

**STOP THE VIOLENCE!!!**

# Chapter 8 It ends now!!!

Taken from one of my other books...

## Poetry and Short Stories

**Death:** *In my own words*- it is the destruction of earthly life as we know it. It involves a final judgment, and a fiery end or eternal life in paradise. The choice however, is yours. You can do as you will, or you can bless the one who gave you life in the first place and that is God.

### ***Looking Back, Spring 1998:***

Back in the spring of 1998, my lady friend, Carole Ann Holman lost her life to the attack of her wicked husband's plans. It was at the hand of a brutal husband, a person I call Satan, and the Devil. The person he hired carried out the "hit" at the commands of Todd Jessie Garton. The evil pathological lying husband had gotten his wife pregnant and she was carrying an eight month his own baby in her womb. This crime was so evil, I literally saw this pregnant woman lying dead in her own pool of blood. I speculate Satan the husband expected me to arrive early to call 911. I just had a flash back thinking about it. People can be very insensitive when it comes to death, because it hurts so much seeing it. Even now people still ask me about it and it gives me flashbacks. I had no clue what they were up to when they did this. Had I known their evil plot, I would have done something to stop it, for example killing the husband to prevent my Carole Ann Holman's murder. Situations were so bad that at the time as drastic as it sounds, that was the only way to stop the satanic maniac. Otherwise Todd Jessie Garton would have been released from prison and he would have gone on a killing spree and I would have been one of his targets. Everything that happened was absolutely crazy. How can you kill another man, other than as in combat in a war, or police on the streets? This was not a war, nor a drug infested back street neighborhood. There were no friendlies to pick us up, nor anyone to help us had we been wounded. The evil husband did not care. It was like a war for him, and Todd Jessie Garton's lies were pure confusion toward everyone else. The husband had weaved such a huge network of lies, and now it is finally coming unraveled. Lies have a way of catching up with you at the end. If you live as a liar you will die in the lake of fire.

(Rev 21:8) All liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

On the other hand if you tell the truth, you will be made free. John 8:32.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

## Disclaimer:

I do not know how this will all work out. I have a lot of writings to sort through that I wrote in jail and in prison. It will literally take me years to process it all. (I have made very little success on retyping all those works. Many are good writings I just have been so depressed over what pastor Brock Dale Bernstein did to me by stealing all my money shutting this ministry down.) That is how hard I worked to get my life back in order while locked up. Still I did the time, and believe me I was a very angry person about it. I was so angry I said some very bad things to a lot of people. I lost my mind and that did not help. Not to make excuses but I was guilty for my part in the crime. I did what I did and that was not right.

Non-Religious Writings:

## Speed

(This is a very offensive poem because it speaks the truth.)

If you are a user you do not want to read this because it is absolute reality!!!

I am the drug everyone needs.  
Use me just once you'll be hooked on speed.  
I'll take you higher and faster than you could ever go on weed.  
I'll make you sell your body and turn you into a whore.  
Come on and use me you won't be a bore.  
You can go crazy like a mad man, you don't need to sleep anymore.  
Speed is for dieting you can you can lose so much weight.  
You'll have fun getting high until you come behind the iron gate.  
How far have you gone before you get behind iron bars?  
How deep has the pain set in what are the emotional scars.  
How many other drugs have you tried?  
To how many people have you lied?  
How are your finances, how much did you have to steal?  
Are you homeless and starving begging for a meal?  
When you come to jail what will be the deal?  
Look in the mirror how many teeth have you lost!  
Calculate the damage how much did the drugs really cost?  
Where are your friends, now that you're behind bars?  
Look at the track marks, hair loss, sunken eyes, and the other emotional scars.  
I read your poems, I've seen you study, and I know you want a new life.  
You're in jail prison, or at the Mission and you won't change I've seen all the strife.  
Here your locked up, you drink caffeinated tea and coffee to get high.  
When medication rounds come you get your drugs for a low I can't understand why?  
As soon as you walk out the door you'll light a cigarette or go to a bar.  
When you get drunk you'll drive home in your car.  
Pretty soon you'll look for a hit of speed.  
It doesn't take long for you to be in the need.

Chasing the dragon, pursuing Satan's seed.  
Perhaps it's acid or heroine or some other drug.  
Come on and use me it gives you a little tug.  
Your body is like steal it will never give way.  
Sharing needles, unprotected sex, thinking you'll live forever life soon swept away.  
Ah there's a child here and a child there, but you're so selfish you don't even care.  
They are given up for adoption but you are hardly aware.  
When you are on speed you tend to forget about things like protection.  
You don't have a care in the world about anyone else or your own direction.  
Sure when you're on speed you'll have friends.  
When you're headed to prison all the friendship quickly ends.  
The speed will be waiting for you to get out of the pen.  
Will you ever get off, or will you let the drugs win?  
So as this poor child looks up to his parents all high once again.  
Will he too follow the pattern off into the drugs and their sin?

## **The Drugs Were More Important: or so he thought!**

He was a great kid in school. He had decent parents and a good home. He had a 4.0 grade point average, which was until he did drugs. Shall I say the drugs did him? In his folly he got permanently expelled from high school his senior year. The drugs became more important than school. Now he's only twenty years old and headed for the pen. Pen is short for prison. In the process of doing drugs bad things happen. Old ladies get robbed, children get molested, things get vandalized, and people get disease, and imprisonment. Friends we got caught and that is all there is to it. I did a stupid crime and believe me there was no negotiating over my sentence.

So what do you do as a new criminal returning into society? You may be in prison while your girlfriend is raising your daughter. Perhaps your parents are having their fiftieth wedding anniversary but you can't make it because you are in prison that or you get out and no one welcomes you nor wants you around. That hurt me terribly being left out from the family.

Prison is a very sad, lonely, and depressing place to be. It is the closest thing to hell on earth. You'll want out so bad but you know you cannot have it especially when you're watching TV since it reminds you so often of freedom and the outside world. You may get into rehab, but that is only successful if you are willing to have a true change of heart. I ask folks who have never been there to please get your priorities straight in life.

## ***Broken Cup:***

### **Having a bad day in jail, to say the least!**

I had a real bad day. I had to listen to all the tapes of the recordings of my interviews especially the 911 phone calls. It was horrible remembering the day that my life was destroyed. I did not want to think of it. I went back to my cell and threw my beloved unbreakable cup against the door as hard as I could. The door defeated my cup. I used ink to seal it. I've kicked the door with my thongs. The door was the winner in that day as well. Other times I have punched the wall with all my might, screaming profanities as loud as I could. This is not the life my friends. It tears you apart. I am still reaping much destruction from the wake of such evil.

### **Insanity:**

At the time of this writing I had been insane three times. (At least three years of insanity looking back I think it was longer.) During my prison sentence I had been insane for years. Here and there were sanity and insanity mixed together unknowing whether I was sane or insane. I still went to the Behavioral Center in Yuba City, March 7. It was the last insanity run I have to endure, still I have to take my medications. (In retrospect looking back I went to prison twice. The second round was for 10 days and I have been in five mental hospitals for different periods of time. In times since then I have been partially sane here and there. It is very hard to live with taking all these medications and living with the side effects.

### **The Alaskan Trip:**

This is a true story about a Laotian man who tried importing 90 pounds of illegal drugs into the United States from his country to Alaska. As you can see his plans were changed as he landed in jail and later prison. Sometimes a quick buck, isn't quite worth it if it turns into an early retirement plan with locking doors and concrete walls and a small cell and some person you never even met.

It was 5:30 in the morning and time to depart.  
He had a long journey ahead, he must get an early start.  
Thursday night was the last time he saw his kids and his loving wife.  
He's on a mission out of state to start a new prison life.  
He tried to get rich, but he didn't know quite what he was getting into.  
The dogs smelled the imported packages, their noses sure knew.  
He signed for the packages, and that was all it took.  
Sinteff knew the wiser, they already had a look.  
Ninety seven pounds of opium, a lot of people could get high.  
All day and night he would continually cry.  
I know his feeling, I felt his pain.  
Your whole life destroyed over financial gain.  
Is money so great, selling the drugs, your bodies for a cheap thrill?  
How about murder for hire, money for the kill?

His children will grow up while he's behind the bars.  
Is money really worth it, fancy homes and fast cars?  
Three years in jail, I have to say "no?"  
Long cold lonely years ahead in an Alaskan prison, he just had to go.

## ***Things I've Learned In Jail...***

Cock roaches move fast and in great numbers. By helping others we solve our own problems. Ice cream makes even the most hardened criminal happy. Everyone has a will to survive. You can learn more Spanish in two days of jail, than in two years of high school. I've learned that by teaching yourself another language you can help a lot. If you pass gas there is no escape from the smell, nor for the people who are literally ready to kill you for fouling the air. Everyone incarcerated is afraid, especially of the unknown, though they do not want to show it. I've seen even both the "biggest and baldest," kill themselves.

## **THE WEAPONS WE CARRY**

Unless you have a business to carry a gun then people carry weapons because they are scared. We carry big weapons to offset the fear in our hearts. When we draw our swords, someone draws blood. Once we to draw blood, we need to draw more. It is like we can never get enough. The revenging of our enemies creates hatred and anger in their hearts. I think all of us have seen the classic, "Romeo and Juliet." Violence accomplishes little, love accomplishes much. No wonder God won. For me I have handed my sword over to the LORD and I am now letting Him fight my battles for me.

## **Killing Pestilent Weeds!**

*It's easy and rewarding, not like killing flowers.*

We buy weed eaters to destroy weeds. Weeds are easy to destroy because they look terrible, prick us, and are an eyesore and they are all in the way.

Even these prickly things do serve a purpose, such as keeping mountains from sliding into the rivers and eventually into the sea. As for almost any man, I think it is much harder to destroy a flower than a weed. Show yourself as a flower, not for men to be dressed in pink, and perhaps the world will not want to destroy you. However Jesus showed himself as a beautiful flower and look what happened to him. Must have been insane when I wrote this part...

## **I Regret What I Have Done...**

For me, I thought of my first reactions when I first got to jail. It is that we are sorry. Now that we are in need we feel pain. We try to show mercy to let the world know we're sorry. If we put up a good enough show maybe they will let us out? This thought has to go through everyone's minds. I know it did for me. Little did I know my quest was off to

prison to serve a decade at 85 percent time. I want to do more, and I hope I am doing it now. I was a typical man, one enthralled by his own success, (a success quickly fading) and yet a man with problems. Many people when they are down start using drugs and alcohol as an escape. As for me, my thinking became corrupt, and I began to think more evil. I was becoming like my supposable friend Satan Todd Jessie Garton I followed well. He spent two years enjoying destroying my life before my fall which led to prison. I had written here back all those years ago sometime between 1998-2000, that my life had been headed for a huge tailspin. Once something is done, in some cases reversal is impossible. If, however, you see someone off into the same path of destruction I was on I encourage you to steer them back on track. I recall a few people on the same path just like I was before jail. They too were convince that it was too late to change from their past. Friends back where I was before I came to jail, I was making minimum wages at a molding factory. I was just barely staying above financial water. Having had to declare bankruptcy two years before because an accident my evil crime partner Todd Jessie Garton purposely caused drove me into a financial hard place. I know what it is like to be in want. I have not had to go hungry, but I do recall having to figure out where money would come from for things I needed to survive. Times were tough and they are much tougher now. For me when I was down and out, it was hard because I did not want to admit it. I had too much pride to sink into the fact that my old life just wasn't working out. I felt if I accepted a handout I was some sort of failure. I couldn't "belittle" myself at the time. Friends sometimes we need to relearn all that we have in order to get our lives back in order. It's hard to see how wrong a person can be if you're on the top of life. When you are down you feel you are out of solutions such is in my case now. I can see now why some people take the bait of the life of drugs, stealing, or doing wicked things as I have done. Sometimes there may seemingly be no hope or place to turn. Let me give you a place, 1-800-525-LOVE for K-love radio and they have pastors on staff. The internet web site is KLOVE.com. I hope they do not mind me giving it out.

***There are flip sides to every pancake...***

***(Wow this was obviously written during my insanity!)***

When we serve pancakes we always try to put the good side up. We don't like to see the bad side for fear of embarrassment, guilt, shame, and the fear we made a mistake. So why do we serve our pancakes with the good side up. Are we afraid to show aren't perfect, and if so why? Almost every pancake is a little darker on one side. Some are much darker than others. Occasionally you flip over the pancake to see what it looks like on the other side. Some do this before they bite into it. Others eat their pancakes without even looking. The same can be said about life. We all make mistakes. Some burn a few pancakes, some burn down the whole kitchen. (That almost happened in the last house I was living in.) It doesn't mean we can never cook again, it just means next time we need a bigger fire extinguisher. (or the fire department) We all need food for the soul. If we eat garbage we turn into garbage. There is a saying about food, "you are what you eat." It's a book sometimes I call my sword. You can use it without the devastating effects of a gun, or other weapon. Though you may not get an answer immediately, just know someone upstairs is listening. God doesn't always speak through burning bushes, earthquakes, or other ways. It's that still small voice that

God gets his message across. I hope this did the job. Usually that is the voice that people hear, after all when your eardrums are shattered what can you do?  
**AMEN...**

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