

# Stop The Violence

by Unnamed, or now by the name of:

Dale Lee Gordon at:

[www.dalegordon.net](http://www.dalegordon.net)

I used to think so low of myself I blotted out my own name. Even on the books I wrote I later went back to blot out my name.

Now that I learned I can look in the mirror again; my name is Dale Lee Gordon.

Years ago back in 1998 I was convicted of heinous crime. I'm deeply ashamed of what I did. I was into the world, a full-blown atheist and a fool as the Bible defines it. I was a man with the guns who cared for no one. I have a story to tell about this fool headed for hell. It was the stupid crime for no reason a foolish time in a silly season. My life was a mess my crime take a guess, it was the devil whose paths weren't level. Through the Almighty God I survived, through my words I hope this speech comes alive. It's really not cool to live life as a fool, to pack a gun living life on the run. It's a real bad thing to find fame in the wrong way. Everything seems well and fine, such as stupid life of crime. All seems well then you see yourself in the newspaper headed for prison's hell. What hurts so much is being convicted of the worst part of the crime. Your evil satanic crime mate Todd Jessie Garton, the one full of hate lied. I would hope you'd see the folly of conspiracy. Too many people were involved in one crime. What I did not know was Todd Jessie Garton dropped a dime. He killed his wife Carole Ann Garton and his unborn child Jessie James Garton. I had no idea how someone could be so cruel? All that man did was hate. He hated me, but I was too blind to see. He tried to make me go down for his own crime, so what I told the truth to set me free I dropped the dime. So if he's condemned for hell I don't care God is not a killer as well for God is fair.

So here I sit at night!

It's a sad day when all I can look forward to is to be beat to death. You want to die. You want your lungs to suck the last breath. Dying is harder than you think! One verse in the Bible rings in my head like a bell. Matthew 24:13 "But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." The truth stares you in the face; you can just lie down and die. You want to! You keep telling yourself, "I don't want to wake up in the morning." You wake yourself. Then the same brick walls stare you in the face. The

fluorescent light hums at a constant 45 dB at 60 Hz. You don't notice it much in the day but you hear it at night. It's a continual reminder that I'm still here. A good 300 pounds of steel, that is the bed frame, keeps you safely tucked away at night. A huge monstrous behemoth would have a hard time breaking through the cell. Sad enough to say you ain't going anywhere. A mirror stares you in the face to let you know it really is you. Some days you want to cry other days you want to go ballistic. You want to vent your anger on what? A brick wall; I've tried it many times. It makes your knuckles bleed. You can

kick your sink and scream some curse words. The strong sink won't dent in, but you might upset the neighbors. Before you know it you're venting anger on another person. Curse words fly out like a heathen. (Or drunken Marine, which certainly never pointed to me.) Proverbs 16 comes to mind: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh city." You realize once again I have sinned. Crying out to God saying, "Father forgive me for my sins!" Other people look at you saying to themselves, "is this the guy who studies the Bible?" You feel lower than low. Will I ever be worthy of the kingdom of God I wonder what should I do, I study hard, in Christian stuff? Does anyone care? I realize I'm going nowhere. Court has gone all wrong. "Correctional Institution," more like, "punishment facility?!" You wake up to another day in the Devil's paradise. God's earth is out there only you can't be there. Outside the jail window you see people having fun and enjoying life, only I was too stupid to have a life. Now I'm jammed up in some little spot. Heck I haven't touched the ground in over two years. I don't know when or if I will ever again. I've done all I can. People haven't come through. Looking back there really wasn't much they could do. I spin circles walking laps every day pondering a new plan. All the other plans had failed. If I didn't have hope I'd self-destruct. I always kept hope I would be in heaven though to be honest I did not think I would ever finish my prison sentence. I had hope my former girlfriend would wait for me. She wanted children and who could blame her for leaving me. Not only could I not give her the children she wanted, I had a vasectomy through the previous girlfriend, but I was a man of shame and would never be successful ever again. So what hope? God gave me some talents. I can draw a real well. I kicked out a few drawings. Pencils are now a security risk. The guard walked through and saw my pictures how I just started a new one. He took all my pencils. I had to sit there and take it. I ripped up the picture I started in front of the guard and threw it away. It broke my heart. Sure I have treasure in heaven. What do I have now? There is a crummy thing they call an ink pen if you could call it that. It's in a ink tube inside of vinyl a tube. You write about 25 pages and starts going dead. My artwork is over. My other talent I can design a highly complex things in my head. How about an engine that gets 2000 miles per gallon? Absurd, not at all, the record is 7000 miles per gallon. Only this is an inexpensive practical modification to a car or truck big rig boat and many other engines too. Imagine a world even with free power fuel its vehicles unlimited water and more. Am I a nut, yes...! I spent four years in the Marine Corps. I sent them everything. They didn't even respond though I have even newer and better designs now. Many years later as I am editing this writing in May 2013 I found out that Stanley Meyers created an extremely efficient engine that runs on water. My engine designs are somewhat obsolete. I found out why the government was not interested in my designs because they don't want efficient engines because they make more money selling fuel and destroying our planet.

I read Merlin Carother's, "Prison to Praise" book. I took his advice and thanked God for everything. Nothing seemed to work. Later I cursed it all away once again. (Many years later I now that I am out of prison I realize it is good to thank God for everything. I learned to thank God for prison and now I am learning to thank God for all the spoilers including Brock Dale Bernstein for robbing all this ministry ever had. I realize prison was a blessing so I would learn the Bible and share this great testimony with everyone I can. I realize the money lost was a blessing because I would have gotten this website out in the search engines while it was not at all edifying.)

Nothing worked from behind those walls of hell and damnation except the sickness called hate. There are new laws like 85% time. They came into effect at the wrong time. I read in the paper something to the effect our governor wants to keep real violent prisoners in prison. What can I say, people change! So I try to move on to new plan. What is it? I continue to write Christian writings and read the Bible. I'm burned out and want something new yet I lack the choices. So I sit here at night staring at the concrete floor. I thought about sending a petition to God. I gave up praying for myself. (You should always pray for yourself as well as others. I had to wait till long after prison to realize that though.) Sure if I'm sick or in bed, my hand hurts, because I'm writing things Satan doesn't want me to say, I will rebuke the infirmity in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I'm used to being alone now. Before I came here I had a love. It's destroyed now. A 10year sentence killed things real good. I write her at least three times a month. I haven't gotten a response in almost a year. (I wrote her several times a month all throughout my eight year seven month prison sentence. I never gave up hope until she finally slammed me with a hate letter in the eighth year sentence of my prison term. God finally had to tell me she was gone in the behavioral center in March 2007 in dreams. I always kept the hope up because without hope I'd fall apart.

Sometimes though it was hard to give up hope I thank my lady friend crime partner Lynn Noyes for being a friend when I needed one. I later found out that while in jail she was backstabbing me by writing Todd Jessie Garton. Lynn Noyes still loved Todd Jessie Garton. I think she just wanted to go home. She talked about withdrawing her plea bargain. It's hard for us to say you're guilty when some of the crimes you didn't commit. I got blamed of things I never committed, but I left it all in the hands of God and didn't worry about it. They said I communicated on the computer which I never did. I never even knew how to do that. Certain people thought they knew more than they did. Well they were wrong. They... (The rest of this file was lost in the shuffle and I do not know where it went. Sorry!)

<http://www.dalegordon.net>

<http://www.toddgarton.com>

<http://www.dalegordon.org>

<http://www.doesgodloveme.org>