if she wouldn't live much longer. My pension and savings wouldn't last long, but were enough to provide a pleasant retirement in a foreign country and relief from the miseries of American dog eat dog culture. So in 2005 we moved to Thailand. Peace at last. To pass the time, I used the computer to dress up the statistical theorem started in grad school. There wasn't anybody to care, but who cares?

Atheist Science Vs Religion

In the eleven great years since, I've restored my health yet again, taken up watercolor, ultimate Frisbee, and explored the quirks in mainstream science. I didn't imagine doing anything remarkable, but for my own understanding struggled to blend the unique encounter that God had treated me to with a model of the universe that strained out narrow, shallow interpretations of old testament scripture as well as the atheistic

“ain’t no God” junk science of our modern age. There was nothing to lose, why not dig to the bottom of relativity and expose the rock?

Who knows. I might find other Christians who are tired of ridiculous arguments over Earth's age. Despite our marvelous new toys, the role of modern science has plunged itself into ridicule of Christ, while shallow arguments of a six day creation and 10,000 year old Earth fuel the debate and block the road to salvation for many. This is the “private interpretation” warned against in the New Testament. While eschewing any intent to discredit my fellow Christians, they have themselves blocked salvation for many who might have come to Christ by insisting on such narrow views as conditions of salvation. If that was at all important to God, He would have never given me such a grand entrance into His Kingdom. The Bible never did say the Earth was only 10,000 years old. That was never the point.

“But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.” While not everyone becomes born again in a dramatic fashion like mine, most of those who claim to be a born again Christian still testify to a profound encounter that left them forever changed. Did God warn any of us not to believe that dinosaurs lived millions of years ago? May my own testimony help to soften this rigid dogma that the intellectual elite are fond of using to make Christians look like fools. I suspect that the more intellectually inclined Christians might appreciate the freedom to set aside narrow biblical interpretations that contradict ubiquitous evidence of a far more ancient earth. Surely a much better opportunity for salvation through Christ leading to eternal life would be afforded by removing such trivial barriers.

Even more then let us pick apart the truly trashy science theories used to make anti-Christian dogma. The anti-Christian science of our day assumes that everything from the biosphere to a black hole is nothing

but a series of accidents beginning with the Big Bang, the ultimate accident. That sounds like blind faith to me. You mean our cherished mainstream science championed by Einstein and Hawking as reason over myth is also nothing but another religion? That's right. The religion of random chance. If these intellectual giants really believe there could be no Christian God, surely they couldn't be so superstitious as to believe that the existence of all things is simply the result of blind chance. But they do. You could say that the God of modern science is the absence of God, absence of purpose, absence of absolute, absence of everything. Is NOTHING sacred?

The Physicists Are Crazy And The Mathematicians Confused

WARNING: What follows is a lengthy anti relativity diatribe that few people could understand. If you're not one of those, please skip past it. In high school I was reputed to be a biology prodigy, but the physics teacher was irritated by my questions and declared me incompetent. He drove me to drop out of class. Later, at MSU, my freshman physics teacher was such a bore that I couldn't get interested enough to try for a good grade. My upper class professor, however, Denny Lee, was a widely popular man who gave incredibly fascinating and animated lectures. I was inspired and chalked up A work. I also became fascinated by the history of science, the stories of great minds.

But at the end, Denny lost me with his lecture on relativity, in particular the twin paradox. That two clocks in relative motion could both be running more slowly than the other was patently absurd (pun intended.) How could anybody believe it? Yet most everybody still does. How could anyone respect Einstein when the first postulate of relativity was that there was no such thing as absolute motion? It was obvious that all physicists were mad and the masses sucked into a black hole. I asked him in class, really, how that could be possible? He evaded the issue, saying it also had to do with acceleration and deceleration, a black hole Einstein himself retreated into when faced with reality.

It does make sense a clocks could run more slowly due to acceleration or deceleration, if that had been the argument. This quirk was what drove Herbert Dingle, president of the Royal Astronomical Society, to attack Einstein's relativity. The debate escalated, prompting Dingle to write his anti-relativity essay, "Science At The Crossroads." He strongly objected to the same absurdity, but was soundly knocked on his heels by the science community. The gavel fell when Nature published an article upholding Einstein and the patently absurd. Einstein himself eventually admitted that the twin paradox really was a matter of acceleration and deceleration, but made no apology or explanation for the special theory. I think of the advice of Don Quixote's squire, Sancho Panchez, "Sir, in real life it is fraud that unseats true valor." But fool that he was, Quixote never gave up.

The special theory was later ripped apart by Louis Essen, the physicist who first found an accurate speed for light. Essen took broader aim than Dingle, bluntly dismissing the theory as a swindle. A brilliant but naive man, Essen didn't realize that being just plain right would ruin rather than help his career. Less passionate than Dingle, he explained in straightforward terms why the relativistic equations and various assertions had no basis in reality. But neither Essen nor any other of Einstein's critics gave credible alternatives to the basic questions about time and space that Einstein was at least bold enough to play with. He was on to something. Many others jumped in, claiming to have corrected Einstein, but they were all off the mark. Most were even more confusing and deserved to be assigned to the mainstream's Hall of Crackpots. But relativity could never qualify as real science. It is a shell game with no logical underpinning, simply a bag of bungled tricks that can be bent and twisted to match a limited set of physical phenomena. Nobody seems to have put a spotlight on the right question and a simple answer. But I can and will, please allow me...

It was never clear whether Einstein could not quite grasp the issue or whether he had deliberately capitalized on confusion. Deliberate or not,

by means of a series of insensible tricks he succeeded in making himself appear to solve the impossible and be a giant among men with the most penetrating mind of all time. Attempting to analyze Einstein's theories risks fatality to the intellect, but some explanation is required. The first postulate of relativity is that when two objects are in motion relative to each other, it is entirely arbitrary which is considered at rest and which in motion. Both could be considered moving.

This obvious fact hardly deserves to be a postulate, but it is right, of course. Then relativity falls into madness when it is stated that when object A moves in relation to B, that A's clock is running slower. Why is there no shame in acknowledging that B's clock is slower than A's. This is the crux of the famous twin paradox, where a man A traveling about on a train ages more slowly than his stay at home twin. Common sense tells us that if A is younger, it is because of his constant stop and start lifestyle, but that's not what Einstein said.

Why should not B then be considered in motion and both be younger than the other? Indeed, this was what outraged Dingle. It sounds like an argument for children, but this foolishness swept the world of science off its feet. Even though Einstein did finally admit that acceleration and deceleration was the real cause, nobody noticed. Everyone is still captivated by the idea. There are dozens of so called proofs by pretend intellectuals, and you can still view many "authoritative" Youtube videos that beat these crazy notions into the minds of the easily awestruck. This notion of clocks ticking at different rates, all slower than all their neighbors, due to uniform motion, begins with another absurd idea, the "Lorentz contraction," which postulated that length was also shortened. The Lorentz equations purported to show how clocks and yardsticks all shrink when in uniform motion. Of course, they do not nor cannot, but the equations were useful in that they could be misrepresented and bent to fit results that do occur due to gravitational potential or acceleration/deceleration.

Einstein, fixated on these notions of uniform motion and deepened the mystery of the Lorentz equations by creating air castles he called “frames of reference.” These were awkward constructs like his spacetime used to calculate differences in length and clock speeds for objects moving in relation to each other. The differences never really existed, but the new religion of mad physics took root in the global culture and grew to overtake it. The many experiments claimed to confirm relativity only demonstrated the effects of gravitation or acceleration on clocks, but this is the new secular religion.

In Einstein’s world, the laws of physics had to be the same for each “frame of reference.” Einstein never explained in any rational way how length and clock speed should change, but it has to do with how units of length are defined. The fundamental definition of light speed hinges on the distance covered by the number of wavelengths of light. If the distance between troughs shrinks, then so does the wavelength of light, and since a meter stick is so many wavelengths, then the speed of a clock must be slower to the same degree. A meter remains a meter wherever you take it, but to an observer at a higher elevation, B, the meter stick at A is shorter and the clock down there is running a little slower and so is the value of c a little bit smaller. These facts need not be explained by relativity nor do they explain relativity, but simple evidence of them is used to prove the fraud called relativity.

Oh, but c is constant for all observers. No. The value of c remains constant in all of Einstein's “frames of reference” meaning that c is constant in any uniform gravitational potential. If light travels up or down or is pushed or pulled, it slows down relative to a fixed observer, but there are no real changes in measurements due only to uniform motion. It is an awkward mess, indeed, but don't knock it if you're a candidate for a PhD in physics and want to graduate. There is no free speech in science. The Lorentz transformations were a cumbersome, meaningless, unnecessary construction, a failed attempt to relate light speed, length and time to uniform motion. But they are the new Bible.

Then why do all the experts insist that “hundreds” of experiments have “confirmed” Einstein's relativity? Why do honest people always admit that they can't understand relativity? The relativists have amazed and bewildered the world with nothing but wizardry and made themselves heroes of science. How unfortunate that Dingle and Essen and many others were quick to point out the absurdities in relativity, but failed to give an explanation for the phenomena under question. Do NOT try to understand Einstein or the Lorentz equations. But let's move on to frame the real issue and give a quick and efficient solution using Newton's laws adjusted for the effect of gravitation on clock speed. The “special” theory of relativity is billed as only a special case of the grand general theory which claims to be an extended explanation of physical reality. In reality, the general theory attempts to mask the absurd propositions of the special theory by shifting focus to the effects of gravitation on clock speed and on dimensions of length as we have just stated them so simply. GR was meant to save SR.

It might be helpful if Einstein's world could provide a cause for gravitation or at least a straightforward basis for time and distance calculations due to gravitational field strength. All we need is the simple proportion between Newton's expression for gravitational potential and clock speed (and hence length, since length depends on it by definition). This will do just fine. Before writing out the exact mathematical formula, think the idea through carefully in words. If you have some solid university math, you should be able to translate these words into formulas and account for any experimental results purported to have confirmed relativity. Check them out yourself. But before we do the math for Albert, below are some highly recommended links to the best critics of Einstein if you're interested.

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Cause of Gravity

An expression for the relationship between clock speed, length, light speed and gravitational potential is most meaningful if we have a cause of gravity to explain it. Newton and Einstein both finally confessed to having NO certain idea of the cause of gravity, and nobody else has since found one acceptable, but we will assume one it here. The model must give us the inverse square law and a reasonable explanation for why clocks are slowest where gravitational potential is least.

The conviction that always seemed obvious to me was that gravity results from the pressure of moving ether particles being reduced on the leeward side of any body of mass, the same as causes Brownian motion. This is not an original idea, but was rejected long before Einstein because it was thought to generate too much heat. That objection can be ignored because it cannot be supported with any kind of evidence or

proof. A rational inference of a fluid ether is no different than the original atomic theory. It makes it simple to explain all behaviors of light, time and space in rational terms rather than the hocus pocus of relativity. Forget about the heat.

Perhaps Einstein's PhD thesis on Brownian motion gave him the clue, it should have, but being a mystic gave him eternal fame and better job security than pointing out the obvious. Anybody can grab a cheap microscope and jar of pond water and observe Brownian motion. Small particles of debris are bounced around with more or less vigor depending on temperature. It doesn't take an Albert Einstein to guess that this is due to rapidly moving molecules of water striking them. This observation has also been widely accepted as a confirmation of the atomic model of matter. Nobody has rejected it because it would generate too much heat.

If you look more closely, you will find that many smaller particles tend to clump together. The reason for this is also obvious. Adjacent particles will shield each other on the inside (leeward) while taking the brunt of hits on the "windward" outside. As a result, there appears to be a "force" of attraction between tiny particles suspended in a liquid. Adding more particles doesn't create more heat any more than ether particles would cause gravitational forces to heat up and melt the elements. Either way, slowing of particles from collisions with larger particles is one way to thicken a fluid. We call these colligative properties in chemistry. Real physicists call it gravity.

See where we're going? If Einstein was smart enough to conclude that randomly moving molecules of water were responsible for Brownian motion, then why wasn't he smart enough to attribute the cause of gravitation to rapidly moving particles of ether? It's hard to imagine that he wasn't, except that the idea had lost support in the scientific community. We can't expect results identical to Brownian motion because the scales are both far smaller and far larger, but it makes more sense than frames of reference.

We know that ether particles would have to be a great deal smaller than even subatomic particles and could not strike with much impact. The majority of them pass through an atom without causing visible disturbance. But they do exert enough pressure to push particles of matter together, and as a larger congregate of mass forms, the pressure difference becomes greater. It is easy to derive the inverse square law for gravitational attraction of two bodies with this model. To me, it is a great marvel that I'd never heard this idea of ether and gravitation in school, even though it is as reasonable explanation as Brownian motion. In any event, tossing the idea of an ether got Einstein's gray matter so worked up that he borrowed the Lorentz transformations and "frames of reference," ditched the ether, then twisted them into the general theory of relativity to explain the slowing of light in a gravitational field. He was not confused so much as perhaps clever, Essen might say, but either way he dumped the future of physical science into a black hole devoid of both reason and physical reality.

If a highly fluid ether is responsible for gravity, then we should consider what other consequences follow. As the flow of rapidly moving, invisible ether particles glance gently off subatomic particles, and thus lose a certain amount of momentum. The result is an increased viscosity on the leeward side facing the center of any mass. Since the ether is an ambient fluid in which particles of matter are suspended, they will move more slowly and thicken into a denser medium that impedes the motion of material particles; hence clocks. Think about that. Just ignore the Einsteins and Hawkings crying that there can be neither ether nor God.

You may want to wiki up the Hafele Keating experiment and ponder just how simple it is to explain why the atomic clocks differed in their experiment (invoke your own brain, not relativity). The clocks at a higher elevation would tick slightly faster and those that accelerated or decelerated with the airplanes when overcoming Earth's rotation would tick more slowly. You don't need relativity to figure that out. Never mind that the data for this experiment were cooked and that Essen never

approved of his atomic clock being used for such a purpose. There are real effects to measure, but without the need for the awkward mathematics of Lorentz or mechanics of Einstein or even such bogus experiments.

We don't need a theory of relativity. The much simpler, meaningful and precise mathematics of this Foosian motion model of gravity will do just fine. Now that's what I call a BIG BANG! Yes, this mechanism of gravity was proposed several times over the last several hundred years, being rejected because the interactions of so many tiny particles with matter should, so the physicists say, generate enormous amounts of heat. There clearly was a failure to understand the properties of ether.

The idea reminds me of a doctor. To show how good he was at science, he smugly proclaimed, "the temperature of this tank of nitrogen is minus 196 C." I said, hey, put your hand on the tank, it's just room temperature. What he was trying to say is that the temperature of liquefaction of nitrogen is -196C before you put a cap on it. Or if the compressed gas is allowed to expand, its temperature will drop. But the MD really believed that the gas itself was that cold. Because it's compressed, should it be hot? No. When a pressurized gas expands, it cools rapidly. When compressed, of course, it heats up, but it doesn't stay that way. The tank comes into equilibrium with room temperature. Meanwhile, we had another MD on the reservation whose favorite method of treatment was packing belly buttons with herbal paste. It couldn't have been much less effective than other methods in use.

Likewise, ether particles at equilibrium should cause no buildup of heat while entrained by particles of matter at the center of a mass. Actually, larger planetary bodies do tend to be warmer at the center. We aren't required to prove a cause of gravity, however. We can toss relativity into the garbage bin and use a simple proportion between clock speed and gravitational potential to predict any of the same effects. If the math had to have a truly rational basis, we couldn't use relativity, so why not

make it easier and more accurate? It's just helpful say we pretend that a differential in pressure and viscosity due to ether is the cause of gravity. It sure makes sense in explaining the behavior of clock speed and length. Just don't talk in such a sensible way if you're a physics major.

Speed Of Light And Gravity Explained

From what we know about how molecules in fluids like air and water travel and transmit waves, it's easy to guess that even though we cannot easily detect ether particles, they must be moving considerably faster than the light waves they carry, perhaps even two or three times faster. You often hear about how fast gravitons or gravity waves must travel, not exactly meaningful questions, but things do go faster than c , we just can't see them. There may be no direct proof that ether particles exist, just like there was long no direct proof that atoms existed. Many said they didn't. But we maintain that ether particles do exist. Arthur Tesla scoffed at relativity and believed that matter itself was made of vibrating ether particles. The vanity of atheistic science is to deny that this or that can exist up until it can no longer be denied. First, there were no atoms, then there were no subatomic particles, now we have the almighty Hadron collider and still it is not possible that ether or God can exist. Lyme disease not exist. God does not exist. Just ask the scientists at the CDC.

The common conception of the constancy of light speed is badly misconstrued thanks to Einstein. When electrons vibrate between energy levels around the atomic nucleus, they generate what are known as electromagnetic waves. This is light. The negative charge gives the wave an electrical component. Now we know that light passing through a gravitational gradient travels more slowly as reckoned by a distant observer. This is self-evident, not proof of Einstein's brilliance as many claimed. For example, toss a rock into a tub of water and then into a tub of molasses. Note that in the tub of molasses the waves travel slower and are somewhat bunched up. Nothing profound here. So, if ten waves

make a meter in water, the meter in thick sugar water must shorter if ten waves make a meter. But as far as the medium is concerned it hasn't changed because the clock has slowed to the same degree if also stuck in thick water. The velocity of light waves is always thus c and the length of a meter is always a meter locally, but not from a distance up or down, it's not. Eureka, there is an ether after all! Yes, that's what I've been trying to tell you.

Similarly, a ray that passes close to the surface of the sun will be slowed down and bend. This is how refraction works in a thicker medium like glass. Prior to the general theory, Einstein produced a paper that predicted the deflection of such a ray. His paper was practically a word for word copy of Soldner's 1804 proof of light deflection. But Soldner's insight was not based on refraction. If Einstein hadn't pulled a surprise card out of his sleeve just in time, the Eddington Expedition would not have earned him a ticker tape parade in New York.

This surprise announcement was suspect. How could he know? Why did he change his mind abruptly? What was his reasoning? Just how did he suddenly know that light would be refracted through a gravitational field and thus double Soldner's prediction? Nobody knows, but calling it (nearly) right earned him a ticker tape parade in New York and Einstein is the greatest physicist of all time because he invented relativity. That's why Essen called it a swindle. As far as the photon is concerned, there is no change in frequency going from one gravitational potential to another, but when observed from a distance, oh yeah. Suppose you are standing at a distance and observe a ray of light approaching a neutron star. Its frequency shifts towards the blue, what is commonly called the blue shift, just like a rock sliding from water into molasses. As it passes, the conducting medium of ether gets thinner, so it will shift back towards the red. This is the famous red shift. Get it now?

Similarly, if you are standing on the Earth and shine a flashlight into the air, the beam will shift towards red, and if it bounces back from a mirror

on the moon, it will shift back towards the blue. It also speeds up (inversely) proportional to frequency when headed to the moon and slows back down on the return trip. Such observations were the basis for Einstein's so called general theory. There are no changes along the path of the beam. Locally, measurements of momentum, clock speed and unit length remain constant. This ought to have been the meaning of the term "frames of reference." The fixed observer is the only one who sees the change. For a "fixed" frame throughout, there is no change in c . Just how can something going up be gaining in speed when we know that any object tossed up is going to slow down and eventually fall back? Most confusing, isn't it that a photon accelerates going upward from the ground and decelerates on the way down, just the opposite of what see material objects do? This is because light isn't affected by gravity in that way, only by the density of the conducting ether which always presses down on objects of mass larger than the photon but restricts the photon on all sides.

How is a unit of length defined? Well, in natural terms it can only be defined as a certain number of wavelengths of light emitted by a certain element over a unit of time. If a wavelength expands because the ether gets thin (frequency decreases), then a meter must also expand according to the clock. But clocks also run faster at higher gravitational potentials, so locally there is no apparent difference in measurements, only for fixed observers at a vantage to other sides. Distances stretch with elevation because frequency is what defines length. These gravitational effects alone are ALL you need to fully account for experimental results, not relativity. Think about it.

What about the famous Michelson-Morley experiment that proved light travels at the same speed in any direction? This said nothing about uniform motion or change in gravitational potential, so why was it important to relativity? It was thought that as a fluid, light should travel against the ether in one direction and with it in the opposite, thus arriving at different times on a return path, but that isn't what the

experiment showed. Those who proposed that the ether was somehow “entrained” with the Earth were close. Remember, that ether particles are moving much faster than the speed of light, and yet they are entrained owing to the differential impact of collisions between inner and outer surfaces of a mass.

In effect, the direction of ether particles are changed by any object which impedes them. The only thing that would shorten the time of travel for one of two beams that return and intersect would be an ambient gravitational gradient. If one beam traveled up and the other down, you would see a difference, but the Michelson-Morley interferometer was perfectly horizontal where the gravitational potential is the same for beams in any direction. At any fixed distance from Earth’s center, there is no gravitational gradient; therefore, no difference in times or frequencies for beams traveling in different directions.

Of course, if one beam went straight down and the other straight up, the one going down would be shifted towards the blue and take somewhat longer on both going and returning paths. The difference would be very slight. Here is an odd experiment on Youtube purporting to demonstrate this, but the effect is much too large and clearly a result of unequal gravitational distortion of the diagonally opposed mirrors reflecting the two beams at different angles to perpendicular. But Grusenick, who really knows better, likes to make you think that he’s discovered ether.

It would be fun to imagine that the universe had only two objects, let's say two planets, A and B. There would be just two gravity sinks. Let A bounce a beam off B and verify that it has traveled at the rate of c (even though the only way we can measure the distance traveled is by beginning with that assumption). Now, let's try something different. Let's put a sun in the middle. The outgoing beam will now shift towards the blue and slow down as it approaches midpoint, then shift back towards the red and speed up until it bounces back and then will again slow down and speed up on its return.

The result is that the measured time takes longer with the sun in the middle. Ask then, whether the position of the moon should have affected the Michelson-Morley result? We must assume that the effect was too small to be measured. However, there have been many credible experiments of this kind that do show seasonal variations in the difference between the two beams, so there is good reason to call into question the accepted results and conclusions of the original experiment. Something isn't right! Similarly, very strong gravitational pulses in the distant cosmos should send shock waves through the ether. These are the gravitational waves of much curiosity and the object of the LIGO experiment. The waves could be detected as transitory changes in the length of a measuring device. It has nothing to do with relativity, only the relationship we describe.

Mathematical Expression For Clock Speed

Finally, we arrive at the Foos Law Of Gravitation and Clock Speed (as opposed to relativity). Simple, straightforward, common sense. Consider one (of those hundreds) of experiments that purportedly validated relativity, the Pound-Rebka experiment. There were really only a few, and the Pound-Rebka the best known. You can research the design and rationale from a wiki article. Essentially, a shift in light frequency was achieved by accelerating a crystal from a higher elevation to lower. This makes use of the red shift / blue shift phenomena. The so-called relativistic formula seems to predict the results explained on wiki. But there is, as Essen would point out, no rational basis for the theory or the formula used. Instead, mathematical relativity without any rational basis was yanked out of Einstein and twisted to match results, then taken as confirmation of relativity, backwards of how the scientific method is supposed to work. Instead, let's use the link between clock speed and gravitational potential as put forth. Yes, that provides the same mathematical prediction but for a sensible reason. Here we go...

We start with Newton's proven formula for kinetic energy of a collision, $KE = mv^2$, where m is mass and v velocity. For a photon, of course, the energy of an elastic collision would have to be mc^2 , where c is the velocity of light. According to plain Foos there must be a change in both velocity and wavelength for a stationary observer as an object falls a given distance h . This shift in wavelength must be proportional to the change in KE over that distance. Expressed in the concise symbols of mathematics, this is the original KE reduced by the ratio of the photon's change in KE due to the gravitational acceleration produced over the distance h . Read on...

For a velocity due to simple gravitational acceleration, the KE is given by the gravitational constant, g , times the change in height, h . Thus, the final energy, $E(f)$, is simply the original energy $E(o)$ less $E(o)$ times the ratio of $(g \cdot \Delta h)/c^2$. The ratio represents the fractional change in kinetic energy for a photon between two gravitational potentials (distances in elevation) and thus it's shift in frequency. This relationship gives identical results within experimental error for the Pound-Rebka experiment. Differences in kinetic energy between any two gravitational potentials A and B are equivalent to differences in light frequency, clock speed or length. Yes, this approach gives the same result as the relativistic formula cited by wiki, so why is there any rhyme or reason for relativity? Stupid question. There is none. Just use the head God gave you.

The same technique resolves any other experiments used to verify relativity. This is really quite straightforward. There is not, nor has there ever been, any real changes in length or clock speed due to uniform motion or any meaning to the Lorentz transformations or to so-called frames of reference or time dilation. Changes in length, frequency and clock speed are a natural result of changes in gravitational potential and acceleration or deceleration. No need for the hocus pocus.

One other experiment famous for validating relativity was the Hafele-Keating experiment. There has been considerable debate over whether the data were falsified. Indeed that was the case, but there's no need to argue about it. Here's a pro Einstein discussion on a forum from which I was banned for life for taking issue with relativity. What isn't mentioned is that the inventor of the atomic clock was Louis Essen who more than anyone had the right to object to the use of his invention for that purpose and the conclusions drawn. In any event, the reader is welcome to explore the Internet for more details, but essentially the experiment was meant to show that clocks at lower elevations run more slowly as do those that are accelerating or decelerating. Nothing in any way confirms or requires input from relativity, but I do beg your patience for having beaten the poor horse to death. That's what Lyme disease can do to you.

[The Creation Of Modern Science And Model Of The Universe](#)

Light entering a region of mass loses speed and momentum. If the ambient ether is dense enough, it's possible the light may freeze and not escape. The medium is simply too thick to allow movement. Lower frequency waves would be extinguished first, so a black hole is probably never entirely black. Higher frequencies above a certain limit, especially X rays, would not be trapped. This begs the question, what eventually happens to the matter that falls into a black hole? It is generally thought to be spewed back (evaporated) in the form of high energy X rays, often depicted as jets at both poles. We have to suppose that these X rays will eventually reach deep space, condense back into elementary nuclear particles and begin again to condense into simple gasses and dust to eventually form a new galaxy. This boiling pot, steady state model goes against the grain of the second law and also fails to explain the so called red shift of galaxies that forms the basis of The Big Bang Theory. Could matter be recycled within black holes and jettisoned as raw ether? Where is this (dark) matter now? Is it missing?

Modern consensus is that the light from distant galaxies is red shifted because the source of it is receding (at high velocity). This is analogous to the Doppler shift in sound where an approaching train whistle becomes high pitched and then lower pitched as it passes you by. There were strong arguments against this interpretation of the red shift, most notably by the famous astronomer, Edwin Hubble (reminiscent of Essen who objected to the use of his atomic clock for proving relativity). Some considered the red shift to be due to “tired” light. They thought that through millions of light years of travel, light might encounter collisions that lower its frequency. Who knows, but I'll have to grant the red shift argument to the relativists that all galaxies are receding from each other at high velocity. To my way of thinking Genesis adequately describes the Big Bang. Why do the six days of creation have to be twenty four hour periods? They do not, and not every Christian thinks so.

What I can't agree with is the relativistic mystic hype that ALL points of the universe are at the center of the expansion (due to the mysterious nature of Einstein's spacetime), and that there is no outer boundary to the universe. All points everywhere, say the atheist, are at the center of the universe. Thus speaks the new God of secular religion that stakes its claim to creation on random chance. If two or more objects are moving away from each other, there very well is a geometric center, says me. The universe is simply too vast for humans to plumb, so we had to invent an Einstein who could pose riddles and get people to believe them. If the universe did originate from a singularity, which is almost plausible, then it is finite and has a center and an outer boundary. God spoke the universe into existence with a bang, but the atheists say the evidence proves that it just blew up by accident. God really is great, Mr. Hitchens. The secular humanist and atheist doesn't get it. He is in awe of the universe but can't believe anyone could have created it. His mind can't stretch enough to suspect that God is reachable but not on human terms. It is God's kingdom that is the center of the universe. If you start with the blind assumption that there is no God, don't bother. Yes, God is a spirit and resides in the Kingdom of Heaven which is also not a

physical realm, but still superimposes both the spiritual and physical realms.

The Kingdom can only be entered as spirit, not flesh. At the border is Jesus who admits or rejects each soul based on the conditions spelled out so well in the Sermon On The Mount. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” None of us can earn the right to be granted entrance. That was obtained by the shedding of Christ’s blood. Great minds like Stephen Hawking, Albert Einstein and Carl Sagan will be cast into “outer darkness” with all the mockers of Christ. There will be “weeping and gnashing of teeth.” That may be cruel and unreasonable in your mind, but putting yourself above God will not end well, nor will it ever end. God is merciful and loving to those who are humble, recognize their own sin and accept the offer of redemption. The others never asked and therefore are in a position to receive only everlasting regrets.

Surely, no scientific measurement can demonstrate the existence of God. You cannot prove or find God in that way. The notion of eternal life and joy is Christian mythology, they say. They can read the very words of Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount, in particularly the opening beatitudes, but are too self-absorbed to recognize God in them. Carl Sagan and Stephen Hawking couldn't possibly experience the love of God. For that to happen, you must have a humble and contrite spirit, be keenly aware of your limitations, and desperate to escape from the shallow pomp of carnal man. The center of the Big Bang’s expansion is God's Heavenly Kingdom. Everything beyond that is receding from everything else and in a state of decay. The scientists are right about many things. There may be billions of other life forms, some very intelligent, but they are too far away and irrelevant to bother with us or us with them. We have enough trouble on this planet and far too little effort to remedy the suffering there is.

How To Meet God

Happy are the poor in spirit... for theirs is the Kingdom of God

It is a fact that you can meet God in person. The beatitudes describe the state a man (woman) must be in before God reveals Himself and grants the new birth. Most professing born again Christians report a defining divine experience. Too many say they saw God as promised. Poor in spirit means absolute humility. The human spirit is in a position to recognize its utter helplessness to control its own fate or escape evil. At this point you may not have yet met God, but there is a growing awareness that just being a good man isn't enough. You see that you are hopelessly bound and reach out to God in desperation. Only God can deliver you from this body of death. The rich and famous seldom get to this point because they are so absorbed with success, glory and pleasure. There is little incentive for them to recognize their need for forgiveness and the mercy of God. However, those who turn to the right path will feel the expectation of salvation welling up inside. This is the beginning of the divine encounter. God is drawing close ...

Happy Are Those Who Mourn...
for they shall be comforted

Most born again Christians describe a low point that precedes their own defining experience with Jesus. Often it was the tragic death of a loved one. Suddenly, both the full comprehension of their own and the world's sin becomes an unbearable burden and despair overwhelms the Godless. The soul experiences an anguish from which there is no hope of escape. Some will take their lives, failing to call on God in their darkest moment and wait for the dawn that follows. Others will reach out to God and be saved. God wants you to experience a taste of the agony from which Christ alone can deliver. He wants you to appreciate the sacrifice Jesus made for your sake, but He will provide comfort if you can.

Happy Are The Meek...

for they shall inherit the Earth.

Who are the meek? They are NOT the weak. The meek are kind, considerate, respectful, truthful, peaceable, generous, sincere... Only God could grant such a promise that they will inherit the Earth. Jesus was speaking as God, not Mohammed. Buddha was not God, either. Being good is not good enough. Being meek is not by itself enough, but it is one of the essential conditions of salvation. Some say that we will spend 1,000 years back on Earth while Christ reigns, but that probably is not a physical state. The book of Revelation says that there will be a new Heaven and Earth. Hopefully, it will be like the heavenly realm I was so privileged to visit in 1981. As Paul put it when describing his own trip to the third Heaven, "I heard unspeakable things which it is not lawful to utter." This is a way of expressing how completely overpowering and indelible is the presence of God. Nobody can describe it. Indescribably Delicious, the Union of All Things, the River of Life...

As for being meek, God has no place for bullies. If you've been forcing yourself on others, God will keep His distance and may not save you after all. The devil will try your patience, twist your mind and soul. You may ignore good counsel and blame others for your misfortunes. You may drink or use drugs, become cynical about life. If you've fallen into those ruts, don't count on being saved, especially if you've been doing harm to others. But it isn't too late. God is patient and kind.

Happy Are Those Who Hunger...
for they shall be filled

There is usually some existential crisis that leads men to God and prepares them for an unexpected divine intervention. It is said that no man can come to God unless he is called of God, but no man can deserve or answer the call unless he is seeking. No man can claim to know everything or be morally pure, so nobody can earn God's favor.

When he faces his desperate need for the righteousness of God, only then is he able to receive it. No matter how much effort is put into self-righteousness, the only result is hypocrisy and ego. Bill Cosby is the archetype, on the surface America's favorite dad but on the inside a monster who used his influence to rape dozens of women. Few of us are that bad, but none of us are that good. Only the righteousness of Jesus can save us.

Most good men never get caught. Jimmy Savile got caught, but again only after his fame and TV presence allowed him to molest dozens of children, some as young as five without being held accountable until after his death at 85. There are many good men and women who do good things, but in ways they can't help they are still hopelessly corrupt. Men like Cosby and Seville may be have gone too far to repent, but the child of God has come face to face with himself. The repentant long for a savior who can deliver them from the intolerable prison of self and the depravity of the world around them. They HUNGER for righteousness. These are the men and women God is waiting for. They are the candidates to be born again by the intervention of God.

Mohammed Ali was loved and admired by many. He was my hero, too, in the sixties. He used his fame and fortune for many things. He converted to Islam because he associated Jesus with the hypocrisy of the white race. The only depictions of Jesus he'd ever seen had blonde hair and blue eyes. The Jesus who walked the Earth was not white by any means, but Ali rejected Christ because of the bad treatment done to blacks by white people. This was a terrible mistake. Core Muslim beliefs do not honor Jesus as God or accept the plan of salvation. They follow instead the later teachings of Mohammed, a documented pedophile and killer who commanded his follower to deceive and eventually kill non-Muslims, especially Jews and Christians. This is the goodness of God to them, because the real God they cannot conceive of.

Ali never learned enough about Islam. He didn't want to admit these core beliefs belonged to Islam. Islam gave Mohammed the respect he never had as Cassius Clay, but Mohammed could never save him or heal his bitterness. Only Jesus can do that. God is merciful and perhaps in the end took Ali into His arms and away from the false paradise of Islam's sexual fantasies, but this isn't very likely. "Truly, truly, I say to you, a man **MUST** be born again to see the Kingdom of God." To be born again, you must have had a defining experience that leaves you with the unmistakable knowledge that only Jesus is Lord, only Jesus can take you to Heaven. You must confess with your mouth that Jesus is the Son of God and Lord of creation, but that comes easy after you've met Jesus. Does this mean that the soul of Ali will burn in the Lake of Fire? Nobody really knows. God loved Ali no less than we did, but his soul cannot rest with God or in any paradise. If it did, the death and resurrection of Jesus could mean nothing at all, and there wouldn't be so many like me trying to tell others before it's too late. A good example of the born again experience is that of Charles Colson, Nixon's hatchet man. Listen to him.

Another frequent objection is that those who have not read a bible or heard of Christ must as a result go to Hell, and that makes no sense at all for a merciful God. It really doesn't say that anywhere in the Bible. Many Sioux Indians had met Wakan Tanka, the Union of All Things, long before a European set foot in America, and so clearly Christ was known for centuries before the white man came, even though not by the name Jesus. The Bible provides the best documentation about the nature of God and the plan of salvation, but the lack of a Bible was never a barrier to knowing God. It seems that Jesus likes the term "The Union Of All Things" because this is His role in reality.

The need for God is a universal longing and meeting God is a very personal event. Salvation requires a pure heart, not schooling. But anybody who meets God will recognize the New Testament Jesus Christ is The Union Of All Things. This indeed, is the Son of God. If you reject

the offer, by default you cannot enter into His presence or the Kingdom. Jesus is God. Jesus is the Union of All Things. In the final analysis the matter is between a man and the living God and not any book knowledge. Because I've been born again and have met God, I know that Mohammed was no prophet. Buddhism on the other hand imparts a good standard of conduct. Buddha was a spiritual man, but not God and cannot replace Jesus as the sacrifice for sin or provide a path to enter Heaven. Following rules is not enough. "You MUST be born again..." I'm glad I was born again because otherwise I couldn't have survived any longer and now be here to tell you about it.

Happy Are The merciful...
for they shall obtain mercy

God has an ocean of mercy for the repentant, but God cannot release His love to the soul who shows no compassion for his fellow man. Cruelty towards animals is also a sign of a hardened spirit. The parable of the poor beggar, Lazarus, who was ignored by the rich man highlights the end of those who live for personal ambition and without regard for the suffering of others. An eternity of suffering is their ultimate reward. But as Abraham pointed out to the rich man, nothing could persuade his brothers to change their ways and be saved from Hell. They had the prophets and scriptures to warn them, but they mocked the messengers. The rich man, the politician, the Hollywood star, the banker, few ever take the warnings seriously. The world is run by the ambitious, the pompous, the ruthless, the smart, the unrepentant and the ungodly. This is the secular world, the "world system" the New Testament refers to and commands Christians to withdraw from.

Many Christian critics are quick to point out the Old Testament stories about hundreds of thousands killed by early Kings of the Jewish people and even by God himself. What a cruel God! They fail to appreciate that God's favor for the Jews was a result of his compassion for them because of the cruelty they suffered while in bondage in Egypt. God is a

defender of the weak and gives aid to the oppressed even if it means injury or death to their tormentors, and even if it means destroying a depraved culture. Why, then does God allow so many rapes and senseless murders, especially where children are the victims? There are many reasons for that. This is a test. If you have refused to defend a victim, then God will not defend you. If you do not believe there really is a God, then for you there will be no help. Neither does God ever intervene in human affairs without prayer. This is His way. Ask not and you receive not.

Those who suffer innocently and die as a result, God will usher into His kingdom. Their torment will be forgotten. They will reside in an eternity of peace bathed in the ever-changing and everlasting love of God. Mohammed Ali was right about this life being a testing ground, he was only wrong to think that the teachings of Mohammed could save his soul. "You must be born again..." If you're born again, you'll know that Jesus is not some white God invented for the white man. Jesus is the ONLY path to salvation. If you've been born again, don't expect that all your problems will go away. Many are still afflicted with physical infirmities and additional persecution because of their Christian testimony. This is the point of the last beatitude, happy are those who are persecuted. Comes with the territory.

Happy Are The Pure In Heart...
for they shall see God

Apparently, I was pure in heart for a few moments. It's nice to know that God's help can be counted on. When the Holy Spirit came to me, he took on a human shape. Jesus I did meet, but did not see in human form. I basked in His presence when the crown was over my head and was washed with diamonds of kindness. Nevertheless, in a literal sense I saw Jesus. Nor did I see the Father in human shape, but was bathed in the

glory of his very distinct personality after being admitted into Heaven. As a result, I'm aware of distinct qualities of each of the three personages in the Godhead. How is it possible that God is three different persons? I don't know, but He is. I've met all three. As a general rule a person does not "see" God in a visual sense, but is penetrated and likely even overwhelmed by His presence. The Holy Spirit is indescribable JOY, conveyed so aptly with the words, "Indescribably Delicious." The essence of Jesus is mercy and kindness. There is, of course, a broad spectrum of other loving qualities mixed in, but these are the most prominent and essential characteristics.

Even the gold in the crown is living and ethereal, emanating a penetrating quality of beauty that cannot be compared to anything in the physical world. Then the Father himself projects a most powerful aura of glory and wonder. He is instantly recognized as the author and creator of all that there is, but Jesus is The Union Of All Things by which all things were made. For only a very short time, He vacated his place in Heaven and came to Earth to provide an example and way for us to be forgiven, washed and granted eternal life. Abandon all and turn to Him.

Not everyone has such a dramatic experience, but anyone who is born again should be able to give honest testimony about having been irreversibly changed. There isn't much point to believing in God if He isn't the real deal and hasn't shown Himself to be real on a personal level. Many may claim to believe in God and give God credit for much, but if they have never cast themselves at the feet of Jesus and been received, they may have missed the point. Religion is fine for those who want a better world and acceptance in a fellowship, but access to the Kingdom of God and the power of God comes only through a personal encounter with Jesus.

Happy Are The Peacemakers...
for they shall be called the children of God

A common ending to prayer is, “but be it your will, God, and not mine.” Do we know the will of God? God may not object to your request, but to be sure of His response examine areas of your life that may not pass muster. Picking on weaker people instead of lending a helping hand will disqualify you from knowing re benefiting from the will of God. Wreaking vengeance on those whom we have perceived to have wronged us is not the will of God. The child of God patiently endures affliction. He is long suffering, striving always to get along with both friends and foes. He does not avenge himself and works toward a peaceable outcome. It doesn’t always come easy, that’s for sure.

You cannot be born again without being a peacemaker. It is easy for mockers of Christianity to point out the Old Testament bloodshed as examples of cruelty unbefitting a God, but these were last resorts necessary to protect God's faithful and sometimes to eliminate the evils that some cultures practiced, even the Jews. A comprehensive reading of the Old Testament reveals clearly that as the Jews abandoned their appreciation and knowledge of God and became evil, so God also abandoned the Jews and allowed their enemies to once again reign terror on them. Nor is there any salvation for those who have rejected the offer of salvation. There is no partiality with God on the basis of race or religion. God's grace and mercy is reserved for only for the peacemakers.

Happy Are Those Who Are Persecuted...

Government Work In Montana

During the year before God answered my desperate prayer for a visit, I was continually rejected and ridiculed at my government job with the Soil Conservation Service, now the DNR, Department of Natural Resource and Conservation. There was a lot of dishonesty and jealousy. My coworkers were dishonest about the quantity and quality of work

they did. They curried favor from the top by drinking and approving extramarital sex, even on the job. Avoiding those things made me the odd man out. Even though I was picked on and fired twice, I did my best to be honest and diligent. This God liked, even though I wasn't trying to earn His favor, just conduct myself well. I bore the harassment at work well, always answering politely when confronted and accused. I tried to believe that consistent good behavior would eventually win out. It doesn't always. Sometimes you can't win on those terms, but you have to try. What made it much worse is that I was suffering terribly from what turned out 37 years later to be Lyme disease. Worse than the disease was the medical exploitation that prevented diagnosis and recovery. Of course, I was but one of millions, and later my children's lives were destroyed by the same disease. For all practical purposes I was really dying, without help or acknowledgment or mercy, without a good word. Being sure death was imminent and blackness would follow, I took the advice of an old college friend and began meditating on the beatitudes.

My excellent friend was Howard Dyrland. I first knew him as a freshman at Montana State University in Bozeman in 1966. He was a serious student, unlike my trashy, arrogant dorm mates. He was what you'd call accident prone, which is why they made fun of him. One day, he stumbled and hit the pavement face first, his bookcase bouncing violently down the concrete sidewalk. They laughed, talked about how crazy he was, called him "weird Howard." Anyway, I told them he was a better man than they could hope to be. I met Howard again in the MSU cafeteria just after I'd left the Army in 1969 when I was in serious trouble. The next time I saw him was in 1979 at my first job with the Soil Conservation Service at Fort Benton. He came in the door soaking wet after pulling the tarp tight over the load of grain in his truck. He was drenched from the water that was trapped in the middle of the tarp. I had to laugh. But now he had come to see me as a friend in 1981.

Though I'd caught a bacterial infection, surely Lyme disease, sometime in the 60s, it wasn't until 1980 at this job that an acute attack hit with devastating brutality, resulting in a complete mental and physical breakdown. Now I was ready to seek God, but got no answer. I was still suffering terribly in 1981 when Howard showed up with his lovely wife, Kaye. He said me, "You know Al, God loves you." Initially, I flared with indignation. It was like one more put down by the pious. I said, really, just what is the evidence of that? My family is a disgrace, I'm the butt of jokes and harassment for doing a good job and choosing God, but I'm dying and my children will soon have no support. He replied, "Yes, but, perhaps if you were to do more for God..." Then the anger went away. Howard was my friend. I shouldn't be offended, but listen to him. So that's what motivated me to start studying the beatitudes and cast my agony on the mercy of God. Why the beatitudes? Another friend had given me a book. As I worked through the message the first several days, the presence of God began to fill the room, reaching down with intense sensations of divine love for which there are no earthly comparisons.

Usually, when I got home for work, I had no strength left, so collapsed on the floor in front of the cheap color TV I'd bought to ease my pain. I thought of the song by Janis Joplin. These ministering visits from God went on for a few weeks until God actually showed up in answer to my prayer a year earlier. The Holy Spirit seized me, took me to Heaven, and I was born again into the Kingdom of God. Sincere efforts to seek God paid off, but it took time and effort. My request was granted and now there was assurance of salvation. Belief in a literal six day creation has no weight with God. An active effort in conforming yourself to the will of God as expressed in the Sermon on the Mount will get you the response you seek. Seek and ye shall find, but look in the right places. God is alive and He is great.

After that, I must have failed miserably. I was so ecstatic over God's wonderful revelations that I just forgot about waiting on God for further instruction. I wanted to fix everything and lost my cool trying. But God

is faithful to forgive. We surely regret those times we lost patience and acted in the wrong way, but as long as you strive to serve, God will not deny you. God will still bless us and grant us the eternal peace He promised. I was especially lucky, no longer having to struggle to imagine what that peace was like. I'd now experienced the Kingdom of God first hand. Thinking that Christ has withdrawn salvation because of your mistakes is an insult to the power of God and the death and resurrection of Jesus. You've been born again. You will make mistakes, but move forward.

Salvation can be lost. There is a sin unto death, but if you don't forget that you've been born again, you'll make it. Bertrand Russell stated that it is a cruel and unjust thing to let people fret over whether or not they have committed the unpardonable sin. That's because Russell failed to appreciate the value of salvation and that it cannot be neglected. If you start with the assumption, or faith if you will, that there is an eternal reward, then you will strive to be worthy of it. Indeed, Russell's book, the ABCs of Relativity, was proof that Russell himself was an intellectual fake. Russell rejected God without giving Him a chance, but then pretended to explain confusion in simple terms to the masses. If it were not possible to lose salvation, it would not warrant defending it, so why bother with it? What about taking a bath? Is it cruel to tell others that failing to take a daily bath can make you stink?

Yes, the world will bring you down. I've lost patience too many times, but I've also repented and turned around, determined to do better. David was an adulterer and murderer. Peter denied Christ three times on the way to the cross. Why did God forgive them? Because they repented and continued to have a heart for God. If we were not sinners and not weak, we would have no use for God. Mr. Russell had no heart for God, turned up his nose at the thought that he might be guilty of anything and scoffed at the notion that Christ was the Son of God. So for Bertrand

Russell, Stephen Hawking, Christopher Hitchens, Albert Einstein and the likes there can be no salvation. Christ died to save the sinner, not the righteous. Often I ask myself, have I really forgiven others? It isn't easy to love an obnoxious coworker, especially a pedophile, but you can hope for the soul who has no hope. We may not be able to tolerate those who disrespect us or wish us harm, but we don't have to nurse grudges. This only adds to our own misery.

Determine every day to be tolerant, without expecting anything in return. Leave the door open for reconciliation no matter how unlikely it will happen. There are many who will never give peace a chance. They like to take advantage and are easily offended because they are guilty. Hostility and aggression is their defense. It may seem that there is good cause to hate them, but ask yourself if it is worth your trouble. Examine yourself to see if there are things that you could confess or other ways to be reconciled with your enemies. If so, you can also be reconciled with God. If you cannot give others a chance to be forgiven, then God cannot give you a chance, and if you turn them away, so God will reject you.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake? This has been the toughest challenge for me. Who can be happy about being insulted, accused, an object of derision by vulgar people, especially at your job? But this is how the world works. In other parts of the world, Christians and their families are even killed. Who can forgive? Who can love? Yet if being a witness for Christ was the key to fame and fortune, few conversions would be sincere. The insincere Christian gets approval because he isn't the real thing, he just wants to look good. The real deal isn't always easy. You're going to get hit. Being born again doesn't come cheap. You must be fully prepared to lose everything and live with the results because the divine reward is worth a lot more.

How can anyone can commit suicide? There's always the possibility that there is a God who won't be happy about abandoning your post. How can you be so sure that there is no God or Day of Judgment? Yes, your

suffering may be severe and all may seem hopeless, but life on Earth is a short ride compared to eternity. By giving up, you deny God the chance to reveal Himself, transform your soul with new life internally. No matter how much you suffer, there's always reason to hope for better and the redeemed look forward to an eternal dwelling. The Bible says that faith is the substance of things hoped for. Substance means assurance of the real thing. Hope means waiting. If you have faith in God, then you have hope no matter how rough it gets. You have assurance. Perhaps the very best thing would be to die for the name of God, then you can enter the Kingdom forever. But few suicides are for God. I couldn't say that all suicides are unjustified and end up as souls lost, but many do. Many NDEs as a result of failed suicide attempts report back warnings from God, often accompanied by visions of Hell. Don't do it.

Paul said that we should always glory in our afflictions. Peter called it the trial by fire. Through suffering we become purified, similar to the way silver is purified in fire. It probably doesn't seem that our misfortunes are refining us. We question the purpose of senseless tragedies and illnesses like Lyme disease that rob us of our careers and health, sometimes even our families. But Peter assures us that these misfortunes are common to man. Without them we cannot mature into a man of God, our faith may never be strengthened, and our eternal reward not as great. After three or four decades, resentment still wells up towards those who did me harm. Then I think about how God saved me and gratitude replaces the negative feelings, God always gives his children a second chance. Indeed, life tends to be a constant series of mistakes, but that's how solutions are found. Yes, there is a sin unto death, but you're better than that. If you're truly born again and don't give up, you haven't committed it. Stand up for God and he'll stand up for you.

Are There Evil Spirits

My grandfather was a real Christian and showed it. He was the most kind, gentle and unassuming man anybody ever met. He was a very simple man so nobody was jealous. Everyone admired him. However, beginning about 1930 he could no longer sleep with my grandmother. He had bursts of violence in his sleep, presenting a danger to anyone in the same bed. I was a small kid, but bony and tough, so it was no problem for me during my summer visits. A few times I got caught with a punch when popping my head up to see what was going on. I assumed these were nightmares, perhaps reliving college days in the boxing ring at college or wrangling cows back in the old days.

One thing you could observe on the job or anywhere in the house. Grandpa never left a lock unlocked or a door ajar. He was a railroad man for many decades and developed an unbreakable habit of yanking on locks and door handles to make sure they were secure. Every night he firmly closed the bedroom door. We had a custom that I would visit during summer breaks each year for two weeks. On my last visit to his railroad signal maintainer's house in Superior, Montana, I noticed the first morning that the door was slightly ajar. This was about June, 1959. I'd be turning eleven soon. It was early dawn and normally I'd have slept much longer, until noon if I liked. This time Grandpa hadn't yet gotten up. But there the door was NOT closed. That could not be possible, nor was it possible anybody else opened it.

So, intently curious, the next morning I was careful to observe again. I see the impossible once again. The door couldn't be ajar, but there it was open about an inch. The next morning it happened again, so an intruder had been looking in and watching as we slept. This house was originally one of the standard duplexes for railroad employees. By the fifties, all of them had been transformed into single family dwellings. This one had the same layout as others like ours in Bearmouth. There was originally a kitchen and living room downstairs on both sides and two upstairs

bedrooms on each side and each side had its own staircase from the living room. Since only two people occupied Grandpa's, the North half where my mother had once lived with her two toddlers had been sealed off. This was a bit spooky because it was easy to imagine something hiding in the other half and slipping over through the cellar or attic hatch.

Grandpa's room was very small, maybe only ten feet wide between the hall door and the East window with the bed jammed into the Southeast corner. My place to sleep was on the inside next to the window facing the tracks. This was on a steep hill, so my second level window faced half way up a huge old yellow pine with the ground about fifteen feet below. The first level had a large porch with chairs and a swing where we could relax and dream in the cool air laden with the sweet, strong smell of pine. The porch steps, about twelve feet wide, led about twenty feet further past the gnarly yellow pines on either side. The lawn extended yet another twenty feet or so and then the slope went nearly vertical another twenty feet to the train tracks. This house still stands in 2016. It was remodeled in the 2000s. See it [here](#). My friend Rick Hagen lived in house between here and Antelope Creek.

My grandfather's lanky, 200 pound frame was between me and the hall door, not more than three to four feet from the pillow on that side of the double bed. The door opened towards the wall on our head side, but I couldn't see the lower three feet behind Grandpa. I determined to stay awake long enough to figure out who or what was responsible for opening the door. About 11:00 or 12:00 after Grandpa was dead asleep and his deafening snores in full bloom... The door popped open. This was all too obvious because whoever opened it had also turned the hall light on so there was a bright light coming through an inch or more opening. My field of view behind Grandpa was just above doorknob level and higher. It was a matter of waiting, but after an hour or so nothing had happened. Whoever it was had on their sittin britches. Just what kind of weird critter would want to stare into a dark room?

Finally, I discovered that the less movement made, the more the door would gradually open. If I smacked a lip or winked an eye, it could not possibly have been humanly detected, but the door opening would quietly and quickly narrow again. So, it had to be the intruder was not human. I played dead asleep most of the time for the next few nights until the break of dawn. If I was as quiet as could be and hadn't moved a muscle for as long as I could take it, the door would gradually open to about a foot, but by morning, it was always left back at about an inch. Mornings were the time to catch up and sleep until noon or later. And we played the same game again the next night and the next and the next...

This was going nowhere. But if I could trade places with Grandpa, my head would be facing directly into the open door from floor to ceiling. I wasn't too excited about what kind of monster I'd see, but it had to be done. Grandpa was willing to trade, so there we were. But this time, no matter how still I was for how long, the door stayed open only about an inch, not quite enough for me to see what was hiding in the hall at the top of the stairs. It was on to me and too close now to risk being seen.

The thing's awareness was far beyond human. It knew I was awake and watching near the door. He didn't want to be caught. What could he want? So we kept this up for a few more nights. Then I reached the point where the drowzies finally caught up. This was about two weeks after arriving, probably July now. I wasn't too afraid because I was so careful not to be seen. It was poised to strike if I drifted off, and now here I'd done it. Even though I'd slipped for only a few moments into slumber land, the possibility that the intruder was about to pounce came to conscious mind. Maybe it could be surprised now. This could be the opportunity I'd been waiting for. Could I shift from sleep to wide awake fast enough to catch the vermin? Or would it beat me to the punch and kill me dead?

With these thoughts churning in my groggy mind, I braced myself and suddenly forced open my eyes. Indeed, this caught the critters off guard.

They took a few seconds to react. There I was, face to face with five of the ugliest little circus men you ever saw from about three feet away. They weren't men really, more like bug eyed grasshoppers with pointy chins. They had bulbous little noggins with a heavy ridge over huge goggle eyes, so at first glance they looked like a stack of little heads wearing derby hats. I could see no limbs, just heads about ten inches wide by seven high. I figured their bodies were stacked behind, but really maybe there were no bodies. It took a few moments, three or four seconds, for them to process the fact that they'd been caught. I was wide awake and staring right at them. Then, suddenly, without a sound, the door went not quite shut, just tight enough to seal off the light. I'd caught them.

Now I had a rough idea what we were dealing with, or at least what it wasn't. At ten tender years this naive little country boy knew nothing about demons or aliens. Some curious throwbacks from a cave in the mountains, perhaps. It took decades to realize that they were for sure real live demons. They exist. They're made of an amorphous plasma but can congeal into a solid physical form to raise a little Hell with physical objects. The next few nights the door popped open on schedule, but never again showing more than half an inch. They had changed to a stricter policy of caution. They did not want to be seen. By then my second week was up, and I wanted more time to think of a plan, maybe catch them somehow or scare the daylights out of them. I scheduled another week on the phone with my parents. The phone was one of those wooden box wall hangers where you jiggled the hook to get an operator to connect the call. Then the parents answer and you talk.

So now I had several more days, but the door stayed barely open every night. I could think of no other strategy, and the game was more boring than ever with no movement. Then it happened again, with boredom setting in, that I drifted off for a few moments. Again, I thought this might be show time. I mustered resolve once, then popped my eyes open again. This time, the door had stayed nearly shut, but the question of

how they'd gotten through all the other locked doors was obvious now. They are not the 3D hard stuff we think is all a critter can be made of. This time there were five balls of light about the same size and shape of the heads I'd seen before, but this time they were inside the door and closer, a couple of feet from my face. These balls were the little beasties transporting into the room. The balls of light were vibrating and twitching back and forth. Presumably, they were working on forming into the bug men, but now I was awake and had caught them again. They knew they were being watched and the vibrating lights grew dimmer and dimmer until gone.

These demons were not flesh and blood beings, but they could take on a physical presence, turn on lights, and open and close doors, and tackle my poor Grandpa in his sleep. Again, I'd caught the little beastards and learned something. Then it was plain why my grandpa had these violent fits during the night. Since the early 30's when his wife was no longer able to sleep in the same bed, he'd been attacked nightly by these evil little beasts. I'd regret leaving him like that, but couldn't see how staying could help Grandpa. The beasts were too clever, they'd just wear me down. I didn't feel safe talking about it to adults. They wouldn't believe me, and it could create more trouble. That was my last visit to Superior. I wasn't in a hurry to go through that again. A few years later, Grandpa had retired and moved with his wife Ethyl to a house they owned in Livingston. I figured the midget maggots might not have followed, so about 1964 I made another summer visit, thinking wrongly that I was safe.

There was no hall stairs there, the door opened into the living room at the foot of the bed so I couldn't see it if it was open or shut. I was there about three nights when all Hell broke loose. I knew right away what was going on. Grandpa was thrashing about in frenzied combat. It was too dark to see, but I knew the adversary wasn't a nightmare. While attempting to get his attention and wake him up, he caught my nose with a swinging elbow and the blood came running. Then he woke up. I felt

so bad because he was a tender man and broke down and cried when he saw the blood. I tried to reassure him. I'd been hit dozens of times like that on the playground and it was nothing new. I couldn't bring myself to talk to him about it. They hadn't killed anybody yet or broken any limbs, so there were limits to what harm they could do. I wondered for the rest of my life why this Christian gentleman should be afflicted in such a bizarre way. Maybe he was such a good man that this was the only way the devil could find to torture him. Maybe an unknown enemy...

People marveled at Grandpa Roy's high moral character, positive outlook and peaceful disposition. The world isn't like that. It's rush, rush, work harder, get more, watch your back, worry, worry, and in the end all you get is frayed nerves. Grandpa would say that the secret was learning to live with the inevitable. He told me to NEVER get cynical. If God himself hadn't come down and saved me many years later, I would have given up, but in those early days, Roy Springer my grandpa was my inspiration. I'd sure like to have him back. Grandma, too.

Is God Dead?

I remember the title "Is God Dead" on a Time article in 1969 when stationed at Dugway Proving Ground as a company Clerk in the army. But this issue is listed as April, 1966, so I don't know how that could have been, but I saw it there. I had an interest in the New Testament but could hardly be called a real Christian. It was a stupid question. If God was ever alive, He certainly wouldn't be dead, but the authors meant to say that God had indeed somehow died. True enough, it had been a long time since God had made pillars in the sky, but God rarely works that way. If the world hasn't seen or felt the presence of God, it's because they haven't looked in the right places. As Bob Dylan put it, how would you like to be God and see this magazine? At the time I couldn't say for

certain, but now I can say that God is anything but dead. You can meet God, know God, get real help. That's a fact.

A friend confided that she had looked and looked, but found no God. It doesn't work that way. You have to look for the right reasons and in the right places. The eight beatitudes at the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount in Matthew 5 are where and how you want to aim. Just trying to believe them isn't enough. You have to walk the walk. God is knocking on your door, but are you really listening? Be hit with a cosmic punch and become a newborn child of God.

Intellectual Arguments Opposing The Existence Of God

God is far from popular. Those who try to lead the Christian life are held in contempt, an unwritten public policy. Real Christians are driven from careers, homes and families. Just recently, 35 years since I met Jesus, I met a young man who was on an English teaching visa. He steered the conversation to religion, so it was my obligation to tell him that Jesus was the real deal. I also assured him that I'd actually met God. To him, this was proof of insanity. Nobody can meet a God who doesn't exist. The beer made him aggressive and rude. He advocated for the great many wonderful people whom I'd condemned to Hell because they would never hear of Jesus. I had offended them with a lie, he thought.

Paul in Romans says that the creation teaches about the eternal power of the Godhead, "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse." In other words, exposure to the Bible or any kind of religion is neither necessary nor an excuse for rejecting God. It is a fact that you can meet God. A person must reach the point where deep self-examination exposes sin. At that point a person is ready to cast himself on the mercy of God and in a state where God can respond. Only Jesus can make a person born again, not the Bible or the church or any prophet, whether a

man has heard of Jesus or not. However, the Bible is a great aid to understanding the character of God, how salvation works, how to become born again, and how to conduct yourself afterward. It may have some strange stories to tell, but it is also stuffed with wisdom.

The intellectual attacks Christianity using the same arguments. Many attacks depend on impugning the character of religious people. This is an easy hit since those who come to God were driven there by their own flaws and those don't go away overnight. Other tactics are based on a poor understanding of scripture. Yes, there were many naturally impossible events in the Old Testament that seem absurd, but the point is that God is not a natural being. Some of those things I can't get my head around, either, but none of us were there. If a real relationship with God depended on the plausibility of Bible stories or the approval of men, we'd have to give up before we started. I took the argument directly to God and got filled with real sweetness instead of the candy bars I had asked for.

Darwin was the first influential scientist who made science the natural adversary to the Christian Bible and alternative to what he called the myth of God. He pitted his theory of evolution against the credibility of Biblical events. Darwin wasn't all wrong. Surely, natural adaptation is built into the genetics of living things, and most species had probably changed a lot over time. But no rational person really believes that all living things came about due to the accidental combination of chemicals under the conditions of blind cosmic forces and billions of years. All things, especially living things, are far too remarkable, many even spectacular, to have come about by chance alone. They were created by God and programmed by God to adapt to changing conditions.

With God all things are possible. The Bible isn't about natural events but about the God who created the natural world and intervene when he chooses. These last several thousand years of recorded history were enough to provide mankind with a final plan of salvation along with the

means to experience the love of God and live eternally with Him. The essential theme is that long ago blood sacrifice was necessary to maintain favor with God. It wasn't the best plan, so God took that burden on Himself to give us a better way. Now, if you believe on Jesus as replacing that sacrifice, then you can still be saved. If you cannot accept this, then you can be an intellectual and hope that your own logic will save you. You will find out too late that your own logic wasn't that good. Your soul will suffer eternal death instead of the vivid light and life in the Kingdom, but it will be too late.

How many born again believers place any importance on whether the Bible's creation must be interpreted as a literal period of six twenty-four hour days? Before my dramatic experience, some Christians insisted I was going to Hell because I couldn't see it that way. Surely God thought otherwise, because He personally took me to Heaven and made me born again. If the intent of the Bible was to provide a fully detailed, scientific account of all reality, it would take millions of books, far too many to read. To me, it was necessary and reasonable that Genesis conveys the creation of billions of galaxies in symbolic shorthand. It cannot be literal in every sense, but it is not a myth. It rightly gives the living God of Abraham credit. The Bible says that to God a thousand years is a day and a day is a thousand years. Maybe to God a day is a billion years! Wouldn't it be cool to view a two billion year time lapse video?

In reality, the six "days" of creation were six days by God's watch, not hours. The math works out to billions of years. Genesis is by necessity a condensed allegory. Why be so hung up on a narrow, "literal" interpretation of Genesis? Obviously, symbolism is deeply ingrained in the personality of God. Jesus said to the crowd, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you have no life in you." Many were offended and left. Of course, Jesus wasn't referring to a public barbecue for cannibals where he was the main course, but for the spiritual nourishment made possible by his sacrifice. "Labor not for the food which perishes, but for that food

which endures unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for on him has God the Father set his seal.” God makes extensive use of symbols and parables to get His message across. Believe it.

If we consider that there are billions (probably trillions) of galaxies that have existed for billions (or perhaps trillions) of years slung into existence from a certain point in time, then God is much, much bigger than most believers seem capable of believing. Why put God in such a tiny box? There are millions of planets with millions of different life forms, but few can we ever know. Some of these creatures may also inherit eternal life because Heaven is populated with many different creatures. I myself saw none of those, no people, no trees, no flowers, though certainly many of these things exist. How big is Heaven? It must be a lot bigger than we can imagine.

This very narrow interpretation of Genesis invites mockery from scientists armed with fossils and precision equipment. It is a hindrance to the great commission since many will not seek the real God if His followers make Him out to be so small. Most Christians do seem to embrace a literal six day, twenty four hour, creation and a universe that came abruptly into existence only six thousand years ago. Many think this interpretation is a condition of salvation. They are wrong about that. In addition, many Christian churches believe in the speaking of tongues as being essential proof of being born again. This cannot be true, because God took me to Heaven and I never spoke in tongues. But it is still considered a condition in some churches so they won't have much use for me. Most of the tongues I've heard sounded more like stuttering than the real languages described in Acts. These things can be a discouragement to new believers, but tongues can be real, too.

150 years after Origin of Species, the most prominent scientists, men like Bertrand Russell, Carl Sagan and Stephen Hawking, still believe the banner of science is meant to beat down the myth of religion. Religion is

ignorance, superstition and myth, they blare. Of course it all too often is that, we must admit. Two prominent champions of the science kills religion cult are Christopher Hitchens and Richard Dawkins, though neither has any serious credentials in science. Go to Youtube.com too hear their attacks on religion, including Christianity. Of course, Islam is a false religion and Mohammed was a false prophet, we all know that, but these intellectuals paint Jesus with the same brush.

In one of Dawkins' interviews, the subject of masturbation is discussed. He cite "research" that Christians engage in masturbation as much as non-religious people. The only difference, according to the study, is that Christians feel guiltier. This is as bad as science gets. By calling it science, the listener is expected to believe it. That's called blind faith, not science. A large number of peer reviewed studies are required to prove anything in real science, but we see nothing of that. There was no mention of the authors or their credentials. No science there. Just blah blah. Even legitimate scientific studies are sometimes deeply flawed. To do it right, one would have to include a literature review citing at least a dozen similar studies that weren't cherry picked to get a particular outcome. I say this as a person with eight years university science myself. What a pity. These men wouldn't know a real experiment from a false one. The Bible makes no references to masturbation. The argument against it can be made on simple practical grounds, that for many it is a habit which has negative consequences in terms of personal relationships. Open masturbation isn't illegal because it's non-Christian, but because by nature it is a private, not a public act. Science can't tell us things like that. Guilt is the result of behaviors that are harmful to someone, regardless of whether you are religious or not.

The most essential questions that the intellectuals fail to explain away are the questions of God's existence and the plan of salvation offered by Jesus. They state that these are illogical and that they don't believe them, but their arguments are personal in nature. On the strength of a wide range of loosely organized criticisms aimed at religion, these men refuse

to allow the possibility of the existence of a living God, but aren't able to refute the testimonies of those who have known God. To rule that there is no God out of hand is most unscientific. Science is about belief in the unknown, about discoveries that have not yet been made.

Many of us born again Christians with real academic credentials would agree that one cannot believe in a God simply because we've been told to. But we see an abundance of evidence. We seriously consider the sincerity of millions who give consistent accounts of their experiences and devote their lives to God as a result. Jesus says "seek and ye shall find." Why not seek in earnest? Taste of the Lord and see that He is good? The intellectuals cannot seek, they already know it all. Jesus says that narrow is the road to life and few there be that find it. The intellectual atheists won't find it. Literature reviews and surveys are not ways to prove God or find God. Listing all the glaring faults of religious institutions won't get rid of God. Bashing the Bible won't get rid of God. The Sioux Indians found God hundreds of years ago, then picked up the New Testament and recognized Him immediately.

Mr. Hitchens does not pretend to be a scientist and is correct about the absurdities of Islam and the shameless fraud, Mohammed. By calling Jesus a lesser prophet, Islam makes God a liar. You are encouraged to listen to his many videos on Youtube (Mr. Hitchens has died of cancer). The first of his mistakes was to rule entirely against the existence of God without any evidence. He places Jesus in the same category as Mohammed, there being no comparison at all. Jesus declared himself to be God incarnate and showed none of the cruelty and sexual perversion well documented of Mohammed. Jesus was God. He came to give a message and die. He had no need of a wife. Hitchens and company are right, it is a stupid thing to adopt a set of beliefs simply because you are told you must. The Jonestown tragedy hardened my distrust of religious groups and autocratic dogma, but you can't blame God for the stupid deeds done by false prophets.

Being a scientist myself, God had to reveal Himself directly. When I mentally made that plea in earnest nothing happened for a year. Having become desperate from a vicious attack of Lyme disease and tired of waiting, I forgot about my demands but started taking a sincere interest in the beatitudes I wanted to do keep trying. That was when God answered in a spectacular fashion. Religion be damned, God is very much alive in all three personages as described in the New Testament and by millions of witnesses. As for accusations that events in the Old Testament are immoral and cruel, many are, but God is not by nature cruel. Understand that the origin of trouble was the cruel treatment of Jews by the Egyptians. God stepped in on their behalf. In return, he asked for appreciation. Why argue with that? What would you require if you were God? The first legal system involved complicated rituals and harsh penalties for cruel behaviors that needed correction. Those were not affluent times. Life was difficult and punishment necessarily swift. Since none of us can place ourselves in that culture, we cannot rightly object to the laws used to maintain order.

The original system was conceived by God, not the men who put it into operation. It was changed many times to suit the times. It has been obsolete for thousands of years since the crucifixion and is not a valid argument against the authenticity or moral correctness of God. Christianity brought an entirely new legal structure. Yes, slavery was practiced, but slaves were like indentured servants. They were not disrespected, beaten or raped such as has always been the practice of Islam. Slaves were set free at recurring intervals. Being such a slave would have been far preferable to the grinding poverty and social disgraces I endured while in school, when suffering from Lyme disease, and trying to raise a family. Indeed, it is a most special privilege to be a slave for Jesus who has promised to make amends in due time. As Jesus said, without God we are slaves to sin. A slave for Jesus means sacrifice and commitment in exchange for a new heart and eternal life by a loving Father in Heaven. Slavery to Christ means freedom from sin and death.

Once God rescued the Jews from slavery and oppression in Egypt, their troubles were just beginning. Yes, Saul and David and their soldiers slew hundreds of thousands of enemies, and God personally slayed hundreds of thousands when His intervention was sought. Understand that these wars were not provoked by the Jews or motivated by evil intent. They were necessary for self-defense. The cultures that came against them also often practiced cruel and evil customs, even the sacrifice of children, and needed to be destroyed.

God only took up for the Jews as long as they honored and appreciated God's help and met certain other conditions. Whenever segments of the Jewish culture forgot to honor God, especially when they adopted evil customs, then God no longer acted on their behalf. Very few people today can call themselves Jews in the same religious sense. If they were, they would strictly adhere to these ancient customs predating the crucifixion. Neither will any remnant that still believes in the God of Jehovah be assured of God's favor or answers to prayer. The sacrifice of Christ was a very serious matter. Only if you believe on Christ as the sacrifice for your sin can you expect anything from God. You cannot otherwise be born again or enter the Kingdom of God. "He that believes on the Son has everlasting life: and he that believes not on the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God stays on him." If these things were not true, I would not have told you.

Most Christians believe there are still many practical things to be learned about God from the Old Testament. This is true if you've already met God, but only the crucifixion points to Heaven. If you do not reach an impasse that prompts you to seek God, then you have no perceived need for God and will never find Him. Mr. Hitchins died without a savior. He cannot have entered into the Kingdom of God to inherit eternal life. Your task is to find God, be born again, serve God and thank Him for the wonderful, amazing world He made and His promise of eternal life and joy in the next world.

No More Government Work... Bellingham 1981

I'd patiently put up with contempt and derision at my government job with the Montana Soil Conservation Service for two years. The good result of it was that when my limit had been reached, I met God and become born again with a renewed spirit. Now, to save the wife and children, it seemed best not to camp at the problem and tie in with a Christian community. We ended up in Bellingham, Washington. I'd lost my career, possessions, home, and the family would eventually be destroyed. The geography was delightful, but the society less than ideal. Hardships continued. I was looking forward to recovering my physical health and building a Christian extended family, but it never happened. We came to Bellingham without income or support into the midst of an affluent Christian culture with established roots. We were without any social prestige and viewed as misfits with little value. I was still struggling with unresolved health issues that are mistaken for mental dysfunction in American society. The notion spread that I was schizophrenic. Decades later, this would turn out to be a devastating attack of Lyme disease which had been far more crippling due to a lack of knowledge of cause or potential treatment.

Soon I was fighting off Christians taking up where the doctors left off, demanding fees for counseling and treating schizophrenia, sometimes threatening confinement if I didn't comply. Ron Holland had given me hope, but there were no more like him. Within five minutes of explaining my dilemma to one Christian counselor, she began to instruct me sternly that I had to do as I was told. That got my attention, and I started looking for an exit. She then told me sternly that I must not leave. As I started edging towards the door, she buzzed her husband, who appeared in the doorway blocking my path. He was a very tall, imposing man who also told me that I was not free to leave. I was bracing for a body slam, but he let me slip past and drive home. They of course, felt that they alone knew what was wrong exactly and what must be done.

Willing to give it another chance, I agreed to see a man named Beryl, a Christian poser recommended by church friends. When I arrived for the appointment on the second story of a downtown office building, his receptionist was gone and the office door closed. After a few minutes watching the clock, I opened the door and found Beryl sunk deeply into a low sofa, his head back, staring away and saying nothing. This was Beryl and his pompous reserve. I struggled to initiate a conversation. After a long, anxious silence, he ripped into me. He claimed that if I were sane and well, I would have had the rightness of mind to knock. He explained how he had many years' experience dealing with schizophrenics on mental wards. When I failed to book another appointment, he pestered the wife with phone calls insisting that I was schizophrenic and needed his intervention.

Christians in church are always cordial. In Bellingham they were, too, but otherwise ignored me or become rude, even cruel. My health was in a bad state, for sure, and I was still suffering terribly from an unknown disease. We were soon financially desperate. I was well able to work, but there was nothing for me now. After a year I found that blasting myself with large quantities of various B vitamins cured most of the symptoms. But with the gap in work history and general notion that I was suffering from a dread mental disease, it was impossible to find decent work. Substitute teaching in the public school helped for a while until I wore a Jesus First pin and was fired the next day.

Finally, after two years, my college transcripts were enough to get me a teaching position at Viewcrest Christian School in Mount Vernon. This was the ACE (Accelerated Christian Education) curriculum for K7-K12. I was eager to work and looking forward to a school filled with smiling Christian kids. It was also a great relief to stop kiting credit cards to buy food. The church board that hired me projected an authoritarian attitude. They questioned my Christian beliefs and qualifications and seemed to doubt them. I, too, was wary of how it would work out, but felt that a

better candidate for the job would be impossible to find. My life had been study for years.

The classroom was pleasant and orderly. A very pleasant Christian woman, Joan Burns, was my valuable assistant in the classroom. I loved the young students, and they were superbly well behaved. The only problem was that they were having too much trouble passing tests. These were teaching units called PACEs (Packets of Accelerated Christian Education). The curriculum was very well designed, so I checked the PACE exams from prior years and found the problem. Many wrong answers had been skipped and PACEs improperly passed. The previous instructor had made himself popular by lowering the barrier to passing. As a result the children had fallen badly behind.

This posed a difficult problem, because the students would have trouble catching up and continue from habit to misjudge the effort required to pass. A lot of repeated and failed PACEs would be needed to bring their study efforts back up to par and more time to bring them back to grade level. I tried to see this in a positive way. It was an ideal opportunity for all of us because my strong academic background made it easy to coach academics. Most teachers wouldn't have been able to pull it off, but having been in the same position myself many times as a student, I felt it could be done and would be done. But it wasn't easy.

Soon trouble came from the school principal. Dan was the youth pastor, actually. He hadn't the right academic background for teaching but felt that he was more than a judge. He became very displeased when the number of passing PACEs dropped. It went far deeper than that. He strongly felt that he was the superior Christian, spiritual leader and superior teacher. He may have been right about the first two. I wasn't comfortable at the daily morning staff sessions being the only one who didn't speak at length in tongues. He maintained track of the failed PACEs and frequently mentioned that the students were performing terribly and that I couldn't teach.

What I regretted most was letting Dan coach me to strike students savagely in the buttocks for trivial infractions. He taped together two meter sticks, each unusually thick and sturdy. Taped together this way, they were heavy and flexible for a powerful, whip like action. He demonstrated this as the means to good Christian discipline, enforcing proper attention to studies, and instilling respect. The child was bent over a desk. The first time Dan did the deed for demonstration, swinging the sticks with enough force to lift the poor boy's heels off the ground. For several of these, I allowed him to instruct me to do the same. Soon I regretted it deeply, feeling the severity of the pain and convinced that both of us could and probably should go to prison for child assault. It soon became clear that he meant to blame me in general for harsh treatment of the children, so I refused to continue that part of the job.

The primary focus of Dan's attack was the stack of failed PACEs. He talked to others and took it before the board to show how badly I was doing. I tried on my own to discuss the matter with the board, but they refused to hear my side of it. The order was make peace with Dan or be fired. In my world, the students were doing a super job of catching up, and I was very pleased with them. After a few months they were passing all their PACEs, and within six months were maintaining near perfect scores. But Dan only stepped up his attacks, taking the older failed tests to the board, running me down to parents, and giving his under the table approval to certain children to break his own rules and disrupt classes. This was rationalized as compensation for my overly rigid discipline and also to encourage outside impressions that the classroom was out of control.

By the sixth month, the students were right up to date and now study champions. They had worked extra hard without being told why, now it was easy street. Every new PACE was no trouble, and so I praised their efforts. But Dan only stepped up his attack. The board would pay no attention, so I finally complained to the parents. This was now the eighth month of a nine month contract. The board fired me the next day with

my wife eight months pregnant with our third child. This was my new Christian family. I felt pretty defeated.

Fortunately, another job offer came back from Bellingham through the Full Gospel Businessmen. This was supposed to be a Christian investment company called Mitchell Financial Services. I'd met Jim through FGBMFI, Full Gospel Businessmen Men's Fellowship International. FGBMFI literature featured many testimonies of people whose careers and personal lives had hit bottom before they met Christ and were then restored. That seemed to be just what I needed after the government disaster. Perhaps with God, I, too, could find success and common interests through the Full Gospel Businessmen. The meetings over lunch were quite pleasant featuring testimonies and hymns.

Jim Mitchell was a leader of the local FGBMFI chapter. He was a hard charging insurance salesman who had a reputation for feuds with his competitors, especially Hans Lorentzen. Jim had recently made a small fortune selling limited partnerships with the aid of a friend who had the securities license Jim needed to have papers properly signed. Jim made the sales, he signed off on them. My job was initially unpaid. I was to use one of his offices to make my own sales. This turned out to be nearly impossible because the turf was already heavily owned by Jim and Hans with a great deal of jealousy between the two. For the next three years as I struggled to find clients, the family went back to being on the verge of starving. We kept barely afloat by bloating credit card debt. What had made Jim's recent fortune was a limited partnership called G D & L containers. The basic idea was that an investor buy say \$10,000 worth of containers with \$1,000 down, collect rent indefinitely from the shippers who used them, and get an ITC (investment tax credit) of \$10,000 on their tax returns. Notice that a handsome profit was possible without any return on the investment.

Two other limited partnerships Mitchell were promoting were local small hydroelectric plants. He projected a steady stream of cash to

investors with little maintenance required. The investors forked over roughly a million bucks for each of these two plants. My science background got me some respect, so I was promised a thousand dollars to do a scientific analysis of the plants. This would stave off starvation and assure investors of the rosy outlook projected by Mitchell and the project engineer, Allan Van Hook. No need to say I should have seen it coming, but there wasn't much else to do. Why not? Power exceedance curves for hydroelectric plants were new to me, but eight years of university science and the newly invented personal computer made them easy to analyze and graph. First, the amount of rainfall and size of the watershed had to be known. I wasn't comfortable with Allan's claims because he had a conflict of interest and no solid data, only his insistence that he was the expert of experts. Instead, I used government maps to find the watershed area and government precipitation records. There was no government precipitation record for the exact watersheds, but there were volunteer monthly records for five nearby sites going back fifty years. It was likely that elevation or some other factor could be used to correlate these precipitation records and accurately predict rainfall for any other site within the perimeter of them all.

This was now 1984. I ordered Professor Dick Lund's MSUSTAT on a floppy disk. Dick was the statistician's statistician. He had helped me immensely with my master's program. I used his MSUSTAT to do a regression analysis with confidence limits using all 600 monthly figures for each of the five sites, experimenting with different independent variables. Altitude was not significant, but regression analysis using longitude as the independent variable gave a 98% fit that would provide accurate rainfall calculations for any coordinates intersected by the government records. This gave much lower precipitation for both hydro sites than Van Hook's, and meant little return for investors. Of course, Mitchell would reject this. It would mean that the investors had been misled.

Why longitude? Elevation provided no correlation, but longitude gives a solid regression fit throughout the Nooksack Basin. Note that moisture comes in from the Pacific and is trapped by the Rockies which run exactly north and south, so it turns out that precipitation in northwest Washington is a strict function of longitude. A very accurate estimate of rainfall for Mitchell's two sites or any others in the Nooksack Basin and for even a larger region could be readily calculated from these regressions. I gave them a spreadsheet model that was worth far more than \$1,000, but which was useless for them unless they were honest enough to refund the investors' money.

Just how proficient I was at this kind of analysis? My master's thesis was a large randomized block experiment consisting of yield and forage quality analysis for sainfoin and alfalfa. A 200 plot analysis of variance (ANOVA) had to be performed for yield and twelve other effects for each forage plant. To handle this much data and crank out the results of two cuts for two years, 104 ANOVAs had to be computed. I had to take a computer class and then personally program the mainframe in FORTRAN to do this. Also, regressions were needed to make predictors for yield and protein and the other minerals in the forage composition as a function of nutrients applied. These same 104 effects had to be repeated for levels of N, P, K and all combinations of N, P and K with their squared counterparts. Not every formula the computer spat out was significant going by the $p(F)$ value, but all of them had to be examined and the useful ones selected for publication. Feeding this data into the mainframe was Dick Lund's specialty. When the line printer got done burning, I had a three foot stack of green bar to work through line by line.

Practical use of advanced statistics was the focus of my graduate study at Montana University. Pictures of the thesis can be viewed in this flipping book of a theorem and special statistical parameter that came out of my graduate work. These are proof of exceptional proficiency in numerical analysis and inference and training in scientific research.

While the precipitation figures were much lower than Van Hook's and certain to cause an argument, I well knew that the actual amount of water coming through the basin would be even far less. This was the result of two major losses. The first was evapotranspiration. Much would be lost in the heavily forested mountains from uptake by vegetation. Trouble is, no records existed for evapotranspiration, nor was there any ready means to calculate it.

But I had an idea. Luck had it that the five watersheds for which there were fifty years of monthly precipitation records also had accurate records for stream runoff on nearby sites. If stream runoff was also correlated with longitude, and it was, the amount lost to evapotranspiration could be easily calculated. If average stream runoff for a particular watershed was 50% of the precipitation revealed by the first regression, then 50% would have been lost to evapotranspiration. Eureka! We could be sure of having accurate results for precipitation, evapotranspiration and net water flow at both sites; in fact, for any site within the perimeter of the precipitation data available and even reasonable projections well beyond that.

When rainfall was now corrected for evapotranspiration, net runoff was only a fraction of what Mitchell and Van Hook had used to project profits and persuade investors to buy. They had hoped for expert confirmation from me of a big money maker, but the reality was that little profit would be possible. But there was a worse hitch that I didn't bother to push because the picture to that point was bad enough and wouldn't be acceptable to Mitchell or Van Hook. A second loss of usable water would leave next to nothing to turn the generators. Why? Because as anyone who lives in Northwest Washington should know, monthly precipitation is not evenly distributed throughout the month as Van Hook had assumed. He had built the equipment to accommodate that and no more. In reality, it rains extremely hard for a while and then trickles for a few days. Most of the water that wasn't lost to the air would go right past the pipe and possibly even destroy the equipment. It

is known by good engineers that care must be taken to ensure that a pipeline is sturdy enough to withstand a deluge. Since Allan hadn't accounted for uneven water flow, it was a pretty safe bet that the pipelines weren't built with such surges in mind. As it turned out, one of the projects was destroyed by flooding within a few months of operation, and that was the end of it. Most likely the same thing happened to the other one, but I was long gone by then.

I tried to enlist Puget's engineers to verify my report so that the project could be halted. Puget was obligated through the PURPA Act to buy the power, so there could be no project without their approval. Instead, the report generated only laughter. They had plugged in longitude values over the ocean and came up with negative values, hastily concluding that I had predicted it was raining upside down over the ocean. I might have said that the boundaries for the projections were limited only to the Nooksack Basin, but in fact they were easily good for a considerable distance over the ocean.

These brilliant engineers were probably bright enough to see that the only water useful for power was rainfall less evapotranspiration, but not enough to see that net water flux could only be positive over land to the extent it was negative over the ocean. If net positive precipitation over land wasn't balanced to the same extent that evaporation exceeded rainfall over the ocean, then we would have all drowned millions of years ago. If you think Noah's flood was a ridiculous amount of water, reaching to Mount Ararat, then think how deep Puget engineer's would have it after only a billion years of Earth's history if rainfall exceeded evaporation everywhere and radioactive dating procedures are remotely accurate. If net precipitation was positive over both ocean and land, given a modest figure of twelve inches a year, we would by now be almost 200,000 miles, almost to the moon, Alice!

So, once again, no good deed goes unpunished. It looked like we'd be broke forever and the butt of jokes while surrounded by people rolling in

money they hadn't earned. Mitchell's clients, mostly public school teachers, had tons of money to invest from good paying jobs. I couldn't get food on the table for three kids. The credit cards were stretched about as far as they could and yet more trouble was looming. The bulk of Mitchell's avalanche of commission cash had come from another limited partnership called G D & L Containers. At this point I should explain how federal tax credits and limited partnerships work. This was the same for both the doomed hydroelectric plants and the cargo containers and others they were selling. If you had watched how this was done, you'd know that the government's investment tax credit was little more than an invitation for tax fraud. Most of the time the feasibility of a project cannot be forecast, anyway not by the class of people in government employment, including the IRS.

But G D & L Containers was too easy to slap down, especially being worth \$354 million in false tax claims nationwide. The investor could write off the whole \$10,000 investment as a tax credit using only \$1,000 out of pocket. He'd be making a killing on tax credits without ever getting a dime from rentals of containers (or purchases of electricity by Puget). Mitchell's clients were already loaded enough so that they didn't risk much if the business flopped. Of course, those magnificent containers pictured prominently on the cover of the prospectus never belonged to G D & L. These were just cheap pictures snapped at random over San Francisco Bay. There was a due diligence trip to San Francisco where Mitchell and company drank martinis and chewed on seafood while looking out over the bay at all those containers. But no proof was ever offered that a one them belonged to G D & L, and nobody was rude enough to ask.

The two million bucks gathered from investors for the two hydro projects were not enough to draw attention from the IRS, nor would IRS agents would be smart enough to challenge it. At least there were metal parts to see. Heck, there were no Puget engineers smart enough to know. Mitchell's part in the container fraud was big news for a while in

Bellingham. He claimed that he had been defrauded and denied ever suspecting that the containers weren't real. Why should anybody care? Just reinvest in small hydro. This was a tiny windfall for me, coming in the nick of time to save us from starvation. I got about \$100 a pop for amending tax returns for repayment to the IRS. As for the hydroelectric plants, my projections were accurate enough to declare a fraud, but why should I care. Mitchell had kept us alive for the last several months by paying me \$600/per month for managing the office. Who wants to bit the hand that feeds him?

By this time in 1986, we had scraped by in western Washington for five years. It seemed like a disappointing testimony to the power of God. Both of us parents were plagued by mystery ailments, and now there were three children all born with something visibly wrong. I was up to my neck in credit card debt and unable to get a response from dozens of job applications. My Christian acquaintances all openly considered me a loser while I was secretly ashamed of them. Everywhere there had been fraud and requests for money from hucksters using religion to scalp suckers. Meanwhile, the Lyme infection was still causing me a lot of pain. After being locked up the first time and losing my job, I didn't dare mention it to a doctor, nor were there answers for the kids' symptoms. At the last possible moment... Finally, I found a job as an instructor at an Indian college. Maybe this time...

God Vs. The Science Of Probability

Even Christians have trouble understanding God. Everywhere you look there are rapes, murders, birth defects and horrible diseases that don't always spare God's faithful. A temperate lifestyle minimizes risks, but where is God when you need Him? Atheists claim to have a higher intelligence and use "science" to ridicule the faithful. They claim the world is governed by chance with no evidence of any supervision by an omnipotent creator concerned for human welfare. We pray and pray and

pray, and wait and wait and wait, but nothing happens. We feel like God has abandoned us and begin to doubt His promises. Mockers laugh at our plight and add to our afflictions, hoping and waiting for us to fail.

As a graduate student at Montana State University in the 70s I'd never given it much thought. I was not plugging religion. MSU was then known to be a tough science and engineering school. I was a fool for choosing the major in soils and minor in chemistry. There were few jobs unless you were comfortable working directly or indirectly for Monsanto. For me, the excellent quality of courses in the graduate soils curriculum outweighed job motives. It was the best way to extend superb undergraduate training in practical chemistry, hone a knowledge of research methods and higher math. My thesis was a monster randomized block experiment. Half of the treatments were alfalfa and half sainfoin for determining yields and forage quality responses to 25 combinations of nutrient additions. There were four replications of these treatments for each forage.

I slaved like a dog to keep on top of all classes, especially chemistry, calculus, statistics. Many all-night sessions were required to finish plant analysis in the lab. All three years I worked at least fourteen hours daily while at the same time suffering severe physical problems from Lyme disease. Severe back pain and spasms the first two years made it difficult to even walk, but I forged ahead. The last year my back had improved from exercise and better diet, but we were about to run out of GI Bill. I didn't expect to be a great scientist, but few have endured as much hardship to attain a deeper understanding of the fundamentals required to tackle complex practical problems using scientific principles and mathematics. Subjects like evolution and Skinner's operant conditioning were not of importance or practical relevance. I never thought my lack of enthusiasm for such areas could be important. You can't reproduce the evolutionary tree in a lab, so that has nothing to do with real science, and social sciences were not science in my way of thinking.

It was this lack of respect that got me driven out of the biology curriculum at MSU as an undergrad. I was holding a near 4.00 gpa, but frowned at my major professor's adoration of B. F. Skinner and evolution. The department head then was Barton Hahn, an aging, white haired hippie type. He was furious over my lackluster enthusiasm for B. F. Skinner and determined to prevent me from graduating. To escape, I endured the shame and expense of transferring to University of Montana to get a degree. This worsened years of stress and lack of nourishment, made me more susceptible the growing Lyme infection, and would eventually lead to a complete breakdown, but there was no room for a rest stop and no money for good food.

As I got more proficient in math and science, I found that hard questions made some professors very nervous. I proposed during one class to my soil physics professor, Hayden Ferguson, that the difference in gravitational potential from the table to the floor should permit one to make a self-starting siphon. He insisted that this would be impossible, it would violate the law against perpetual motion. This was a dirty trick on my part. Hayden was a great professor, but students are by definition more stupid than professors. I was prepared with two glass tubes in my pocket that were self-starting siphons. I'd learned how to make self-starting siphons from a Humpty Dumpty magazine in the dentist's waiting room when I was ten, 1958. The siphon tube has to have a diameter small enough that capillary action will bring the water level higher. If put in a beaker where the tube bends downward, the water can rise higher than the bend and will flow spontaneously.

From there, gravity takes over and the siphon starts. I went up to demonstrate this during class, using a tube with a second bend that dipped up towards the surface. Hayden objected, saying that it wasn't fair to allow the water to bounce. I figured on that, so took out a second, slightly smaller, tube without only one bend. It was surely not nice for me to shame the department physicist that way, but I got a kick out of getting the better of him and hoped he could be a sport. The principle of

capillarity is central to the hydrodynamics of water in soils and the uptake of nutrients by plants. The effect can also be observed if your arm hangs too far over the edge of the tub while sleeping and then you awake to find that the tub has emptied itself onto the floor. Hayden is still a very popular professor at MSU. Geez, he must be about 90.

Other questions were not meant to be tricks, but I wanted answers. I asked an undergraduate statistics professor if a strong correlation was evidence of cause and effect. This is an old question and the answer just as worn out. Correlation has NOTHING to do with cause and effect! He used the example of annual deposits of guano in Peru and river currents in Russia being correlated, but certainly having no cause and effect. On the other hand, the assumption in my thesis and thousands of other papers is that nitrogen or other nutrients are a cause of the greater amount of protein and yield in forage. The sequence of events leaves little room to doubt this, of course.

Nevertheless, a causal link between bird droppings and river currents could be a reasonable inference since both are the result of seasonal cycles. Who is to say that all things are not somehow linked? No direct cause and effect may be observed, yet there is always a possibility of an indirect link. Science has always assumed the task of new discoveries, so why declare that there is no causality simply because the evidence is not available? While the mathematics of statistics is elegant and useful, a subtle lie underpins the philosophy. Perhaps I was just being picky, but real science seemed often at odds with what I was hearing. Just because you can't see it, that doesn't mean you can rule it out.

As Mark Twain aptly observed, "There are three kinds of lies; lies, damned lies, and statistics." This lie becomes convenient for putting corporate profits before human welfare. For example, the denial of a causal link between vaccines and autism by the medical industry is used with much success to negate the observations of thousands of concerned parents. Those thousands of parents who have observed with horror as

their children's personalities vanished within days following the MMR have been successfully pushed off with simplistic, pseudoscientific platitudes oft repeated by a biased mainstream news. But the MMR could not be the sole cause of autism. How many of these children are also congenital Lyme? The parents are further demeaned and cast off as being emotionally imbalanced. Indeed, many are, because one of the symptoms of congenital Lyme disease is autism and so the parents would also be ill. This is not conspiracy theory, it is observable FACT, but due to privacy concerns it is necessary to omit personal details. When in 2013 the CDC raised its estimate of 30,000 Lyme cases per year to 300,000, then you knew someone had been lying big time for a long time. Chronic Lyme has been epidemic for decades.

With the CDC insisting chronic Lyme does not exist, it is inevitable that there are millions of undiagnosed cases; hence, millions of congenital Lyme children with a variety of emotional and physical problems that include autism. This is a major cause of the unexplained spike in autism. No, the authorities are not that stupid. The MDs who claim not to know or who echo these denials are simply shifting responsibility by doing what they've been told (following orders like good Nazis). The days when stewed tot was a favored dish were long ago, but the American medical industry and the CDC have found a more subtle and ingenious equivalent, if somewhat less ethical way. The trick is to line their wallets, not their stomachs. It's also far more deliciously wicked when you can screw the parents with the bill while the majority of adults still think MDs are Gods. Best racket ever.

Statistics Vs. God

Statistics is fundamental to professional research design in any science. Fundamental to the science of statistics is the notion of chance. Judging whether the link between treatment and effects is strong enough to warrant a conclusion is by convention a matter of gauging whether it

could be due to chance alone. The strength of a difference, statistically significant or not, between two sets of data is measured by the ratio of variation between them. Such tests are called z, t or F. The idea is essentially the same for all three test types. For large, complex experiments like the randomized block, the F test is used. Variation among blocks (also called replications of a set of treatments) is calculated and variation among treatment levels also calculated. When divided by the number of pairs, these mean squares are measures of the amount of variation within the group. This explanation isn't the best, so see randomized block design.

Treatment and block variations are subtracted from the overall variation among all single values to yield a residual variation called the sum of squares for error. When divided by the number of observations (less one), the values of block mean square, treatment mean square and error mean square are obtained. In my thesis there were 25 different treatments representing different levels of N, P and K (nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium) and also various combinations of micronutrients such as boron and copper. There were four replications, called blocks, for each set of 25 treatments. This was done for alfalfa and repeated again for sainfoin within the same overall plot for 200 cells. Think. If the mean square for treatments or blocks is equal to the error mean square, then there is no measurable difference between them; therefore, levels of N, P and K are not judged to have any effect on yield or forage composition at all. In statistical parlance, this means that there is a 100% probability, $p(F)$, that variation in results was due to chance alone. Treatments of various nutrients had no effect. There are photos of the experiment here.

F for treatments is the mean square for treatments divided by the residual (error) mean square; F for blocks is the mean square for blocks divided by error mean square. The F value itself is the ratio of a strength of difference between a group of data and the error (denominator), but it says nothing about probability. F only measures the ratio of a group of

data to residual (random) variation. For example, if forage yield increases consistently at N levels of 0, 40, 80 and 100 kilograms per hectare, then the F value for variation among levels of N would be higher than the residual to some degree; otherwise the F ratio would be one (no difference). In my thesis design, if block means were significantly different, it must be concluded that moisture or some other factor was intersecting them at more or less right angles. The block design is a strategy for removing uncontrolled factors that could skew the results of interest.

How do we judge whether the ratio of treatment mean square (TMS) (or block mean square) to error mean square (EMS) is high enough to conclude that the effect is not random? For this, we plug the values into a complex formula called a probability distribution to give us the probability, $p(F)$, that the ratio is due to chance alone. The possible deception in this strategy, if to commit blasphemy, is in the assumption that residual variation is really due to chance. It really doesn't have to be. It's a convenient assumption from the compelling idea that every toss of a coin has equal odds of landing heads or tails. It may be argued, however, that chance is an illusion, that if all the subtle forces involved were known or controlled, the result of a head or tail could be predicted accurately. This is particularly true in research trials that are not well designed. Many different environmental factors could be skewing results. The randomized block is one method of screening them out.

For the tests in the sainfoin/alfalfa trial, it was easy to see how chance had much less to do with the dilution of observable effects than experimental error. For example, after harvesting, conditions in the drying room were uneven. Mold attacked some samples and not others, and the damaged samples showed up in lab analysis. Then in the lab, some batches were left in the furnace longer than others, causing some samples to be partially vaporized. In some cases samples had been contaminated without any apparent reason. It could easily be said that

there is no such thing as random chance, only a lack of rigor in experimental controls.

If we were to abandon the notion of random chance, we could derive a different ratio, say the FCC, to tell us simply the degree of consistency that values vary from one replication to another. The idea swaps the notion of gambling for a more accurate measure of goodness of design. We want 100% of variation, $FCC=1$, to be consistent across sets of data, whether blocks or treatments. This is conceptualized in terms of covariance of pairs of treatments across blocks or pairs of blocks across treatments. If the effect of treatment levels is not consistent from block to block, then the probability of F is 1 for blocks, and the average covariance of pairs of treatments from block to block is zero. There could be no difference in variation among blocks at all. Likewise, there cannot be significant treatment differences if paired block differences are not somewhat consistent from treatment to treatment.

This may be a little tricky to grasp, especially for treatment differences. The notion hit me during a lecture by Jack Martin, an efficient professor at Montana State. He was explaining the procedures for ANOVA designs in class when I asked, hey, if blocks differ to any significant level, would not that mean that covariance between pairs of treatments across blocks must be positive? Initially, he said that no. He was caught off guard. But to me it had to be. I penciled a quick proof for two treatments and took it to him the next day. His response was, okay, you got me, but what if there were three or more treatments? I told him that the equations are too lengthy to complete easily, but it is obvious that all combinations of pairs of treatments must be taken into account and this could be proved. I told him that I thought that the idea might yield interesting results.

Taking the proof of this concept to its ultimate conclusion yields a useful parameter I call the FCC that gives the percent of consistent change for any replicated set of data. It corresponds to F and uses the same numbers

with a little more information included, but casts the issue in terms of consistency instead of probability. I call it the Foos Coefficient of Covariance, or FCC. An FCC of 100% for treatments means that effects of treatments at levels, of say N at 0, 40, 80 and 100, are exactly the same within each replication, and this corresponds to a very highly significant $p(F)$ of 0%; i.e., no chance that results were due to chance. The $p(F)$ statement sounds good for research results, but the Foos Coefficient shifts emphasis from random chance to goodness of experimental control and is a more meaningful measure of consistency. Instead of assuming the world is run by chance, we assume that lack of consistency is due to lack of rigor in experimental design.

So, $p(F)$ emphasizes random chance as opposed to quality control. The Foos Coefficient is actually a better measurement since it contains information that the F ratio does not. Think. The F ratio for treatments consists of treatment mean square (TMS) divided by error mean square (EMS) while the Foos Coefficient uses the same numbers, TMS-EMS, further divided by the sum of within block variations for each treatment group. In the case of the Foos Coefficient for blocks, the Foos Coefficient is the block mean square (BMS) less the error mean square (EMS), the same numbers in F for blocks) then divided by the sum of single treatment variations across blocks. The original proof posed to Jack Martin in 1978 was that all variation among blocks had to be owed to covariance of treatment pairs across blocks. The F value compares variation of interest to error variation, but the FCC compares the difference, which happens to be covariance, to non-covariance.

The average covariance of treatment pairs happens to work out to be BMS-EMS divided by number of treatments. From the proof, a few easy algebraic operations yields the formula for the Foos Coefficient, which is also the average covariance among treatment pairs divided by the average variance of single treatments. Eureka! If you're that interested, you can see the complete proof and derivation [here](#). Other than being an interesting venture, this is ample proof that my academic achievements

in math and science are better than most. Anyway, I've included a nice QED on page 51 of the proof if you want to jump to the bottom line. Look at it this way, the Foos coefficient is simply the ratio of average pairwise covariance to single variance of replicated sets of data, be they blocks using consistency of treatment variation block to block or treatments using consistency of treatment variation within blocks. It's a very simple idea, even if the proof is complicated, and the result a nicely practical bonus.

This argument started with whether or not the implicit belief in random chance by modern scientists is misleading. Few would admit to that, but the claims made using “science” are often pretentious or untrue. Einstein, who was in no way a believer in any personal God, made the famous statement that he refused to believe that God plays dice with the world, one of the few authentic quotes. This was in reference to quantum theory which relies on the mathematics of probability. This was of those profound statements used to impress the masses. We should all agree that there is no such thing as random chance in the strictest sense; however, the properties of molecules and smaller particles are too complex to describe in detail. As a practical matter, their bulk properties can be described as done with Boyle's law. We know that gas pressure is due to the action of millions of molecules in rapid motion. We do not attempt to account for each and every one, but relating volume, pressure and temperature tells us what we need to know on a practical level.

Since we cannot predict the motion of every single molecule, we call their bulk behaviors “statistical thermodynamics.” The Gibbs free energy equation very elegantly and accurately describes how every physical and chemical change results in loss of available energy called ENTROPY. Entropy is the quantity of disorder. Better yet, it is energy lost and no longer available to do work. When a book falls to the floor, some energy is lost. You never see the book fall up instead of down, because that would require energy input to replace that lost from entropy. Entropy is a real form of energy measurable in terms of heat

released from the violence of impact. This dislodges molecules from an orderly arrangement to bounce around, but the term random is convenient, not absolute. Nevertheless, the culture of science in these days has fallen victim to a real belief in random events. The scientific notion of creation is that just by chance the physical universe exploded out of nothing into nothing. Chance is thought to be the driving force of evolution. Defects in DNA, called mutations, result in accidents that favor adaptations and result in new species better able to survive in an ever changing environment. We are the product of a long series of accidents, they say. More likely is that humans are capable of seeing that deeply into the nature of things. Accidents are really only things we can't understand. Really, have you ever seen a book fall up?

Certainly, there is an element of truth to the idea that mutations do occur and most are not desirable. But there is no proof that any event in the physical universe is the result of blind force or that any exclude the role of an intelligent creator. We cannot hope to understand all things. All that we can really do is wonder at the complexity and grand scale of the world and wince at senseless tragedies. The atheist appears to be wiser than God, but the wisdom of God is beyond his grasp. The child of God has met his maker and knows that the physical creation is but a pale reflection of an eternal destination. The Union Of All Things is Jesus who stands at the gate to an eternity of peace and joy for those who have found the key. The psychiatrist considers the religious mind to be a symptom of madness which he is paid to cure.

Most people these days seem confident that "science" has disproved Biblical myths, though many of the barbs aimed at the Old Testament are not valid criticisms. Many have mocked the reference to a unicorn, but the definition of a unicorn in the 1600s was an ordinary rhinoceros. I wouldn't use the Old Testament to convince the atheist that God is real. It is up to you to set aside foolish arguments and seek God on your own, but keep in mind that God has his own terms.

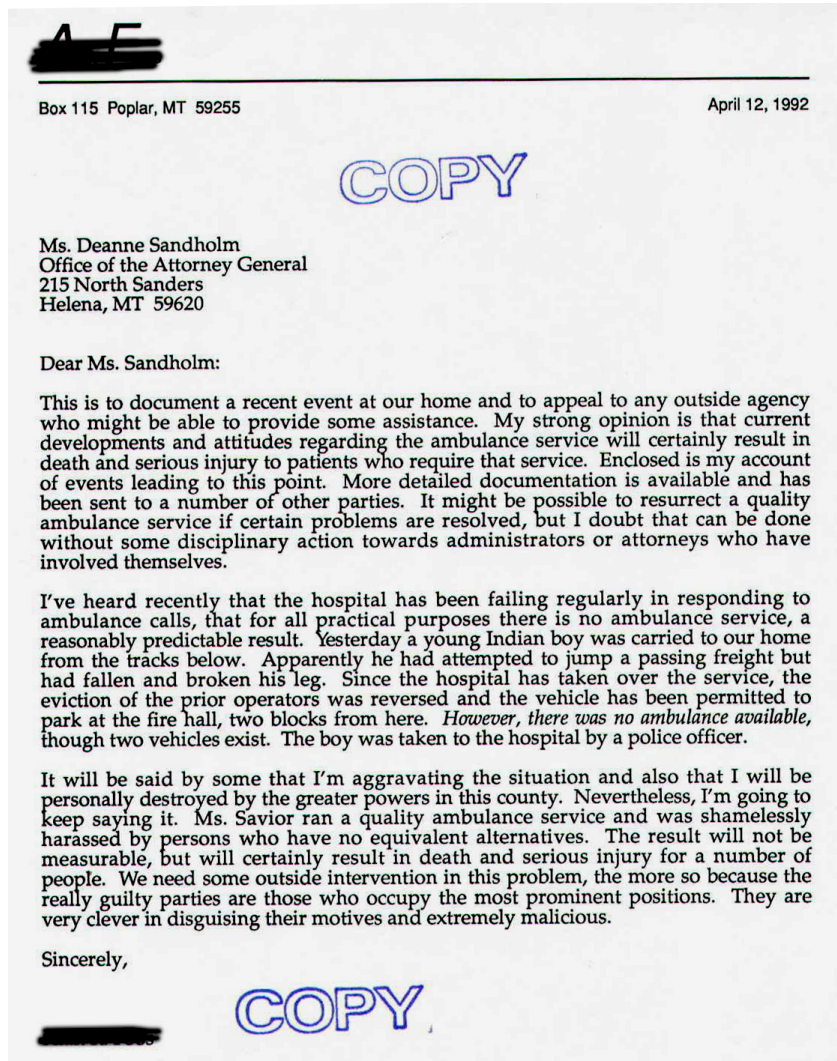
Indeed, if God is real and Jesus is the way, you can give it the acid test laid out in the Sermon on the Mount. As Jesus states clearly, you will see God under the right circumstances. I tried it and struck the mother lode like many others. I won't use tricks like fake healings and tongues to astound you, but will tell you straight out that you can be saved and inherit eternal life. You can meet God, but 'verily, verily, I say unto you, you must be born again to see the Kingdom of God." You have to have the right attitude or God will not bother with you. You will know it when you're finally born again.

Bye Bellingham Hello Indian Reservation

At the last minute before the credit cards went bust, a decent job turned up back in Montana. This lasted twelve good years. Eventually, the crooks got to us, making threats of dire destruction from an FBI agent and his two attorney friends who were already reputed to be involved in embezzlements, drug running and murders. These guys were from out of town, but had taken up the cause of a local banker's wife and hospital administrator who had embezzled \$250,000 from an Indian owned ambulance service.

After I took over the billing to stop the embezzlement, the attorneys threatened the legal Indian owners with prosecution for taking over the payments that belonged to them. When I produced the 501(c)(3) charter and evidence of embezzlement by the hospital, they went after me later. Someone was also sabotaging the ambulance so it couldn't run. This was clearly meant to cause an Indian death and disgrace the owners. To prevent an imminent death due to malicious homicide, I had the Indian owners surrender ownership to the hospital. It was one of my many bad ideas. Even after pleading with the Attorney General's office for intervention. The hospital refused to do runs, leaving many injured people without help.

Finally, two middle school Indian girls bled to death without an ambulance. They happened to be the daughters of the tribal accountant, so the Indian haters hit the bull's eye. I didn't know at the time that the Attorney General and soon to be governor, Marc Racicot, was close friends of the agents and the attorneys, who sat on the Supreme Court



Board of Practice. I've felt terrible guilt since. I shouldn't have let the hospital have the ambulance. The motive of Peggy Sage, the administrator, and her aide Sherry Loegering was only to get away with the embezzlement. They had no concern for the welfare of Indians or anybody else.

The two attorneys, FBI agents, county prosecutor, hospital administrator, Poplar City manager, banker and even future governor of Montana were all part of a group bound by their mutual hatred for Indians and desire for dishonest gain. They really felt that all Indians

leaves and exhaust trail of water vapor.

— NATION/7A

Duke's center under attack

A newspaper says Duke standout Christian Laettner violated NCAA rules. Laettner says he's clean.

— SPORTS/1C

Panel releases 'Rubbergate' list

The House ethics committee released the names of all those involved in the checkwriting scandal.

— NATION/7C

INSIDE

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Auto Plus ...1E	Living4B
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Comics..... 5C	Opinion4A
Deaths..... 8A	Sports 1C
ENJOY! 1D	TV.....6C
Landers..... 5C	Weather ...10A

OUTSIDE

Mostly cloudy today with scattered showers. Gusty west winds expected. Highs today 65 to 75, lows tonight 30 to 45. Highs Saturday 45 to 55.

Weatherline

For time, temperature and 24-hour weather news, call 256-9999.

Head-on collision critically injures 3, kills 2 in Poplar

■ **Alcohol: Patrol says it was a factor**

By **NICK EHLE**
Of the Gazette Staff

Two young sisters were killed and two other girls critically injured when a drunk driver slammed head-on into their car in Poplar on Wednesday night, authorities said.

Lorraine Stormy, 15, and Jessica Stormy, 12, were killed in the accident and Miranda Daniels, 12, and Nichole Chopper, 11, were injured, said Bureau of Indian Affairs area director Wayman Babby.

Lt. Bert Obert of the Montana Highway Patrol said the four girls, with Lorraine Stormy at the wheel, were driving west on Highway 2 through Poplar at about 8:45 p.m. Wednesday when the accident happened.

John Charboneau, a 27-year-old Poplar man, was driving east when he swerved across the center line, hitting the car carrying the four girls, the patrol said.

Obert said witnesses and evidence recovered at the accident indicate that Charboneau was drunk. He declined to elaborate.

"We can say that alcohol was definitely a factor in this one," Obert said.

Daniels and Chopper were driven 80 miles to Mercy Hospital in Williston, N.D., where they were listed in critical condition Thursday night, Babby said.

Charboneau was also in critical condition at the Williston hospital.

Although emergency workers arrived shortly after the accident, ambulances from Poplar Community Hospital weren't able to respond. Drivers couldn't find the keys to one ambulance and the hospital's second was in Sidney for repairs, said hospital administrator Peggy Norgaard.

Ambulances from Wolf Point about 20 miles away were eventually dispatched about 20 minutes after the accident and needed 13 minutes to respond, said Betty Moore, of the Trinity Hospital Ambulance Service.

(More on Accident, Page 9A)

The Billings Gazette Friday, April 17, 1992

should be put to death, and used this attitude to justify theft of Indian money. Ralph Patch, the county prosecutor, should get some credit. He was well aware that roughly \$250,000 had been embezzled from the Indian ambulance and suspected who had been cutting battery cables and draining gas in the ambulance stall at the city offices. He was soon down at the city offices less than two blocks from my home and gave me a very polite hello. He, too, felt badly, but not enough to file charges.

Money rightfully belonging to Indians had been stolen ever since the first reservation agents lined their pockets by reselling vital commodities. By the 90s I observed embezzlement to still be a common practice within the BIA and state government. It was usually rationalized by the notion that Indians were subhuman. There were other murders of Indians in the area that I was sure were committed by these same people. The banker himself, who had likely laundered the stolen money, had to resign after threatening to shoot Indians whom he claimed were stealing from him. That's how they think.

There were other stories about these agents and attorneys being involved in such crimes, but they weren't taken seriously. Now my own life was in the crosshairs, and it was no theory. A prominent public official who I can't name called me to a meeting. I've never seen anyone so terrified. His voice was quavering and his body trembling. He was talking about the two attorneys and the two FBI agents. Essentially, he told me to keep my mouth shut or I would be severely harmed. But the most convincing threats came right from the horse's mouth. I called the one FBI agent, Scott Cruise, in early 1993 to complain about how the ambulance issue was handled and express concern about improper procedures against my wife. I got an earful of dire threats meant to conjure up the worst possible outcomes. There was no if then scenario. He made it very clear that he and the attorneys were indeed the most ruthless of criminals and would carry out the most heinous, destructive acts against myself and family. The only thing I remember was his statement, "Rest assured that a network of attorneys will use criminal means to destroy you, and their

methods are without exception life destroying.” Nasty little bugger, but his job was more secure than mine.

How could I possibly have been any real threat? Nobody in the system would have paid me any mind. Medicaid and bank records would easily prove that embezzlement of the ambulance money had taken place, but nobody would have listened to me. Why would the prosecutor, FBI and state level attorneys including Marc Racicot cover for this embezzlement if they were not crooks themselves? These were the same questions Columbo would ask. The scope of the matter was, of course, far bigger. Can you spell homicide? Even after 25 years, is it safe to talk, now?

Four years earlier, on June 7, 1988, a third member of the firm, Laura Christofferson, passed Harry Hamilton and a friend who were traveling 70 mph towards Poplar. She must have been traveling at least 90, probably faster, in her 1986 Oldsmobile. As she rounded a turn, she struck Arlene Buck Elk who was walking along the highway. The car was destroyed and Buck Elk smashed and with a dismembered foot. This was observed by Doug Grandchamp. He noticed when he arrived that Christofferson had spilled a large amount of alcohol on her crotch area. Patrolman Mike Stocks soon arrived, examined the body and transported Ms. Christofferson to the BIA jail. Grandchamp spoke with her a short while later and observed that she was heavily intoxicated. Tribal Officer Steve Greyhawk, Jr, was there and confirmed that she was clearly drunk. None of the eye witnesses were given opportunity to provide statements. In Montana if an intoxicated driver causes the death of another, it is an automatic murder conviction. All that was required was the BAC test to confirm the obvious. Several long hours elapsed before the test was administered, but it was surely not long enough. During that time, FBI agent Wixon, Cruise’s partner, appeared and managed to get her release. It was commonly believed that Christofferson and the married Wixon were having a sexual relationship. Whether true or not, the attorneys and FBI agents were very close friends. Their Glasgow offices were close to each other and they met

often socially. The timing of the BAC test and neglect to interview witnesses was clearly meant to help Ms. Christofferson dodge the consequence of an automatic murder conviction. This isn't conspiracy theory or speculation. This deeply dishonest, arrogant and racially biased manner is typical of the system in Montana, but thankfully not everyone is that way.

The ambulance embezzlement was ongoing through that period. The showdown in 1991-92 involved the same people with the same motives that led to the threats towards me. There were enough records when combined with Medicare records to prove that about \$250,000 was embezzled by Peggy Sage and the banker's wife, Sherry Loegering. Dick Loegering used his position as bank president to launder the money. There could be no other conclusion because the hospital's records were clearly bogus and short \$50,000 / year. This was egregious abuse of their positions, but they didn't expect to be held accountable or charged. The same people were involved in covering up the negligent homicide of Arlene Buck Elk. The ambulance vandalism and later murder of Arlene's husband, Darryl Buck Elk proved that they were crooked people who thought nothing of murder. Darryl had been raising Hell for years about the BIAs refusal to release Christofferson's BAC test which would have proved whether or not she was guilty of a negligent homicide. Columbo would say that the FBI and its friends had both opportunity and motive.

It's important to visualize how Poplar is laid out. My house was on the Southeast end of the street less than two blocks from the city building and manager's office where the ambulance stall was located. Danny Anderson was city manager and also owned the motel in Poplar. He was a well-known Indian hater and friends with the banker and the hospital administrator. The bank that Dick Loegering ran was only a block up from my corner to the city offices, then two blocks right to the corner of the main drag. The old, abandoned city office building where Buck Elk's body was found was on the left facing east. The bank was to the right.

Both Anderson and Loegering were known for their hatred of Indians that went as far as violence. This wasn't uncommon in Montana. My father in law also went on rants declaring that all Indians should be gassed. On one occasion during that period, Anderson decked an Indian woman in front of the city office. While nobody ever outright accused him of sabotaging the ambulance, he was the only one with full access to the building and had motive, so let me be the one to say it. There is no doubt in my mind that he was the one.

I never voiced that conviction. I might have inherited a grave next to Darryl Buck Elk. Buck Elk was bludgeoned near the old city office on October 12, 1997, a year after Dorene's breakdown triggered the lawsuit and after others were claiming that they had also been threatened and intimidated by the same FBI agents and attorneys. That involved allegations that they were peddling cocaine. The murder of Buck Elk happened near the bank, two blocks down from the new city building where the ambulance was vandalized, about three blocks from my house. Poplar surely wasn't safe for us now after twelve years. The residents of Poplar who most wished death on Indians were Danny Anderson and Dick Loegering, though they had friends like the hospital administrator and woman who sued Dorene. How sad that Arlene Buck Elk left two children at her death, a daughter Darice and a son, Christopher Michael Buck Elk, and now their father Darryl had been murdered. Sadly, Christopher himself died at the age of thirty. No cause of death was cited. Perhaps like his dad, he, too, was posing too many reminders about what the Glasgow FBI and attorneys had done to his parents.

Between 1988 and 1997, Darryl Buck Elk, deeply grieved over his wife's death, hounded the BIA increasingly, insisting on a copy of the BAC test that was rightfully public domain and evidence of a murder. There was reason to believe he wouldn't eventually succeed, which would mean criminal charges against Laura Christofferson and possibly Dean Wixon. If nobody had investigated the killing of Arlene and

nobody had investigated the theft of money from the ambulance, there sure wasn't anybody in the system willing to investigate the murder of Darryl or the role that Wixon may have played.

It might be a stretch to accuse either Anderson or Leogering of murdering Darryl Buck Elk. Well, for you, maybe, if you were in the midst of all this trouble. All the motives and all the opportunity locally belonged to Danny Anderson, City Manager, and Dick Loegering, Bank President. Both of their business offices were within two blocks of the spot he was murdered. The only personal motive for Darryl Buck Elk's murder belonged to agent Dean Wixon who had used his position to save his friend and probable lover from responsibility for the death of Arlene. Immediately following the murder of Darryl, there were numerous reports identifying the killer and claims that he was hired by a former FBI agent out of Glasgow. I didn't catch who the killer was rumored to be, but had a good idea of my own and good reason to worry about being next.

Buck Elk was known to frequent a bar a short ways from the bank. His daily route was easily observed by Dick Loegering. Being predictable and under the influence, Buck Elk would have been easily stalked and hit on the head with a fatal blow. Many people could have accomplished as much, but in the immediate area only Mr. Anderson and Mr. Loegering, also friends of the FBI agents and attorneys, had well known inclinations to inflict violence on Indians. There was a front page article a few years later featuring many reports that Mr. Loegering had run around town waving a pistol and threatening to shoot Indians whom he suspected of stealing his stuff (recounted here). It would seem unlikely that Loegering would outright shoot anyone. He was after all a respected man, but then this was Indian country. He could hardly continue as bank president after that. There was little chance the \$250,000 embezzled from the Indians would catch him up, but that could have made him vulnerable to blackmail by Wixon.

Maybe Loegering had a heart to kill Indians after all. He would have been most familiar with Darryl Buck Elk's comings and goings at the bar near the bank, even though he had resigned two years before the murder. Given that the FBI knew Sherry Loegering and Peggy Sage had embezzled the ambulance money, which they must have, Loegering would have been more easily induced to cooperate in having Mr. Buck Elk eliminated. They must have also known about the insurance fraud Danny Anderson had been involved with a few years earlier with Kay Nelson, the woman who sued Dorene, and Laura Christofferson. Nelson's brother was also CEO of Bozeman Deaconess Hospital.

Investigation continues in cause of fatal highway crash

Dawn Kay Nelson, 56, of Bozeman, was killed in a car accident last Thursday on U.S. Highway 191, according to the Montana Highway Patrol. Nelson died at the scene from blunt force trauma, said Gallatin County coroner Duncan McNab. MHP preliminary investigation showed that alcohol could have been a factor in the crash. McNab said blood was currently being tested and results typically take six to eight weeks. The two-vehicle crash occurred at the intersection of U.S. 191 and Zachariah Lane. According to MHP, Nelson was driving a minivan west on Zachariah Lane when she failed to yield at a stop sign and was hit by a northbound pickup truck on U.S. 191. When Nelson crossed onto the highway, the two people in the northbound pickup truck hit the minivan on the driver's side.

It was an easy hit that would benefit from a little teamwork and an obvious pleasure to the old boy network who made their livings off Indian country but felt that Indians were not deserving of life. One or both were either paid by agent Wixon or let off of criminal charges for their own deeds as I saw it. Well, who knows? Everyone believed Wixon had arranged the murder, but proof wasn't there. I took it seriously because of the ambulance embezzlement and threats made. An Indian's life isn't worth much and neither was mine. There were rumors in other towns that the same agents and attorneys with help from Marc Racicot were distributing cocaine and had ordered other murders. That would seem most improbable except for my own experiences. They were reported to be strong arming people to peddle drugs, especially

cocaine. I wouldn't believe that myself, except for more experiences several years later combined with Scott Cruise's bragging to my face that they were a criminal network.

What stuck in my mind was the story in Havre area about a stooge for these attorneys and two agents who would drive up to people in a flashy pickup and try to peddle cocaine. I couldn't know if that were really true, but that's exactly what happened to me several years later. By that time I'd moved to Missoula to care for Dorene, who was in terrible condition, and also so that my son could safely finish high school. Scott Cruise soon cropped up like a bad weed as supervisor of the Missoula FBI office. I'd been working at a high school for very little pay until March, 2004 when the administrator's punks finally got under my skin. Missoula has always drowned in social scum in contrast to its beautiful geographical setting. At the high school, the network administrator would sneak in at night and plant porn on teacher computers with the intent of fomenting a scandal. I was also the target of his protégés, especially an obnoxious self-proclaimed porn connoisseur, distributor and implied pedophile. If you want to be upwardly mobile in Montana, you brag about your genitals.

After quitting this horrible job, I went fishing at the Frenchtown public access several miles from Missoula. This was the last week in April. Out of nowhere, a ruddy redheaded runt drove up in a sparkly, fancy new pickup. This stranger got out and started confiding all these details about having worked for a business in Missoula for five years as an administrator where all the rank and file smoked crack every day on breaks. This was something I could scarcely believe. I thought drug users were unemployed and dirt poor, but he assured me that this was what the place was like. The better question was how and why this punk approached me out of nowhere. Some fools would say it was a coincidence, but that couldn't be.

That was confirmed several weeks later when I ended up working at the dump. Who knew I'd be that the fishing hole in late April? Only our Bible study of two women and two men. But there was a younger man hanging around for several weeks hustling Jeannie. This confused me, because he didn't seem to be a Christian. He stayed out of the Bible studies except to eat afterward. About six weeks later, mid-June, our same group was en route in a Ford Explorer to Boise for a Christian gathering. I was riding shotgun. While traveling down the raging Snake River canyon, we were struck from behind by a heavy, dual wheel utility truck. The shock should have sent us directly into the Snake. This is the trick used by law enforcement to knock a vehicle out of commission. But the truck was traveling so fast the force of the blow was distributed along the side.

Somehow Alan managed to avoid the river. We traveled two to three hundred yards through the barrow pit through rocks and bushes. The windows on the right side were shattered. Jeannie had some cuts from flying glass, the Ford was totaled after hitting many rocks and trees, but otherwise we were okay. Columbo would say, "Funny how people are different. If it was me that hit that car, I'd stop to see if the people in it were okay/' Not this guy. The truck kept on going, disappearing within seconds over a hill about half a mile down river. After about fifteen minutes, the utility truck came back with a patrol car. The driver and patrolman were close friends, frequently addressing each other with first names. I was coached to say in our statements to the patrolman that Alan was doing 55 mph. He was most certainly going a little over 70. The speed limit on Idaho roads was 55 at the time, but they didn't want Alan to be in trouble. I was reluctant, but if someone really had tried to kill us, now wasn't the time to beg any issues.

The truck driver had to also lie about his speed, but I don't know how he could have admitted to doing 60. There was no possibility he could have been traveling under 100 mph. Who drives a heavy utility truck over 100 mph along the Snake River? Nobody, would say Columbo. It sure didn't

look like an accident, that's what he would have said. Again, only lover boy and a few other church people knew where we'd be, so the wheels between my ears were turning to agent Cruise and his threats several years back. His sidekick had Mr. Buck Elk killed, and they were all tight as Lymey ticks. All that was needed now to confirm I was being stalked was an offer to work at that cocaine racket, but that was too absurd. Nobody would go to all this trouble for me? I sure wasn't worth it. But I felt it in my bones..

Who knew I'd be at the fishing hole and also going down the Snake River? Only we four members of the Bible study unless the house was bugged - or lover boy. Three were 100% innocent, but the bloke hustling Jeannie was odd. He was definitely not a Christian. He did not participate in the Bible studies, but hung out in the kitchen, and of course, he did not go to the Boise event. I could scarcely believe it. After one of the Bible studies later, lover boy offered to get me a job. This was at a tele-survey joint on Palmer Drive, the loop where all the government buildings were located. Was the premonition true?

It turned out that no job skills were required. It was part time tele-survey, little pay, not worth my time. But was this the crack joint the red headed punk was yakking about at the fishing hole? Were they all smoking crack, really? This outfit is called RDD, Research Data Design, a fancy name for a dirty sweatshop. The work isn't difficult, but RDD should be called Really Dirty Dealing or Really Dangerous Drugs. Turnover is high, workers are mostly young people recruited from walk-ins. Many were and surely still are high school and college students and already drug users. That was 2004. No doubt little has changed.

Just like the fishing hole dude said. The managers were indeed baiting workers with crack, also marijuana and crank at times. They would drift up and down the aisles and hint at how they loved crack and crank for having fun and getting more work done. Some of the workers would brag about their drug use during breaks. After several months of

studying this, it was clear that those who didn't join the drug circle were being driven out with petty or doctored accusations. This was very carefully observed. RDD was a drug racket. Or maybe like Redbeard said, this is just the way they are. It was just an accident that the major contractor for opinion surveys was WAMU Bank, well known for its cocaine culture and laundering of drug money in Miami. Now in 2016, the Internet shows the CEO to be a John Stepleton, but during 2004 the CEO was listed as a Colombian national who lived in Miami with his wife, even though there were no RDD telesurvey operations near Miami. These were only in Missoula, Portland and Santa Ana.

Yes, here it was, the crack nest. Had I been baited? Does a fish have scales? I had no history of drug use. I was an old man. It had to be something else. A hit? A sting? By that time agent Cruise, who had made the threats back in 1993, had been promoted to supervisor in the Missoula office, a bad weed keeps cropping up. My guess was that someone was attempting to arrange a reverse sting, hoping that I'd take the drug bait. Maybe it was triggered by the confrontation I'd had with the school district's obnoxious, beloved porn lovers. Maybe I'd been bugging the medical people too much. I'd requested the Colorado Board of Medical Practice to provide medical records for my daughter. That was my legally protected right as a parent. By illegally withholding them, the ONLY conclusion could be that the government was covering for something BIG and dishonest in the medical profession. They were telling me indirectly that my daughter was being screwed, but tough luck, Daddy. "We are the government. We make the rules We tell you lies to protect big daddy, not you or your children. We break the rules when you question daddy, and there's not a DAMNED thing you can do about it, white boy. Try us."

I'd been bugging local doctors for years, too, not banking on getting honest answers but just to watch them squirm when I whispered sinusitis. Then there was magnificent Mayo where I'd visited the year before. Mayo, the Mecca of medical science, would surely solve the

mystery, but instead five MDs. lied to my face and refused a biopsy, proving again that the same fraud filtered down from the highest levels. I will go into these Mayo details later. First I want to tell about my childhood in Montana. That was before Lyme, but provides an interesting view of the Montana culture and the public school system from a kid's point of view. So maybe this RDD business was nothing as Columbo would say. But even if I wasn't about to be murdered or set up for a sting, no quality person could afford to live in a dump like Missoula, especially with a severely disabled wife who was barely hanging on to life. I started looking at retirement spots in foreign countries. I'd gotten too old to pick from a pool of jobs nobody should be cursed to have. Everywhere I went in Missoula I was being hit on by horny women, beguiled by vulgar men, propositioned by drug peddlers or scammed for money.

There was no family support structure or anything else left in Montana. It was time to leave the good ole USA, find peace, eat good food, and if lucky enough, get the bug that was trying to get me. All I knew then after twenty four years was that I was suffering from a very dangerous disease, where the greater danger was posed by human parasites working in the system. It was plain that a cover-up was used to exploit victims with fraudulent medical practices long before I was born or Lyme was first discovered in 1981 by a scientist in Hamilton, Montana only a few miles away.

There is no such thing as Lyme disease, they PTB insist, so no need to test for that or tell you about it. The phony diagnosis is usually bipolar disorder but second choices are some variant of schizophrenia followed by personality disorder. It really is unlikely such diseases exist and more likely that 90% are Lyme disease. Dr. Alan MacDonald, MD: has “never had a single patient with Alzheimer's, ALS, Parkinson's Disease or Multiple Sclerosis who tested negative for Borrelia.” Other common dodges include Crohn's Disease, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, ALS, MS, Alzheimer's, Colitis, Encephalitis, Fibromyalgia, Arthritis, Cystitis,

Irritable Bowel Syndrome, Lupus, Prostatitis, and Thyroid disease. If you have ever been diagnosed with any of these, chances are good you have Lyme disease.

Lyme does severe damage to the facial nerves where the body's flow system carries the bacteria. These nerves regulate emotions, heartbeat, vitamin uptake and other things. Lyme may also worm into the brain and attack the limbic system, the seat of emotions, so it is inevitable that emotions have been affected. MDs are strictly trained to disregard physical symptoms and immediately steer victims into a mental illness paradigm. Bogus treatments usually include a series of psychoactives. Every one of these drugs will insidiously increase the symptoms it was supposed to treat. That will require switching to the next drug, then begins the never ending merry go round of doctor visits, therapy and pharmaceuticals that will gradually destroy your nervous system and drain your wallet at the same rate. The medical system makes the Lyme microbe look like an angel of mercy, but few victims ever suspect they've been duped and many cannot receive disability unless they play along with their doctors.

My own experience and close observations of four other family members comes to 200+ cumulative years of infection. That experience combined with the patently screwy ways MDs behave and a few professional slips laid bare the lies. One article by an MD who had missed something in medical training. He naively claimed that 90% of the mentally ill suffer from sinusitis. Maybe he'd fool enough to try to treat them. Yeah, that checked out in my corner. So we know that 90% is a reasonable estimate of mental disorders that are in reality chronic Lyme Disease. Check out the link if you aren't sure by now. Tell me I don't have to convince you that Lyme is common in Montana and all states where the CDC claims that the deer tick is not found; hence, it isn't possible to get Lyme. If you haven't yet, read this:

This means that bipolar disorder, schizophrenia, personality disorder, schizo-affective disorder and lots more probably don't even exist, even though many hapless victims like Patty Duke become poster children for various kinds of mental illness and later die from runaway bacteria infections. Make NO mistake, the bastards may not know you have Lyme disease, but they know that they are enriching themselves by withholding the truth. That is a certainty because of the very deliberate efforts that go into ignoring certain symptoms, refusing diagnostics and the rush to prescribe psychoactives. Is it possible that the MDs get handsome commissions from these drugs? Not a possibility, a fact. We'll talk about that more later with more examples of lies and cover-up. They may plug you into a different disorder if the mental illness pitch fails. Fibromyalgia or Alzheimer's? Ask Kris Kristofferson If you don't think you have Lyme disease, chances are still good you do, you've just been misled to think it's something else. It's very likely someone you know is in the same boat, possibly someone close to you with a life being destroyed from fraudulent medical practice and related social exploitation enhanced by the so-called helping professions.

There is a much more to say about events on the reservation and how Lyme disease destroyed the entire family, but allow me to employ a flashback here and interject experiences of my childhood in Montana. I want people to know what happened. That may be when I caught Lyme and faced hardships that later complicated the issue. Then I'll proceed to Army life and how the symptoms of Lyme came about there. Then I'll share hardships of civilian life and college life that followed. I'll then revisit Bellingham briefly and pick up again with the reservation where Lyme devastated the entire family.

Montana Culture And The Public School System

Terror At Bearmouth

This subject is not specific to Lyme, but helpful to understand the cultural cradle in Montana and what a victim, especially a child, can face there. Not everyone endures the problems I did, but they hang over the head of any vulnerable and innocent kid. This chapter provides unique insight into Montana's culture and public school system between 1954 and 1966. The system isn't that different sixty years hence going by what my own children went through and what I observed during several years of employment in the schools. I could tell some wonderful fish stories, but those days are long gone.

The worst problems began late in 1955 when the Foos family moved from Billings to Bearmouth, twelve miles from Drummond, Montana. I'd finished first and started the second grade in Billings, having turned seven that June. It was now midwinter in Bearmouth. My dad Hank was a very well built, ruggedly handsome and charismatic man, popular and well liked. He was now the new signal maintainer at Bearmouth, a tiny ghost town. Once there were 6,000 gold miners living in Bearmouth. Now there is nobody. In 1955 there were only five railroad houses, four for Northern Pacific employees and one for the Milwaukee. The NP depot had been converted to a residence. There was also the old hotel which had been converted to a family dwelling for a rancher, Jim Manley and his wife Mila and two boys, Donald and Scotty. This is what our house in the middle looks like now on Wikimapia, <http://bit.ly/2co77BW>. You can vaguely make out the foundation and a couple of lilac trees since the house was burned in the 70s.

Our house was about a kilometer from the bridge over the Clark Fork River to the old highway going between Missoula and Drummond. The bus normally stopped at the bridge on the other side and picked the kids up. At the time, that was only myself and the two Manley boys who lived in the hotel midway between our house and the bridge. The road between the two railroads from the bridge to our house ran straight halfway to the bridge, then turned right, crossed the Milwaukee tracks at Manley's, then turned back parallel along the Milwaukee, then left to cross both sets of two tracks and to the bridge and old highway. You can see this on the wikimap link above.

At that time, trains used different rails for east and west traffic. CTC (centralized traffic control) was still on the drawing board. Being between both sets of two tracks for each railroad, we got shook half to death several times a night. Few trains were Milwaukee because the company was nearly bankrupt by then. They were powered by an overhead electrical line, traveled slowly and caused little disturbance, but a little seems like a lot when there isn't much peace. Oddly, the thunderous roar of the NP freights actually would put me to sleep by the time it passed. I suppose sleep wasn't possible pending the coming Hell to come, but the anticlimax quickly followed.

There was no ribbon rail back then, either. That meant frequent rail sections and joints with gaps. Iron wheels bearing megatons banged with horrendous force and jackhammer frequency. This made passenger travel also rocky, but the speeds were slow and kinetics less than violent. It was unspeakably fun for a kid on a passenger train. When sitting, it was hypnotic, especially when the warbler began to whistle us to sleep. This one spent hundreds of hours riding passenger trains with a free pass. But a high balling freight brought savage, earth shattering chaos to our little house.

Northern Pacific freights were up to a mile long and usually traveled much faster than they were supposed to, maybe 80 mph or more. They

would sneak up quickly with a faint rumble that quickly built to a deafening roar that seemingly wouldn't end. It could be enough to scare the pants off an unsuspecting visitor, but we had only railroad friends. As time passed, every board in house was loose. This happened two to three times a night and, indeed, all the floorboards were loose and creaky.

Between these freights, the house was filled with creaks and groans as hundreds of planks and other timber gradually resettled. This could be frightening. It often sounded as if people were walking up and down the stairs, so your imagination could get overworked. It hadn't bothered me during that first year, but certain events were leading to a disaster come the summer of 1956. The foreman for the section crew, lived next to us on the far side next to Antelope Creek which ran under both tracks. In 1958 Russell Hagen became section foreman and his wife, Joyce and two kids moved into the house, but at the time there no kids. One of the section men, Ike, lived alone about two hundred feet past the creek.

I didn't care for Ike. About thirty then, he was already missing all his teeth. Often there would be a gathering of several men and women at our house. Ike would spy on me carefully out of the corners of his eyes so he could catch me off guard. When my attention drifted, he'd rush in close and pinch me on the butt. The surprise was enough to make me jump a foot. He pinched hard. Really hard, then he'd laugh like a hyena and flash those big, fleshy gums. As a result, whenever Ike was around, I was nervous and tried to avoid him. I always hoped someone would notice and make him stop, but nobody pay a kid much mind. Fifteen years later, when I was in my twenties and thought he was long gone, he caught me sleeping in a pickup, grabbed my leg, laughing his old toothless grin to remind me that I'd never be safe. Hank called him "Crazy Ike." I doubt he was really crazy or had spent time in the state mental institution as some said, but to me he was definitely crazy.

I turned eight in June, 1956. It was mid-summer when it happened. One warm, early summer night, May or June, the floorboards were doing their usual non-stop creaking and groaning. It was too easy to imagine that each successive creak was caused by someone sneaking up the stairs, so I'd gotten used to it. But this time I could make out an unusually persistent rhythm getting slightly louder and closer to the bed with each distinct creak. No, this was not normal. Could someone be approaching? Still groggy, I turned my head facing into the room to gaze intently into the darkness. It was near pitch dark, but I could distinctly make out an arm waving around feeling for obstacles, then another creak, then the arm waving again, then another creak. This could not be imagination. I could definitely make out the shape of a man. He had the same hunched shoulders as Ike. From his mannerisms and posture, I recognized Ike. There was never enough to prove it, but the shape was his, the mannerisms were his, and there were only six men within miles. Ike had been obsessed with me for a year. It had to be Ike.

When terror strikes, especially when not fully awake, you're totally paralyzed. Thoughts flooded my mind. If he got to the bed, he'd grab me for sure. I had to move but was frozen stiff. He was almost to the bed. Suddenly, I exploded. Not knowing where to run, I began jumping on the bed, screaming, "A MAN... A MAN... A MAN..." I kept screaming like that and the figure turned around and slowly started edging back towards the staircase. There's no way this kind of deliberate activity could have been imagined or dreamed. Just as he got to the top of the stairway opposite the vacant bedroom on the Southwest, I bolted, ran madly through my sister's room and jumped onto my parents' bed.

They took me seriously at first. Hank got out his Army 45 and searched carefully through the house. I already knew what had happened. The Southwest bedroom was empty except for spare packing drums. The unlocked window in that room opened directly onto the porch roof. I checked in the morning but already knew. It took only seconds to climb onto the porch roof from the ground, twist the screen clips, remove the

screen and slip into the room. I'd done it many times myself. On the way out, it took a few seconds to clip the screen back on.

Ike appeared to be long gone, but for me he was still there all night for years to come. My parents didn't want me with them, so I was stuck in my own room. There was no possibility of getting into bed and falling asleep. I dwelt in darkness and terror, plagued with thoughts of Ike packing me back to his house where he would slowly torture me to death. The floorboards were thickly painted, cold and hard. My knees and elbows grew sore as I shivered desperately in the cold all night.

Night after night this was my life, aching from the cold, sore and in the worst mental anguish. After a few weeks I'd try the bed, but felt too vulnerable to stay long. Back to the floor. It was no use trying to convince my parents that an intruder had really tried to abduct me. Nobody believed me and the more visible my pain the more I was frowned at. The degree of my suffering was beyond what could be explained, and since no one believed me, I was utterly alone and vulnerable, convinced that Ike would return at any time. So every night I knelt in agony, waiting for the inevitable, imagining the worst tortures Ike would inflict before killing me. Many times I longed for him to come and get it over with. I rehearsed the worst tortures over and over so that I could be prepared to face them. Thankfully, we moved again in a few months, this time to Three Forks where the rest of the summer I explore the wonderful countryside and collected seedpods.

This abduction incident came at the end of the Drummond school year, a very difficult period that had left me already drained. At Drummond grade school I was in constant terror of school beatings. Some of these went on daily for months, drawing a lot of facial blood but causing no serious injury. Most of the boys had a turn at it after the first time when five of them jumped me. A rush to the bus spared me little. There, I faced constant bullying on the twenty minute ride to and from town. I

was expecting to eventually be maimed or killed. There was no reason to believe I would live through grade school.

The question always arises, why. These things don't happen in larger towns, but it's all too possible in the small ones in western Montana. In this case, there was only one reason. The beatings stemmed from an incident my first day of school after a heavy snowfall. This turned into a war between my mother and the school powers, but in every war, the children do the real fighting. It was my failed attempt to navigate that kilometer from the house to the bus on the very first day of school. My mother explained that I only need walk thatta way to the bridge. It was a simple task if you'd done it before and could follow the road. But there was more than a foot of fresh snow and I had no clue where the road turned to cross over the Milwaukee tracks or even that it did.

The snow was deep but no problem. Then I walked past the turn. Because the road was hidden beneath snow, I walked right past it. The two railroads gradually converge after that. The ditch between them narrows slowly and the snow gradually deepened to three or four feet. Forging ahead became more difficult until eventually the snow was chest deep and my clothes, even socks, were filled with it. Frightened at the thought of not having strength to return, I hurried back. By the time I got to the house, I had a good case of frostbite. I screamed in pain as my feet thawed on the oven door. Frostbite really hurts, let me tell you.

The best idea then would have been to coach me on the exact location of the road, but Judy had flipped and didn't give me a chance to explain what had happened. She figured the route was simply too long. She went to the principal and bus driver and demanded that the bus stop halfway to our house from then on. This was a bitter battle. The bus driver was a swarthy man named Durphee who was also the justice of the peace and owned a local gas station. He was an emotionally humorless, stone faced, vindictive little man who never smiled or showed any love for

kids. He and the principal both yielded to my mother's demand, but came away offended and despising the family.

The hatred in Durphee and the principal spread through the community. I had the reputation of being a spoiled whiner. It was still winter and cold. Five of my classmates cornered me on the playground. One was Fred McDonald, a tall, stout farm boy. There was Bruce Brazil, Bruce Culver, an Indian boy from a very poor family. They pushed me around in a circle, each taking turns at a punch. Before then we had never spoken. They were classmates, but I didn't know them or have any idea what I'd done to deserve the beating. I did ask. McDonald said it was the way I walked.

After that they would gather to badger me during recesses, calling me chicken and pushing me to fight. Sometimes I could get away. My face would take a beating and my nose would bleed. The hitting would have happened only a few times except for Bruce Culver. Bruce enjoyed it so much that he cornered me after school each day and beat on me, often making my nose bleed. I never fought back, being too small and there was too much snow. By routine, I stood under the playground swing bars to wait. He would soon show up to beat on me again. Bruce was an Indian kid from a very poor family who lived in a tiny shack. He was a mean little fellow.

Took place daily below the principal's office on the second floor for many weeks until the snow had disappeared. He must have been watching some of the time. The ground had thawed, and still I was taking punches. The fear was getting old, and I was building the determination to fight back. I finally exploded and started swinging. He took a few steps backward in surprise, then I advanced, swinging and slugging. He would take a few steps again, then I'd advance, pounding until he fell on his back. I jumped on him, pinned him to the ground and pummeled his face with all I had. By that time, there were a hundred other kids crowded around to watch.

Bruce would have gotten a worse beating except for a hand that suddenly seized my coat. The principal had descended from his perch to pull me off Bruce. That was the only time I ever saw him for the four to five years I went to school there. I had no clue why I'd become the target. I figured it was coming from western cowboy shows on TV. The kids saw the good guy always beating up the bad guy. That looked like fun so why not imagine that a defenseless little kid is the bad guy and stomp the piss out of him? I also came to believe that people were basically cruel and would hurt anyone who couldn't fight back as long as they could get away with it.

This kind of stress leaves a kid in a chronic state of shock. The teacher complained that I didn't respond in class. They thought I was deaf, but after a hearing test at St. Patricks, they concluded I was retarded. The recommendation was that I be flunked two grades. When I finished the second, I'd go back to the first. The shame of having a retarded kid inspired Judy to do one thing I'll always appreciate. She forced me to spend many hours reading and writing every evening. Within a few months I was one of the better students and spared a recycle.

The advantage of my victory over Bruce was that nobody bothered me again through the end of the school year in May. It seemed I had earned some respect. Maybe... By August 1956 we had moved to Three Forks. Here I could hope for peace. This was a slightly larger town about 100 miles east. The walk to school was all in town on the sidewalk, but farther, maybe a mile or more. Its was easy duty until the first cold snap.

Montana could get very cold, more so back in the fifties. The first cold snap happens in November or December. When it hit that year, my face and ears, hands and feet were numb and in pain by the time I made it to the big front school door. This was made worse because my arms were full of books and unable to move, and there were kids pushing from all

sides. Schools often looked like prisons in those days, two story brick things with rows of tall windows filled with big black, buzzing flies slowly dying. Well, wouldn't you know. Every morning, standing on the upper level against the railing, waited the Three Forks warden, AKA the principal, a towering figure, glaring down from the floor above, poised to reign Hell fire if I passed through the door with my cap still on.

Nothing could be plainer than that this man had singled me out from the first day for no discernible reason. I was the kid he despised, the one he'd never talked to or seen before. The reason was not likely that we were railroaders. He'd been told something. Certainly it came from Drummond. I usually managed with difficulty to get the cap off, but when it was very cold there was nowhere to put my books. It just wasn't possible. Then Hell would break loose. I couldn't explain that my arms and face were too stiff to drop the books. I was still only eight years old.

It was getting colder and colder, and the principal was getting meaner and meaner. It was late November or December during one of those prolonged cold snaps when there were no sounds and only a skiff of snow over short grass on hardened, frozen ground. The football field had been beaten solid all fall and was already brick hard before being frozen. It was too cold to be out much, so I was wandering on the field by myself except for one older boy maybe fourteen or fifteen. I didn't know he was the principal's son. He approached me, pushing me about in a playful manner. I thought it was a game, then suddenly he put his leg out front of mine, using it as a pivot, then slammed my face into the ground.

The memory of ground accelerating towards my face ended in blackness. When I came to, he was gone. I stood up. I could make out school a few hundred feet away, but everything was extremely blurry. Somehow I stumbled back and found a restroom. Then somebody pulled the plug. I found myself at a doctor's office with Judy. I was walking and talking normally, not realizing how bad it was. The MD jiggled some scissors up my nose to straighten out the bones, then I blacked out again.

I woke up later at home for a few minutes, then blacked out again. Woke up a day later for a few short minutes, then blackout.

For over a month I was unconscious most all day and night except for these brief spells of a few minutes. If I tried looking into a mirror, the hideous sight of my mangled and swollen face would send me back into the blackness. I could manage no solid food, only juice through a straw for the first month because my lips were too cut, blackened, smashed and swollen. Finally, I could get down a little soup and soft food, but was still out most of the day. People often don't believe this, they think I made it up or exaggerated. Why wasn't I in the hospital? I don't know, but wouldn't complain. Finally able to eat and walk around, I transferred to a one room schoolhouse at Logan, but not for long. My sister remembers only two days at Logan herself, 1st grade, so I'd missed a fair part of the third grade.

Soon, we moved to Bozeman where I finished third grade and my sister finished first at Emerson Elementary. We then moved back to Billings where we continued in the fall at a brand new Billings school but shortly returned to Bozeman for fourth grade at Whittier Elementary, sister second grade. We weren't able to finish the school year there. The female principal despised me, though I have no recollection of her or any kind of trouble. I'm sure I never saw her. She transferred her hatred of me to my sister, so we were both in peril from a string of dirty tricks. The principal was also making life Hell for my sister's teacher, using her to get to us and threatening her if she didn't help. The teacher had a meeting with Judy begging her to withdraw us, saying she was no longer able to protect us or herself. Shortly after, my sister's teacher had a mental breakdown, and we were yanked out of Bozeman Whittier.

My sister then moved to her grandparents in Superior to finish second grade while the rest of us moved to Toston where I attended two weeks of school before we moved again back to Bearmouth where I finished 4th grade. I was instantly gripped with terror, still bearing memories of

the beatings two years prior and the brutal one about a year before in Three Forks that I barely survived. The other boys were rushing about energetically with happy grins, but to me they looked like vicious demons with distorted faces. I knew they would soon be beating me to death, and I was defenseless.

We started and finished the fifth and third grades in Drummond. By means of various tricks, I was able to dodge all but one fist fight up till then, but my face was already so badly damaged that I suffered severe headaches and nosebleeds constantly for years and there was more trouble coming in the sixth. Being captive on the bus rides to and from Bearmouth, I was still constantly jeered and sometimes slapped about if I frowned. Durphee watched all this from the mirror over his head with no expression for most of the second grade, part of the fourth, and all of the fifth through the seventh.

A longevity record. We stayed in Bearmouth for another year, starting and finishing the sixth and fourth grades in Drummond, 1959-60. I was eleven that year, still only 50 or 60 pounds and had never recovered physically or emotionally. I was continually sick with dread of an imminent beating and continually drained from fear. Sometimes, you look forward desperately to death as a reprieve from the psychic pain you can bear no longer. This is why bullied kids often commit suicide. I struggled to keep it from going that deep. In faint hopes of defending myself, I mentally rehearsed how to hit back if it was necessary to save myself. It did help. That year I had a series of nasty fights with the Manley boys, Scotty and Donald, but somehow won them, earning praise from classmates who knew how badly they had been tormenting me, especially on the bus where there were several others doing the same thing.

One day when getting on the bus, I thought to try a different strategy. I could sit more towards the back, away from my tormentors. There was probably safety near the more mature high school kids. I took a window

seat in front of a hulky hardened farm boy, Randy Weaver (not the FBI guy). I had the seat to myself, and the ride was quiet up until we pulled into the Bearmouth stop where the Manley kids got off with my sister, Rick and his sister, and myself. Suddenly, I was hit extremely hard on the head with one of those thick high school books. Must have been social studies.

The impact knocked me out briefly, but it hurt and was meant to do injury. I turned and glared at Weaver. A few seconds later, he tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to look as my face met the book. He had swung it from a standing position like a baseball bat. I woke up in the middle of the aisle, soaked in blood. The bus had been idling at the stop for some time. It was dead silent and nobody was moving. Durphee was holding open the doors waiting for someone to move. My friend Rick Hagen witnessed this terrible scene. Everyone was waiting for me to move. I've been called a liar for this story, but that's how it happened. Rick was the son of the section foreman, Russell Hagen, next door, my sister's age and surely the best friend I ever had. My clothes and books were soaked in blood, permanently ruined. By some miracle, the damage wasn't serious and I recovered quickly.

The last fight was late that winter in 1960 with the Manleys. It was the result of a long series of skirmishes that I'd won one on one. This led them to take a vow to attack together and kill me. Yes, they meant to kill me. I couldn't possibly beat them both together, so they would catch me after the bus stop at Bearmouth and that would be the end of me. The upcoming event created a stir publicly and a countdown was started to magnify my fear. A week before the big day. Randy Weaver mocked me daily on the bus trip that I would soon be killed. I looked to God during those days and begged for help. I'd never met God, but one day thought I heard a voice come down, "You will never die." I didn't expect to live, but no longer had any fear. God would take me.

The other bus kids also taunted me with my impending death. I thought the Manleys would succeed. Donald was a big farm kid, but slow witted, while Scotty was about my size but very tough. He later became a wrestling champ in high school and college. He has since died, but hopefully God blessed and saved him. He probably owed his later success to the shame I did him on that one day. The three of us squared off with the Manleys slowly circling for a strike. I rushed in and hit them both with a flurry of punches. A couple struck Donald, but the ground was icy and in the melee I fell on my back in the snow with Scotty on top getting ready to work me over. There I was helpless, but after being hit, Donald had turned tail.

When Scotty saw his brother's back disappearing over the NP tracks, Scotty also panicked. Without his brother, even with me on my back, Scotty lost his nerve. He started yelling after Donald and turned to run. As he got up, I reached out and grabbed his ankle. He fell in the snow, and I jumped on him. I had no desire to hurt him, but they had meant to kill me. This might be the opportunity to end all the harassment and fights. It had to be a good showing if it was to ever stop. I kept punching until Scotty's face was a mass of bruises. The next day the swelling had continued. Jim Manley invited Hank over to survey the damage I'd done to Scotty's face.

My sister, a stickler for detail, can name 22 K12 schools she attended in Montana. I count fewer for myself. Here's about how it went, you can give it a try:

Montana Schools Attended

1954 Billings Southside elementary 1st grade Fall, Winter. Spring Northside Elementary 1955
Drummond 2nd grade 1956 August - December 3rd grade Three Forks (sister 1st) Beating by
principal's son
1957 January - Logan school after beating, several days only (sister 2 days in 1st grade)
1957 Finished 3rd (sister 1st) at Bozeman Emerson Elementary
1957 Started 4th (sister 2nd) grade in Billings, brand new school only two weeks
1957 Transferred to Bozeman 4th (sister 2nd) grade Longfellow School

1958 Transferred to Bozeman Whittier 4th (sister 2nd) until early Feb. (trouble with the principle, transferred hate to sister, pulled all sorts of terrible things. The teacher had a mental breakdown after begging Mom to get us out, saying there was nothing she knew how to do to protect me or herself.)
1958 Sister finished 2nd grade in Superior while we moved to Toston for 2 weeks where I went to school. Then we moved back to Bearmouth where I finished the 4th at Drummond
1958 Fall Started & finished 5th grade sister (3rd)
1959 Started and finished 6th grade at Drummond (sister 4th)
1960 Started 7th grade in Drummond (sister 5th)
1961 Moved to Missoula on Feb 11th (sister's birthday). Both attended Central and finished the 7th and 5th grades respectfully.
1961 Started 8th grade at Missoula Emerson, brand new school in Missoula, (sister 6th)1962 Moved back to Bozeman, Wilson Junior High and sister Bozeman Emerson to finish the 8th and 6th grades out.
1962 Sister joined me at Wilson for her 7th grade and I finished 9th.
1963 Started 10th grade Wilson and sister 8th
1963 Late Fall just prior to Thanksgiving moved to Toston, sister's 1st time my 2nd. She finished 8th at Toston and I finished freshman year (10th) in Townsend via school bus
1964 Both went to Townsend high school. My junior year (sister's freshman), both finished there in 1965.
1965 Started Bozeman senior year at friend's house while sister rode the train to Livingston for start of sophomore year at the old Livingston High School. After 6 weeks Mom found an apartment in Bozeman on Church Street and we moved in with her. I continued through senior year at Bozeman High while sister transferred in from Livingston for the remainder of sophomore year. She was pulled a week early from Livingston but managed to complete in Bozeman with some trouble with a few of the teachers getting the picture and their cooperation.
1966 Sister started and finished junior year of high school at Livingston old high school after family moved to Livingston when Hank was promoted into a management position. I remained as college freshman at MSU.
1967 Sister started senior year at Livingston's new high school. I started my sophomore year at MSU.
1968 Sister went to Polson to finish Senior Year and graduate from High School. I joined the Army earlier this year, Dad died while on leave before transfer to Vietnam.

Better Times In Bearmouth

It's only fair to mention that Bearmouth was a wonderful experience for a small boy in certain ways. A small creek ran through both sets of tracks adjacent to the Hagen home. These days it is barely a trickle and without many fish. Most of the year Antelope dissipated into the sandy alluvium just below the last beaver dam after it passed under the Northern Pacific tracks. That was still quite a ways from the Clark Fork River. The magic began with spring runoff which turned Antelope Creek into a raging river for about a week. During this time hundreds of trout, many of considerable size, would swim up the creek and be trapped for the rest of the year. Even if there was enough water these forty six years since, the fishing would no longer be good because when the interstate was built about 1970 it cut off the natural flow into the Clark Fork so

migration is no longer possible. The water is only a trickle as well, probably from diversions upstream for irrigation.

Sticking around the house in Bearmouth had little appeal. I had just turned eight that June in 1956, but after a bad round of measles in Billings and two years struggling to survive grade school, was as sorry a runt as you'd find, well under forty pounds. Someone was thoughtful enough to buy me a cheap bait casting reel outfit and I thought why not give the creek a try. I went to the aqueduct going under the NP tracks. It was a massive chunk of concrete with three large tunnels to accommodate spring runoff. These were about five feet tall, curved at the top and about thirty feet long. After the runoff, only the far tunnel had running water.

Antelope Creek was only about six feet wide at that point, not deep but with a nice flow. Many trout loved to hide in shade under the aqueduct. I put a hopper on the hook and tossed it in. Immediately, I had a pretty cutthroat jumping on the end, not that small, about eight inches. The creek was full of them, not just native cutthroats but an occasional brook and more than a few gorgeous browns that could get quite large. For an eight year old runt whose life was Hell, this was much more than a cheap thrill. I could never forget the joy of each catch.

I did a lot of fishing after that and could tell a lot of stories. The most exciting was when I was still eight and hadn't been fishing long. In the fifties, Antelope did a lot of twisting and turning and had lots of deep holes in spite of its small size. It even had busy beavers and a few beaver dams teaming with lively trout. That day I went up to a nice, deep hole hidden half under a bush where you could be sure there would be nice trout. This one was special because the water was quiet for about seventy feet upstream. That back part wasn't very deep, only about a foot, and there were no fish there. But I got to thinking, bet there's a monster trout in that deep hole at the bottom. If so, maybe he'd be fool

enough to see my hopper land farther up and swim up to bite. Then I could watch him coming and be prepared.

I hid well along the bank about thirty feet up and slung the hopper in the water. Suddenly, there was this huge swell and along came the biggest brown trout I'd ever seen, certainly bigger than ever I'd live to catch. As he approached the hopper, my heart started to race. I was still fresh, a tiny kid, and had no serious fishing skill. My rig was meant for little kids pulling in little fish. But this was one of those intuitions that turned out all too right. The giant awakened, and the water down below erupted.

He swam up lazily in the hot sun while my eyes popped. When Mr. Big Brown grabbed the hopper all I could think was that I'd have to pull with all my might if there was any hope of getting him out of the water. Even if I'd known how to set the hook and play the fish, my line wasn't strong enough to last more than a few seconds, surely not even strong enough to lift him out even if he was willing. And even if it didn't break, the pole would break before it got him out of the water. And even if the pole didn't break, a big brown like that would have made a tangled mess out of most line and made fools out of the best fishermen as they scrambled up and downed the creek in vain hopes of keeping up. A heavy 20lb test line in the hands of a skillful angler might have been able to land him, but a runt like me had no chance. I pulled with all I had, but the line snapped before his head even broke the surface. He didn't hurry to swim off, just moseyed back to his hole.

It was a short summer and by September we were in Three Forks, then to Logan, then to Bozeman Emerson, to Bozeman Whittier, to Toston, then back to Bearmouth in early spring of 1958. Only a year and a half had gone by since we left. I'd turn ten that summer, by far still the smallest kid in my class. But school was out, and I was out the door with my fishing pole. This time I had a real spin casting outfit and heavy line, not too good for long casts but just fine for Antelope and many nearby streams.

The beaver dam just past the railroad aqueduct was long and beautiful with thick brush along the banks. We built ourselves a boat to paddle up and down the couple hundred feet of the dam. There you could catch big beautiful browns if you could dream for hours and not let a million skeeters get you down. That was the end of the creek. You could catch several trout every day and ten or twenty more walking from hole to hole up the drainage. There were many just dandy little holes and places where the fish were hiding. I pulled in many brown trout that stick in my mind because of their great beauty. They were muscled, powerful, skin speckled with bright colored jewels that sparkled in the sun.

During the next two summers I lived for hiking and fishing in the countryside. There were no conflicts there. Both feet and mind could wander where they wished. There were plenty of places other than Antelope for fishing and other adventures. There were the bass ponds a mile or two down the tracks. These were sections of the Clark Fork that had been cut off when the railroads were built and which then filled up with warm, sulfurous water. You could catch as many good sized bass as you liked and a few lunkers back then. That was ruined many years ago because someone introduced perch that compete too well for food but never grow.

For more fishing you could ride a bicycle to Harvey Creek a few miles the other way towards Missoula. It was a larger creek with many beaver dams as you hiked farther up into the mountains. The fish weren't trapped like they were up Antelope and didn't get much more than a pound, but they were decent with lots of natives and brooks. If you could stand the bugs, it was a wonderful life. Many days I would sit in apple and chokecherry trees and stuff myself. Many a day my belly ached and my teeth were stained black, but it was the best time of my life.

One other wonderful thing we had which the interstate destroyed was an artesian hot water swimming hole at the bottom of steep cliffs. This was less than from the river bridge. No swimming hole ever was prettier, no

water more crystal clear and friendly warm. A book could be written about all the wonderful times enjoyed in Bearmouth with my best friend, Rick.

Workin On The Railroad

In 1964-5 we lived back in Toston in another signal maintainer's house having the same blueprint as all Northern Pacific houses. This one was next to the Missouri, less than 20 miles from where the Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin rivers merge near Three Forks. Toston was a tiny, miserable little town, but the setting next to the river was peaceful and the fishing far better than Bearmouth in some ways. It, too, was a great place for hiking and many great adventures. The area had a large population of gophers and jackrabbits and they were crawling with ticks. It's very possible this is where I got infected with Lyme and not the Army in 1969. Yes, I know this species of tick is not what is supposed to cause Lyme, but the CDC apparently doesn't really know how Lyme is transmitted or care who has it, but is only interested in covering it up.

That was my junior year in high school at Townsend about twelve miles away. I was still a runt at less than a hundred pounds. There had been no problems with classmates or fights since leaving Drummond in 1961, but being it was another small town, some of the teachers were my enemies because they thought I was too smart. One of the exceptions was the band leader who loved my clarinet playing and made me first chair. The reason for my Townsend troubles was a reputation for being a genius that had followed from Bozeman. This I endured patiently, trying to study two hours a night to maintain a good gpa despite the trouble. I wasn't a genius, only obsessed with biology and had a good aptitude for math thanks to my junior high algebra teacher at Wilson in Bozeman, Mr. Bobinski, a truly noble man and super teacher.

At nights in Toston, weather permitting, I'd open my bedroom window facing the river and lay on my back listening to the water. It was quiet except for currents that cycled slowly around a large rock submerged about 100 feet from the bank. The sound varied in strength and character over about a twenty second period, then it would go silent for half a minute or so. then start again. It was deeply relaxing, even hypnotic. In the corner was my desk and microscope and micro photography apparatus, next to the other window a large aquarium containing a pond population dynamics study for my science projects and next to that a terrarium with my pet tree frogs. Toston isn't very relevant to the story except for the ticks. One summer evening while lying on the bed there, the nerves in my back started grab and the muscles to pull. This was curious, only a little alarming perhaps because it was very strange. It's possible I was infected with something from the ticks.

My senior year began August of 1965 and finished May of 1966 back in Bozeman at Bozeman Senior High. It was a difficult period for me. The family was driving me out, and there was nowhere to go. I had no friends, and my appearance was that of a thirteen year old. I struggled to put on weight amidst often violent opposition from Judy and could not come up with any ideas on how to bail. It was a bad time. The summer of 1966, thanks to Hank's position, I found summer employment as signal assistant for the NP gang in Missoula. The crew was about ten men at the time. Hank was foreman prior to 1955. This was physically demanding and my body responded well. The group meals finally gave me a chance to eat. For me to catch up I had to gulp about three times average, so there were threats to have me thrown out of the co op. By being cook I managed to buy them off with the best meals they'd ever eaten. I topped out at a lean 135 pounds.

It was necessary to save for college because it was looking like the funding Hank and Judy had promised was not going to come through. This was about \$6,000. They claimed to have somehow lost it, but the truth is that they didn't want to bother with me anymore. After paying

the first semester's tuition and dorm room and board at Montana State, I had \$75. They matched me \$75, the first and last of any help they gave me except for a used car for \$350. Somehow, I made it that first year, but the stress was hard on my health and grades. For me good health was unusually dependent on regular exercise, food and vitamin supplements, but that wasn't easy to accomplish in the Montana winter and the gravity of the issue wouldn't be appreciated for many years. There were signs I already had Lyme, but the symptoms weren't crippling for a few years yet.

The summer of 1967 I went back to work for the signal crew. The first summer had been work in or near the Missoula yards, but this year the job was stringing two AC wires from Missoula through the rugged mountains along the Clark Fork to Superior. The scenery was spectacular. It was a thrilling summer nobody could dream of experiencing. The sun was blazing hot. Sweat poured down my chest like a river, then one day a white spot appeared. This was tinea versicolor, a fungal infection that gives you dappled skin. It is usually not serious but can be unsightly and if not treated can cause irritation or develop into serious infections such as the dreaded majocchi granuloma. That was my fate 47 years later. Hundreds of tubes of various fungicidal creams had kept it under control, but now the infection spread to the hair follicles on my arms and caused nasty sores called granuloma.

Two pulses of itraconazole got rid of the majocchi in 2014, but large splotches of tinea still covered my chest, arms and back, especially the chest area. Then one day I googled up an article about Selsun Blue shampoo for treating tinea of the scalp. I had no scalp problem. Instead, I rubbed it over my torso and arms after every shower and, PRESTO, every trace of tinea disappeared. After 47 years, the tinea was thoroughly eliminated in a week. This is included to tip you off if you've had problems with tinea versicolor which many do.

The fall of 1967, my sophomore year, wasn't looking good for school. I had only about \$100 left after paying tuition and books. I'd managed to get into the Methodist Wesley House in hopes of a quieter environment for study. Unfortunately, the more religious of the group disliked me intensely and wanted me gone. They thought I wasn't a real Christian, but a Communist. I had attended some lectures on Marxism, but it appeared that they had an official invitation from Wesley administrators, so I was very confused about why they were there. I thought there was something the Wesley administrators wanted us to see. This controversy confused and discouraged me and by fall there was no money left, so I was out of options.

In The Army Now - Bound For Vietnam

In 1967, college students were scared to death of the draft. The Vietnam war was raging and getting worse. Many draftees were not coming back alive. There was nothing and nowhere else to go, so I volunteered for the Army draft. I was scared. Army leaders spoke to the troops many times to warn them that there wasn't much chance of coming back, so say your good-byes now. A good friend, one of the few I had, came back in a plastic bag only a few months later, so I was also likely to die in Vietnam real soon.

Basic training in Fort Lewis was about the most miserable two months I'd ever spent. January and February were the worst months of the year. The unheated barracks were cold and damp, it rained continually and everything was soggy. Often we had to low crawl through mud and water, sometimes on our backs under barbed wire during the night with tracer bullets zipping overhead. The drill sergeants were sadistic, half perverted monsters, and the recruits were either sadistic boot lickers or soft little fat boys. A slow, awkward fellow, George, grabbed hold of me for protection. I spent the whole two months fighting the rest of them off. He lagged too far behind on a ten mile march one time, and when he

got back everything in this backpack was smashed, broken or mangled from all the kicks to his backside.

George's cot was then just under mine. One time about five of them snuck up in the dark and started smacking him with fists and sticks. They really meant to bash the pulp out of him. I jumped up and chased them away. Don't ask me why they didn't beat the pulp out of me, but they were afraid of me. The platoon leader, just another recruit with a badge on his sleeve, would pick on George a lot, and I'd jump in with crazy eyes like I was going to smack him. George did only what I told him, no more and no less. One day he sat on his bunk and cried like a baby telling me how grateful he was and insisting on polishing my boots. George, I love you still. Hope you got back from Vietnam safely, and God has blessed you. If not, I still hope to see you again where the polish never gets dull. You don't owe me any gratitude, old friend, I learned how to deal with the bastards when I was a little kid.

My college scores were very good, so I was hoping to score high on the Army aptitude tests and get clerk duty to stay out of combat. The exact opposite strategy was required, but I didn't find that out until it was too late. I stared numbly at my infantry orders and headed to Fort Jackson, South Carolina for AIT, Advanced Infantry Training. There I had blast firing weapons of all kinds and throwing grenades like a wild man. The brass told many stories about entire companies being wiped out, making it plain that very few of us would come back. Death being not far off, I became a general all around smart aleck. I took KP because nobody wanted it, then I could eat all day while the rest of them crawled on their stomachs and waded in snake infested swamps. I still got plenty of hard duty mixed in, so after two months of AIT was a fit 165 pounds ready to kill and be killed for Uncle Scam.

I was no slouch. Having been in rifle club for years, I could hit targets that were considered near to impossible for an M16. There was the day the big general came to inspect the company, all 220 of us. It was a

somber morning. Nobody moved a muscle while the big general walked up and down the ranks, checking each rifle. He took mine with him, so I figured I was in trouble. When he was finished with the inspection, he walked up to the front of the formation and hollered, “Men, this is the cleanest rifle I have ever seen. When this inspection is done, you will talk to this man.” Then he called me up to fetch my rifle. You could have knocked me over with a feather.

Death Comes Knocking

After AIT was completed it was assumed my next orders would take me to the front lines in Vietnam. Some left immediately if they’d been granted a short leave after Basic, but my good-byes had been saved for now. There wasn’t much reason to say good-bye to anyone. My parents hadn’t had any use for me for years. My mother had been in attack mode since I was thirteen, and I had no doubts she would kill me if possible.

She wasn't strong enough to do serious damage physically, but the emotional scars were deep. The last year of high school she would sit across the table during dinner each evening, glaring intently and blowing cigarette smoke in my face. Now Hank I had always adored like everyone did, but he never took up for me in any way. Despite all that and my desire to be rid of them, they had given me life and treated me decently in the early years, so it seemed right that the last two weeks of my short life be spent with them in their new house in Livingston.

The weekend after arriving at Livingston I was playing Ouija with my sister. I wasn’t superstitious, but to ensure we could not influence each other to move the pointer we chose to keep our questions secret. One of my unspoken questions was “what color was my sister's sweater?” It was green. The first letter was K. No color starts with that. The next letter, H, was meaningless, too. When the thing quit moving, it had spelled out KHAKI. My jaw dropped. Now that was spooky. On

tinkering with the thing a bit longer, it said that the mover was the spirit of some dead guy in the house, and that one of my parents would die soon. That was enough for me. Have never played another Ouija game.

Hank was a different story. Everybody loved him, but he had spent only weekends with the family for the last seven years, presumably so we kids could attend better schools. But there was a far more sinister reason that I didn't know about. As happens in some families, there was a dark secret. I'd become the enemy because I was the only one who didn't know. It wasn't for another 34 years, 2002 that I put it together. Leslie then told me that Hank had raped her when she was only nine years old. That wouldn't have been believable, but then I remembered back to the year 1959 when Judy flipped her wig. She was a pretty good mom and fairly stable person until that point. The fit she threw was too violent and profane to discuss, certainly not fit for kids to hear. Now in 2002 I finally realized that she was reacting to the rape of her daughter. Now it all made sense. Before the next school year she had moved to Missoula with the kids, leaving Hank behind, but he continued to come home on weekends and Judy kept her knowledge secret until 1968.

The next Monday, I drove Hank to the Livingston depot to catch the train to Billings. He'd just recently been promoted to Northern Pacific Railroad official, the youngest ever, so he was a very popular and capable man. Also, well paid. The plan was to pick him up again on his return the following Friday, June 13, 1968. It wasn't his lucky day. While waiting for Friday to come, Judy finally divulged to me that she had recently become aware that Hank had a long standing sexual problem with my sister. I wasn't clear exactly what that meant, but it sounded pretty bad. I wouldn't have trusted my sister or mother to tell the truth, but she said that he had agreed to go to counseling, so I concluded that there was something to it. It would be another 34 years before put the pieces fit together.

That Friday, an unexpected call came to my mother about noon Friday. I didn't catch what it was about, but flashed on the Ouija and felt Hank was dead. She told me he was in the hospital and injured badly. I called back for more information, and, yep, the nurse confirmed he was dead. Earlier that day there was a thunderstorm in Billings that caused electrical failure in a bungalow housing circuits for railroad signals. The story was that Hank grabbed a couple of alligator clips in the bungle and was electrocuted. Some of the people I knew from working two summers on the signal gang were with him when it happened, including my own foreman, Armand Johnson.

Given my own strained relationships, Hank's death shouldn't have been the shock it was, but I was beyond devastated. It was the sudden impact of so many unexpected tragedies. He was the only anchor to a family I had left, and nobody would have ever believed he could do anything of that sort to my sister. I thought I loved him, but in reality was probably just in awe of him. There were other secrets I wouldn't know for many years. Everyone knew but me that he wasn't our biological father. I hadn't a clue. The grief was partly that I didn't expect to live much longer, myself. It was as if he had died to save me, an unworthy person, though that would never have been the reason. A question I never did resolve was that he may have committed suicide. That's what I believe now.

It was too abrupt. Here I was scheduled to depart for Vietnam in a week and again trapped with my mother. I went into the worst possible shock and grief that lasted many years. I went to see his body on display at the funeral home. He was dressed in a suit looking as good as he ever did, possibly better. Those curly, black eye lashes, so familiar and so striking made it seem impossible that he was really dead, but on the verge of waking up. I was only twenty and he was only 38. It's understandable why some people lose their minds over a death and some even attempt to climb into the casket with the deceased.

They gave me his billfold. There was a humorous business card inside that read, "This card entitles the bearer to do anything he pleases To whomever he pleases, provided it pleases." signed by the President, I. M. Willing and the secretary, U. B. Cautious. Not so funny under the circumstances. Maybe Hank hadn't been as cautious as he should have been. Maybe not everyone was pleased. And maybe he hadn't saved me. More likely someone else did. The lie that destroyed the family wasn't just that my sister had been raped at age nine, though that shouldn't have been enough. The big lie was that Judy had not known until 1968. My sister also told me in 2002 that she'd told her third grade teacher about the rape in 1959. If so, there is no possibility whatsoever that she hadn't told her closest lifetime confidant, her own mother. I well understand how difficult it would have been to give up Hank and his upwardly bound career, but it would have been better. He really should have been divorced and prosecuted. As it was, my sister was left unprotected for many more years, and I suffered a lot that I didn't deserve because of kinks that formed in my mother's psyche. I do think Hank understood this, and knowing that I'd be told caused me a lot of fear. This was the final straw and he committed suicide rather than face the future.

Since I was now sole surviving son, the Army amended my orders to serve out my military time as company clerk at Headquarters Company, Dugway, Utah. A few months before my arrival at Dugway, there was the famous accidental release of nerve gas by an Army plane that resulted in the deaths of 6,000 sheep. The Army consistently denied that its tests were the cause of the deaths, but eventually paid \$75 a head to the owners. You can read many details of the story here, an excellent read: <http://bit.ly/2bBTkVd>

Although that was a long time ago, the incident draws attention to the enormous quantities of various deadly toxins stockpiled by the US Army at Dugway and other places. Many of these are in containers that have aged and deteriorated to the point that there is little guarantee they can be safely contained. Also unknown is the number of exotic diseases that

were developed and how they might be contained if at all. Since that's where my serious symptoms of Lyme disease first surfaced, I quite often thought I was one of the many recruits who claimed to have been damaged by chemicals at Dugway.

Despite the Army's denials, there were no doubts about the cause of the deaths by any soldiers I knew at Dugway. It was common to joke about it. I also found out from other soldiers that the Army had been conducting tests of LSD and other chemicals on unsuspecting recruits. There were other public scandals about such tests, but none involving Dugway Proving Ground that I remember. At first I was shocked by the desolation surrounding Dugway and combined with grief over Hank's death fell into a deep depression. That soon vanished because I was extremely well liked as Company Clerk and made E5 the following June. I'd still give anything to go back.

Everything I had never had I took for granted. I had a job and respect and many good friends. The grief over Hank's death I usually managed to hide. But something else was soon gnawing at me. I didn't know what, but it was frightening. Lyme disease was creeping up on me and I was suffering from some kind of toxins accumulating in the sinus area. Having a desk job curtailed my physical activity and my appetite went out the window. Initially, symptoms were strange, gripping sensations in the head area, intense burning and toxic secretions deep in the sinus, a marked lack of vitality and loss of weight. Also characteristic of Lyme were symptoms of excessive mental irritability and oversensitivity to everything. These psychic symptoms often result in a loss of friends.

My love of the Army faded quickly, though at the time I couldn't see that this was due to the effects of Lyme. I became increasingly dissatisfied when I really had it made. Partly it was concerns about the morality of the Vietnam war, but the real reason for too much angst was the havoc Lyme was causing. Sometimes I suspected something like that, but there wasn't enough to go on. I'd known since childhood that

the medical profession wasn't trustworthy so didn't even bother with that. The health of some Dugway recruits was destroyed due to exposure to toxins, so that was part of my concern, but you wouldn't find answers by asking. I'd probably never have good answers if I remained at Dugway. Meanwhile, it was apparent that the medical profession was mired in bigger lies than the Army. The Surgeon General's remark that the US had defeated infectious disease was a bigger pile of sheep.

Five Family Members With Lyme Disease

Nearly five decades elapsed before a complete picture finally emerged in 2016. The same mystery disease had destroyed my wife and all three children. The medical profession's accumulated lies had become too big to hide. It could only be that millions of others were in the same boat and that there must be a match somewhere. Finally, retired and with time on my hands, it was possible to narrow it down to Lyme disease.

By great fortune way back in 1982 I was fortunate to discover that a blend of B vitamins could keep the disease from being entirely crippling and provide partial relief from intolerable agony. It couldn't cure the disease, probably, but kept it at bay. Without that, Lyme would have certainly destroyed me and work would have been impossible. But I couldn't spare time to work on a cause being up to my neck supporting a wife and three children who were also severely damaged by Lyme. It often seemed that God had given me far more than my share of trouble. When my Dorene finally broke down in 1996, once again any kind of diagnostics was deliberately avoided and symptoms were twisted into mental mumbo jumbo. Perhaps the medical profession's lies would eventually expose the underlying cause or causes of five family members devastated with illness. But the MDs were far more insidious than the disease. The answers didn't come and there wasn't much time or many clues. It could be that I contracted Lyme disease at Dugway. It's also possible, but less likely, that I caught it growing up anywhere in

rural Montana where I was bitten many times by ticks. I once picked up a wild rabbit infected with hundreds of swollen ticks at Toston which immediately began crawling up my arm. Yes, I understand that the deer tick is not endemic to Montana or Utah, but somehow I caught Lyme, maybe at Fort Jackson a year earlier.

There are many ways of transmission. Many others have also been infected with Lyme in Montana, so the CDC is lying on every conceivable level. Obviously, there are other routes of transmission that the CDC has worked hard to ignore. It could be that other ticks spread the disease, but the coalition of the medical industry and government prevents knowledge of transmission vectors as well as treatment of victims. If you want to know something and get real help, steer clear of the medical profession and government statistics. The symptoms before Dugway were too mild to take serious notice, but at Dugway, they became severe. This is when real suffering began. It was most pronounced in the sinus area. I was very ill, lost my cheerful countenance, became moody and lost my friends. It was hard then to decide between physical symptoms or grief over my dad's death. Gone went my laugh and crazy antics like walking on my hands. I was no longer much fun and grew displeased with the Army.

I'd gone in with the sole purpose of getting the GI Bill; otherwise could not afford college. This goal was so strong in my head that I couldn't conceive it being a mistake. Nevertheless, it was truly insane to walk away from the good deal I had in the Army. Friends tried to tell me, but I didn't listen. I was safe there, but had never been safe in Montana. Yes, the war was a bad thing, but that wasn't anybody's fault. Lies and corruption are found at all levels of society, you can't escape them all and found that out when it was too late. There is no question now that millions have been suffering from chronic Lyme disease for 100 years or more. The same symptoms that pointed to a pathogen were being covered up long before Lyme was discovered. Funneling fools into bogus mental illness categories was always been a major source of

revenue before straight jackets and lobotomies were replaced with psychoactive pharmaceuticals.

Since the CDC continues to deny that chronic Lyme exists, most victims are still in the dark. Most have been casually diagnosed with bipolar disorder, politely phrased variants of schizophrenia or personality disorder, or a broad spectrum of physical disorders without adequate testing. Most victims become convinced that psycho-actives are required to keep them sane. But psychoactives are short term solutions that do not treat the underlying condition. Over a period of time they invariably create the symptoms they are supposed to treat. Most even admit to this on the label so there's no shock felt when it's time to switch meds.

Am I really crazy enough to believe that the lust for profit is that strong? Isn't that the craziest conspiracy theory you've heard? Then you be the judge. Take your meds and stay sick, but first hear this. A physical education teacher and friend of mine at Big Sky High School in Missoula left the teaching profession as did his wife to become pharma reps in about 2004. He explained it perfectly well, and he wasn't talking about a conspiracy. The MDs that prescribe drugs get (fat) commissions from the pharmaceutical companies. If the MD can push enough, the pharma company will treat him to an expense paid vacation at a fancy resort. The pharma rep and his wife were both drawing six figure salaries, he bragged, and entitled to join the lucky MDs on their exotic vacations. To hell with teaching he said. They'd struck it rich.

DO not be deceived. MDs are smart but concerned with their wallet, not your health. They are not question the fraud. If they go against the grain of medical training and peer pressure, they wouldn't lose ONLY money, but favor with the brotherhood and a license to practice. This is not conspiracy theory! The majority will avoid any routine diagnostic testing, especially for chronic Lyme. That's how they were trained. If you've been diagnosed with any kind of mental illness, chances are nine out of ten that you have Lyme. Forget the tests, they are not reliable. I

haven't even bothered. If there was any doubt about the symptoms, the lies I heard for forty years capped it off.

Far better than unreliable tests by untrustworthy MDs are many testimonies by Lyme sufferers that can help you narrow the question down - are you a Lyme casualty? Youtube has many videos, too. I've written this story about my own battle because it is invaluable information for everybody, even those who do not have Lyme, especially those who don't know yet that they do. Even if you don't have Lyme, your first indication would likely be a complete mental and physical breakdown. You probably know someone who does have it whose life and health has been destroyed and has been conned by MDs into thinking he's crazy. In any case, my own experiences describe almost fifty years of trial and error before nailing it down. By then the lives of my own wife and three children born in 1977, 1979 and 1984 were also destroyed by Lyme. My wife was infected sometime in the fifties in Roosevelt County. The children were all congenital Lyme with marked, but very different, symptoms at birth.

Having heard the same lies from dozens of doctors for so many years and with other family members affected, I can shed light on the subject that you won't find anywhere else, especially if you've been suckered by the medical industry into thinking you have a mental illness. It was always apparent that all five family members were afflicted with chronic illnesses with suspicious overlapping symptoms, but nobody could get a handle on it. Forty years of run-arounds made it increasingly clear that the system was complicit in the destruction of our health and deliberately withholding information, in certain cases by means of outright violation of federal law. This is not imagined or fabricated in any way. It really did happen that way. Watch your back.

Not entirely sure until 2016 that the cause was a bacteria, I avoided using antibiotics. The more you tinker with antibiotics, the more likely the bug will develop resistance, and the worse off you could be. I did try

several kinds over the years for seven day trials, but experienced no effects. After finally nailing it down to either MRSA or Lyme in 2016, I tried a ten week combination of the four most effective antibiotics that literature cites a 95% or better cure for MRSA caused osteomyelitis within six weeks. This did in fact cure the worst symptom at that time, specifically, the intense burning in the right side of the face during nights for decades and also persistent double vision. These drugs can have serious side effects and did make me sick for ten weeks.

This was a welcome improvement, but short of what could be called a cure. More likely the bacteria were able to adapt and the drugs failed to complete the job. Putting so much hope on the pharmaceuticals make forget that I'd stumbled onto something far more effective two years earlier that had partially broken up the infection, but I'll go into details about star anise later. Following these harsh antibiotics degrees of numbness and tingling were still prevalent body wide, mostly in the sinus area and feet. There was still diseased tissue from head to toe.

After that, I started the star anise treatment again. Symptoms continue to slowly improve after two months, but so far have not entirely disappeared. I truly believe that with continued vitamin B and other supplement, the star anise will eliminate the disease entirely. The improvement is not imaginary, but recovery takes a long time. Even after the bacteria are long dead, symptoms from damaged tissues will continue for some time. Raw star anise is clearly far more effective and safer than any antibiotic pharmaceuticals. Exercise and the right vitamins have been an effective treatment strategy for me, and I'm sure they should be for anybody, but that isn't a cure. The star anise, maybe.

Other symptoms of an acute attack of Lyme can occur at any time and be devastating. Lyme is seldom fatal, but it can easily destroy your health and life and put you in such agony that you wish you were dead. I had long suspected that other family members were suffering from the same affliction and Lyme disease in 2004 but was thrown off track

reading about symptoms we didn't have. Symptoms vary widely among affected individuals and also for every individual from day to night, month to month and year to year. Now there isn't any doubt.

The disease spreads throughout the body but isn't evenly distributed and moves from place to place. My left side is about 20% as affected as the right. Sinuses are particularly vulnerable because the body's flow system moves them towards exit ports like the salivary glands and kidneys. Numbness, tingling and aching occurs those areas and also in the feet. Other areas can get hit hard from time to time, especially the kidneys and lower back where it can cause severe nerve trauma and degeneration of disks, both a serious problem for me in the 70s and again in 2005. Arthritis like symptoms can occur along with heart arrhythmia and vertigo, though these are not a problem for me except during acute attacks. Muscle spasms and twitching are minor problems for me but a nuisance. The degree to which these symptoms express themselves varies.

My own infection was always concentrated in the maxillary region with a nasty buildup of diseased tissue with a nasal cyst on the right. Many MDs looked me right in the face and insisted that the intense burning and other symptoms of the disease were my imagination. Since when do doctors tell patients what their symptoms are? Others even derided my efforts to describe symptoms. What a dirty, evil lot. The cyst and other tissue has caused serious discomfort day and night since 1969 and chronically severe burning pain during the nights. This is because fluids slow down during the night and toxins accumulate in the sinus. During an acute attack intense muscle spasms and agonizing pain in the legs were more than a human could bear. The chronic sinus pain and toxic effects have been extreme nightly for decades. They can get intolerable and make sleep impossible. There can be no doubt that this is why the one naive MD wrote that 90% of mental illness cases are caused by sinusitis. It is also no doubt why 90% of those who go to an MD for help and describe a case of sinusitis get no farther before the clever doctors

are writing out prescriptions for psycho-actives and trying to convince the victim he is nuts.

The one most critically important thing for coping with Lyme or any hope of curing it is the B vitamin complex. I've never been entirely sure which of the Bs is most important, but an effective combination for keeping on top is B1/B2/B6/B12 such as found in Puritan's Stress B. When combined with vigorous exercise this makes the difference between complete disability and great health with the ability to stay functional and employable. Also vital are supportive family members and coworkers, things I never had and which can be easily lost, because when you're down many people will hit you again. Several months of less than optimum nutrition, lack of B vitamins and sedentary lifestyle can leave you blind sided with an unexpected complete mental and physical breakdown. Nicotine, alcohol and illegal drugs must be avoided entirely. If you drink or smoke, just give up hope and don't talk to me. Being aware that Lyme disease strongly affects moods helps avoid serious pitfalls in human relations and impulsive decisions. Much of the battle with Lyme disease is dealing with excessive, inappropriate and often rash reactions to others, and it is these problems that MDs and helping professions are waiting to farm.

Army Life to University With A Big Bang

Anxiety was building as my release date from the Army approached and worsening symptoms of Lyme were adding to the stress. I had arranged with a friend to rent a room in Bozeman, without which I was doomed. A dorm was too expensive and a poor study environment. In Bozeman at that time and probably still, housing was impossible if you hadn't set it up in advance. If living quarters hadn't been established, I wouldn't have dared leave the Army. I was getting a four month early discharge based on enrollment in an accredited school. After Hank was killed, Judy and my sister had moved to Bozeman into a trailer at the Jo Mar court.

Well, it turned out when I got to Bozeman that my rental was gone. Allan informed me that my mother had spoken to him and told him not to save the room. It had been rented to someone else and that was that. This was worse than getting shot in Vietnam. By then, the Lyme had gotten very bad and that level of stress put me over the edge. I panicked, forgot to put Prestone in my car, thought the engine was fried and abandoned it. The car was okay, but I didn't know that and was too agitated to fix it. My signature had to have been forged on the title because I never saw the car again.

Serious trouble now. Here I was with no job, no friends, stuck without a place to live and couldn't possibly pass my courses under those conditions. My mother had schemed to trap me after rejecting me for year, a twist I hadn't expected. It was getting winter by then, and there was no choice but to stay with her. There wasn't any possibility that she wanted company, but her excuse was that she needed a "man" around the house. More to the point, the railroad had offered her \$30,000 after Hank's death. She turned it down and sued them for \$100,000, claiming negligence. This was the reason for the entrapment. Judy had gambled that I could convince the court that there was in fact negligence. By hiring these attorneys, she agreed to forfeit \$10,000 of the settlement if the case failed, so in effect she threw away \$10,000.

There was no way to charge negligence because Hank's official job description didn't include any manual work. More than that, nobody knew these bungalows better, nobody was more careful and competent on the job, and it was impossible for me to believe that he could have had an accident. Where was there any negligence? More likely, in my mind, he had become overstressed about the sexual allegations by my sister and had committed suicide. Hard to see how a jury could be swayed against the railroad by my testimony, but I had to go down and try to explain that to the attorneys who'd been waiting for me.

Under this kind of stress, the Lyme disease hit with a vengeance. My eyes couldn't focus enough to read. Study was impossible. I basically hid in a back room of Judy's trailer in such misery that not a wink of sleep was possible for over three months. Nutritional deprivation, confinement, and severe stress are the killer combination that allows Lyme disease to entirely incapacitate a victim. My face was puffy and my health hit bottom. I'd get out of bed in the middle of the night and run up and down the highway to shake off stress and tire out. I thought I must be mad, but running was just what the body required to flush out infection and restore a functional margin of health. My concentration was terrible. I was in a state of panic just wondering what was wrong with me and from being trapped with this woman who had tormented me for years.

It was seven months before I felt well enough to run. By then, spring weather was coming and that helped. I got out of my mother's trailer as soon as possible. For the next year I lived in tents and basements. I was supposed to be at the university studying, but it wasn't possible. There was very little employment in Montana, especially for a sickly runt like me, not able to afford a haircut or decent clothes, looking like I'd just emerged from a dumpster, a miserable wretch the rest of the world wanted nothing to do with. My weight dropped to 125 pounds. In the fall of 1970, I met up with a young woman in similar straits. She had been attending MSU without any family support and in serious trouble. Dorene was heavily in debt, struggling to meet expenses and maintain grades. She'd been living with another young woman student in a small house, but both were booted after failing to make rent. Neither of us had anywhere to live with winter moving in fast. All we could find was an abandoned cabin deep in the woods next to Hell Roaring creek.

This was many miles from Bozeman, so attending school or finding work wasn't possible, but it was shelter and rent free. When spring came, we were promptly kicked out with nowhere to go. Winter up Hell Roaring was a harsh and desperate period, no alpine vacation or

romantic retreat. Dorene's brother Greg found out where she was and came out with threats from her dad to shoot me for dragging his daughter into sin. He must have walked up from the highway and stalked the place for a long time because I wasn't there. Greg was apparently under the impression that his parents were supporting her through college as they were doing for him. Neither brother had expressed any objections to their Dad having lived with the woman in North Dakota for five years who wrecked their mom's car or could explain how she would have fared in a snow bank, but these were the Hustads, a tough breed.

It was a drafty cabin with a useless fireplace made of crumbling rocks. The temperature fell to -30F to -40F and less for several weeks, there was no money to get into town for food or propane. Several inches of blankets made it possible to sleep, but the mattress wasn't thick enough to keep the cold from boring through underneath. Nobody thought about falling in love. These were desperate times and desperate people. But since both of us were stuck helping each other and had nobody else, it seemed destined that we struggle together. It wasn't the desired or conventional path to marriage, but it had to be done. When we got booted from the Hell Roaring cabin in the spring, we were fortunate to rent an old house about six miles from Bozeman. I was lucky to find construction work during the summer, planted a garden and saved \$1,000. This went for a down payment for the old house we were renting. It was not a high price, but to get it a promise was made to tear down the house in two years. This was another of my many major stupid mistakes. The buy was great, but making good on a very stupid promise when we had nowhere else to live would be yet another nightmare.

The house was old but adequate, even charming. A garden and root cellar helped feed us. The job was temporary and school was approaching. Despite hoping that a good marriage could be made, it soon turned into another terrible mistake. It was difficult to imagine anyone more unhappy or angry than Dorene. Her misery was expressed in sullen moods punctuated by intermittent tantrums and prolonged

screaming so loud it felt as if my brain was melting and pouring out my ears. Some unexplained, unnamed poverty and anguish in her soul lashed out with unstoppable force, I was the nearest and easiest target. I did what could be done to avoid her, plunging into studies and overwork, desperate to meet the bills. All we could count on was \$150/month GI Bill. By then I was five years behind in school. To rebuild a foundation and maintain good grades a fourteen hour study day was necessary. For years to come I would suffer from overwork, malnutrition and abusive relationships hinging on accusations that I wasn't providing enough or doing enough. The in laws were bent on turning me into twice the slave I'd ever been.

There was no question that Dorene was deeply disturbed, leaving me struggling to guess at reasons and remedies. She seemed to be suffering from some kind of physical disorder that deeply affected her emotions and cyclically drove her into irrational frenzies. It took over 40 years more when we more carefully tallied physical symptoms and it became undeniable that we were suffering from the same disorder. A few weeks later in 2016 it was clearly Lyme disease. Our symptoms were different in many ways, but a persistent, shared physical pattern left no room for doubt. Also suffering from long term malnutrition and severe stress in the 70s, her anguish was unusually severe. Her frequent outbursts were tough to endure, causing me intense suffering and shame. I now so well understand how Lyme affects the cranial nerves and likely even the brain's limbic system to disturb emotions. Sufferers of chronic Lyme are prone to despair, persecution complexes, and excessive emotion, the perfect victims for the mental illness scam.

Dorene had been driven into difficult circumstances by a callous lack of family support and domestic strife in childhood, so misery on every level was her fate. The family had ignored her while she struggled to get an education, but now were in my face constantly. They would barge in unannounced with stern faces, voicing outrage and insults, demanding this and that be done but never offering to pay as we fought a losing

battle to meet the barest expenses. They brimmed with outrage over every trivial and imaginary shortcoming, boasting about their Christian purity, prosperity and benevolence, but to me they were nothing more than a pack of parasites.

The hostility was so overdone that it aroused long honed suspicions that another dark family secret was behind it. The first thought that came to mind was a history of sexual abuse, but when I queried Dorene she denied anything of the sort, but she was overly intimidated by her father and two brothers. She offered no resistance to their frequent intrusions and demands, so I was never convinced. My instincts turned out correct, but the truth about that would wait another eight years until 1981.

Meanwhile, my own health was still marginal, especially during gaps of physical inactivity, At times my arms or legs would go numb even though the circulation was fine, but the doctors had no clue. At times my heart rate was irregular or at times it would suddenly spiral and all the muscles in my body go into uncontrollable spasms. With no control over my limbs, I'd panic. At least three times I rushed to the local ER in desperation. I could have harvested more professional care from a North Dakota whore house. Still too poor to buy decent clothes, I'd get only contemptuous stares and pitiful remarks. The MDs assured me that I was only suffering from a panic attack, a psychological condition. Stupidest stuff I'd ever heard.

With much effort, a high gpa was possible this first year back as a junior, but a nasty obstacle came up the second year. I had always wanted to teach high school biology, so that meant my major professor had to be Barton Hahn, a white haired old man known for easy grades and rambling, confusing lectures. It was in a cytology class that I may have first offended him. The third quarter I had to take methods of teaching biology. Although I got an A in the class, he was displeased over a paper I wrote that was critical of B. F. Skinner. This was a psychologist who was famous about that time for getting pigeons to peck

buttons for food. Skinner was precious to Barton. I never believed that the goals of children or college students should be likened to pigeons pecking buttons for food pellets, but B. F. was all the rage then.

My punishment was another course added to the requirements for graduation. I objected because the catalog didn't require any more coursework, but whether I graduated or not was up to his approval. I took the matter to the president and dean, but to my surprise they affirmed Hahn's right to overrule the catalog if he liked. One more course wasn't that big a deal, but it would delay me a quarter and there was now good reason to think he was mean enough to pull the same stunt indefinitely.

If I were to be sure of graduating, I would either have to change majors or change schools. The University of Montana offered me a BA for two more quarters. Both Dorene and I had landed part time jobs by bussing dishes at the sub. They only paid \$1,85 an hour, but that was enough to squeak by. How could we bear the loss of jobs and another move? Impossible, but if I didn't do it, there would be no graduation. There was no housing in Missoula for us, either, so we had to rent a tiny house far away in Clinton and endure another nightmare. We didn't have a reliable vehicle. It wasn't worth it, but I ended up with a BA in Botany in 1974. Missoula is liberal arts, not a technical school. Science classes aren't nearly as rigorous. Lectures focus on social issues and push liberal doctrine. Most of the term in genetics was devoted to discussions about amniocentesis as a basis for terminating pregnancy and who should make the decision. There never was any answer. Most scientific articles written at UM are short on substance with long sentences and made up words to impress readers.

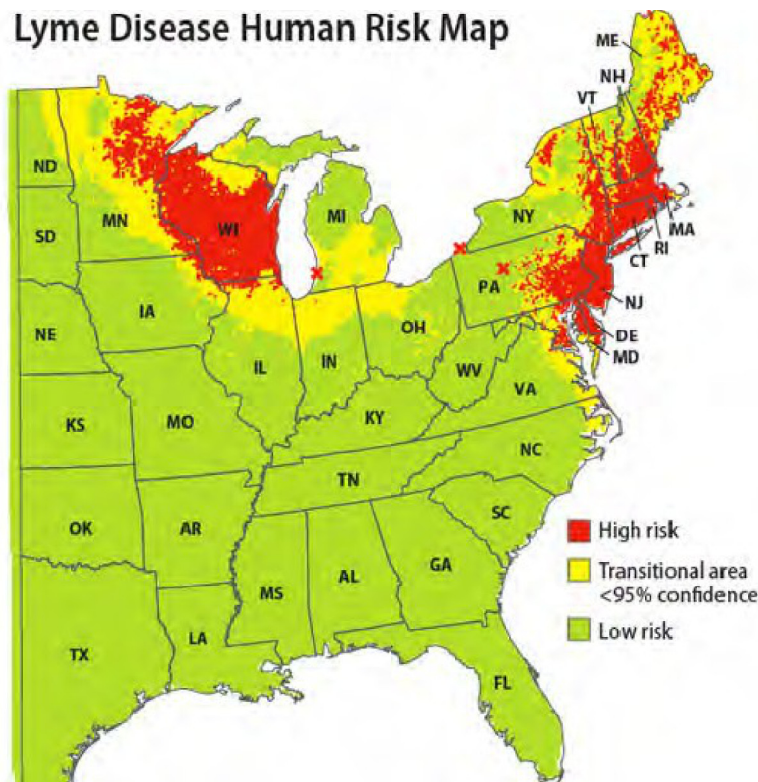
When we moved back to Bozeman, it would be almost time to tear down the only house we had. This was carrying honesty too far. As soon as the corrugated metal came off the roof, the temperature rose thirty degrees. When it rained everything got drenched, including us. In the nick of

time, a nice little house came up for sale in Billings with a down payment matching what we could sell the Bozeman lot for. It would also be possible to work construction in Billings long enough to pay for decent meals and pay bills, not counting the \$6,000 in school loans still owed by Dorene.

And so yet another magnificently stupid decision that would predictably end in doom. The house was next door to the father in law, and as I should have anticipated, Myron soon became obsessed with driving me out of the house and taking it for himself. He was an ill tempered and dishonest man. Dorene often explained her erratic behavior on trauma inflicted by her dad's philandering during her teen years, especially the five year absence when he lived with a North Dakota woman. When first married, he managed to qualify for government farmland taken from the Indian reservation. This was what was known as the "checkerboard" pattern on reservations where every other section was owned by a white man. He essentially paid nothing for this tick infested land just north of Wolf Point that he later sold for \$150,000.

Sometime, somehow, as a child in the fifties isolated on this farm north of Wolf Point, Dorene was infected with Lyme disease. The CDC insists that Lyme disease is transmitted only by the deer tick whose range does not include Montana, but somehow she got it, there is no doubt. All the other possibilities of transmission seem to be excluded, while this area is infested with other species of ticks. This leaves little possibility that Lyme is transmitted by other species of ticks. That seems to be the most likely way that I was infected, too, whether in Montana or Utah, which isn't on the CDC's list, either.

Unfortunately, Myron wasn't a successful wheat farmer. The family grew up living in dire poverty in a basement until Myron landed his only real job as an iron worker in North Dakota. The iron worker era lasted only five years. During that time he lived with another woman, a fact since hotly denied. but Dorene, then in her early teens, was stuck in the



middle of it. He brought the woman to Wolf Point where they would go on long drives with Dorene in the back seat while they snuggled and kissed. She confided in Dorene how much she loved Myron. The car they drove in North Dakota actually belonged to Dorene's mom. When the other woman demolished it, she identified herself to the police as Mrs. Hustad as dutifully reported by the newspaper, so everybody knew.

Myron's affair caused his wife, Violet, to have a nervous breakdown and lose her teaching job. Determined to recoup and get on with it, she moved to Billings with the kids, landed a job as a welfare worker, and bought her own house and another car. Myron would visit every so often. On one occasion he barged through the door dragging the other woman by the hair, announcing that the rumors of another woman were true and here God dang she was to prove it. While Violet hid, the other woman cornered Dorene again to talk about how much she loved Myron. These events were deeply disturbing and a factor in Dorene's shattered sense of self, but there had to be more to it. No doubt, she had

been infected with Lyme as a child on the reservation, but that idea was a long shot at the time. The other family secret remained unspoken, but was told every time they started firing darts. What could it be?

After five years, there was no indication that Myron planned on returning to the family, but on his last visit his back suddenly went out. He had never had back trouble, but suddenly he was on the operating table getting a spinal fusion. After that, he couldn't return to work, or so he said, and needed constant care. The back problem was without question the only reason Myron ever returned, and Dorene never respected her mother for letting him stay. The excuse of a bad back became handy for ducking work of any kind for the rest of his life. Instead, he honed the art of badgering suckers to the end of ripping them off, and I had become his biggest victim. I was able to survive his frequent home invasions the first two years, then returned to graduate school at Bozeman with just enough GI Bill, now \$175/per month, to finish a master's degree in the fall of 1979. [Transcript here.](#)

My last construction job before grad school ended a few months before school started, so my physical activity took a nose dive. I'd no clue as to how dangerous this was. Suddenly, my back went out and went into a painful spasm. For the next two years I had agonizing spasms in the lower back. I could barely walk or tie a shoe. Intense pain in my right sciatic nerve ran all the way into my foot. It did seem odd that like Myron, it didn't happen on the job or when my back was being strained, but during a period of inactivity. I thought that I, too, might need a fusion. The MDs remarked on the back spasm and a degenerated disk and reluctantly agreed to a fusion, but I came to my senses in time.

Forty years later I finally understand that a lack of exercise and important vitamins (B1/B6/B12) allows the Lyme infection to spread rapidly to the kidneys where it also attacks the lower back, disintegrating spinal disks and destroying the spinal nerves. It will also causes cysts to form in the kidneys which start kicking out painful kidney stones. Too

much coffee is also a factor. By the third year of graduate school I had improved by virtue of a home workout program and from vitamins that Dorene had started buying, a great woman she was then.

By the third year of graduate school I had more than caught up with my peers. The only thing that prevented a nearly flush 4.00 was intradepartmental jealousies towards grad students. In classes where raw test scores were the only criteria I had an A. One exception was the first quarter of Caughlin's physical chemistry class. It took me a while to catch up to his rapid lectures and intensive use of calculus. By the second quarter I was hitting a perfect 100. It seemed only right that I continue past the master's in early 1979 to the PhD my major professor Earl Skogely graciously offered. They needed someone to continue the work I'd been doing on the sainfoin and alfalfa nutritional trials.

But by then I was out of GI Bill. There wasn't enough now to feed a disabled wife and newborn child. Rent from the house in Billings helped a little, but there was no telling when Myron or the renter would cut out. There was no possibility of family help. I tried to get an additional stipend and applied for scholarships, but nothing was offered. With great sadness, I had to turn Earl down. But that didn't solve the problem. I had to find a real job. There was an opening with the SCS (Soil Conservation Service) for a soil scientist. Being a bachelor's position it would be a big step backwards, but I'd be making enough money to eat well for a change and the field work would be good for my health.

We moved into a nice house in Fort Benton where the SCS was conducting a soil survey of Choteau County. The survey team was supervised by Neal Svendsen, a competent man but still in his twenties while I was thirty one. The rest of the crew was Barry Cohn, Becky Bronec and Rich Sanders, all soils majors with bachelor degrees. I always had a very strong work ethic, sometimes too strong. With the master's I was better trained than the other crew members. With a few

days help from Neal I caught on to the procedures for conducting a good soil survey and launched into the job by myself after that.

Soil Survey was ideal work for me, at least in the field season. I had always loved hiking in the countryside, especially alone. I also loved doing technically detailed and accurate work. The first year production requirement was very light, only 10,000 mapped acres compared to over 100,000 for those with several years' experience like Barry and Neal. I paid no attention to the large areas of unimportant breaks and mineral deposits but focused on agriculturally important land, putting in physically rigorous days. Typically, I would drill a hole every few hundred feet and document a detailed soil sample, ending up with fine grids and accurate maps.

By end of summer, I had 50,000 acres high quality maps anyone could be proud of, but relations with my coworkers starting showing strain. This was in part because there was word that all I would be credited with was the minimum 10,000 acres for the season. The rest would be granted to Neal and Barry. Neal's reason was all the help he'd given. There wasn't much of that or much needed. Neal was lagging a little from his requirement, but didn't really need it. Barry was way behind, and I resented giving him credit for my work. I never said so to anyone, but it was become obvious from things not said.

Barry wasn't much of a worker. He cited his professional judgment to excuse himself for sloppy mapping backed by very little field work. What little fieldwork he did was perched on a hill plugging in soils types he predicted would match. But anyone could go and check to see that nothing came close to the real thing. The bulk of his maps weren't done without any on site investigation, but from his desk. Most of that consisted of rough breaks of homogenous composition with no important land use. In this way, he could map 10,000 acres in a single day without leaving the office compared to a month's intensive sweat that went into 10,000 acres of mine. This wasn't my own impression but

the subject of many discussions in the office by the others who had worked with Barry for years.

While I never spoke about it, my displeasure over my lost work credits showed through and brought about heckling from Barry and quiet from Neal. There was almost half a season left, and I figured why should I continue knocking myself out just to make someone else look good, It would be more fair to all if I were Becky's partner. I wouldn't double her production, but we could at least make good company. What wasn't expected is that the time spent would lead her to bigger ideas. I knew she loved her rancher husband. It was a secure life, but Becky felt trapped and isolated on the farm. She decided that it was me she really wanted, and I shouldn't object. She started meeting with Dorene privately, clearly with the intent to sabotage the marriage. This, of course, gave Dorene the impression that a genuine affair was cooking.

It wasn't possible for me to console a hysterical woman suffering from Lyme. To make it much worse, Becky removed her IUD for a two week period during which she made sexual advances in the field. I had no idea about the IUD until after she turned up pregnant. Thankfully, her husband had to be the perp, but nobody could convince poor Dorene. I had dodged the opportunity, but the old adage about a woman scorned is true. She tore into me in front of the other workers. My face turned beet red because the real cause of her beef was all too plain. Now I was on the outs with the rest of the crew.

These tensions mounted without relief when winter hit. I was stuck behind a desk in a back room with Rich who endlessly brought up pussy, suggesting that everybody should be engaged in a casual tryst whenever possible. He even made it plain that it would be okay if someone (me no doubt) bonked his wife. I wasn't that stupid. He was hoping I would bonk Patty and then he'd be off the hook for the waitress he'd bonked in Bozeman during one of our statewide training conventions. These were supposed to be for educational purposes, but were mostly occasions for

heavy drinking and sexual trysts. Rich's endless droning about pussies became irritating to the point that I brought a radio to work. I'd listen to Jerry Fowler's Christian comedy stories while trying to drown out Rich. If I moved to the next room to focus on drawing match lines for the maps, then I'd be taking heat from Barry and Becky. But it got even worse. Neal's wife, Laura, also took to making frequent visits to Dorene. She steered the discussions to her promiscuous sex interests, hoping to win Dorene's approval.

One thing that Laura confided in to Dorene was her certainty that the reason Neal had risen up the ranks so quickly was her garish liquor parties. That appeared to be certainly true, because the big state boys came to Fort Benton frequently and freely imbibed Laura's liquor. It was also a matter of several discussions in the office that Laura was on the loose side. Again, I said nothing, but what I'd seen had given me that impression, too. I thought she was deliberately exciting the old farts from the state office. Not lost on me either was that she had been knocked out by a blow to her head with a hammer in the garage of their previous home. This was given as a possible reason for this behavior. I guessed it went the other way - the perp acted on Laura's signals, but she wasn't ready to deliver when he showed up.

It also seemed that Laura had me in her sights. The discussions at work were probably a tip. Whether sincere about following through or not, Laura did have a way of giving these impressions. Poor Dorene was getting twisted by two wenches at the same time, not the safest way to handle dynamite. This was all causing me a lot of concern, but there wasn't another way to put food on table, so when her Bible study group advised Dorene to take Laura to task, my stated opinion was this was a bad idea. Dorene's extreme emotions had led me to avoid social interaction, but leaving me out of the loop wasn't good, either.

The Christian community never got to know me. They were trying to protect Dorene from largely imaginary enemies without giving thought

that she wasn't emotionally capable of juggling interpersonal conflict. Afterward, they sided with Laura because she was so hurt by the occasion. I'd been caught in the middle without saying a word. It would have been a delicate and risky maneuver even for Henry Kissinger. Laura was deeply hurt and those feelings surely went directly back to Neal. There was no question that it would get me fired if for no other reason than it would threaten the inner lusts of drunken, impotent old men responsible for Neal's success.

Following that, my brief career was shot. It wasn't clear how I'd support the family, and it would be impossible to sell the house in Billings with the relatives sitting on it. By the time all this was coming to a head in April, 1980, I'd been confined to a desk all winter. I still hadn't realized how dangerous a sedentary lifestyle was to my health, but there were signs of impending trouble. My concentration had gotten poor, my temples were suffering constant spasms, my eyes would often jerk around, a serious hazard when driving, my back was going bad again, and I was suffering from frequent heart arrhythmia. The misery in the maxillary sinus area that started in the Army was increasing, so I was sure that all these problems were related to some kind of infection.

The frustration of social conflicts and a mounting acute attack of Lyme was pushing me to the brink. In March, 1980 I was told that I'd be laid off. I wasn't fired, they lied, but would be transferred to the USDA conservation office in a month. They were too feeble and guilty to be honest. No good deed goes unpunished. At least I still had a job, but the symptoms were quickly overtaking me. The marriage and job were not compatible. I was seized with grief over the possible loss of my house and these two infants that I adored more than life itself.

We had added a daughter in 1979. She, too, exhibited abnormal symptoms at birth. She became drenched in sweat when sleeping, her little jaw quivered constantly and didn't seek affection the way that infants usually do. Something was wrong. It would eventually dawn on

me that the children all suffered from congenital something, in the end, Lyme disease. My heart was so bound that these undeserved difficulties they were born with threw me ten times deeper into despair. It was about that time that I implored God to come down out of the clouds and help me, also leave some candy bars on the night stand. A silly, idea, but the sense of impending doom was unbearable.

For weeks the tremors in my temple grew worse and suddenly whole body spasms seized me with violence. I spent the first night enduring pain of a kind and magnitude never thought possible. The attack was physical, not emotional, the pain so severe that it brought the image of men on either side beating my legs with wooden bats, rapidly repeating blows with a violence beyond what normal men could be capable of. This went on unrelenting all night. It was more than what any person could endure, but where can you go. By morning, I was no longer able to bear it. In desperation, I ran to the Rittal home a few blocks down the street where the Bible studies were held. I was in such agony that I lay crumpled on the floor, begging for help, saying I was dying. All Bill Rittal had to say was that the wages of sin were death. He was right because I was dying. Bill talked to God, God talked back and gave him the desires of his hear. Bill had the perfect job and ideal family, God's love for Bill was abundant and obvious to everyone. For such as me, there could be no God. Die, monster, die, go to Hell. Deserved. About that time, Laura walked into the house to check it out.

From there I ran wildly to the ER in desperation, my heart racing past 200 bpm. All night liberal doses of Librium had no effect. I squirmed and writhed on a cot in agony. The next day I made it to a hospital in Great Falls, describing the symptoms as best I could, begging for imaging and any other diagnostics of the sinus area. All of this was like talking to a wall. Instead of tests and X rays or any preliminary discussion, I found myself behind locked doors on a mental ward.

It could be said that I gave permission for this, but really did not understand what was going on or what was to be done next. I was desperate with pain and wary of doctors, but the gradual realization that I was locked up came with shock and disbelief. The locked doors meant confinement. I waited a full day for some kind of consultation or test, then another and another. On the third day I was told that I was manic depressive, now called bipolar disorder. I again implored the MD for X rays or other diagnostics on the sinuses. None of that was necessary, I was told. I'm not sure how long I was trapped there, but it seems like seven days before being finally told that I'd been free to leave all along.

Without knowing a thing about me or having any discussion of symptoms, I was now told that I was crazy. Of course, that was the stupidest thing I'd ever heard, blatant negligence, but it was also standard procedure. I'd been caught in the web of a big mean spider, walked right smack into the punch. They then try to sucker you in deeper by giving you literature about how famous men like Abraham Lincoln suffered from the same mental disorder. BULL!

That was a very interesting week. I was in nearly as tough shape as when it first hit, but finally got up and moved around the ward. I got permission to leave for short periods which made me feel less trapped and time to run around a track which I instinctively knew would give some relief. Otherwise, with nothing else to do, I took an interest in my fellow crazies. My roommate, whom I'll call John, wore on me for hours about the neglect he suffered from his family until abruptly five or six grim faced MDs rushed in, seized hold of him and dragged him off somewhere and electroshocked the living daylight out of the poor boy. When he returned, he was sweet as pie and had nothing but nice things to say about everyone. Electroshock may have been a miracle of modern medicine, but after that I made a point of not pushing it too hard. Give them a reason and your brain could end up as crispy as fried eggs. The ward served the best meals I'd ever seen, just the kind of window dressing you'd expect at the gates to Hell. This overwhelming good

treatment put a person at great ease, but disguised the black hole about to suck the unaware into the horrors of mental treatment. Take Bev, for example, a sweet but neglected housewife desperate enough to make love to a parking meter. She entertained us all in the recreation room with dazzling piano performances.

Bev and I talked a lot. She seemed sane enough except for a tinny voice. She explained that had been caused by thyroid surgery. But it was also quivering with fear. She was terrified that the white coats would send her to Warm Springs which depended on her husband's statement. This is Montana's mental hospital. She explained that they had earlier sent her sister there who was subsequently run over and killed by a freight train while trying to escape. Make no mistake, Bev was genuinely as terrified of that prospect as any human could ever know terror. I've always been deeply saddened by her plight and my inability to help.

Sure enough, a few days later they broke the news. You could hear Bev's anguished screams from one end of the ward to the next. I poked my head out and could see her crawling on her back down the long aisle from the rec room. Certainly, they must have known or just not cared that such news would break her long before she got to the torture chambers. Then again, I doubt they ever talked to her. I guess that would also make therapy easier from their point of view. I'm not sure how it works, but if a person can convince an MD or court that a spouse isn't sane and too difficult to manage, off to the cracker factory they go. It's not that easy anymore, not that the medical system is more civilized, but many mental institutions have been closed and castaways are turned out to the streets these days.

As it had always been and always will be, the creeps were lying to me, too, but it seemed that playing along was the wisest course, so I humored the bipolar diagnosis and foolishly went along with the drugs for a year. They claimed lithium was an essential nutrient, but during eight years of university biology lithium had never been mentioned. It made the

damage worse. My electrolytes were thrown into chaos, my body swelled. My fingers looked like little pork sausages about to split over a hot grill. It clamped down the muscles and joints so walking was like wading through a swimming pool filled with molasses. I was given a batch of literature that stressed how vital it was to stay on the drug, that not taking it could throw a person over the edge. That was the biggest understatement I'd ever heard. Yeah, of course, after a few days trying to break out of their chemical prison, most suckers would head right back for more. Not hard to figure that one.

That NO effort was made to examine the sinus area or do other tests made me think they knew what was really wrong, but then Lyme wouldn't be discovered for another year. Deliberate negligence is still this very day a common practice in medicine used to avoid a legitimate diagnosis and exploit victims with long term financial exploitation. The tactic has been used for centuries to turn people into crazies without power to resist.

No MD wants to know what the cause might be, only that the money never stops. So the moment sinusitis is mentioned, the Pavlovian money glands kick in and the victim is told that no diagnostics are required. MDs are there to suck up the bucks, not cure people. Those MDs impertinent enough to buck the system wouldn't have likely made it through medical school in the first place. Whether the quote by Surgeon General Stewart that infectious disease had been eliminated by the United States is true or not, that fiction has always been tacitly promulgated by the government and medical authorities to game the system. The walls of mental institutions have always hidden an epidemic of infectious disease. There are more phony illnesses invented daily to farm people rather than treat them. Based on what I've observed these last 40 years and know now, most fools who think they are suffering from bipolar disorder, schizophrenia, personality disorder, Fibromyalgia or Alzheimer's are in fact suffering from Lyme disease. The last thing an MD would do is go through the motions to rule that out.

It is fact that MDs get lucrative, recurring commissions from Big Pharma for psychoactives, and since Big Pharma also liberally greases the palms of Washington politicians, the justice system will do whatever it can, legally or otherwise, to shield the racket at whatever cost to victims. Without confirming that I had any symptoms of bipolar disorder and flatly ignoring major physical symptoms, MDs have proved many times that willful negligence is standard procedure and used to make a fraudulent diagnosis for profit. The CDCs primary role is to protect the river of profits that flow from bad pharmaceuticals, especially psychoactives by denying that chronic Lyme disease exists and concealing other routes of transmission besides the deer tick. The acute attack in 1980 was the first of many times I would observe the same deliberate, dishonest dodge followed by a pitch to peddle psychoactives.

In 2013, the CDC finally revised its estimate of 30,000 Lyme infections a year to 300,000 a year. Use your head. It was always at least 300,000 a year, probably much more; indeed, you can be sure it will remain at more than 300,000. But the CDC still insists that chronic Lyme disease doesn't exist. Why? Because failure to properly recognize and treat the symptoms continues to bring big profits to big government and big medicine. But to the victims of bad medicine and their families it brings unnamed and endless suffering, loss of careers, loss of social prestige. This is how western medicine works, especially in America. A book I would highly recommend is Mad in America.

If I was so smart, why did it take since 1996 and another 36 years to pin down these problems on Lyme disease? The best answer is that the disease causes serious impairment and adverse social conditions that hinder the search for answers while at the same time we are thoroughly misled by expecting medical evaluation to provide answers. Life becomes increasingly complex and difficult to challenge. When I returned home to Fort Benton in 1980, it wasn't only a question of whether I was able to work, but whether social conditions would permit honest work. As far as government work is concerned, little effort is the

requirement, but I wasn't the bureaucrat's poster boy. Support from family wasn't possible, either.

Within a few weeks, I was transferred to the Chinook USDA office. The District Conservationist, Harold Cottet, was the supervisor, I was the only employee. A more dishonest and malicious man there never was. I was now bloated from lithium, suffering from vertigo and struggling with concentration, but well qualified and able to put in a good day's work. Those first several months, Cottet focused on making complaints to higher ups about the USDA engineer assigned to do transit work. Cottet complained bitterly and used the most derogatory names in attempts to get the engineer fired, but never confronted him with his accusations. What had happened is that it was Cottet's duty to store and maintain the transit, but a moving piece in the instrument had stuck so that the readings were consistently off. It was Cottet's error, not the engineer's.

It was hard to watch this engineer, a nice man, be so persecuted, so I admonished Cottet for being so cruel and unfair. This was just the thing I shouldn't have done. A short time later Cottet was on a week's vacation and a man named Nicholson came into the Chinook USDA office. He asked me if he could get an irrigation grant to buy equipment for his land. I got out the SCS maps and discovered that the land of concern was classified 5e, maybe it was 4e, my memory may have faded, but it did not qualify for irrigation subsidies. There wasn't much else I could say to the guy, but having told him that, he suddenly grew enraged, glared into my face from an inch or two and vowed to report me to Cottet. He said didn't I think I owed him something. I said, "No sir, I don't owe you anything. The rules don't allow you a grant." He stormed out. It was all too obvious that Cottet had put him up to it. I really should have filed a complaint with the police.

It was no surprise then that soon after Nicholson's performance, Cottet returned, and a carload of USDA officials met with us in his office. They

offered me a new job again, this time with the soil survey in Roundup where the Mussellshell survey was getting launched. Of course, I wasn't fooled, they just didn't have the balls to tell me I'd been fired or give me a chance to explain what was going on. I didn't object. Why bother? It wasn't for several months and after I'd resigned from Roundup that Jack Rogers told Dorene the details.

Nicholson most likely got an illegal subsidy for a new irrigation system for his role. Either way, they were both crooks and Nicholson was paid off. To seal my fate, Cottet had gone to an MD in Havre and obtained some kind of report that testified to my lack of sanity and fitness for work, claiming that he had my permission. Rogers wanted to know if I'd actually given him any such permission, probably well knowing it was not just a lie but a felony to do such a thing. Rightfully, Cottet should have been fired and denied a government pension. I did question it later, but was told these records were destroyed after three years. The fact is that all personnel records are maintained somewhere in Pennsylvania for forty years, and I'm sure the subsidy records are still available. Anyway, it would have also been a felony under the RICO Act for the MD to provide such information. It's also quite possible Cottet forged the document because I hadn't seen that doctor more than fifteen minutes, but who can be trusted. I was never given the decency of a chance to dispute the allegations. That's how government works. The law means nothing.

So, we packed up the utility trailer and headed for Roundup, my third and final government job. The first three or four months went very well because there was only one coworker, Mike Hansen. He was a decent fellow, and we had an amicable relationship while the supervisor, Dennis Smetana built himself a new house on government time. Smut simply never came to work except for a few minutes at a time. After the public bashing the engineer took in Havre, I wondered if I might start getting hit again from all sides, and yep, that's what happened.

As soon as “Smut” (that was his government nickname) started coming to work, I started getting hammered. The Roundup DC, John Rouan, took much delight in stirring up trouble, and then Smut would run with it. I took it patiently up until Rouan brought in a friend named Dodee to work with me on a LIM (Land Inventory Management) sample. This meant we both drove together and then hiked a considerable distance to get to the LIM site. We'd never met, but Dodee wasn't speaking. When we got out of the truck, there was still a mile or more to walk. He jumped out like a lightning lizard and started hoofing it to show what a stud he was it seemed.

When we got to the LIM spot, it turned out to be dead center on a soil boundary. Dodee hadn't apparently attended the recent training session on LIM in Bozeman, or more likely, he was hung over and anxious about bringing home a venereal disease. Anyway, he should have known that in such a case you move 50 feet away from the boundary opposite agricultural land. That was the rule, but when I tried to explain it to him he threw a fit. I just ignored him, being I had the shovel and the forms.

Dodee continued his fit behind my back, howling all the way up to the state boys and hoping for a good-job pat on the back. The next day he, Smut and Rouan, and several other witnesses convened to hear Dodee's complaint and see me squirm. Maybe Dodee had by then figured out that he was in the wrong, because there wasn't much to say. But I was nearing the end of what I could take. It wasn't just the job bothering me. The Lyme infection was tearing me down and the drugs screwing me up so badly that I still put in a day's work, but when I got home, I collapsed on the floor. It didn't seem possible to continue much longer.

There wasn't any doubt that I was dying. I thought it not right for a young man to have just finished college with two infants to feed, not to mention not having another soul kind enough to offer help of any kind. It hit me, too, that having been so desperately poor, it wasn't fair to die without a color TV according to Janis Joplin. Most affordable TVs were

still black and white, but I managed to get a deal on a small color TV so I could enjoy the colors before my brain finished dissolving and I found myself at the gates of Hell. At least it would end soon.

A few good things happened at Roundup that made for a course change. An old friend from freshman days at MSU, Howard Dyrland, stopped in with his lovely wife, Kaye. They called him weird Howard in college. He came to tell me that God loved me. I started to react. How can anyone say that, just look at how terrible things are. He said, yeah, but if you were to do more for God... Well, that made me think. Howard was a real friend. Maybe I should listen to him...

About that time I was encouraged to see a Christian counselor, Ron Holland. I was 99% sure that all counselors were just rent collectors stuffed with useless and contrary advice. They usually are, but Ron was much better than that. He wasn't an MD, so there wasn't any point convincing him that I was suffering from an infection and would likely die a fool soon. Nor was there time for similar questions about Dorene and the kids, now two and four years old. No, Ron was just a super friend. He believed everything I said uncritically. He was always happy to see me, always succeeded in encouraging me, and by some miracle my smile returned. I asked Ron to give me his best book on Christian philosophy, especially how to get God's attention. That's what I was really hoping to get done.

The book really opened my eyes. I'd read the Bible many times and heard all the evangelist pitching and seen the tracts, but the big difference this time is that while I was preparing for death, let me interject, President Obama has insisted that he's a Christian, yet in a speech he mocks the Sermon on the Mount as being impractical in daily life. Obama could not possibly be a Christian. God does not give a speech that is impractical, and anybody who mocks it will never see eternal life. But thanks to that book, I've seen eternal life.

It was a book that may have sat in the bookcase, but this time I was paying attention. The end of my life was approaching, and it was almost too late to do whatever could be done to find God, not just take a token vow, but really meet God. Even if I went to Hell, fine, but I had put in a challenge and figured God should be capable of meeting his end of it. The author did a great job of expanding on the meaning of these verses to illustrate what state of mind brings God to your side. I wasn't that far from a few. Nobody could have been poorer in spirit or deeper in mourning.

So I was off to a good start to be finding God and enlisting real help. The rest of the verses emphasized civil qualities that the author expounded on so could see how God could be persuaded to move your way. This wasn't about just being a good guy, it was about touching God, or better yet creating the conditions that could allow God to touch you. Oh, yes, I went through all this in detail in an earlier chapter. I didn't have the strength to read for long. My time after work was spent half conscious on the floor in front of the little color TV, but something special was happening.

As I approached death, the presence of God began to touch down like an aurora. I was overcome by amazing, intense qualities of divine love that defy imagination. It was a powerful feeling that was beyond sensual. Are the beatitudes really conditions for meeting God? Better ponder them carefully, because that's exactly what they say. Yes, you **MUST** also be born again to see the Kingdom of God. That comes next. One day I was at work talking to Mike and Smetana when suddenly I could not move. When trying to point at a map, my hand stuck at my side and my tongue froze. I could move in only one direction, out the door and down the street to home. Walking was difficult. I had to stop and rest a bit, thinking I couldn't make it another block. When I got there, I fell on the bed, paralyzed, at the end of my rope.

Suddenly, something leapt from the night stand. It morphed into a great power, penetrating me with the words that simultaneously infused the sensation of “Indescribably Delicious.” This was total seizure by a joy not known to mortal man. I was then immersed in an ocean of mercy and swept upward to Jesus. Sorry, this was discussed earlier, but all the issues facing us, health, job, child welfare mean nothing without knowing God. God is NOT dead. Turn in your chips, be born again.

Mohammed wasn’t a prophet, he was a liar and a murderer and a pedophile who trod the plan of salvation under his feet, demoting Jesus to a mere man of lesser stature than himself. Neither he nor his followers can ever see the true paradise, the Kingdom of God. Buddha gave people great inspiration and a code of ethics, but only by receiving Jesus and becoming literally born again can you enter into eternal life. Literal is not necessarily concrete or physical, the spirit is vivid and literal. I gazed into the bathroom mirror. My face was once again alive and my eyes were bright.

This experience was so profound that a new determination took hold. I flushed the drugs down the toilet, unprepared for the kickback which released a flood of uncontrolled energy. Every muscle went spastic. Like a caged lion set free, I resolved to make changes, amazed that I could still be alive. The first chore was unlocking the USDA office Saturday morning. I picked up one of those mind numbing psycho government posters and laughed. One had two big yellow eyeballs in the middle with a caption saying, “KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN - IDEAS ARE EVERYWHERE.” The rest of the page was filled with the purple words “SUGGEST SUGGEST SUGGEST SUGGEST....” I taped it to the horizontal fluorescent lamp over my desk, smiled and walked back home.

From there I hopped in the truck and went to Missoula for one last visit to my biological dad. I had always believed Hank was my real dad, but a few years earlier had come across long stored adoption papers that

identified my real biological dad. I tracked him down in Missoula which was initially an exciting surprise. Missoula was my birthplace, a shameful outpost where the culture is thick slime at the bottom topped by a thicker scum at the top. There are fine people worth knowing, but they keep to themselves. There is oxygen in the middle tier, but it is thin, crowded and tight. Don't try too hard to do a good job because recrimination from indecently paid, lazy, unprincipled autocrats can make your life Hell. Missoula presents a pretty face owing to its geography, but the town itself always is hopelessly mired in violence, poverty, depression, cigarettes, alcohol, crack, crank, pedophiles, tin gods and crooked businessmen. My first birth was in a cesspool.

My new dad Duane was initially fun. He was an enterprising fellow but unemployed most of his life. Like Myron, he lived well by virtue of his wife's salary. Flea markets were sometimes profitable, and he didn't exploit vulnerable suckers like Myron, but at 5'4" he had a small man complex and irrational temper. I discovered that my mother had divorced him when I was two years old because he was prone to beating up on her and the young children, a role Judy took up herself later. Judy died at age 64 from cigarettes and alcohol, but good old Duane is still kicking at 88 according to the Internet.

Duane and Bev thought of themselves as privileged and superior as did everybody unfortunate enough to behold the desperately poor, pestered runt I was. Our shameful poverty showed, so they viewed me as an underprivileged, pitiful soul in need of instruction. They despised people who took their Christianity seriously. They could sense that I'd been drifting that way, so felt compelled to jump in and reeducate me. I only meant to be there a couple of days for a friendly hello, thinking it might be my last because I was terribly ill with Lyme and tossing the drugs had made me so sick that I felt like I was hanging by a thread. Skeptics would sneer and ask why God hadn't heal me completely. I don't know, ask Him, I guess this life is some kind of test. Trial by fire Peter calls it, so that we can be refined like silver.

Anyway, I wasn't aware of how much they resented me until the next morning. I was getting ready to leave when the two of them jumped hard. They had decided I wouldn't be leaving. Duane raged and threatened to shoot me. This was a possibility I couldn't entirely dismiss because he packed a pistol in his front pocket and had used it to threaten neighbors. I tried to grab my bag and run, but Bev parked her orca-fat frame at the top of the stairs and started preaching. Eventually, I was able to sneak by and make a run for the Power Wagon.

From there I headed to Billings, uncertain whether I'd make it. I'd lost almost all feeling in my body. During that time, Myron had somehow tracked Judy down in California and the two of them were trying to come up with a way to have me locked up. This wasn't born out of any concern for my welfare, they really wanted to see me gone forever, but the authorities couldn't be convinced. Shortly after, I showed up. They were all fidgeting, looking guilty as Hell. Myron was seething with anger.

I'd been brooding over the reasons for Dorene's moody behavior and the way she cowed around the Hustad men. Combined with the unrelenting intimidation they aimed at me, there must be a secret they were hiding other than larceny. It was clear to me that trying to raise these little children in such circumstances would destroy them, so I'd have to give the Hustads what they really wanted, my house. Rents and appreciation would amount to nearly \$500,000 over the next 40 years, but keeping it wasn't worth the lives of the children. They'd certainly be destroyed or turn into bullies themselves. I let Myron snatch it at half what it was worth, enough to get us a new start several states away.

But before leaving Montana in 1981, it seemed worth a try to get them to come clean. My understanding was dim. I didn't know all of us had contracted the same disease that was unchecked and exploited by the medical profession, Lyme disease wasn't discovered until that same year. But there was more to these problems than a physical disorder. I

wouldn't have confronted the Hustads, but while visiting with the older brother, Myles, I walked into an adjacent room to discover him ramming his fist into my four year old's mouth.

That spoke volumes. This was a terrible bully, also a fearful and guilty man. I grabbed my son, sat him on my lap, looked Myles in the eye, and asked him. Was your sister the victim of sexual abuse? Why is she so hysterical, afraid and filled with despair? No accusations were made, just the question. Instead, as any guilty man would do, he accused me of making up filthy lies and soon had me sitting down with his pastor to exorcise the evil spirits. I'd never met his pastor before, but the reaction to the question convinced me even more that they were hiding something. Without stopping to think that Dorene had been hurt at some time, this became the excuse to escalate the conflict to unbridled war. Thirty five years later they are still dragging me through the mud and whining to anybody who will listen about how I accused them of molesting Dorene.

The answer to the question came a few months after we'd sold the house to Myron and took the family to Bellingham. Dorene described a number of incidents, none serious except one. At age six she was raped by a friend of the brothers who was the stepson of Myron's best friend, Jim Sonenburg. Jim had an adopted son named Jimmy Bean, about thirteen and a daughter Dorene's age, Debbie Sonenburg, and they had sopped in Sidney to visit for a few days.

Dorene's brothers and Jimmy Bean agreed to swap sisters for sex. They took the sisters to different bedrooms. Debbie met with us in Bellingham to discuss the incident. She recalled it fairly well, but hadn't been raped or molested. All that the brothers did was flash their wee wees to impress her. They deny this violently still, claiming these memories were the result of brainwashing. Anyway, Dorene was in fact raped by Jimmy Bean at age six, and I can say for certain that this was severely damaging to her psyche, especially in a rigid Hutterite upbringing where

she was constantly reminded that only virgins can go to Heaven. Affliction with Lyme surely multiplied the psychological damage. In addition, her family literally robbed her of her virginity in childhood, then her salvation, sanity, marriage, and finally her future estate. But this they will deny to their deaths with righteous indignation. You dare not insult the mighty Cartrights.

The move to Bellingham was to get distance from all that trouble and reconstruct a family around Christian influence. That turned out to be a failure, but God must have been watching over us. For two years we managed idyllic living in a beautiful scenic area called Sudden Valley where we could devote full attention to our beautiful children. This was a wonderful time for us all for five years in Washington in spite of having no income and failing to form stable ties. Word spread quickly that I was psychotic, schizophrenic, delusional and mentally unfit. We were privately pitied, publicly scorned or politely ignored, but thankfully no longer invaded or harassed in the home.

It was plain that the medical field was a worse parasite, not counting family, than the unknown pathogen afflicting me. That first year, 1981, Lyme disease was first discovered and documented, ironically just south of Missoula in the tiny burg of Hamilton, though Lyme has never been considered by the CDC to be contracted in Montana or to cause a chronic infection. Over the years, the CDC's estimates of infections was about 30,000, but few of those afflicted remembered a tick bite or telltale bull's eye rash. If Dorene caught it in rural northeastern Montana, which she did, it must be transmitted by ticks other than the deer tick.

In 2013 the CDC's estimate of new Lyme infections was raised from 30,000 to 300,000. Use your head! It was always 300,000 and probably more. The CDC and the medical industry have been lying all this time. Lyme rarely kills its victims, but cripples them with a wide range of symptoms while Big Pharma and the brotherhood of butchers bleed its victims every step to the grave. You KNOW it. Millions of people have

been sick from Lyme for over a hundred years. What happened to them? Many died in mental institutions in the older days, while in these modern times they swell the ranks of the homeless.

But this was still 1981. I'd lost my job and Lyme disease was barely known to exist. The only thing to do was scour the WWU library and health stores for clues while trying not to let my misery show in public. I had no good exercise program, but long walks in the woods helped. Then I finally hit on something that really worked. A local vitamin store sold freshly made, high quality vitamins such as I've never seen since. I took pure forms of all the B vitamins by the handful. The strong smell came through the skin, but my condition improved dramatically within six months. Why B vitamins I'm not sure. The disease attacks the nerves, particularly the vagus cranial nerve which is responsible for uptake of vitamin B. Other vitamins and minerals should not be overlooked, especially magnesium, niacin, zinc, E and many others, but a combination of B1/B2/B6/B12 has always by itself pulled me back to a reasonable state of health.

If I'd had the time and money, continuing this treatment beyond six months may have entirely eliminated the disease, but since then I've never been able to find a source of high quality vitamins like that at any price. A 1,000 mg tablet of what is commonly called Stress B sold by many companies like Puritan's is enough to keep the disease from causing serious impairment. When combined with vigorous exercise the disease becomes a tolerable nuisance. I never had relief from severe sinus pain during nights or constant double vision, but as long as the B vitamins are taken there is only mild impairment during the day. Others that I take regularly are probably helpful, too (magnesium, zinc, copper, E, C), and I often take silymarin for the liver.

Thanks to the vitamin B discovery in Bellingham, by the end of 1982 I was in fair shape. I still suffered considerably day and night for decades and struggled with mental concentration, but for the most part was able

to blow it off and work productively. Unfortunately, there was no suitable work for me in Bellingham. I had nothing the Christian community thought worthwhile. Unfortunately, the American Christian culture is rife with hucksters who take up too much space. The business ventures I got tangled up with all revolved around some kind of fraud fueled by the blab and grab gospel of the prosperity preachers.

Our third child was born in 1984 after all means of support had been exhausted. The baby was a big, healthy ten pounds, but once again there was clearly something not right. Even the neighbors remarked on it. He was way too passive and his attention span too short. The poor eye contact everybody noticed. Once again we had a child with an unexplained congenital disorder. It would take forty two years more before it became certain that all of them were born with Lyme disease.

The hope of benefiting others by disclosing what the children went through has to be balanced against the risk of further harm done by breaching privacy, so it will be necessary to restrain further discussion. It must be said that no greater crime against body and soul could be committed than what the medical industry and government has done through manifest deliberate negligence by selling out the victims of chronic Lyme disease, especially the children and yet unborn. It is a vicious disease, but not as vicious as the human parasites who invade afterward and use the disease to further exploit its victims.

What Really Happened On The Indian Rez

Embezzlement, Insurance Fraud, Extortion, Murder

As our fifth year in Bellingham approached, tricks for getting food on the table had run out and the credit cards were maxed. We were limping along by amending tax returns for the Christians who had been tagged by the IRS in the G D & L container scam. Just when it seemed there

was no hope left, I got a job on an Indian reservation in Montana. That could only have been a gift from God. Now I had a real income and could pay off the credit cards.

The Indian people were a refreshing contrast, down to earth, friendly and we were well accepted. Even Dorene got a job teaching special education. Drug and alcohol problems are common on reservations, but the Indian people we knew and worked with were helpful, friendly and honest. This good fortune restored our lives but lasted only twelve years. Concerns about the children's unusual behavior grew each year and caused conflicts with white school authorities who were incompetent, difficult and dishonest. This was particularly hard on Dorene. As a teacher she had to witness abuses against her own children while her emotional health was deteriorating from Lyme. She found it more and more difficult to cope. Her vulnerability was easy to spy, and she became a target of vicious crooks who had sworn to do us harm after I'd faced off an embezzlement scheme. She finally suffered the complete mental and physical breakdown that Lyme disease can bring. The crooks included a school superintendent who was himself embezzling grant money, and two FBI agents and attorney friends in Glasgow with strong connections to the Montana executive branch.

Ever since the first Indian agents arrived, Indians have been a target for embezzlement and exploitation by their white conquistadors. Much of this continues today enabled by long-standing, virulent racism ingrained in government but carefully concealed from the public. I got on the hit list by helping Indian friends recover billing for their ambulance in Poplar. For five years billing had been agreed to as a complimentary service by the hospital administrator, Peggy Sage and her assistant, Sherry Loegering, the banker's wife. The money being forwarded to the Indian organization for maintenance was about \$50,000 a year short. The \$10,000 a year that remained was far short of what was required to operate the ambulance. There was also a desire to properly provide the volunteer workers some compensation for a very stressful job.

There was a huge flap over this. Peggy Sage called in the county prosecutor, the two FBI agents and their high powered attorney friends for a meeting. These were all white people who despised Indians and were close friends with Sage. Based on the meeting, letters were written by the attorneys threatening the Indian owners with prosecution for embezzlement if any money was touched. This could have been me, because I was getting a fee for doing the billing. The newspaper reported all this, including some insulting remarks about me by Indian haters I didn't know. I knew full well that the 501(c)(3) papers were properly done and the threats of embezzlement aimed at the wrong side.

The hospital was also a 501(c)(3) organization, but everybody who worked there was well paid, Sage and Loegering handsomely. So the threats were baseless, but you couldn't be sure they wouldn't prosecute under false pretenses, anyway. It was a lot of stress for everyone. All the workers quit in fear of prosecution, but I talked them into returning. In an effort to avoid confrontation I hired an attorney in Billings to state these facts in a letter of support. That appeared to slow them down, but by then it was clear that about \$1,000 a month for five years was missing. A copy of the books provided by Peggy Sage showed roughly \$900 in receipts with bogus charges for stuff like baby lotion, so there was little question the two of them had pocketed the money, probably with Dick Loegering's help at the bank.

Proving this would require the Medicaid receipts, but that shouldn't be hard. I wrote a letter to the county prosecutor explaining this. Everything got real quiet for a while, but then they went after Dorene. I called agent Scott Cruise to complain about faults in procedure and confront him about the ambulance embezzlements. I was blasted with threats. The agents and the attorneys were indeed a criminal organization, to paraphrase, and would use all known criminal methods to destroy us. On a separate track, I was told by a prominent medical administrator to keep my mouth shut about the embezzlement or the attorneys would also use every known means to inflict harm. I couldn't take these as idle threats,

because the attorneys and agents were already well known for nefarious deeds including murder.

None of the threats gave specifics, but the implications were intended to incite visions of the worse criminal deeds. The matter that first came up was a phony lawsuit lodged at Dorene, the most vulnerable and innocent of all. The suit also named the school, but in reality the school was party to the suit and actively encouraging the plaintiff. Originally, Laura Christofferson, a third member of the Glasgow firm at the time, filed the papers with help from school administrators. The plaintiff's attorney was later changed to the school's own defense attorneys located in Billings.

These tricks would never have succeeded, but Dorene was no match for the devil. When it was finally filed in 1996, the suit triggered a complete mental and physical breakdown that demanded full time care. My children were unable to attend school. I, too, was now overwhelmed, having existing responsibilities to the college and community. It was a bad omen the following year when an Indian man was murdered near our home. It was widely accepted that the hit was hired by the other FBI agent, Dean Wixon, because the man had been leaning on the FBI about circumstances involving his wife's death. His wife had been struck by Christofferson's speeding auto in 1987 when she was rumored to be having a sexual affair with Wixon. It turned out that all these good guys in charge of fighting crime are actually doing all the same things that the worst criminals are doing. It seems to work better that way, for them.

There could have been an advantage to Dorene's breakdown. The suit was a trigger, but the fundamental cause was an organic affliction that had struck in childhood. Now she would have to face the fact that something else was wrong and look for answers. But it was soon obvious that she wouldn't find any from the medical people. The two older children were also acting more strangely since entering puberty, and the younger one was unable to attend school due to the bullying problem he faced there. Recalling what I'd gone through, no way would

he be allowed to go to Poplar school. The only way to get him through high school and hope to protect Dorene from the wolves was to move. Missoula was probably the worst place in every way, but the one place he could finish school safely.

Major Medical Fraud Exposed Again

Before leaving northeastern Montana in 1998, it was convenient to try again for professional diagnostics on the sinus condition which was still causing me major misery during nights. I'd spent much of the last two years at a Williston hospital with Dorene while she was getting treatment for her breakdown, if you could call it that. By then the entire medical profession was smelling, so I wasn't expecting quality results. Rather than good diagnostics, I was viewing Dr. Patterson as an opportunity confirm and better understand the nature of the fraud as it applied to cases of chronic sinusitis. But either way, I really needed good imaging and that had been refused several times.

The physical damage inflicted to my face in grade school was arguably suspect as a reason for the intense burning in the sinuses. I sometimes seized on that as a reason myself, but using that as a ploy could help persuade Patterson to do a quality MRI. There were other symptoms such as constant muscle spasms, double vision, and heart arrhythmia that could be due to brain damage from a TBI (traumatic brain injury). These were symptoms the Great Falls doctors had carefully ignored to conclude that I was bipolar. Now was the time to compare that with what this trusted and long known family doctor would say after he had been carefully informed about the symptoms only. With any luck, I'd have a good picture of the sinuses matching up with the pain.

The hypothesis to test was that all MDs had been trained to seize upon the first hint of a particular symptom of chronic sinusitis and then shift focus to establish a mental illness and reap recurring profits from

psychoactives. If the cranial nerves were under attack, then the emotions were under pressure as well, so any MD could amaze fools with his perspicacity. The MD would use further visits at \$100 a pop to steer a schmuck into agreeing with a diagnosis of schizophrenic, bipolar, or personality disorder. I'd already seen Patterson work this magic to cram several patients full of psychoactives for years. The psychoactive interventions invariably cause the symptoms of insanity themselves over a period of time, so the victim ends up bound by a lifetime chemical straight jacket while the physician reaps a lifetime income from pharmaceuticals. So, how did the great Dr. Patterson perform?

This time I scored an MRI by calling attention to the possibility of a brain injury from the beatings, hoping Dr. Patterson would be curious enough to set up a good MRI. The result was about two hundred X ray slices, many showing extensive disease in the sinuses that matched the pattern of pain that had been killing me since 1969, twenty nine years, and that a dozen MDs had dismissed as unworthy of investigation or even acknowledgement. Most X rays did not intersect the sinuses, but about two dozen scoped out the extent and severity of disease much better than expected with much thanks to the technician's report. This simple task took seventeen years since the attack at Fort Benton. Results are described fairly well by the technician's report below. I was unable to see these records myself for another three years (actual scan a few pages later):

MRI HEAD W/O Contrast / 08/05/1998

Reason for Exam? CLOSED HEAD INJURY IN YOUTH

Using a 0.5 Tesla Phillips Gyroscan T5-II MRI scanner, routine imaging of the brain was obtained.

A soft tissue mass is noted in the medial wall of the right maxillary sinus. In addition, there is severe mucoperiosteal thickening noted in both maxillary sinuses. Minimal mucoperiosteal thickening is noticed in the ethmoid sinuses bilaterally. The sphenoid and frontal sinuses are relatively clear of disease. The mastoid air cells are clear of disease as well.

IMPRESSION:

- 1). No intracranial abnormality noted.**
- 2). Severe bilateral maxillary sinusitis with right maxillary polyp.**



It smacked me in the face when I finally got a copy of the images and report. The obscene thickening in the sinuses is a certain sign of serious disease demanding medical intervention and solid proof of a physical cause of the matching symptoms described, but Patterson cut it off immediately. For some reason, any images showing the polyp were omitted. The polyp was NOT a polyp, but cystic tissue continuous with the mass of tissue in the right maxillary and mucoperiosteal thickening. The material is a mix of invading bacteria, toxins and damaged tissue extending from the cyst. The cyst was the major hot spot of severe burning and tingling, but intense burning and toxic effects were also linked to the tissue mass in the right maxillary. Other areas in the sinuses were also involved. The Williston MRI wasn't perfect, but did a remarkable job of demonstrating three decades of extensive disease that more than a dozen other MDs had gone to vigorous lengths to avoid addressing. Patterson didn't disappoint. It took another three or four

years wait before Patterson left the hospital and I was able safely retrieve the records after forking out \$900. Eventually, leakage from this diseased tissue rotted out several teeth before the cause could be identified and addressed.

The following appointment turned out to be insulting but revealing. Patterson mentioned the sinusitis briefly as if it wasn't significant, then pursued a barrage of written tests. These were plainly aimed at diagnosing some kind of mental disorder, one I remember specifically mentioned bipolar disorder. It consisted of comically preposterous questions, only one of which I can recall, unfortunately. It was multiple choice, such as, "I think too rapidly," "I think too much," "I think too slowly," "I can't stop thinking," "I can't think," or something like that. I thought Dr. Patterson was a slut for Big Pharma is what I thought.

This was as far as I would get with Dr. Patterson, but he gave me a clearer picture of how ubiquitous and shamelessly bogus the mental illness scam was. Yes, millions of MDs in the world use it, but it doesn't deserve to be used in the same sentence as medical science. It may have the government's blessings, but the MDs are no more scientific than the faith healer who pulls a beef liver from under the table to sucker believers. Meanwhile, Dorene complained frequently about her sinuses as our daughter's symptoms were also worsening. She had had frequent, severe, crippling headaches for three years and also signs of sinus trouble. It was beginning to look like the whole family was being farmed with the same trick, but it wasn't time to pin down specifics. I needed more confirmation and some clues about what manner of disease we were dealing with. My daughter had by then racked up over \$100,000 in medical costs for her condition down in Denver. Her records would certainly help, but when I finally requested them according to my inalienable parental right, the State of Colorado without any explanation, abruptly and illegally froze them. Something smells BIG TIME.

I didn't want to roil the water, so didn't pursue Patterson on the matter of the MRI or request the records. I was planning instead to examine the insurance records. At the time, the family was fully insured separately by two major insurance companies. For two years roughly 100 separate claims had been made for Dorene and half a dozen for the kids and a few for me. We were required to fill out forms that listed the insurance company. It was the hospital's or doctor's job to get the right signatures and line up payment. Never, ever was it the patient's responsibility to ring the insurer's bell prior to medical service. But the MRI turned out to be different. I was told that the MRI could not be submitted because a request had not been phoned in. Or it had been lost, but Patterson who was absolutely responsible then flatly refused to submit it. It was no surprise to learn in 2016, eighteen years later, that insurance companies had also shut the door on Lyme disease. There was no mention of Lyme disease, the issue was sinusitis, but then it was Lyme disease, and any leak in the dike could result in a flood. I knew something was screwy, but at the time couldn't put my finger on it.

It seemed unlikely I'd succeed with a complaint about the MRI and Patterson over the insurance, so I dropped the matter for then. If I wanted the records, I'd have to pay \$900. That didn't seem like a good option because there wasn't any doubt Patterson was trying to conceal something. It would be better to wait until Patterson was gone, another three years. In addition to the technician's report above, here's one of the X rays from the MRI. I've circled and given a pink hue to the diseased "mass" as the report calls it. In other words, this is not normally a part of the maxillary sinus tissue, but is a swelling and thickening of diseased tissue. The smaller, light colored areas between the pinkish mass I'm not sure of, but please keep in mind that this is just the tip of the iceberg. The entire body and possibly areas in the brain are infected and the lips, gums and nasal lining crammed with disease as well.

There was a more urgent need for Dr. Patterson's help. For two years Dorene had made but little progress. I was still bringing her meals to the

bedroom and was able to hold short conversations. But suddenly she relapsed back into madness. This was the result of a renewed interest by attorneys about the lawsuit. Initially, the school principal attempted to intimidate her into altering her version of events leading to the suit. The pressure of that was largely what triggered her initial breakdown. The thought of being forced to testify in court now pushed her into a wild hysteria. I had to ensure that she wouldn't be forced to testify. That would result in confinement again. so I approached Dr. Patterson for a short letter that would excuse her from testifying based on her condition. Patterson was a bright man, so he knew as well as I did that this was an easy thing to do and perfectly legal, but he lied about that and flatly refused to help. A worm afraid of losing his free ride.

This worried me no end, so I began looking for other attorneys that might be willing to draft such a letter. After burning through the phone book and about 30 phone letters and a half a dozen trips around Montana, I finally found one in Sidney who said it would be no problem and that he'd do it. The trouble was that he wanted a \$2,000 retainer, an awful lot of work for a simple paragraph. I never should have been fool enough to give it to him, but was desperate. If it cost \$2,000 so be it. Later, I received a ledger showing some hours spent on study of the case that drained all but a few cents of the \$2,000. I called and asked if he had managed to do the letter. Nada. The bill was for reading the documents. A letter would require another a refill.

Some attorneys I visited personally in Billings. That's how I found out that the attorneys for the plaintiff who had sued the school and my wife had been switched to the same ones defending the school. My initial question to the clerk, who blew the cover, was to ask for help defending my wife in a suit that included Poplar school as a defendant. She said that wasn't possible because they were in fact the school's attorneys on the case already. When her back was turned, I paged through a list of cases on the counter that showed them as representing the school as defendant on one line and representing the plaintiff on another. I

managed to get a short meeting with one of the attorneys and asked him how that was possible, it was clearly a breach of ethic. He was a very, very nervous man and didn't answer the question, just nodded. Up until then, I'd assumed that the filthiest, most thieving professional class was the medical doctor, but was just then beginning to know a few attorneys.

Madness In Missoula

Still unable to put our younger son in school, I finally threw in the towel. I didn't want to leave northeastern Montana. It was the only decent job I'd ever had, and I had many friends and had taken responsibility for vital areas of support for the local college and community. Nobody else could do these things. It was no fault of my friends, but we were all taking a beating. There was nothing in Missoula, really, but it was one of the few places in Montana where my son could be safe. Before packing up for Missoula, I thought it might be worth one last try to negotiate peace with the in laws and even keep my job. If there was any mercy left in the universe, perhaps they could at least help Dorene in a crisis. The plan was to appeal to Myron's sympathy by making him more aware of how serious Dorene's condition was. A few months earlier, but in one of her more lucid moments, she had written a letter, not a suicide letter exactly, but describing what sounded like a near miss. While I was gone, she had stood on the bridge over the river and considered jumping. She didn't, she said, because she didn't want to cause me more pain. She expressed her despair that while her parents had paid for Greg's college, they had never helped her in any way. She went into detail about what she wanted for funeral arrangements.

It wasn't conceivable to me that Dorene's father wouldn't be affected by the possibility that his daughter was close to an imminent death. Surely, he would soften and offer help and cooperation. It turned out quite the opposite. Instead, he burst into a towering rage, angrily shouting that he

certainly had paid for her college. He had apparently forgotten that I had met her in her sophomore year when she had nowhere to live and no presentable clothes. The fact is that long before that, going back into her teens, neither parent would buy her any clothes, not even underwear.

She had been on her own. It was a fact that he had flatly refused to give her even the \$10 fee required for pre-registration at MSU. A sympathetic friend had given her a car, but Myron had forged the title, sold it and pocketed the cash. He wouldn't drive her to Bozeman to register, so she had to hitchhike on a highway where rapes and murders had recently taken place. Another friend gave her a car, too, but he stole that one as well. The owner had to sue to get it back Myron kept it locked in his garage. It was amazing. He could not possibly remember ever giving her a dime for school or anything else. But then I realized that he must have maintained a fiction with relatives and friends that he had been the one paying her bills. Aside from a few part time jobs, the only thing that put the two of us through three college degrees and paid for anything was the \$175/mo I got from GI Bills. Sometimes I've been accused of lying about that because it simply isn't possible. It wasn't possible, but we did it. It was also a cruel row to hoe more than anyone could imagine.

Myron's rage took me sharply aback. To Hell with the daughter who might be dead. The Hustad honor and glory had been smirched. I was worried about the effect his rage would have on my tender thirteen year old sitting downstairs, but there still one other thing I wanted to ask about. Surely, I should have had more wisdom than to try, but for seventeen years by then I'd been treated to double the original personal attacks for having accused the brothers of molesting Dorene, which was never the case, but it was true that she had been raped at age six. It was inconceivable to me that anyone, especially a parent, would not take serious concern over that possibility or the damage it may have caused later in life. The not so tender thirteen year old who had raped her, who later went to prison for murder, could not possibly have done such a thing! Hoss and Little Joe could not possibly have been responsible!

Myron's best friend had been insulted! The Ponderosa was at full scale war now. All these lies were the result of Foos's brainwashing. Matt Dillon was on his way.

There was never suitable employment in Missoula, but with some questionable luck, I found work in the same school my son attended. It paid next to nothing, but I could keep tabs on his welfare. The negative side turned out to be the administrator charged with overseeing the computer network and his entourage of fat, obnoxious perverts. He had a nasty habit of coming in at nights and putting porn on teacher computers. He would pretend to have discovered a terrible crime and start a whispering campaign in the district. In one case, he planted porn all over Dave Burtch's computer, then stomped in with his crew of gargantuan geeks. To everyone's dismay, they yank out the hubs cleaned the porn off the computer that their own daddy had put there, and stomped out again. Primarily, these things were meant to make me look bad. He also signed in with teacher names on the server and used those to browse tons of web porn, most of it with a bent towards teens in the vein of barely legal teen lesbian trysts. The user he most used most for the kiddie lez stuff was Marti Leibenguth, the girls physical education teacher and coach. It was clear that only he as network administrator could have been the real culprit because these cookies were all on the server upstairs. The teachers' computers were entirely clean. I winced a bit knowing that his own teenage daughter went to the same school.

Bearing that nonsense left little time to search for answers to what was wrong with us, but my contract was only ten months out of the year, leaving summers free. About 2001, I tried to book an appointment with a neurologist. The inflammation in the maxillary sinuses was getting much worse. I'd been a fool and let the vitamins slip for a few years. The pain was becoming intolerable at night. I'd often get up with the feeling that the entire front of my face was rotting off and my mouth filling up with toxic waste. It was even bothering me during the day a lot. Eventually, it became apparent that indeed these toxins were rotting out my teeth and

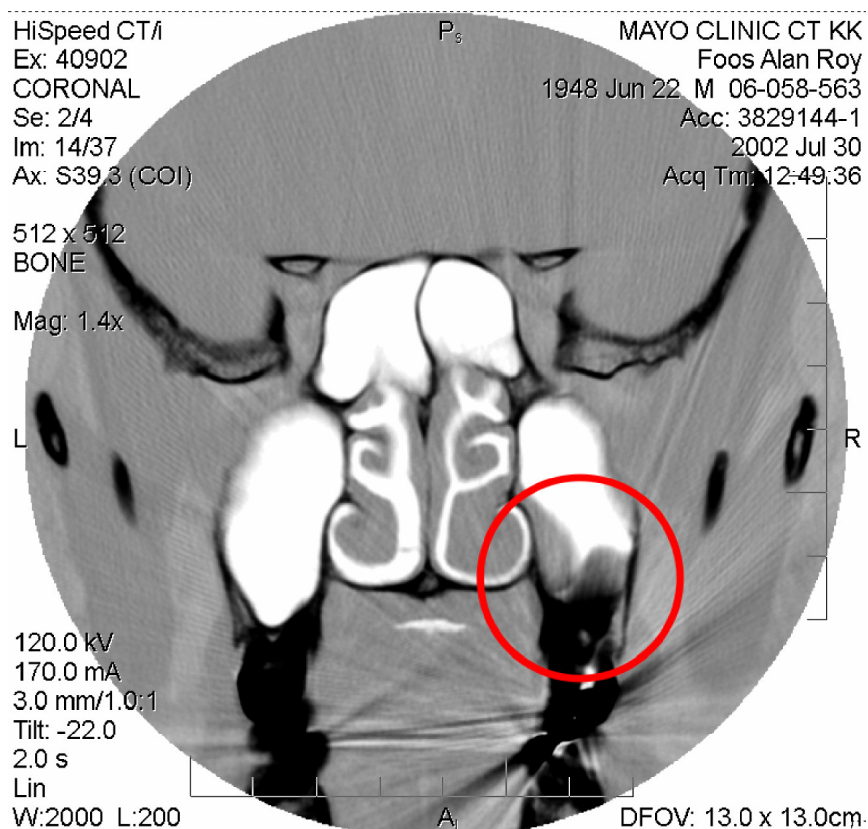
later I'd lose several. My back was also hollering again from kidney cysts and stones.

The neurologist wouldn't see me without a referral. Stupid procedures, but he pointed out a doctor to see for that. When I went to that one, the receptionist made me wait while leaning over so that her boobs were about to fall out of her dress. When the MD finally came in, he threw his arms into the air and ran out of the room screaming. For a minute I thought I should call 911, but he finally came back, pacing back and forth. I told him that the neurologist had told me he would give me a referral. He said that the neurologist was wrong. From there, I saw a series of MDs who gave me strange looks and in some cases became rude or derisive, suggesting repeatedly that the symptoms were imaginary and faked. Finally, I wrangled a trip to Mayo, the Mecca of modern medicine. This was my last try. Surely, they would be diligent enough to come up with some answers. Surely the Mecca of modern medical science would be able to take a tissue sample and someone would know how to use a microscope. If not, if I were hit with deception and fraud similar to Patterson, we would know how deep the bull sheep was.

Mayo Provides Final Proof Of Lyme Fraud

So, I took a lengthy, detailed description of the pain and numbness in the sinuses, feet and other areas. At Mayo, I received both an MRI and a CAT scan. The nurse who slid me into the MRI tube made sexual advances. The 126 images from the MRI were useless. Most were through the brain, none intersected with the sinus region despite the clear complaint provided. A separate CAT scan was poor quality as well. It did have a few half decent images of the sinus cyst and diseased tissue in the right maxillary. None of the images came close to the quality of the Williston MRI. \$6,000 just to be insulted. The cyst does appear to be

a simple polyp, but it is much more than that. It was ignored in the reports.



During the charade I saw five different doctors that I remember who observed my flexibility, took a tooth X ray, and did checked reflexes and joint mobility. They were polite enough but said little. One in particular gazed at the MRI and CAT scans while I described again the pain in my sinuses. He said, “we see this all the time,” implying that I was schizophrenic or bipolar or something like that and would benefit most from psychoactives, this without having ever met me or knowing anything about me except the sinus complaint Oh yeah.. I ended up seeing that one twice and went through the same motions. I asked, “Please, just do a biopsy and see if there’s a pathogen involved?” He just shook his head and said there was no point in that. He worked hard to convince me that the images showed no significant disease or abnormality, that the symptoms I described were a well-known form of

mental illness. So why didn't the newspapers provide these symptoms? So, the sinus problem was a big nothing?

My final status was laid out at a meeting of about six doctors. By then they knew I wasn't going to buy the mental bull, so he took a different tack. He said that damage caused by injuries such as I'd incurred as a child could somehow crop up later. This was reasonable. I was about half convinced myself that I was suffering some kind of TBI. He also implied that schizophrenia was similar to my own symptoms. I'm certain they meant to plant that thought in my head, but there wasn't any possibility of any such symptoms except my unwillingness to buy into their medical bull. But I was able to confirm once again that the same fraud had been perpetrated for profit at the highest levels of western society for well over a hundred years. Nobody was exempt. The one MD really gave it away when he said, "We see this all the time." I had no doubts about that.

Later, I ordered complete copies of the Mayo results. I received a one page write up by each doctor. Not once was there any mention of my symptoms or the images or any diagnosis of any kind. They were just friendly and informal accounts describing my physical condition. Below you see the cyst and diseased tissue in the right sinus, but a pretty poor image compared to the Willston MRI. There had to be a specific pathology that was being concealed, but I had no idea yet what it could be or even if the MDs themselves knew exactly. Being curious, shortly after going to Mayo, I went to a local Missoula doctor with the same complaints, focusing especially on the sinusitis. He assured me that he could take an X ray and verify whether there was any diseased tissue or cyst. I told him about Mayo, but not about the MRI at Williston. He came back triumphantly to show that there was absolutely no diseased tissue or cyst. He said sometimes they just do clear up like that. Idiot. I'd had the same symptoms for twenty five years caused by the same condition and could feel it all too well.

A local Missoula teacher who had Lyme caught my attention. Her behavior was strangely similar to certain family members who react with anger to others who meant no offense. That was even me sometimes. I did take a quick look at Lyme, but initially saw symptoms that didn't match up well. I stopped before seeing that many did in fact have exactly the same symptoms and similar experiences with MDs. It turns out that the disease affects people in much different ways. Indeed, the symptoms of each victim vary widely between night and day and from month to month and year to year just as ours did. You don't want to admit that because it should be everyone else who is crazy, not you or me. I was also misled to believe that Lyme didn't occur in Montana, but later found out that many people have it, especially in Missoula.

It was just as well I missed the mark then, because conditions in Missoula weren't favorable for dealing with it there. The medical people wouldn't be of any help, and there were too many other problems. Indeed, my daughter had been gravely ill for several years in Colorado without any light being shed on what was wrong or how it was being treated. While she still had minor legal status, I wrote to the State of Colorado for help gathering her records. That was the legal right of a parent. Instead, the State of Colorado wrote back to say that it had frozen her records.

There was no reason for omitting a reason because the only possibility was that anybody with a legitimate concern and natural right from finding out what was wrong with her posed the threat of exposing a crime. Clearly, neither the law nor the welfare of any victim deserves any regard from the government. The authorities will violate the law and throw patients, even if children, to the dogs if required to shield the medical industry from any kind of accountability. Hiring an attorney might have succeeded in getting the information, but that isn't an option within the means of most people. Technically, it is the government's job to see that the law is honored to preserve and protect, but when the

government is lining its own pockets in the real world, quite the opposite is done.

Amalgams and Mercury Poisoning

Trouble never comes as single spies, said Shakespeare, but in battalions. In about 2000 I had my amalgam fillings replaced with newer amalgams. These used to be 50% silver and 50% mercury. Mercury is extremely toxic, and slow leakage can seriously damage the health of some people, another lie that the government denies. Most do not seem to be so badly affected. Sometime in the 90s copper was added to the mix to increase hardness. This also gave a brassy color to the newer amalgams instead of the silver or lead color of older fillings. This small amount of copper, however, multiplied the toxicity of the mercury. It isn't a significant problem for most people, though it takes some years before the leakage begins to destroy body tissues. The areas first affected would be the cranial nerves and nearby brain cells.

In my case, the cranial nerves were already badly damaged from Lyme disease, so the coppery amalgams were bound to amplify the toxic effect. The fillings were definitely a major cause because they were screaming radiation and really driving me nuts. I was becoming more irritable than usual, making it particularly difficult to keep my cool around the obnoxious punks at the admin building. Roger the pedophile in particular was getting on my nerves, continually bragging about his sexual appetite porn collection he claimed had been scientifically designed for use in public schools. Instead of maintaining computers at his assigned middle school, most of his time was spent impressing his daddy at the admin building with his sexual bravado. Most of the rest was spent gadabouting with his peers at local cafeterias where he regaled his disciples with his joys of genitalia between gulps of grease. I was beginning to understand what going postal was about. Many Lyme sufferers I encountered many years later explained that the disease

makes them chemically sensitive and especially susceptible to heavy metal poisoning.

About that time I met a former physical education teacher at the high school. He had a surprising illumination. He said he and his wife had both quit their teaching jobs to become pharma reps. A teacher was only paid thirty to forty thousand, but both he and his wife were now in six figure income brackets and driving expensive cars. Not only that, but the MDs got commissions on any drugs sold, and if their doctor clients met certain quota, both the MD and the client could go together on exotic, expense paid vacations. I thought of my \$12,000 salary and started to think that's what I should do, then immediately began to feel like a whore. These were some things about the medical profession and pharma industry that I'd not understood too well. I now so much better understood how mental illness worked.

For some months I'd avoided the pussy jokes and lengthy meetings at the admin building. It wasn't just my fear of whacking Roger, but the practical needs to be tended at the school. This resulted in vigorous complaints about my antisocial attitude from Sikkink. After resuming for a while, I reached a point between the amalgams and Lyme disease that the next word that came out of the pedophile's mouth would be his last. I was certain to lose control and kill him on the spot. As much as it would have been a genuine and satisfying public service, it wouldn't be worth going to prison for.

Montana had nothing left better to offer, and I was nearing retirement age, so the only option was to sell everything and head for a foreign country. Before leaving for Thailand, the brakes went out on my Ford Ranger. The only place I could find who would fix them was Scott's Muffler on Brooks. They wanted \$900 for three wheels and took a week to do that much. Yes, I realized how outrageous that was, but couldn't risk driving around without brakes. Getting screwed every time you turn

around is inevitable in Missoula, anyway. I just had to buckle down and wait for another chance to run.

Retirement In Thailand

Retiring in Thailand turned out to be the smartest things I ever did. The cost of living in Thailand is very moderate. Particularly in the northern regions, the people are peaceful and friendly. School children wear uniforms and are thoroughly polite, respectful cheerful and you can trust most of them in stark contrast to Montana. Girls hold hands between classes, playground fights and bullies are unheard of, and school administrators are friends with teachers and do not plant porn on their computers. I bought a Suzuki SJ430 4x4 with oversize wheels and had the time of my life winding through switchbacks throughout the primitive regions of northern Thailand. One day all four brakes went out. This happened just as I was driving past an auto shop, so I pulled right in. Four smiling Thai men jumped in, each overhauling one wheel. In half an hour, they were done. Total charge, at the exchange rate then, about \$8.00. Yeah, baby!

When we first arrived in Chiang Mai, my kidneys were filled with cysts and my concentration shot, but time was entirely my own and the village I lived in isolated and quiet. Time to get my good health back. I ordered \$1,000 worth of vitamins and minerals, then pondered the best way to get exercise. I found several young Christian students who were working on a fledgling Ultimate Frisbee club. We became good friends, and despite my poor health and inability to run fast, I became an excellent Ultimate player. We had four years of outstanding fun playing Frisbee and socializing with delightful friends. This was by far the best kind of exercise for a Lyme victim. After a year, my kidneys had cleared up and my concentration had improved dramatically. But the Frisbee club soon grew larger, more competitive and less Christian. In three years, I was sixty and not able to compete with increasingly younger, more

aggressive players. I ended up with little exercise for the next few years, and my health began to slip again.

By late 2013 at age 65 my resistance to disease had dropped. I came down with Dengue fever not just once but twice, and at the same time suffered badly from a continuous cold for four months. I'd been getting bit by the same mosquitoes for years, so the real problem was lowered immunity, not mosquitoes. At that point, one more bug hops in after the last and then you're dead. A 45 year case of tinea versicolor on my chest and arms went out of control. The infection spread to the hair follicles on my arms and hands and I sprang Majocchi granuloma in several places and large purple patches. It was unsightly and painful. Hundreds of tubes of anti-fungal cream had kept the tinea from becoming a serious problem, but now it was a mess. Somewhere I'd read that that Selsun shampoo (with selenium) was effective in curing tinea of the scalp. Instead, I spread the shampoo on my chest, back and arms after every shower for a couple of weeks. Almost overnight, the tinea vanished. That was four years ago and have never had a spot since. It's more likely that a selenium deficiency was responsible for the tinea rather than selenium having killed the fungus. This is in case you have problems with tinea, heads up.

After all this trouble, it was time to find a gym and get back to the vitamin and mineral program. After whipping back into shape in a few months, I still suffered terribly at nights with burning in the sinuses. For twenty years I'd pull and squeeze with my facial muscles to grip the affected area. It was an instinctive reaction to nasty irritation and toxins deep in the soft tissues. Still suspecting in 2014 that it was an unknown kind of infection, I stuffed various herbs and with some luck stumbled on something really important. Star anise was reputed to have strong anti-microbial properties over a wide range: anti-viral, anti-fungal and anti-bacterial. It is Chinese star anise that the pharmaceutical industry refines and uses to make Tamiflu. Anything is worth a try. I began sipping on star anise tea several hours a day. You can't really call it tea

because a strong brew from several crushed stars doesn't taste very good. But maybe it would work. I sipped it slowly, sometimes chewing on the solid fragments, then put in more water and stars. This went on for a couple of months or more. To my amazement, profound changes started taking place. The infection started to soften and break up, releasing a flood of toxins and new symptoms. I had never heard the term herxing but did assume that the star anise was killing bacteria and releasing toxins.

On the other hand, I couldn't be entirely sure that the star anise itself wasn't the source of the toxic reaction, and since the new symptoms were terribly uncomfortable, decided to discontinue the star anise for a while. If I hadn't stopped, the infection would probably have disappeared by 2016. But the changes were permanent. From then on, the infection continued to soften and toxins continued to flow rapidly through the body's flow system, some through the kidneys but most leaching into my mouth from salivary glands. I've also suffered continually since from body aches, but these are too mild to be of much concern. Diseased tissue in the cyst and right maxillary sinus were slowly dissolving and migrating towards the front of my mouth where they packed into my lips. The gums were also packed with goo that can still be felt 24/7 but is worst late at night when the mouth tends to dry.

All of this was awfully unpleasant in its own way. I could more distinctly feel the outline of the cyst and other diseased tissue in the face and feet as the material loosened. As the diseased tissue softened, it had a more elastic, gooey consistency and tendency to flow. In the early morning hours before it was time to get up each morning, I pulled on the sticky mass and it gradually broke apart. The only significant relief from the star anise was the lessening of burning and toxic sensations deep in the right side of my face. The mass of disease continued to thin and spread, but burning sensations were still a major problem for the next two years during the early morning hours.

Lyme Infection Destroys My Teeth



No matter how much pain you are in, you have no choice but to bear with it. Between 2014 and 2016 I counted on gym work, running and vitamins to hold me together and forgot about star anise or any hope of eradicating the disease. What changed this was that the infection destroyed two lower molars and three upper teeth adjacent to the cyst and maxillary sinus on the right side.

This had been occurring gradually for several years as toxins and bacteria were especially concentrated in those regions, but it had never occurred to me that tooth decay could be caused that way. There seemed to be no good explanation for the thinning tooth enamel and worsening cavities over many years. But now it was obvious the infection had spread entirely into the roots of these adjacent teeth, and there was no choice but to have them pulled.

Now there could be no doubt that infected sinus tissue was the sole source and cause of the rotting teeth. The pain was the same and I could distinctly feel the spongy mass surrounding the teeth. Also, now there was no question that the diseased tissue in the sinuses and nasal tissue was caused by a specific bacterium, and no surprise either because of the

lengths the MDs had gone to avoid taking a biopsy. Now, finally, answers were beginning to come quickly. The dentists had trouble believing it, too. The only bacteria causing tooth decay is considered to have originated in the mouth, not from deep soft tissues of the body. Any infections affected teeth start and end there, they do not spread into the teeth from the body, but that model of the universe wasn't the right one in this case.

The dentist referred me to an ENT to pursue the question. I carried copies of the scans from Williston and Mayo to prove the point. She could not and would not believe it. I pointed to the scans and said, do you think they're blind? Are all the other doctors blind? How about you, are you blind?" She looked at me as if I were crazy and said she'd schedule a CAT scan. I ducked the appointment. A CAT scan might fill her quiver, but a heavy dose of radiation couldn't tell me anything I didn't already know. Indeed, it couldn't accurately show the extent of disease and be used to either make me out a liar or delusional. The medical profession was obligated to deny it. This was Thailand where doctors like everyone are polite and helpful, but they are trained in western medicine and if I didn't duck, I could end up playing jacks on the floor of another mental ward.

Beautiful Thailand can make you half forget the burning pain, spasms, Charlie horses and here again there again symptoms of Lyme, but you never quite get used to it. Having watched my entire family destroyed and now on the verge of losing all my teeth brought me back from complacency to face the disease with renewed resolve. The rest of my teeth were also affected by lesser but significant stages of rot, and I didn't want to lose them.

Nobody was a better problem solver than myself. The math theorem was an elegant, complete proof of a concept, and likewise, decades of experience were proof that the entire medical profession was a lie. Why couldn't I figure the rest of it out? Any problem should cave to relentless

procedure. All the knowns must be defined at the top, beneath that the unknowns listed, then proficiency with mathematics gained by solving thousands of other problems should lay the solution bare. Study carefully the randomized block statistics theorem. The algebra of statistics may not be useful, but the same insight and relentless pursuit of fundamentals should yield specific answers.

So, it was finally plain that only a bacteria could have caused all this trouble. It was more than a little obvious that the government and medical industry had been lying about something, whether or not always conscious of the specific issue of Lyme. The medical profession has been trained to exercise obscene negligence in acknowledging and treating such symptoms and obscure the cause in favor of exploiting victims for fun and profit. It was obvious that the medical profession and big pharma had been enriching themselves for many decades by perpetrating the same fraudulent procedures. There had to be millions affected with this disease. Some of them must have caught on and be telling their stories. It shouldn't be that difficult to pin them down.

My first reasoning was less than perfect. Most likely, I reasoned, the medical profession itself had to be responsible for spreading the disease. This seemed like an airtight conclusion once I read about the pathogen named MRSA. That had to be it. For a month or so I was so certain of it that I shot my mouth off everywhere. It made sense that Dorene would have caught it at age four when pieces of flesh fell out of her ankles in the hospital. It made sense that the butcher job on my wisdom tooth in 1969 was where I picked it up. It made sense that the doctors would lie about it, and there were testimonies to support the idea. What interested me most was the possibility of treating MRSA, so I studied the worst diseases it could cause such as osteomyelitis. I found that cure rates were good using certain potent antibiotics. The flaw in this reasoning shouldn't have serious consequences because the culprit was still a bacterium. Either way, if I hit the problem that way, odds were good for a cure. Maybe...

As a result, I bought a ten week supply of four of the strongest antibiotics reputed to provide a cure and started treatment. These drugs can make you sick, so I suffered for ten weeks. The results were disappointing. There wasn't any doubt that the antibiotics had cured the worst of the night time burning in the right side, but that was all. There was still some burning in the frontal region above the teeth and still numbness in the feet and still a lot of diseased tissue spreading from the cyst and into sinuses and gums. It may have softened a little, but it was still pervasive and unpleasant. The drugs also eliminated most of the problem I had with chronic double vision.

Never would I recommend that anyone take these, but these are the antibiotics I took for ten weeks early in 2016. They did do some good but can make you quite sick and a far cry from a cure. Initially, I concluded the cause was MRSA, and this cures most serious MRSA infections.

Ten Week Trial of Commercial Antibiotics

Metronidazole 300 mg 2x /day

TMP/SMX (Cotrimoxazole) 160/800mg 2x / day

Clindamycin - 300 mg /2x day

Rifampin 300 mg / 2x day

There was a slim possibility that the bacteria had been killed off and remaining symptoms due to residual diseased tissue. but there was no assurance of that. It would have to be called a limited success, but no cure. I'd been counting on a cure, so this was a big disappointment. I began to doubt now that it was MRSA after all. One thing I'd learned well from problem solving in college is that solutions often crystallize after a series of failures, so I began scrutinizing MRSA again. It is true that MRSA tends to colonize in the nasal area, but so do other organisms. The biggest problem was that if MRSA, there had to be millions affected who had been shut out by MDs. There was definitely some of that, but the numbers and specific symptoms weren't nearly

enough. Wrong again. It couldn't be MRSA, but it was big and had to be there, I just wasn't seeing it clearly yet.

This was when I took another look at Lyme disease. In the twelve years since checking it out in Missoula, there were now hundreds more testimonies. There they were, hundred manifesting symptoms similar or even exactly the same as mine and no less definitive a cause of Dorene's and the children's tragic illnesses. Many people with Lyme were suffering much worse at the time, but we had all been through the worst, and it was the same disease, no doubt. Millions must be affected, but very few know it, especially after being misled by the medical profession. It is no secret, either, that the CDC has been lying about Lyme disease since it was first discovered in 1981 in Montana.

Of course, there are many shameless agents who protect the government and medical industry by repeating their lies and intimidating good doctors and dentists, but don't be fooled. Such are the fowl birds who call themselves the Quackbusters.com. There are also many unscrupulous Lyme doctors who guarantee cures at a high price and bilk the desperate out of their life savings but deliver nothing. Before going there, please try the simple things that have worked for me, primarily B vitamins and exercise first. I very seriously doubt they will do any more for you than what you can glean from this book for nothing and try yourself for peanuts. The estimate of new annual infections of 30,000 was boosted to 300,000 in 2013 without any logical reason for the change. As for other (chronic) cases of Lyme, they do not exist says the CDC. What has happened to all those people? Obviously, a hundred years ago most of them were locked up in mental institutions where the style of treatment would soon make anyone mad. Where are they now? Oh, yeah, the homeless...

Now we know how it has been possible for MDs to lie into the face of millions of victims, tell them they aren't sick but only crazy, while reaping heavy commissions from Big Pharma for peddling

psychoactives. The myth of mental illness must be preserved or Big Pharma could become Little Pharma and the doctors may have to become little gods. Oh, yes, since you ask, congenital Lyme disease is real and can manifest as autism. That's a subject I don't want to go into. Yes, as thousands of sucker punched parents can tell you, vaccinations, especially the MMR can trigger autism, but in most cases there is already something wrong because not everyone on the block gets hit. You can be sure that many children are born with Lyme, and many of those are autistic. Eureka!

At this point, my story should be about over, but I still have symptoms of Lyme disease at age 68. Naturally, after Big Pharma's antibiotics failed, it was time to go back to the star anise tea. This I've been doing for a six weeks. I go through a lot of it, about a pound a week. But has it been working? I very much believe that it has. There is longer any burning in the face, but there is still some tingling and numbness there and still in the feet. I want to tell you that I'm entirely cured and have no symptoms, but right now it isn't that way. Hopefully, I'll have this book ready for distribution in a month and can tell you that the star anise has entirely cured my Lyme disease at last.

How To Overcome And Cure Lyme Disease

This chapter is the bottom line. You may not care about all the biographical stuff, but want to only know what specific measures can be taken to cure Lyme. Nobody can guarantee a cure. What works for one may not work for another, but I can tell you with confidence what has worked for me up to and including a genuine cure that took 47 years. I'm reasonably confident that if you do the same things, many maybe most victims can prevent Lyme from destroying your career or education. It certainly worked for me. You can keep your job, love your family, have friends and enjoy excellent mental and physical health. It's really too simple. First thing, you **MUST** take supplemental B vitamins. Others are

very important, too, but that's another story. Without B vitamins Lyme will destroy you, with B vitamins you are safe. Suffering is tolerable, you can keep working, and you can enjoy life.

Second rule is EXERCISE. B vitamins are ten times as effective if you combine them with exercise. Weight training is good enough, but try to add running or bicycling. Best of all is a vigorous team sport like Ultimate Frisbee or soccer or basketball. Actually, just keep active and get in as much exercise as you can, but do NOT skip the vitamins. That will do it, anyway, it works for me.

This is the daily maintenance dose that has kept me entirely functional and healthy for the last thirty three years whenever taken. Whenever I quit taking it, my health declines over a period of several months and the symptoms of Lyme begin taking over again, and I end up back where I started in bad condition. This works wonders for me, it really does:

Daily Vitamins Sufficient to Keep Lyme in Remission

B1=50 mg

B2=50 mg

B6=400 mcg

B12=1,000 mcg

Niacin=100 mg

Folic acid=400 mcg

Biotin=300 mcg

Panthenic acid 50 mg

When these vitamins first enabled my recovery in 1982, I took at least fifty times this much. I doubt you can hurt yourself with any of the B vitamins despite warnings I've heard, but do proceed with caution. It cannot be emphasized how important regular exercise is, two or three times a week. That will dramatically increase the effect of the B vitamins. Now, that alone has licked 90% of the problem for me. I was 100% disabled before and 100% functional several months later.

Other supplements are highly desirable but not critically important. I highly recommend magnesium in citrate form (never oxide), zinc, copper, selenium, vitamin E, vitamin C. If you have arthritis or joint stiffness from Lyme (which does affect me), glucosamine and chondroitin sulfate are worth taking. You may prefer others, too. One thing I value a lot is silymarin. I take large doses of that for a few months at a time to refresh the liver. It really is miraculous stuff.

If the B vitamins help, and I'm sure they will, consider giving star anise a try. There are problems. A strong brew is needed which doesn't taste so good. It needs to be sipped several hours every day for a few months before it works. It may not work for you, I can't guarantee it. Also, after taking it for the last three months, all that can be said is that I think it's working but can't say for certain how well because there is still a lot of diseased sinus tissue and some mild numbness persists in the feet. What I usually do is break up a small handful of star anise in a kitchen mortar, then add it to a mug of hot water. I do this three times a day, usually only emptying the solid matter at the end of the day.

My hope remains that the star anise will eventually eradicate the Lyme disease and then I'll report a full cure. I truly believe it. Most of my symptoms have disappeared and the diseased tissue is partially gone. I'm confident that it has been more helpful in eliminating the disease than the hard core pharmaceuticals and won't make you sick like they can.

This I just stumbled on by chance in 2014 through trying dozens of other things. For a few months I sipped concentrated star anise tea about half the day, well, more of an extract. Sometimes, I put twenty or so stars in a pot and boiled them, then strained off the liquid. So, it was strong. After a few months, the bacteria die off and released a flood of toxins (called a herxing reaction). This was so startling and unpleasant that I stopped sipping the star anise, not sure it wasn't causing its own toxic problems (be sure it's Chinese star anise and not Japanese, Japanese is toxic). After a year, I realized the star anise really had killed off much of

the infection. The toxins were leaking into my mouth but by 2016 had entirely destroyed the five teeth adjacent to the worst of the infection.

This horror of losing my teeth in early 2016 drove me to finally narrow the problem down to Lyme disease. I'm very displeased with the deliberate negligence and exploitation of MDs. If efforts had been made to acknowledge the infection and take images and biopsies 36 years ago, it would have certainly saved my life and those of my wife and three children. Had the government agencies responsible not shut me down, that could have saved us, too. Yes, we are still alive, but the lives and health of at least three have been permanently destroyed. They have no future, and I don't know where they are or how to help them.

But why should I complain now after resuming the star anise for six months. What the store bought pharmaceuticals couldn't do, the star anise has finished. It hasn't any fun drinking concentrated pulp all day, but it works. I'm certain that the infection is dead; however, there is still a lot of diseased gunk floating around everywhere, but mostly in my face. It's still particularly strong in the same area as the cyst showing in the Mayo CAT and the right maxillary showing in the Williston MRI. It's terribly unpleasant, anymore, though, and clearly on the way out. I can finally say with glee, I AM CURED OF LYME DISEASE, healthy and happy in Thailand.

So, I'm writing about these experiences so that we can help each other. Here's hoping that you benefit from these experiences and have enjoyed the book. Oh, one thing I shouldn't forget. Even though the answers have taken a long, long time, it is not my imagination or a symptom of mental illness that God has been of far more help to me than anyone else. You might give Him a chance, too.

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