

Stop the Violence

By Unnamed- I used to never use my own name because I hated myself...

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Paroled January 28th 2007

Written especially for public schools in loving memory of Carole Ann Garton, and her unborn son Jessie James Garton.

Stop The Violence is a program to keep kids out of trouble. Stop the Violence's primary goal is to keep future generations out of jail and prison's. With a reduced inmate population STV Stop the Violence will cost tax payers less. Schools would have more money for education which will help students in society. To me it just makes more sense to hire more teachers than to build more jails and prisons. We have a choice. We can end this nightmare. Perhaps new schools will be built and our jail and prison and systems will collect dust and tumbleweeds. Make them a museum, or shut the doors for ever. Perhaps make them homes for low income families. If things continue then this system will continue to ruin our society. We have taken God out of our schools, military, courtrooms, government and about everywhere else and so we are experiencing all these problems in society. Right now our nation is under judgment and refuses to repent. Because of this we have horrible leadership that is ruining our economy, taking away our rights and has a whole lot worse plans up their sleeves.

I am not a great person, but the programs I have worked extremely hard on I think are great. My plan is to do this program all over the United States of America, and other countries as well. (I just Googled and Binged "Todd Jessie Garton" and my website <http://stopschoolviolence.homestead.com/> comes up on the first page along with Robert Scott's book "Kill or be Killed." I am making headway as far as getting Stop the Violence out there to the world. I hope to see more full churches and empty jail and prison cells someday. These websites are written for children and for adults. This website is an oasis of help among a lot of junk written for children and parents to work out problems together. There are many more works to be done in the future. Thank you,

Sincerely,

Dale Lee Gordon

Thought's from a Holding Cell?

Here I sit locked up in a cell with only my mind for several hours. This was just the beginning. Later I would be in similar cells for days and even weeks. While in these cells you have lots of time to think. Many times I did not even have a Bible. Now I know what a dog in a cage feels like. What happened to my life I wonder? Thoughts race through my mind and you cannot shut your mind down. You ponder many things in life. What happened to the old life, and where did I go so wrong? You think many things. There are what I call the shoulda, woulda, coulda's. These are the thoughts that haunt you. You know you failed and there is nothing you can do about it now. So you just sit here and think. That is all you can do. What is worse is when in you have a cellmate that hates you. You are stuck with a person that even under the best of circumstances it

is hard to get along. The life you once enjoyed is now gone. Thoughts race through my mind. Will I ever be with my ex-girlfriend or not. (She dumped me within weeks of going to jail.) How about my parents' boat they won, can I ever get to enjoy it. (I finally did and it was a lot of fun.) Though I wrote the X girlfriend continually I received nothing in return. As for me I wrote anyways. I was not going to give up or bail out of a "wonderful" Christian relationship with her, but no matter how hard I tried she got married. You cannot imagine the pain, rejection, and brokenness I felt. Still I could not believe that the worst had happened. I got dumped and it hurt like you cannot imagine. In a rubber room, insane and completely out of my mind, I see words written in milk on the wall. They are, "I was just trying to kill myself." I cannot recall if I was hallucinating or not, but all of the scratches and scribbles, and what I thought were pictures induced insanity even worse. I recall a trip to hell. When I got to the lowest of abyss of hell Stalin and Hitler came to my cell. They had a silver can in their hands. They dumped it out looking for the keys of hell and death, but they no longer had them. Thank God! In another vision I saw my crime partner Todd Jessie Garton in chains being escorted before The Judge which I saw as Jesus. Sometime later I saw him walk back by. He was very unhappy. Todd Jessie Garton knew he was going to hell. That vision was crystal clear. Now that I have done my time I looked at other people who are doing time. Many people go on missions to help others, building churches, ministering, rebuilding lives, and spreading a message of love. Many of these people give up so much. It's mainly the riches of our society. They go to live in the dirt along with native people. In doing so, we can learn about love. My ex-girlfriend unselfishly helped orphans in Ukraine. Though I talk a lot about her in my writings, it just goes to show you the things that we love the most, we can lose so easily. I really had plans to run these ministries with her. These thoughts raced through my mind more painful then you can possibly imagine. Looking back I realize that these thoughts in my mind were idolatry. I loved her more then I loved God and that was wrong!

I recall one time I kept her vehicle too long for some reason. Anyhow I knew I was late and she could not get to her language teacher for one on one session. I felt so bad I spent my last few dollars on things for her car. On my mission to prison I worked very, very, very hard. I started my writings even before I ever went to jail. I had even began to read the Bible before that. The problem was I was just out of time and my "silly season" had ended. "Silly seasons," as I call them are the times while we are playing the prodigal, foolish, vida del loco, or the dope slinging days. Sooner or later these days, the good old days, will catch up with you. You may be well off for a while until the devil retracts his golden hand. I call it golden hand because he tries to offer you all the things you think you need. Just as in the movie "Needful Things," we later find out those things were not so needed. I know what I need, and all along He, LORD Jesus, was there in those cells with me. Sadly the author of the Bible has been removed from schools, and replaced with the violence, drugs, and pernicious relationships that so often end with unwanted pregnancies. Abstinence is not always easy, and though we make mistakes in the past as I have done, we can rewind the clock and have forgiveness as if we had never sinned. I had planned to wait till marriage, but at the age of 19 in the Philippines that plan failed. After that it was all downhill from there on. You will feel so much better waiting till marriage. Planned pregnancies and children that you want are better than the unwanted. Years ago perhaps in 1998, I wrote that I could give up the old life and spread a

message of love. Sometimes we have to give something up. I do not feel I was being punished but rather enlightened. I am where I am needed the most, and that is a place to learn. It is now my turn to give back to the world. My sword, my weapon of choice is a King James 1611 holy Bible, with Strong's Exhaustive Concordance (now Strongest Strong's). I also read from the Geneva, Bishops, and Wycliff. I have also recently gained an interest in the Septuagint Bible. Written years ago I said, "I know His sword will protect me." I used what I had often just my mind in a holding cell with nothing at all only memories. These my friends were thoughts from a holding cell.

Gangs

We have gangs because we have powerful adversaries, or so we think. Rather I have one powerful friend. He died for me 2000 years ago and gave me faith, hope, and love. I'd like to introduce Him to you. His name is LORD Jesus Christ. As a gang member, much like the old me I had to have several guns. They could however, not save my soul. I have found ancient Hebrew words are much more intimidating than any physical weapon I ever carried. I now possess a greater weapon and that is what I learned in my studies in jail and in prison.

In the United States Marines we were taught rules of engagement for example fire control. We were to put limiters on our firing patterns so that two Marines would not fire at the same enemy. What is there on the streets? Save one bullet for yourself or so it seems. That was my plan it was a police assisted suicide. I was tired of living and I did not care anymore. When a gang member is killed, don't we want revenge? Revenge leads to more blood and where does the fighting end? All we create in the end is more pain!

The Awakening!

We live our lives in the fast lane.

Driving around in steel chariots rulers of the road we are insane.

Alcohol and drugs won't affect us when we drive?

Then we smash into another car killing everyone but we're still alive.

We lived our lives hard, thinking we will never die.

When we're in trouble these walls don't tell a lie.

Where did we go, what did we do?

All we have are memories of the past our whole life for it's through.

Read this if you still think stop the violence should stop:

Death it's real and you may not want to read this!!!

You don't understand it until you see it. I never saw death close-up as I had seen my friend Carole Ann Garton. It's a site that will forever be etched into my mind. I wished not to speak of it, but people need to know of it. You can see it on TV or and the movies. It is one thing to see death, but it is something else to see the destruction of a human being especially someone you care about. There was blood stained hair spread out on the floor.

Her right eye was blue and I did not know why? Her belly was swollen with a lifeless baby. I knew even if she could be saved the baby could not. I did not know the extent of her bodily damages. Her body was limp and motionless. It's one thing to see an animal die, but it's a harder to see one of your own kind or worse yet someone you care about.

I cannot say it enough violence has to stop!!!

(Psa 7:11) God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry *with the wicked* every day.

I'm dreaming of the out doors

I feel the air in my face I smell the flowers. I looked at my imaginary wife's hair blowing in the wind. Thinking perhaps someday I will be married; that was if I survived prison. In the distance I see clouds on the horizon and the sun is setting. Everything is so beautiful and peaceful. Then smelling something of a foul odor and a toilet flushing I

wake up remembering I am incarcerated.

Friends though you may be thinking well jail and prison cannot be so bad, think again. I used to think about a lot of things to help pass the time. I thought of anger, rage, revenge, and lost love. Thank God I was locked up for so long because it gave me time to think these thoughts out of my mind. In addition to the negative thoughts I also thought peaceful thoughts. They were of heaven, and heavenly things. I thought of all I would do in heaven. I tried to think of the love, peace, joy, faith, and knew somehow there was hope.

Scroll Down my version of Word 7 I paid over a hundred dollars is not working. Thank you Bill Gates.

Meth Equals Death!

About this poem: Though it sounds harsh it is written mainly for people who are thinking about the life of drugs. I can honestly say the only drug I ever used was alcohol and Jesus cured me from it. I have been sober for a decade now. Please bear with me. In this poem I am not trying to insult you, rather let you know you are loved. It is the reality of life and I don't paint pretty pictures on the Devil's candy. No one needs it, especially innocent children. This poem may sound abrasive, and perhaps it is, but I want you to know there is a way out and that is through Jesus Christ my LORD and Savior.

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 prostitute.

I am your love, for there is no substitute.

You can go crazy like a mad man; you don't need sleep any more.

At the party you won't be a bore?

Speed is more than a diet eating you can lose so much weight.

You will 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 tried?

To how many people have you told lies?

Do the drugs sound and alarm?

Have you ever considered the harm?

What about the track marks on your arm?

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 friend's now that you're behind the bars?

Look down at your track marks, hair loss, sunken eyes, the battle scars!

I've read your stories and poetry, you study, I know you want a new life.

I've seen you back and forth in jail, please change, why all the strife?

Here in jail all there is, is caffeine just the only high.

Not much sugar to get you by.

When medication rounds come perhaps you get drugs, but why?

I'm sorry to say this for many, when you get out you light up and go to the 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 or you will to be in the need.

Perhaps it's acid, or heroine, or some other drug!

Come on and use me, it gives you a little tug!

Your body you think is like steel, will it ever give way?

Needles, unprotected sex, in the end prison doesn't pay!

Could there be a child there?

I've heard the stories, children understand, believe me they care!

When you're in jail the children are taken away, of this are you aware?

On speed you tend to forget about things like protection.

When high, do you have a care, or is this your own direction?

In prison's mirror yes that is your reflection!

Sure when you're on speed you'll have a few friends.

When you're headed for prison all the friendship quickly ends.

The speed will be waiting for you when you get out of the pen.

I pray you will get off, so the drugs don't win.

This child looks up at his parents, "please don't get high once again!" Is this the pattern to show the child it's okay to live in sin? Were the drugs more important? He was a great kid in school. He had decent parents and a good home. He had a 4.0 grade average, but then something bad happened? Yes you guessed it, it was the drugs. In the process he was permanently expelled in his senior year. Yes the drugs were more important than school. He is only 28 years old but on his way to the pen, that's prison for short. Drugs are a business and drugs were his business. He was all set up, that is until he stole a car. He got into a high-speed chase. Well you guessed it he got caught. He's going to do three years in prison now. His girlfriend has his child. He wants out, but he can't have it. The drugs put him away. Now he wants to get serious, but who knows

what will happen? I hope things work out but I don't know? Three years is a long time! In prison many bad things can happen. My advice to you is don't carry the gun, use or sell drugs, or get into any type of crime. If you can find a good Bible-based church, that would be great. Finish high school, and live a good righteous life.

Scroll Down Bill Gates wonderful program is not working today....

Today's log December 6, 2007 (edited once again June 4, 2013)

Today someone went off the deep end of life perhaps trying to go back to prison. He slit our cat's throat nearly killing it. We all loved our cat. Sometimes though that is the way things go in people's lives that have no love. It's very sad, and I get very discouraged sometimes. It's like when you spend hours cleaning and someone else comes up behind you and destroys everything you work for. I get tired of cleaning up other people's messes. Life can be very frustrating at times. The little voice in my head continually tells me, "we press on." Things like this, and other things, can really wear away at the spirit. As if things were not already bad enough, someone comes along and throws a stick in your spokes. Once again, we crash to another low level. It's just like when Todd Jessie Garton made me go to Portland, Oregon with him on the most terrible trip of my life. I was very confused, hurting, and needing my Savior, but Todd Jessie Garton made it too hard for me to find. I was too blinded by Satan's lies. Today the man who nearly killed the cat, got fooled by the devil too.

<http://www.dalegordon.org>