

# CHAPTER 9

## A SHORT STORY TO SCHOOL KIDS:

Have you ever seen a dead body? I'm not talking at a funeral, but rather a body that has been destroyed by some form of an accident. Anyone who has come onto a gory scene as I have knows what it is like. I'm sure it even affects those that work in human blood all the time. Hospital workers, police and military are perhaps some of the top people to see the effects death, but after a while I think the mind just becomes numb. It would have to or it would just drive one crazy. For me the gruesome death of my friend still haunts me. Let me give you a picture, and yes it is graphic. The Devil, the evil crime partner, Todd Jessie Garton by name, loves blood. (There is a book about this crime. I have never read it for the longest time. Finally I read it the parts that I could stomach made me sick and disturbed me greatly. The book is called "Kill or be Killed" by Robert Scott. There have also been movies and even a short YouTube which I have included. Here is the YouTube: <http://youtu.be/73NPArMu8ks> One of the movies I believe is called "Toy Soldier" The other which I believe is far more accurate is "Married to a Rock Star" by Cineflix. The YouTube "Bad Company" is not accurate at all but the movie, "Married to a Rock Star" is. I was in the movie "Married to a Rock Star" and I have been seen on TV. I did finally read "Kill or be Killed" by Robert Scott, though parts of it are too disturbing and upsetting for me to read. To the sick twisted husband Todd Jessie Garton blood, guts, and bones being everywhere is Todd's form of fun. Instead of new buildings, Todd would dwell in houses of hatred even a prison house which ultimately he did. The criminal Todd Jessie Garton will exchange the good for the bad, even destroying that what Todd has, only to replace it later. When this evil man tried to kill his dog KD over chewing up some blinds, I think his wife who adored her husband knew that she and their baby were next. I wrote the Todd Jessie Garton's dad trying to say something to the effect that his son was unstoppable. He immediately took that and ran with it saying to everyone how I was guilty. YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH THAT HURT ME. At the same time I just told Todd Jessie Garton's dad basically, here take my portion of that stupid company G&G Fencing which was a total scam. Later I learned in the movie "Married to a Rock Star" that Todd Jessie Garton's business did not even have valid a contractor's license. I paid thousands which was far too much money to get into that business, and became very poor out of it. It was as if it was some sick joke, and I should have known better. The foolish thing Todd Jessie Garton gladly accepted all my money without a single problem having the same exact personality as this evil "pastor" Brock Dale Bernstein who owes me well over \$35,000. This pastor knowing about my crime would continually tell me that he was not like my crime partner. This wicked man Todd Jessie Garton liquidated things I needed, for example the F250 Ford truck. The other truck, the Ford Ranger he took as well even though I had made almost all the payments on. He could have at least given me the Isuzu, since he had the jeep but the Todd did not care.

I just finished watching the stupid little YouTube called "Bad Company." They had a picture of the door where we stayed in the Hampton Inn. The room number was 218. I immediately thought of Psalms 21:8.

(Psa 21:8) Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies: thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee.

Many others too have suffered greatly over my incarceration. Many thought I would never get out, and I often wondered the same. Some inmates wanted me dead and since God would not let them, they would try and torment me to the point of suicide. Now as far as this wicked Todd Jessie Garton; I've seen that cold blooded killer in action. He had me in tears after his wife's death. He was listening to his beloved wife's music. (It was music she had written and sung with a band. Carole Ann Holman was extremely talented and had she not of been Satan's wife she could have been a professional musician, archer, and many other things, plus a loving wife. It was almost like everything she put her hand to she excelled at. Carole Ann Holman would beat both that slobbering nutcase Todd Jessie Garton and myself, Dale Lee Gordon on one side and her on the other. Carole Ann Holman was extremely good at tennis. I long for the day when the Saints of God get to trample our enemies asunder.

As wicked Todd Jessie Garton the cold blooded maniac was listening to Carole Ann Holman's music he was writing down some lyrics, and preparing an emotionless funeral. Satan as an Actor played himself. As Todd Jessie Garton drove on listening to an angel sing; Carole Ann Holman, Todd was just as cold as could be. I had to turn my head to the side of the road because I didn't want to have Todd Jessie Garton see I was beginning to cry. He was playing his wife's incredibly talented music which was tear jerking, but he just was emotionless. Later that day this massive amount of hate was just boiling out toward me. He chewed me out like a doggie chewing on Jezebel's bones. Goodness gracious that thing Todd Jessie Garton broke my spirit more than you can possibly imagine. Like I say the only care he had was that he successfully destroyed me. This recent pastor Brock Dale Bernstein was the exact same way. The two could have passed as brothers, their tactics were so similar. The only difference was that the pastor's ways were much more refined. He broke me financially but he can't stop me. You would not believe the words of this wicked pastor who just burned me. Brock Dale Bernstein spoke of remembrance of the beginning when he took Adam's crown. Brock Dale Bernstein said he was given a crown and told whatever you do, do not lose this crown. Pastor Brock Dale Bernstein spoke having the power to read minds, and has described his other powers in great detail. I know what the man is made of.

I was in the Marine Corps four successful years with a good conduct medal and the ranking of Corporal E-4 or non-commissioned officer NCO. I was in during the time of Desert Storm. I never faced combat, other than we were in a combatant situation in the Philippines during a coup attempt. When Desert Storm first happened the first waves of people were sent and they did not need me. So my thought was, why volunteer if they do not need me. I feel cowardly for not going, but I know now had I chosen that path, there's no way I would have found God. That or I would have been killed as an atheist, and the atheistic fools along with unrepentant sinners will be exiting off at the left side of God's throne. At the time of Desert Storm I was so into the world and it's failing ways, that I could not see the light of God. I did end up going to Kuwait after the war, but not for war. At that time we were like a world police that would keep order to a chaotic world. We were essentially busy like police in a city. We were out there just waiting for a call to go anywhere in the world. Interestingly enough I was one of the Marines in charge of security if we ever had to take prisoners of war. While there in Kuwait, I bought gruesome pictures at the local market of dead corpses that were from Desert Storm's enemies. Some of the pictures were just of a hand or a head. It just goes to show you what something like the Marines

will do to you if you don't have God in your life. I cannot imagine where I would be had I of gone to combat. I had to be a real warrior in the Marines because without LORD Jesus Christ in my life I had nothing, or so I thought. I don't know what I was thinking. Perhaps hell was some sort of hot potato that you pass around. I used to mock God and it got worse as the years passed. As for me I was driven by all the violence in the world. I loved the kill, kill, kill again, and then after that kill some more type movies. When those movies weren't wicked enough I would watch, "Faces of Death." It was real people getting killed or severely maimed. Within those years of the Marines I went from somewhat normal to kill, kill, and kill. My switch was flipped and I never shut it off. I was at the point of thinking that any war could be won with superior firepower, not with a superior God. I fear God and while I was terrified of Him and His power I also do not think that God wants us to fear our way into the kingdom. In fearing God alone, the love in our hearts could be lacking, because we may love out of deed not from a loving heart.

I am editing this older book. I used to be all one sided especially about fearing God. However the Bible often uses this language:

(Jdg 6:23) And the LORD said unto him, Peace *be* unto thee; fear not: thou shalt not die.

It seems as if human life this day and age has no value to it especially after popular games like "Grand Theft Auto," not to mention the vile junk I used to create. After years I went through and absolutely destroyed all my old idols of filth that were built in Satan's name. People murder, sell dope, while toting that pistol and God only knows what else. For this reason you really have to respect the police and their jobs. Even the Parole Officers, we have to obey these people. If you do what is right, they will treat you with respect. Those officers of the law, and United States Marines, no partiality intended or discrimination toward other branches of service its just a known fact Marines are the best, and the rest of the team, all are putting their tails on the line every day trying to keep the peace. So I used to carry guns. Sometimes I carried three thinking I'd get into some kind of war. I know some are doing the same exact thing because I saw it. "Oh no, we found the gun at Wendy's in the bushes." So what why didn't you tell the police? I know what you were up to, because I heard you talking about it. As I stand before God one day as a child of the Most High I will speak the truth, because in front of the throne of God lies are not permitted.

Jail and prison life is not life it is rather a slow and painful death. Your body ages through the years, dying daily from a poisonous drug called "sin." Though we are all born with this poisonous drug, we can take an antidote which is called LORD Jesus Christ. When you place Him there in your heart, soul, and mind, not even the bondages of death can keep you from awakening from a long seemingly endless nap. Life is mortal, but through a death in the LORD's hands and at His timing can we gain immortality. As for this life it is not what I planned as a child, but we all know God's ways are higher. Sometimes they are painfully higher. In due time however, you can learn to soar with eagles. It's not impossible, and with God Almighty all things can be done, even for youths who may not yet know the LORD, or understand that He does answer prayers. It may come down throwing out some literature that is unedifying. It could be the music you are listening to may keep a door closed.

***About this sermon:***

I wrote this sermon at some predetermined time back in jail. I was already doing a lot of thinking. I was inside the walls and I needed one thing. That of course is a key. The key I thought I needed was a physical key, but what I really wanted was a gun. The song plays in my head, "I don't need a gun." It's by Billy Idol. Friend there is a key that opens all doors that of course is the Holy Bible. I don't even have to have a Bible in my hands because we convert it to memory. Until that is you forget all you know and then you really need a Bible and your embarrassed you ever wrote such jibber jabber.

In jail and in prison our lives are out of control. Things we would normally consider important or take for granted you do not have that privilege in behind bars. There are four things I can (could past tense) control: The flushing of the toilet, hot and cold on the sink, and the light switch. Not much for the explorative mind there. It is a good thing though. In my insanity I've pushed every button in the cells. After a while they ignored me. I felt like "legion" of the Bible fighting for my soul. This war was in a continuous battle. I saw strange lying visions, and scary things. I was out of my mind and slowly getting worse. I recall seeing this huge chess playing game. It was as if it were God verses the devil though looking back at all the weirdness I think most of those visions were from Satan himself. Since all of this I have had way far out dreams. I went through some extremely hard times, and I succeeded, but only because of God. All of us true Christians suffer, but if there were no suffering, there would be no kingdom. As for me it hurt terribly. That however, is life. As the saying goes, "no pain no gain!" Heaven can be likened to a parcel of land that is given away freely. All you have to do is claim it. In doing so, you want to get ahead of the bunch. Yes it is a mad life, but as with all things, good things come to those who wait. I thought how in the world would I ever get through nearly a decade of prison? We must wait on the LORD and that is a hard thing to do. Our victory in overcoming this world is in Jesus Christ LORD and Savior. Amen...

(Mat 24:13) But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

(Mar 13:13) And ye shall be hated of all *men* for my name's sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.

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