

CHAPTER ONE

Chapter

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So I take this joy I'll be offered tomorrow. And then I'll show up on a part time basis. I'll be paid the state minimum which is \$11.00/hour. I'm forty eight years old, and the woman I dated in High School is on TV with a net value of 28million dollars, but her rap sheet says she is from Texas. That's a level of dirty I live with on a day to day basis. You may think that having dated someone who makes it onto TV is something decent, and right on. It is not. I hate having to compete with lies like that. I wish simply that that was the only abnormality effecting me in this push to see my options. I have one leg. And have been persecuted religiously all my life. I've been pushed out of my life by people you listen to on you're radio, and watch in their theaters in Movies. I am alone there.

My saving grace is love, though. I may have one leg, and a

rap sheet that has mental illness in it. But that was simply the result of being persecuted religiously. Surely that will never happen again. Surely that is a thing of the past. If I could only get a fair shake when it comes to Justice.

Justice. And what I mean by that is I have a difficult time seeing a way forward to take this America and wield her to work for me, like any great capitalist has done. And I wish I could.

I wish I could wield some recipe that would get me into the works of capitalism and bringing alive my own American Dream. It must have been what I always desired underneath the religious persecution. Unfortunately, all that capitalism cannot come from me.

Not having been employed and settled in to some career for almost twenty years now. The fight is real.

And even as a religious human being, with a fair since of self, and a fair sense of now, I find it impossible to think to far down the road at this juncture with the removal of actual DNA test results that would have opened a world of wonder In the legal game when it comes to Justice.

There is a world out there in the same neighborhood where I live. In it , people listen to radio and watch TV. They do so without thought of what that is doing to them, or who is on the radio, or TV. Or who is in the songs and such.

They do so thoughtlessly. I think that pattern is having

an adverse reaction to the capabilities of America.

I hate to sound like I want to live in a Just and Fair world, but thats what I'm hoping for.

I want to have more than love, if I was to become vocal, and think that I lack possibly.

And compared to you, I bet I do lack some. But compared to others, I am not quite sure.

And what that means is that I have no career. I have been persecute religiously all my life. And unfortunately for you , you might have to spend some time seeing all of that. It's not like a car wreck where you can say that this car went over the line, and WHAM!!!!.

So for that I regretfully decline to even try and give you the fifty world explanation.

I desire you're best. I desire you're capacity to take my side, and all of you're humanity in doing so. I say that not only because it is true, but I am approaching fifty years old, and have no one worthy of saying , or calling me family, and I never had a chance to provide for a soul.

The cross is sacred in this place I now call life. The cross transcends all ways a simple person like myself, expect when it comes to what I deserve. I will die protecting you though. I will serve you, and protect you for all the days of my life. Simply be my family. In love, and marriage if need be. I can marry. I can marry In the Catholic Church for I

have not been married. But know I never had a chance and if you decide to walk into this fractured existence some, I will meet you're push with fairness and truth. And if you walk in enough, there will be me. And with me, comes love. Unless you are a person incapable of raising a child satisfactory. And even if you do not want a child, show me you have cared for those people, and still want to talk with me. I appreciate you.

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Do you know about the cross? Do you know about those who consider themselves above you, and their only work, and job in life is to kill you, and destroy all who care about you, and you're love of America?

If you do, then you surely are in the right place. It is nothing new. It is simply the result of being born somewhere. And even if that somewhere is America, there is no need to fret. I must say, that I am impressed with you're knowledge. For the cross is something not all seem to worship, but all have some crossings on in their lives.

I wonder how the cross might mean to me when I work for minimum wage. When I work at whatever job will hire me. For they are not concerned with the cross, or it's results. Or you're results defending what is yours from those who wish to take what you have away. They are not concerned with all of that. And it seems I will never discuss the cross in such places. That is unless I happened to stumble into a situation

where I can work for someone who might allow me a passion!
With you on my contact list! I can see no better, besides
these stories continuing, and maybe selling if I get around to
printing up a book. Which I may do before the next Spring.

Did I tell you how beautiful you look? How wonderful and
fresh you are, and how you make me feel the same? I love you.
And only wish I were a better man in fortune and station. But
then I would never have seen the cross, and never had the
opportunity to spend this very special love of words with you,
though you would much more desire jewels from such a man.

I will buy you Jewels. I will buy you inexpensive jewels
because you love them, and I love that you will have to
remember me when you think of them. And that is enough for me.
Just don't expect diamonds. I am sorry, I have not even a
Savings Account. And though you find my advances towards love
as something hideous. AS something I should not engage in. And
thought you say, "At least have a savings account, when talking
like that.",

Of course you may be right for some one else. Au Revoir my
love.

But I want to fit in. I want to feel like I can achieve
justice, and can get back at those who have made you an
impossible accomplishment.

Surely I am not even a tiny bit wrong for thinking such a
thing, my love? Surely I am not.

And what is to be of my desire to secure my life so that I may have the safety net that is you?

Is it only a sugar daddy you desire? Someone to be kind to you, and take you to the mall and shop? Is that you're desire?

If I tell you I desire trust. If I tell you I desire acceptance. If I tell you I need security, and will much to achieve such a venture, will you consider marriage?

For my lowness is fair. For my lowness is just. For my lowness is patriotic. For my lowness is my own sense of deliverance. Something so powerful that I as looking at GOD working around me. And not for a few seconds, or minutes, but for years. Some of that(a small amount) I can prove to you also.

I cannot imagine a tomorrow with you without this very special deliverance. But the future seems obscured with those who practice the cross at my demise. Lawless endeavors they partake of, and left humanity behind so long ago to be outlaws masquerading as some industry instead of having a capacity to neighbor.

A capacity to neighbor.

I can hold fast to the deliverance. I can make it the cornerstone of my days and nights. And yet, I would rather live the rest of my days letting you see in me a man. A man who does fair things, and will die to make sure you're needs are taken care of to the best of my abilities. Or something along those

lines.

If you say, "Do you want me to help get you back on you're feet?", I will not know what to say. For back on my feet is what?

When you say that you can afford me a part time job, or a way to move forward away from persecution, and into a live where I may share my own deliverance with you.

Now that may seem odd. And surely it is for someone who had never been crossed. But I have been crossed. And crossed in ways that has made my life what it is. But you will have love if you partake in me. If you walk into my days and nights. If you talk to those I talk to, and see who I see. Then you will be delivered to see or being in love, even if you don't see it, or feel it. That is my promise. That is where I fight the evil ones. I fight from a place of love.

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I know you're father wanted you to marry well ,and get a guy who already had a job, and the capacity to take care of you. If he is right, my love, I am not worthy of you're time. I can let you go now, for tomorrow never dies. And if such a man is what you desire. Or such a way, I will wish it for you. I will, because you are the best, and represent the highest platform of understanding from which I also came to be from. That is why I took this chance that you might care. I took the chance because I already care, and desire you simply to walk

through it all so you may one day have when right now you have not. And that is because I love you ,and desire you're everything so that one day evil will cease, and being myself means having become a citizen in this place that allows justice through law, instead of that opposite. Walk with me towards justice, and be my advocate in that walk. In that future triumph. You might even have a good time. And I will buy you wonderful things that I can afford, and nothing else.

The cross has taken from me a youth where there are memories of friends. For all had put themselves around me for the cross, and not for friendship. Willing to die for friendship is my stand. And the stand of those evil ones is for something else. Some cross which guarantees their evil goes on, while my goodness remained hidden outside my life.

And that being the only reason that now , in the midst of this deliverance, that you matter to me.

For the cross is real. It's trusted servants outlaws and weirdo's. Their power is a depth of confusion that makes this population difficult to see any difference between devil or God . And when will great things come from fair people.

Why not do we not celebrate the fair things coming from fair people? I need their lives celebrated for they are the way to truth. And not shame. For shame may be fun in social situations. Making a difference between him and me, but in truth, Shame is not celebrating fairness, which I enjoy.

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