

A Letter of the Past.

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I remember being sent to bed one night after a little while I had to go to the bathroom. On my way back I was met by father, in the dining room. He cornered me against the wall after 3 or 4 backhands to the face, knocking me up against the wall said "I told you to go to bed." the only thing I could do is look at him in disbelief. Then he said wipe that look of your face.

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The first traumatic memory is the family reunion trip when I was 10ish. After we had arrived everyone took off in different direction; my oldest brother went with those to old for me. The younger were with mothers and I was left alone with Dad. I thought I'd see what my older sister was doing, but she wanted me to leave her alone and complained to Dad. He then suggested—that would end up in disgrace and ridicule for me—to her and a cousin to paint my toes. This was one of the most painful incidents I can think of, I was ever after reminded/brutally teased, ridiculed, tormented, it then became a method of control/punishment by embarrassment.

My Aunt, the pressing force behind my mother, molded her nieces after her. She claimed that she had been molested-raped by her father. Her brother did not believe her and mother never exhibited favor for her claim. Aunty has never accepted scripture or obedient to them. This she passed on to mother daughters. She has stated not to talk about her family or the Bible with her for she does not like male authority of any kind, and uses any means to destroy all bonds relationships of anyone that may have influence over her property of people. As she did to my mothers marriage, and a sister and tried in mine. What she has sown she will also reap.

Our fathers past. He was raised in a abusive home. His father was wanted by the FBI and featured in a most wanted radio announcement, for which he had received ridicule from classmates. Coupled with his home life, beaten with a dog chain, compelled to support his mothers boyfriend he left home.

The final straw. I had witnessed several verbal fights that escalated into physical contact. They had fallen apart from an intimate relationship, she'd refuse his attentions. Yet one day I had done something that mother didn't like. She took me to the bathroom where father was. He needs a spanking. Father said ok and mother shut the door. He took off his belt and said yell ow. He then hit his wooden leg with the belt and I yelled. The third time mother opened the door to see, and turned away. This was the beginning of her abuse to me. She so crushed out any life of father, We had grown up with him playing Piano, guitar, harmonica, all this disappeared. She had made him give up.

After father had left we started hearing stories from mother of how father had tried to have his brother's wife and when she would not comply he urinated all over her bathroom. We were told the main reason for the divorce was that he had molested my younger sister. That he had tried to force his brother's sister, and when she refused urinated on her bathroom walls—I asked our aunt she said it didn't happen.

Mother's anger towards me, was at times physical, but mostly the mental abuse was the cruelest. One day this was wrong, another that was, nothing was right, total confusion. She used the incidents of toe painting, lemons, and vinegar, anything to tear down my self worth. This she passed on to my siblings. I was abandoned again by her. I'd sit for hours in my room, when she would take other siblings out I was not. She'd sit with them on the couch holding hands, with me she did not. She'd use classmates as a tool for punishment and revenge. This was passed on to my sisters.

Our mother's past. She had been raised the baby. Her father had educated her to argue/debate, which at times would drive our grandmother out of the house. This mother used on father and me. **My siblings have not departed from the sins of our mother, She used false accusation to gain support and deceive other people into her hatred, to inflict mental and social abuse as a group on those she could not influence into her control.**

As I tried to bond with mother, I'd ask where are you going "she'd reply "to hell if I don't change my ways," or "you writing a book." I'd ask if there was anything she needed that I could do, "I need that like I need a whole in my head." She'd sit inside with curtains closed.

I had shut down. Mentally I could not function. I used pot and other drugs to cope. I was isolated. Until enough time had passed that I could start to think, breathe. Yet here came "get out," "get a job," from her and other family members. Relatives looked down on me, as well as neighbors. I had no training in the socials

of society because of the isolation. I could not *treat* people *humanely* because I was not.

The Change of Thinking.

Morality. My only source of morality and stability came from the Bible. In reading those events is where I could finally see my course, it was then I deeply repented and my life changed. Yet my mother and siblings instead of my past behavior now became worried, “you freaked us out,” “you worried us,” I would hear later. My new course of morality was to them fearful, it is now the source of their hatred, the reason they now attack my past as well. Yet when one considers our raising catholic, and all the manifest child abuse cases, the theology that breeds it. How can they fault me without an indite of their course, and their religion. I have gotten out they are still in! An Older catholic relative said these children should say nothing and that I shouldn’t. Why would not this be her advice to my siblings! Why should they get their say and not me. This is a violation of basic human rights. My siblings believe that they will never let me forget, and everyone should know, I should feel their wrath, and of my experience no one should know. Theirs is all that matters, mine does not. I can assure them I’ll never forget, mine or theirs.

My Life was taken from me. I was abused abandoned-neglected for years. No wonder my course. I had no life as a child, but of ridicule. I could muster no interest in anything for years. When I did it was used as a means of punishment, this and other things here described led me to give up. When I became an supposed adult, of age, I was not prepared. I bore the brunt of their dysfunctional marriage and their hatred of each other was directed at me. I WAS DEAD from the time I was 10 to the time I read the Bible. I have apologized for what I did and could not understand was wrong. It has fallen on deaf ears. I have tried reaching out and have been ostracized from family and friends. May God deliver me from this disaster which I neither deserve nor wanted.

It was at this time forces were at work that would work to latter force me away from the Bible and the 7th day adventist church. All stripped away.

Some have said, “well they (your parents) clothed you, housed you, feed you, sent you to school, loved you.” I submit all of these you can get in prison. As to “love,” is one as described able to give their child love? Kind compassionate nurturing, parental, that children desperately need: NO! They are barely able to function themselves. Until recently I had not had come to these conclusions. As a result of these experiences I/we chose not to have children.

The Last chapter.

By the time I had read the Bible 5 times I was convinced to be baptized. I made arrangements in Illinois for it. From that time forward I had worked very hard to keep His commandments, yet beginning my walk I stumbled. Since that time I've been hated by both the old world and the new one I had thought I was joined by the Gospel to. It has not changed but gotten worse. The message of the 3 Angels with the loud cry is one concerning Protestants and Conservatives uniting church and state. I've attacked verbally and physically, which makes me wonder for life end. It is 30 years research that you're viewing here. God has answered all my requests but one. The ability to provide for my Wife of 28 years. If the Lord be willing these details could be shared in person.

Conversion:—Ps. 119:59,60. 1Tim. 1:15-1Cor. 15:9-James 2:10,11*; Rom. 7:24; Luke 6:22*,31; Ps. 22:6; Acts 3:19—Rom. 12:20; Matt 5:11*,44,46. 1John 3:15

Father driving to NG meeting accident.

Note: Why did I stay until I was 30 if I was abused? I moved out twice—why did mother let me stay if I slapped and kicked her and didn't call the police. Why did Karlein say. Just a few years ago her story was abused now it's changed to rape. Then it was she told mother, then I asked why didn't mother call the police. Now she told mother just before her death. Ps. 50:19-21;69:8,9;101:5*;2Tim. 3:3;Luke 17:10;Prov. 8:13;10:18;11:22;14:4;*

The evidence of their lie is; they told everyone I raped Karlein but didn't tell mother until her death. Mother accused father of molestation, physical abuse, and she took legal action. Had she believed them or had I "slap and kicked her" she'd well called the police. Therefore she didn't believe them.

As one experiences conversion they take responsibility for more than they've done—Luke 19:8; Romans 7:24;1Tim1:15;

Prov. 6:16 These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him: 17 A proud look, **a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood,** 18 **An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief,** 19 **A false witness that speaketh lies,** and he that soweth discord among brethren.

Prov. 11:9 An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour: but through

knowledge shall the just be delivered.

Rev. 21:27 And ***there shall in no wise enter*** into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, ***or maketh a lie:*** but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. . . . 22:14 Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may ***enter in*** through the gates into the city. 15 ***For without*** . . . whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

Exo. 23:1 Thou shalt not ***raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness.*** 2 Thou shalt ***not follow a multitude*** to do evil; ***neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment:*** 3 Neither shalt thou countenance ***a poor man in his cause.***

Countenance: the face: the visage, particularly as denoting the emotions. be high or proud.

My siblings have not departed from the sins of our mother, She used false accusation to gain support and deceive other people into her hatred, to inflict mental and social abuse on those she could not influence into her control.

Ps. 50:20 Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son. Before I read the Bible I was the product of our mother—like they still are and are no better, their abusive just as she was.

Carl Jung “Nothing has a stronger influence on a child than the un-lived life of a parent.”

Parental alienation Alec baldwin— <https://youtu.be/u38LzlYp78k>

21:40 don't leave abuser:—<https://youtu.be/ZkuHw5bEDzE>

Pathogenic Parenting—<https://youtu.be/ezBJ3954mKw>

13:50 Narcissist, 28:01—mother, 31:35 inducement of child to victimized, 39:48 the real plan. 41:14 how it works. 48:00 symptoms, 59:20 Parent reenacts trauma in the child. 1:06:50 stunned response. 1:16:12 grief response. 1:21:18 developmental child abuse. 1:23:08 victimization is possible when. 1:24:08 mother refused to go to therapy and forced father and me. 1:36:19 kaotic, angry rage. 1:39:09 adult treatment.

PAS Documentary— <https://youtu.be/cYV8GBrJv9k>

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When my older brother died, my parents returned from the hospital, I tried reaching out to my father who would not respond. Things became worse. Later I heard why, our parents were wanting a divorce and my brother talked them into staying together until the children were grown. Father gave little interaction with me.

My father said a number of times to me "you have pretty legs for a boy." He told me dirty Jokes like Marylou, peddling her a** over town, town pump. He'd take baths with the door open in front of us. Would sit with his pants open in the living room, or in a large towel and nothing else. Mother would use the toilet with an open door. I asked him if I did a good job and he'd reply, "there's two kinds of good, good for nothing and no good, which are you." I remember one overnight trip he took me on with his friend Stew, they had a conversation that as other things here described,

made me ashamed, about intercourse, the functioning of it. I had been playing with my deceased brothers football when father asked me to do something. Upon returning my younger brother had it, I took it back. when he started crying father came in and picked me up by my hair. I remember playing my father a game of pool, mother was there. He was inebriated, loosing and to prevent this when I'd go to shoot he'd take the end of his cue and forcefully place it so far up my behind it hurt. When I complained he quit playing in anger. On our way to a National Guard meeting in a heavy rain, he'd been tailgating someone in the left lane, until they brake checked him. We were so close he lost control ending up in the ditch. All the glass jars came forward and broke, neither of us were injured but I was scared.

Until one day. Prior to the divorce, I had gone up to my room. He had slept in. As I past by on my way back down He had changed position on the bed and was now masturbating in front of me. I turned and went down the stairs and out the door.

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Show your support and send a friend request. Or send this to friends of friends.

Butch died July 3rd 1973.