

OUTLAW

He was born to a couple of Arkansas hillbillies, transplanted to St. Louis after the war. She left him because of abuse to the baby. We know why he drank that way; he drove an ambulance in the heat of the war.

A gifted child, raised by a kind Christian stepfather, the boy shined with a light, showing no sign of the damage previously done. The school recognized, nurtured and challenged the light to shine. Life was good, the family prospered, they moved to the country when he was a few months into the third grade.

The new teacher was retired from the State Reform School for girls and this wise little guy was nothing but a show-off to be taken down. The day she stood him in front of the class and made him chew paper until he could stuff no more in his mouth, with tears rolling down his cheeks he saw the class and the girl of his dreams laughing, the light went out.

The change was gradual but definitely negative. You want to play tough, all that potential could play tough very well. Riding on basic intelligence, he almost made it through high school, but was told to quit or finish it in the State Reform School.

Uncle Sam's Misguided Children never applied more appropriately. He could be a star again in the Marine Corp, where toughness counted for something. He excelled through boot camp, seldom out done in physical or academic tests. Seven days short of one year, he was discharged as unsuitable to a military way of life due to aggressive behavior patterns and a rebellion against authority complex.

Naturally he settled to the negative side of society, potential and attitude took him to the extreme. The first felony conviction, robbery, the one thing that would not have happened if given the proverbial chance to undo a thing, proves the two sides to a coin theory. An end and a beginning at the same point.

Afraid and confused, the despair of a jail cell and prison sure to follow. Becoming intimate with the cell, as one will over time, in a hiding place he found this rhyme.

There is magic in believing
Let us keep our faith aglow
The tomorrow we're awaiting
May be closer than we know.

There is magic in believing
Let us walk in humble trust
The shadows cannot linger
Dawn is near and come it must.

The sun a constant miracle
Has never failed to rise
Impossible is not word
That God would recognize

The light switched back on. Again the change was gradual, one step forward two back, but definitely positive in direction.

It was easy to stay on the negative side of society, with a positive and loving attitude in the '70's,"sex, drugs and rock & roll. That and the Mark of Cain, a felony conviction, allowed for a lifestyle that was questionable as to being positive. Two more felonies, number two, possession of LSD and number three, possession of cocaine came easily. The latter conviction gave him a home in prison for the entire thirtieth year of life, a time for the assessment of accomplishment and worth. The tally was not good, soul searching prayer inspired him to write;

I've lived a life that has been full of pain misery and grief,
I've spent a life in constant searching, now I've found relief.
From within a place that's full of sickness, a light came shinning through,
From amid dark thoughts and ignorance, I've found a thought so true.
The rich mans high, the junkies need of real life they're no part,
The life of highs of drink and smoke is lacking of the heart.
To realize all the time I've wasted and to want a better day
Has brought me to the point in life, I put it all away.

Upon release, he went to work in construction as a laborer. After two years, he was supervising major projects. After five years, he had made another man very wealthy and started his own business.

Had he a business mentality, he would have become rich. But, he did top quality work at bargain prices, he made people happy, he was happy.

He built a martial arts studio for a retired government agent, who began a bodyguard-training academy. They became friends, he went through the academy and all of the state sanctioned training for private investigators and armed security guards. He was licensed by the state as a private investigator and armed security guard.

The federal firearms purchasing form asks if there is a felony conviction and will not allow the purchase if answered yes. He was in the process of applying for pardons for his convictions when he went to a federal firearms dealer. He explained his situation and asked if a girlfriend could purchase a pistol for him.

"Yeah, sure, no problem", said the dealer, "I'll order it now".

He never saw the pistol the day he went to pick up. He did meet 7 BATF agents who said they would take care of it, it had come across state lines and federal law says a convicted felon can't have it. With his signed statement, the whole truth and nothing but, the agents left saying, "there may be charges, but if you don't hear from us within six months or so you can forget about it".

Six months, a year...two years and more forgotten. Life is good, business is doing very well, a happy bachelor with the only traces of a previous life an affection for marijuana and magic mushrooms. A lady left his high-rise apartment and fell asleep sitting in the entry lobby. He did not know she used crack cocaine. Building security approached her, she made a comment and continued sleeping. The police were called, she was drunk and disorderly, a crack pipe in her possession. She had already named him, justifying her being in the building.

A quick check of his record, a cooperative magistrate and in less than 24 hours a search warrant for crack cocaine and/or any thing to do with its sales or distribution was served. Of course they found nothing except a little marijuana and a few magic mushrooms. The search warrant was upheld and they convicted, simple possession of mushrooms, felony number four. He was sentenced to probation with urinalysis tests to insure no more pot Smoking. The prosecutor wanted jail time, but had to settle for a city ordinance charging the management of his apartment home of eight years with housing a public nuisance. He was evicted.

Needles to say, the man was upset. Prayer and the belief in moving forward positively brought the answer. Start over. He had a dream of being a SCUBA instructor on a tropical island. He sold his business and all his personal belonging. All that he had left would fit into a mid size automobile.

His possessions were stored at a friend's house the day he went back to court. He told the judge he would not do the probation, put him in jail. When they let him go, he was heading to Florida to become a SCUBA instructor.

The judge was impressed, he had been afraid of letting a drug dealer go or he would have squashed the search warrant. The probation was amended, without supervision, the only condition being that the defendant leave and not return to live in the state of Virginia.

Free to go onward, life is good. A PADI five star career development center in West Palm Beach, gold instructor course completed, hired immediately by the school, three students certified. Then a knock on the door at 6:00 am, enter BATF with a warrant for his arrest, possession of a firearm by a convicted felon, three years past.

He was taken back to Virginia, convicted and sentenced to thirty-three months in federal prison, with three years mandatory supervision to follow.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, a brand new federal prison, with brand new case managers for the inmates. His case manager decided he should do the mandatory supervision (parole) in Virginia. The mistake was not in line with Bureau of Prisons or Bureau of Pardons and Parole policy and was against statutory law.

The Bureau of Prisons employees have a brotherhood with the creed "we do not make mistakes". He went through every process of administrative remedy. He personally petitioned every official, every answer...."No mistake".

His last hope was a letter. He stated the facts, quoted policy statements that applied to the situation and cited law to prevent what was being done to him. He said he would not go to Virginia and should not be released from prison with that as a condition.

The letter was made a legal affidavit, subjecting him to perjury if any statement was false. Copies were sent certified mail to everyone in the chain of command up to and including the Attorney General of the United States, Janet Reno.

The answer? No mistake.

He was put out of prison with 72 hours to report in Virginia. Though his history is not One to be used as a role model, he is a man of his word. A warrant was issued which will return him to prison for up to three years.

Alternative? Exile.

Whether it was a mental disorder or justifiable self-preservation, he was compelled to accept the alternative. He is unable to establish residency any where in the world without a letter from the officials of the homeland. He has discovered that you cannot build a life without a place to stand.....when you are a man without a country, an outlaw.

I wrote this story about two years after the end of it. It was the beginning of putting my shattered self-esteem back together.

At the end of the story I came to Bonaire. Why, how and what were running relays around my mind for the two years before I figured out to write it down so I could study it. When I started getting things in order was when I got BLitTeRed. www.BLTR.org

I lived here almost five years on 90 day visas for US citizens. Go and come back overnight, another 90 days, I went to Caracas, Venezuela or Aruba, the cheapest flight.

The US fell from grace when the Bushite monster started flexing its tentacles around the world and they took away the 90 day visa. Immigration snatched me up and gave me two weeks to pack it and get off the island; I could come back for two weeks after six months. That my whole life was on Bonaire made no difference to them. My adventure continues, but not their way this time.

I went to a lawyer, not the ordinary kind. This guy had nearly killed himself with a public hunger strike in protest of the conditions of the jail. He's real big on human rights and he agreed that they weren't being fair.

They wouldn't budge. So, he knew about my situation with the US, we filed for refuge under the Amnesty Treaty and the European Compact. I have a very strong case against the Bureau of Prisons for denying due process, official documents with signatures.

Not only did we charge that the denial of due process would subject me to dehumanizing punishment but also religious persecution substantiated by my theory that Rule overrules God. Our evidence package includes the certified letter that I sent to everybody in the chain of command up to and including Janet Reno Atty. Gen. that lays out all the BOP policy statements and federal statutes that were being violated. My life story (Outlaw) and the 35,000 word thesis (The Crazy Man, The Outlaw and Dr. Tinker in The Chariot of Fire) back up the religious persecution.

Blew their mind, the opening argument is Declaration of Independence quality. It was submitted to the Lt. Governor of Bonaire, he sent it to the Minister of Justice of the Netherlands Antilles and he sent it to Holland. Holland sent it back to the Lt. Governor... "Are you nuts, amnesty from the USA". He sent it back to the Minister of Justice in January of '04, they have to beat my case in court to make me leave and nobody wants to even think about trying.

The lawyer says (probably) in a few years they'll just make me a Dutch citizen.

So, right now I'm in heaven. I don't have to go and come back, I don't report to immigration and I don't pay taxes. I do odd jobs to survive since I can't work legally.

Such is the life of Outlaw, who knows what's wrong with the world and how to fix it.