

Scott Chally ***Believes!***



God's Holy City

An Autobiography By Scott L. Chally

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Everything in this book is true to the nature of the author's life as he lived and the beliefs of what he sees for a new world order. Only some of the names in this book have been changed to protect the identity of the individuals portrayed

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Reader's Favorite (Book Reviews and Award Contest)

Reviewed by Christian Sia for Readers' Favorite

Scott Chally Believes! by Scott Leroy Chally is an unusual autobiography that follows the ordinary life of the author from childhood until he becomes an adult. Apart from sharing his life growing up in a small town in Iowa, the author shares some of the difficult moments of his life, including being diagnosed with bipolar, a burning house, getting run over by a car, getting into trouble with the law and joining the army to participate in Desert Shield and Desert Storm.

Readers follow the author in his relationships until he meets and marries a foreign woman with whom he has seven kids. He starts a business, does odd jobs, and files for bankruptcy. But the story takes an unexpected turn when he discovers the power of the Bible. Now he must ask very important questions and the direction the Bible offers is surprising. Hence begins a journey towards peace and inner freedom, a tale of redemption and love.

While I enjoyed the narrative from the start until the protagonist turns thirty-five, it is the spiritual aspect of this autobiography, Scott Leroy Chally's quest for union with God, that sets it apart. Told with unusual candor and honesty, the story follows a man's journey from an ordinary citizen struggling with the challenges of life to finding meaning in spiritual longing. The pacing may seem slow to start but the reader can't help being curious as they follow the author from page to page. Scott Chally Believes! is as entertaining as it is inspiring.

Prologue

This autobiography of Scott Chally is extremely unique with a two-dimensional twist, you could say. It starts out innocently enough from the beginning of Scott Chally's life. It weaves in and out throughout the everyday life of a boy or a man from small-town Iowa. He ends up with situations that are considered to be stressful or of uncertain times, but he always seems to push forward in life. For the first thirty-four years of his life, it speaks of everything—from a burning house to getting run over by a car; from getting in trouble with the law to serving in the service during Desert Shield, Desert Storm; from having unique relationships to getting married to a woman of a foreign country and having seven kids; from starting a business, working odd jobs, to going bankrupt. One of the last straws for Scott before he snapped was to go to jail after a concert for public intoxication.

The story then takes a new direction after Scott Chally is thirty-five years old. When he sits down to write the IRS a hardship letter to relieve some of his ongoing debt, Scott instead picks up a Bible because of some compelling force telling him to. He opens the Bible then starts asking it questions—questions about his life and questions about what's to come. He finds it to be very amazing and amusing the reactions of what the Bible's telling him. Soon after, Scott begins writing up a New World Policy for the people of the world for freedom and peace. He gets involved so deep into the Bible that

his mind's eye is focusing on things that was written two thousand years ago. He sees it as if it is happening for today's time frame. He starts seeing visions and doing rituals of some universal test he says he has to do in order to save mankind. He is then brought to the hospital for evaluation. He is diagnosed with having bipolar/schizoaffective disorder.

The story takes you on a journey back and forth out of a mental man's mind of different tasks that he says come from God to keep the existence of mankind alive. He had to even escape from the hospital's mental ward. Scott is confused whether he is considered the antichrist or the messiah of the world. He feels he would be the antichrist if he fails the test for the world. So, you tell me! What do you think—is it possible the Chosen One is upon us?

This is a true-to-life story of Scott Chally. This book *Scott Chally Believes!* is more of a publicly oriented book drafted off of Scott's first book, *Do You Believe Is It Real or Fiction?* The first book was written for the knowledge of colleges, students, and teaching aids in the manner of bipolar with medical documentation.

Scott Chally is a graduate of Monticello High School. He was a surveyor for the United States Army for eight years and is currently a disabled veteran. He is an author for 10 years of five books and they are: *Do You Believe Is It Real Or Fiction?*, *Scott Chally Believes!*, *The Beeping Brothers' Road to Success* (title changed to *The Glorious Beast !*), *Zamm Boola* and *The Billionaire's Mansion Game!*

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Chapter 1

The Birthplace and Birth

Hi, my name is Scott Leroy Chally. I'll tell you what had happened to me from birth till present day, how I was diagnosed with bipolar and how real of an experience it felt.

I was born in Sandwich, Illinois, in a small hospital with a community of less than four thousand people at the time. My family lived in Plano, which was a few miles from Sandwich, at a place known as the Millhurst. It was an old grain mill on the side of the Fox River that flows a few miles from Plano. It wasn't a grain mill all those years from late 1800s to current as far as I know. It was also an old people's home or made into one for many years. This was an unusual or different, unique building. The walls were made of over-a-foot-thick limestone rock. I would probably say it was four stories tall if you counted the attic. If I had to guess, it might have been a fifty-foot- by-seventy-foot rectangle building on the side of the Fox River, with a moat that surrounded the building and a little bridge to cross the moat.

My dad had purchased the land I would say in about 1960 to make a campground. As far as I know, this Millhurst would be one of the first campgrounds recognized in the state of Illinois. He had a refreshment stand, bait shop, riding stables, canoe rental, and lots for campers to pull into to

spend the night or longer. It was probably located on about twenty acres. My father had built a couple houses on the campgrounds as well, but we lived in a part of the Millhurst building, which he had remodeled. Even though he had the campgrounds, he also had an excavating business that he did in between while running the campgrounds, so he was very busy.

The day I was born, I remember my mother told me that she was putting up the Christmas tree and she started to have labor pains, so my dad took her to the hospital. She was having complications giving birth, and when I was about half out, she had a seizure, which caused her heart to stop. She said the doctors thought that they had lost her because her heart stopped for like a minute or two, but they revived her and then she pushed out a nine-pound-eight-ounce baby boy, which was me.

I was born on Sunday, December 13, 1970, approximately 6:30 p.m. She reminds me from time to time over the years how her experience was when she had died and come back, how she had seen a light with a circle pulling her in, but she was fighting not to go into it. She heard the doctors and nurses talking to get the adrenaline shot. She could hear everything that they were saying, doing, but she couldn't do anything. They said she wasn't supposed to have heard them since she had no heartbeat.

I was the last child from my mom and dad. You can say I ended up being the youngest of six—two brothers and four sisters. There's a fifteen-year gap between my oldest brother and me. I was baptized at the First Lutheran Church in Plano, Illinois, two months after I was born. We lived there at the Millhurst till I was about three.

My earliest childhood memory is when I was with two of my sisters—Lori, seven; Karen, five—and I was only about three when we were supposed to be watched by my older brothers and sisters at the campgrounds. There was a flat-bottomed boat along the shore of the moat or water canal that went around the Millhurst. We went in the boat and was floating and rowing. I suppose you could say it could have turned out bad since neither of us knew how to swim. The canal was diked up, so at least it would not flow into the river.

Chapter 2

Family History

My dad was born in Morris, Illinois, and lived on a farm in Yorkville, Illinois, which his dad, my grandpa, had farmed for years. His dad also had several farms. His parents came over from Norway around the 1850s because my great-grandfather John R. Chally was born in Grundy County, Illinois, around 1861.

John's father's or my great-great-grandfather's name was Rasmus Chelde, so the Norwegian name of *Chelde* was changed to *Chally* during the birth of my great-grandfather John.

I'm a fourth-generation-born American, of over 150 years of being a US citizen. As far as I know, I have distant relatives that still have the family farm in Norway. It would have been Lars and Anna Fjaere, who came over from their farm in Norway with their daughter, Julia, who would be my great-grandmother, in the summer of 1867. Julia was born in March 1867. She was given an American last name of Stevenson.

My grandma from my dad's side was born in Norway, and she grew up in Iowa. Her maiden name was Bertha Lundy. She lived till eighty-five years old. The last few years of her life, her eyesight got really bad because of

her diabetes. She had diabetes over thirty years and passed away in May 1983.

Leonard Chally was my grandfather, son of John Chally. He lived until the age of ninety-seven.

My mom was born and raised in a suburb in Chicago, Illinois. Her maiden name was Giza. My mom's dad had died when my mother was very young, so I never saw or knew much about him or his family history. My mother had lost contact with her dad's side of the family because she was so young, something like one month, I think.

My grandmother on my mother's side lived till the age of eighty-eight. Her maiden name was Szczepanski. My great-grandmother's maiden name would be Mary Wolinsk, and her husband, my great-grandfather, was Vincent Szczepanski. Vincent's mother's, my great-great- grandmother's, maiden name was Price. My grandmother, later in her life, had moved into retirement housing, in the town where I grew up in.

I used to go over to her house after school. She was always so happy to see me when I came over, and she always tried to feed me. She would tell me stories from time to time. One of the stories I remember her telling me was about my family history from her side, where she said that there was a relative from a royal family. The name was Price and was in direct relation to our family tree. My mother says she doesn't think that is correct. My grandmother passed away in 2000. She had heart problems way late in her life. She lived with a pig's valve in her heart for more than fifteen years.

Chapter 3

The First Move, Fire

Well, I'm not sure why we moved from the Millhurst, but my family ventured into farming. We moved to a two-hundred-acre farm in Bernard, Iowa, about 175 miles from Sandwich, Illinois. Bernard is located about twenty miles south of the city of Dubuque, Iowa. It is a very small farming community.

When I was around four years old, I was upstairs in my brother's bedroom and found a book of matches in his dresser drawer. This was my oldest brother Rod's room. He must have been about nineteen years old at the time. No one was watching me. My mother was downstairs helping one of my sisters curl her hair in the bathroom. I was upstairs on his bed playing with the matches, and then I caught the bed on fire, so I went in the closet and hid. It was sometime later that my mom smelled the smoke downstairs. She went upstairs and saw that the room was on fire. She found me hiding in the closet. She took me and got everyone out of the house, then called the fire department. The fire department came out and extinguished the fire. Basically, just that room was damaged from the fire, but the house had sustained major smoke and water damage.

My dad was at a farm auction a few miles from our place. While he was there, the auctioneer asked if there was a Mr. Chally in the crowd because his house

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was on fire. My dad left right away. He got back to the farm then saw the fire trucks and neighbors standing around the house. There was a person in the crowd, not sure if it was a neighbor who was interested in buying the farm from my mom and dad. It must have been a decent offer because they sold the farm to him. I got in big trouble for catching the house on fire, but they were happy that I was safe. Now they had to find another place to move to.

A couple years later, a tornado came through the Bernard farm and took down about half of a four-hundred-foot-long building. I guess it did quite a bit of damage as far as I was told. It had stuck wooden two-by-fours through cows and straw into telephone poles, stuff like that.

Chapter 4

The Second Move, School, Car Incident, Childhood Days

My parents found a house in the middle of a small town of about two thousand population, which was about fifteen miles south of the farm they had sold. Cascade, Iowa, was now my new home. The house was across the street from an elementary school with a water tower in the front yard or on the left side of the house. When you were looking at the house from the main drag, the old 151 Highway that used to go in the front of the house, there was a water tower on the left side. The water tower was silver, looked like a giant can with umbrella roof, with a half-moon bottom held up by probably six metal beams and a bunch of crosses bracing between the beams. The lot had streets on three sides of it.

My dad started a new venture. He got his dealer's license and bought and sold cars. He also worked on other people's cars, so you could say it was an auto repair shop. Before my dad could work on cars, he had to build a shop and gravel a parking lot.

I remember my oldest brother Rod built and raced a blue stock car, which I thought was neat. My mom and dad still owned the campgrounds back in Illinois. They would travel back there every couple weekend to check on their tenants from the houses that they had. Sometimes when they were gone,

a couple of my older sisters would throw small parties at the house. I'm not sure if my parents had ever found out about them until many years later.

My dad had also bought a big building down Main Street in town. He fixed up the building and made many apartments, which he rented out along with a storefront.

I started kindergarten in Cascade and part of first grade. The school was just across the street, so I would walk every day to school. One day as I was coming home from school to cross the street, there was a crossing guard which I believe was a fourth or fifth grader. He or she would have an orange vest on and a stop paddle to direct kids to cross the street. I didn't listen to the crossing guard when he told me and some other kids to stay. I jetted across the street when, out of nowhere, a dark blue Volkswagen beetle car turned and hit me. I was stunned, shocked, and scared. I crawled out from under the front of the car and then ran to my house. I avoided my mom and went to my room. A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door. My mom answered the door. It was the sheriff. My mom called me downstairs. Then the sheriff was asking if I was okay. I told him I was fine. I just had a few bumps and bruises, maybe a scratch or two. He examined me and set me on the counter to check my joints for movement. He then thought I'd probably be okay.

There was this other time when I was with my sister Lori and her friend. We walked down to the river in town under the bridge. We were playing around in the water when I must have stepped on a piece of glass. I cut my heel pretty good. I was bleeding a lot. Lori's friend carried me from the river back to our house, which was about four to five blocks away.

I had a bike that I rode on the side streets. There was also this huge gravel pile I used to push my bike up to the top of where there were tracks from motorcycles and then ride my bike down the gravel pile. This was where the city stored their gravel, I think. At the end of the street, there also was a wooded area I used to play in. I remember it being a hangout place with a lot of hubcaps.

There was this girl named Molly I used to play with. Her grandpa lived next to us. We used to play in the sand or dirt next to the road, between my place

and her grandpa's. We went golfing together with her grandfather. I had also gone to her house to play. You could say she was my first girlfriend.

I remember having and riding a trail ram, which was a small motorized bike with fat tires. I was only around five or six years old when I did this. I remember the year—1976. It was a Fourth of July weekend when there would be semi-trucks driving by the house and tossing out strips of firecrackers. We had an open porch where we could sit and watch the traffic.

My brother Todd, the middle child of the family who was about ten years older than me, had made a tennis ball cannon out of cutting the tops and bottoms of beer cans. He taped them together and added lighter fluid. It would shoot the flaming tennis ball way up in the air.

During the summer of 1975, my oldest brother, Rod, had gotten married. I was a ring bearer in a white tux for the wedding. Then Rod moved out of the house to a trailer with his newly wedded wife. He was only married for maybe about six months and then the marriage got annulled.

My oldest sister, Robin, also got married to a guy from Cascade the following summer. He was a Marine stationed in California. I remember him being in his Marine dress uniform for the wedding. I thought that was cool. Then she moved to California on the Marine base to live with him. They were married for about six to seven years and then got divorced.

My parents are very religious and would go to church every weekend. One weekend, I didn't feel like going to church, which I remember getting a spanking from my dad. My mom and dad would take us kids to a Lutheran church in the next town over. It seemed like most of the time when I went to church, I would get into trouble for moving around in the pew where we sat. I couldn't sit still while at church. I would draw pictures, try to talk to my sisters, or crawl under the seats. For doing that, when I got home, I would get into trouble by either being forced to go to my room or by getting a spanking.

Chapter 5

The Third Move, the Farm

The fall of 1976, my mom and dad then ventured into buying a farm again. It was located in Northeast Iowa and was approximately a 120-acre farm. At the time when they purchased the farm, there was about eighty-five tillable, and thirty-five acres were cedar trees and pasture. He had someone come in and bulldoze about twenty-five acres of it to make more crop land. I remember just as a young kid while walking down to the acres that were bulldozed, it looked like a disaster. Holes were all over the ground with giant cedar tree piles all over the place. I was also with my dad when he would burn the big tree piles. They had to be pushed up again and again to burn all the roots from the trees. Even years after the area was cleared and cleaned up, we still had to pick up roots that were left from the trees while working the land. My dad had a backhoe tractor to dig or level the dirt. He spent many weeks preparing the acreage. I remember many different days playing out there with my toy tractors in the fresh dirt when my dad was working on leveling the land.

The house and farm buildings were in bad shape. Not sure when the last time someone had lived there, but the farmhouse I believe had fire damage. My dad started with the house by adding a 25'x50' addition on the back side. In addition, he added a two-car garage, living room / game room, bedroom

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small wet bar, and a big limestone fireplace. He opened up a few rooms next to the kitchen for it looked spacious. When you were coming in from the outside, he made an entry room. To the right was a pantry/laundry room, big eat-in kitchen with wraparound bar, good dining room, good living room, living room, four bedrooms, and two bathrooms. Outside the house, he put two patios that had sliding doors going into the house—one in front of the house and one on the back side of the house where the game room was. The patio in the front was neat. It had a water fountain of a little boy pouring water out of a vase into a seashell, and that seashell was pouring into another seashell. It also had two canoe-shaped flower beds toward the end of the patio. The end of the patio was also a half-moon shape. We moved into the house while my dad was still working on remodeling the inside. I remember it being about half completed when we moved in, and it was around Christmastime.

It must have been the following spring when I was playing on a pile of old two-by-fours that were taken out of the house and were tossed under a big maple tree. I stepped on one of the boards with a rusty nail sticking out of it. The rusty nail almost went through my foot.

My brother Todd was about sixteen years old at the time. He helped my father out a lot with working on the house and around the farm. They removed a couple buildings that weren't in so good of shape to make room for a 50'x100' pole barn shed, which he put a 40'x50' shop and office with bathroom in the front. It had two patio doors in the corner. The building was tall, and the color was white with brown stripes. He put in ground gas pumps in the front of the building as well. I remember my dad saying that he had over two hundred loads of fill and gravel in the drive area that he had added.

He built a granary for the side of the barn with like a forty-five-foot-tall grain leg and a new corn bin. He would use the granary to grind feed for the animals and dry his corn when it came out of the field. He had a sixty-foot silo put up behind the barn. He took another building that he made into a farrowing house for hogs, and outside the farrowing house, he made some hog pens with a short lean shelter for them to go into. He also had a

couple acre-and-a-half fenced-in pastures for hog huts along the highway. My dad made a fenced-in chicken pen, with two chicken coops for eggs. Altogether I really liked the barn on the farm. I remember up in the hay loft, there was like five probably fifteen- to twenty-foot-wide bays with big beams that stretched across from one side to the other maybe fifteen feet off the floor. I used to play up there where there were these big barn ropes that would hang from the beams and from a trolley up in the ceiling and us as kids would swing from bay to bay. We also would jump off the beams that stretched from side to side off into a pile of straw. Many years later, we put in a dairy pipeline to milk cows and added on a new cattle shed out behind the barn, with a forty-foot feed bunk and silage conveyor that connected to the silo. That pretty much sums up what the farm looks like and what was done to it.

In the first few years, my dad had the farm looking pretty nice. A lot of hard work went into fixing up the farm by everyone in the family that lived there. The buildings sat on about three acres so that was a lot of yard to be mowing and weeding all summer.

There was a mesh-type fence that was by the road. It must have been four hundred feet long. It seemed like it was always my job to pull the weeds from the fence. I would get blisters from doing that, and my hands would hurt. We always kept the ditch along the highway in front of the farm mowed. There was some of the ditch that was too steep to mow with a rider or push mower that had rocks in the embankment, so I would be out there with a siph. That's a metal rod with a handle and blade. When you swing it, it chops the grass. I would spend many hours doing that. We didn't have a weed eater until many years later when I was older. It saved a lot of backbreaking work and saved on the hands.

Chapter 6

The Community, First Pets

When I was halfway through first grade, I started school in a small town called Monticello that was in Northeast Iowa. It was an elementary school that was located on the south end of town. Now this community had three public schools. One of which was an elementary school that covered kindergarten through second grade. Another school was a middle school that covered third through sixth grade. Seventh and eighth grades were at the high school building that also covered ninth through twelfth grade. There was also a private Catholic school that covered kindergarten through sixth grade.

The town of Monticello is in a small community of maybe 6,500 people. Then in the town was about 3,500 population. The town had maybe six to eight factories in it, with three car dealerships like Ford, Chevy, and Dodge. It had a couple of gas stations, three farm implement dealers that sold farm equipment, a couple of dine-in restaurants, a main street with many different stores, and at least six to ten churches.

Two pets really stand out when I was younger. One was a dog and the other was a cat. The name of the dog was Brandy. My parents had got him around the time I was born. He was just a pup at the time. He was a Saint Bernard

dog. He was a very good watch dog and very protective from anyone that would cause any harm to you. He was a big brown- and-white long-haired dog with droopy ears. I remember he would drool a lot, and he would eat a lot too. It was my job to feed him. He would follow me everywhere I went. I think he liked it when I laid and played with him; he was my best friend.

There was this one time when it was past midnight, maybe one or two o'clock in the morning. This van pulled into our driveway. Three or four guys jumped out and were taking stuff out of our garage. Brandy was barking which woke my dad up, then my dad grabbed a shotgun, pointed it out the door up in the air, and fired. He told them to leave his property or he'll shoot them. They dropped everything, then they jumped back in the van and took off.

In the summer, when I was around thirteen years old, Brandy ended up getting mange; we took him to the vet and tried to treat him. It didn't work; about a month or two later, he passed away while sleeping under a shade tree on the side of our house. I was sad for Brandy; he was such a good dog. We gave him a proper burial, and he'll be missed.

As for the cat we had, he had black fur with white paws, white throat, and white belly area. His name was Tom, and yes, he was a tomcat. He was an outside cat and very lovable. We have had many cats, probably up to ten to fifteen cats at a time at the farm.

This tomcat was by far the toughest cat I'd ever seen. He would venture out for days at a time and would not be seen. When he was around the farm, it seemed like he always had something he had caught, whether it was a mouse or a bird. On two different times, when he came back from being away, he had a hole in his throat. I am not sure how he got the hole in his throat. I can only imagine he got into a fight with another animal. Amazingly the hole healed fine, so you could say he had nine lives. I'd even seen him catch rabbits. That cat would go after just about anything.

Many years later, he must have ventured out on one of his hunts because he came up missing, never to be seen again. He was getting pretty old, but he got around good. I think he must have met his match and died.

Chapter 7

Early Elementary Years, the Struggle, Camp

I don't remember school being very difficult in kindergarten or first grade, but now I was starting a new school, and I had to make new friends. I seemed to get along with all the kids when I started school. I think it was between second and third grade when I really began to struggle as far as reading and interpreting words. Math seemed to be fine or average for me. Social studies and science in later years were a struggle because I had a hard time reading the material. It seemed like the more problems I was having with reading and writing, the more I was acting up. No matter how hard I try to read or spell, there was some kind of mental block that stopped me. Sometimes I would read a paragraph maybe up to five times before I could understand what I was reading.

When I took a spelling test, I might miss let's say twenty out of twenty- five words for the first time. I remember the teacher would have students write the words they missed five times each. It would always seem like I was the one that had to write the most words out of the class. I would take the words home and study each night until I took the final spelling test later on in the week. I did much better. Sometimes I would even get all of them right, which made me feel good. But if we were to take the spelling words over the six-

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week final for the test, I would be in the same boat where I would miss maybe half of them. I would have to study extra hard to pass my spelling test. That pretty much says what I had to do for each of my classes.

Even to this very day, I can't spell with a damn. My reading is better but not fast. Sometimes I mispronounce some hard words, which I may have seen hundreds of times. It just seems to slip my mind when I come across them again. I would really get nervous when someone is watching me write something down. I think I spell a little better if no one's watching me when I write.

Also, I can remember when I was just in second or third grade. I am not sure if it was the school's suggestion or my parents to have me evaluated by a physician and other specialists that dealt with learning disabilities to see what can be done to help me out. As far as my mother said, I had scored high on my IQ. I was never placed on any type of medicine for learning or hyperactive behavior while growing up. There was this lady from Grant Wood that would also come in to the school and test me. I think that it was required by the state to do so. I was never held back from any grades while going to school. There were some kids who saw I was struggling while doing schoolwork. I would be called stupid or dumb by them. I would act up by doing something funny to get them to like me, but that started to become a problem because I would get in trouble with the teachers depending on what I had done. I still had my choice of good friends who still liked me how I was. In my younger years I felt like I had to prove myself to the other kids that I was an okay person to be around.

I remember a time when I went to camp in Iowa City by the college campus. I think the school set it up. It must've been around the summer or the fall of 1980. I had a lot of fun going there. There was a neat kid I roomed with. He had a stuttering problem. Even though he had a stuttering problem, we got along really well. We would lie there at night in our beds and just talk for an hour or two. We came up with different types of pranks we could pull off. One of the pranks we did was to take a two-gallon bucket filled about half full of water. We rigged it above the door where it sat. With the door partially open, there was a string or small rope around the bottom of the bucket, and then it went to a pipe up higher in the ceiling. When the door

was opened, it would dump the water on someone. We ended up getting one of the counselors wet. They were a little upset at us. After that, we weren't supposed to pull off any more pranks.

There were ten to fifteen kids in the camp. We would watch movies late at night and eat popcorn in the common area before we went to bed. During the day, we did different things that they came up with, like draw pictures in the art room. We tie-dyed shirts and had sitting groups outside where they covered different material. We even dressed up in costumes like cowboys, Indians, hobo, etc., for an evening of fun. One of the University of Iowa dining facilities was where we ate at.

Chapter 8

What I Had Done for Fun as a Kid

I had a small bike with a three-speed shifter between the banana seat and handlebars that I would ride all over the farm. It was orange with white wall tires. I used to clip playing cards by using clothespins to the back frame of the bike. The cards would make noise from rubbing against the spokes. I also would make ramps from plywood that I used in the driveway. I would jump with the bike. It seemed like I would try to make the ramp higher and higher until I would wipe out, which then I would lower it a little. I had a lot of fun with that bike.

My brother Todd had a new Honda 250 Enderle motorcycle when he was like fifteen years old, and from time to time, he would give me rides on it. I remember he could pull a wheelie for one hundred feet or longer. He would do that even with me on the back of the motorcycle. He knew how to ride a motorcycle.

In the winter, we had a couple snowmobiles. One was a 530 Polaris, and the other was a small Skidoo sled. We used to tie sleds to the back of the snowmobile and ride on the sled while my brother or sisters would drive the snowmobile. Now my brother would really move out with the snowmobile while pulling me from behind. We are talking about a hard two-steel rail

wooden sled you could steer. If he turned sharp, it would make you wipe out where you would go tumbling along with the sled. I got a few bumps and bruises from it, but I always seemed to try it again and again because it was fun. I would be covered with snow from head to toe. Even if it was cold, it didn't seem like it bother me much.

Now we also had snow piles that would be pushed up after it snowed. My dad would clear majority of the driveway and make these big snow piles all around the yard. They were fun for me. I would be out there for hours at a time making forts, digging tunnels, or just making caverns where you could hang out in. Some of the piles we would ride snowmobiles over or jump them. Along the fence line out in the field, the snow would drift, and there would be hundreds of drifts that made riding the snowmobile a lot of fun over the drifts.

When I was going to school, there was this hill at the school. For recess, if you had a rollup sled, you could go down the hill. The fun part of the hill was the bottom where they had snow piles pushed up, so when you got to the bottom of the hill, you would hit the snow pile and go flying up in the air. If you didn't move away quick, someone else would land on you, so you had to keep moving. It was hard on the knees, but I had a lot of fun.

Chapter 9 Christmastime

Christmas was always a big deal in our family while growing up. As for the Christmas tree, we had the same artificial tree for as long as I can remember. It was plain to start with. The branches weren't too bushy, but after my mother and usually a couple of us kids would help her decorate the tree, it would look really nice. After getting the tree assembled, we would put lights on it, and a lot of lights we would put on. It seemed like I was the one that always took care of fixing the light strips to get them to work again. The next step was to add sparkling cord or string that wrapped around the tree in a spiral. Then the ornaments would be added, and there would be lots of them. Some were of special ornaments from the kids from over the years along with some really old ones. Then we put the star or angel on top of the tree. We would then put on this stringy, sparkly tinsel that would cover the tree from top to bottom. We then would put a white tree apron around on the floor under the tree. I then would set up a circle train track under it with a train that would go around and around.

We would have big Christmas stockings hanging from the fireplace, one from each of the kids that live in the house and one for Mom and Dad. My mom had all kinds of Christmas decorations that she would put up around the house. We would even use spray snow on the windows to make different

decorations of snowflakes to snowmen. We had a support post in between the kitchen, living room, and dining room that was filled with Christmas cards from friends and relatives. My mother would put presents out under the tree weeks before Christmas, which were from my mom and dad. I would try to figure out what were in them, and then when it was Christmas morning, Santa Claus would have come on Christmas Eve to bring presents. The tree would be packed with presents. The stockings would have small toys, candies, and peanuts. We could not open the presents until everyone was around the tree and ready. I can remember getting up like six in the morning but would have to wait until about nine or ten in the morning to open presents. My parents would get my grandmother that lived in retirement housing in town and bring her to the farm for Christmas. My grandmother each year would always get me a different train set to add to my collection of trains. Around noon, my mother would have a big spread of food for dinner, where all my brothers and sisters would be there with their families as well. I thought that food was the best every year.

There would be a Christmas program at church every Christmas Eve, which my sisters and I would participate in and my parents would watch. A couple weeks before Christmas, we would go to Aurora, Illinois, where my grandpa and grandma lived from my dad's side of the family. They would throw a Christmas party in a reception hall with all my aunts, uncles, and cousins. My grandpa would pass out money envelopes for everyone there. I would get like five dollars every year from my grandpa and grandma, which I thought was neat.

Chapter 10

My Brother's Car Wreck, Chores, Farm Work

It must have been around 1980 when my second oldest sister Tamie married her husband from town.

I started doing chores when I was around nine years old. Before that, I used to just basically hang out with my dad when he did stuff around the farm.

That was the time when my brother Todd ventured into the army. Shortly before, he had a car wreck with four people in a small seventies Opel. They were driving on a gravel road at night when he came up on an unmarked S-curve. His car flipped three times end over end. Everyone in the car was thrown from the vehicle. He can't remember even driving that night, and he wasn't drinking, so he must've had a concussion or head injury along with his broken arm and dislocated shoulder. The other guys that were with him were okay except for one of the guys who did lose his leg. I guess the car had landed on the guy's leg and the doctors couldn't save it. My brother walked a half mile to a farmhouse to get an ambulance and some help. When he got back to where the wreck was at, a cop put my brother in handcuffs and placed him in the car. The cop later apologized, realizing he wasn't at fault and he supposedly did not realize he was hurt.

I was in training for my brother's chores. I basically hang around my dad for him to show me how to do the chores. I used to feed the dog and cats. Then I had to feed and water the chickens and collect their eggs. I would help with feeding the pigs and bedding them with straw.

I remember a few times when we had sows in the farrowing house, when they were having problems giving birth, I would have to reach my hand and arm about to my shoulder in the pig's birthing canal to help pull out the piglets.

When the corn was picked every now and then, some of the ears of corn would fall to the ground. My sisters and I would be out in the field picking the corn up from the ground and putting them in a box trailer.

Also, the first thing in the spring every year, we would walk beside my dad who was driving the end loader or backhoe where we would pick up rocks that would have surfaced on the ground and throw them into the end loader. We would spend hours doing this. My dad usually would plant around twenty acres or so of soybeans in the spring. He would cultivate and there would still be milk weeds in the rows. My sisters and I would be out there in the field during the summer for weeks at a time all day long pulling out the weeds. My hands would get blisters and hurt.

When I was around twelve years old, the farm chores really picked up. I was shoveling out the shit from pig pens. My dad would raise around five hundred pigs every six months. When the pigs were around few weeks old, we would give them their shots, clip their teeth, clip their tails, and castrate them. Those little pigs would scream when I held them down.

I started to drive the farm tractors and to do a few tasks around the farm like haul manure, rake the hay, and carry loads in and out of the field. We had maybe twenty-five acres of hay, which we put up in the barn each year. My dad had a hay baler with a thrower and enclosed hay wagons. I would bring the wagons in and out of the field where we would have a little help in putting the hay up in the barn. Depending on where the hay was going in the barn, he would decide how much help was needed. The barn would hold roughly five thousand bales and about one thousand bales per bay. We would put up about eight hundred to one thousand bales a day. The bales weighed about

sixty- five to seventy pounds each. I remember I would get a good workout doing that. My shirt would be drenched with sweat where you could wring it out.

There was always something to do or to be done on the farm during the summer, whether it was to cut brush and trees out of fence lines or replace some of the fences that were bad. That would be a lot of work depending where the fence was being put in because the farm had a lot of limestone or bedrock near the surface of the soil, especially in places around the pasture. It could be really slow going when you would have to take an iron bar and break through the rock a foot or so for the post to go in to. Just on the other side of the road lies a rock quarry.

I had also fixed things around the farm, along with farm equipment and other stuff that my dad would sell by the side of the highway. He would find stuff that could be fixed or to make a profit by selling. My dad was very good at figuring out ways to fix things. He taught me a lot with problem solving and fixing different things. He made me mechanically inclined.

Chapter 11

Discipline, Fishing, Hunting, Flying, Boating

If I sassed my dad or did something wrong, my dad would grab just about anything that was shaped like a yardstick or broom to crack over me. Most of the time, I would run from him until he cooled off. He would argue and yell if I wasn't doing something right. I used to go to the sale barn, farm sales, the store, farm implements, and anyplace that he would go, I went.

I'm guessing my oldest brother, Rod, got remarried in the summer of 1982 or '83. They had their wedding at the farm on the front patio. The wedding was neat, definitely different.

When I wanted to fish, I used to go with our neighbor across the road and his three daughters—Samantha, Maria, and Jazmin. Jazmin was about two years younger than me, Maria was about a year older than me, and Samantha was about two to three years older. My sisters Lori and Karen and I used to hang out and do things together with Samantha, Maria, and Jazmin. We used to catch bluegill by the dozens, then we would go back to the neighbors and cut them up. I had a lot of fun doing that.

Scott Chally Believes!

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My brother-in-law would come back from Minnesota. He had his pilot's license. We would go down to the small airport in town, and he would take me up flying. I thought that was really neat looking down at everything from the plane. He also took me pheasant hunting in the fall each year where we would walk the fence lines and grassy areas with his black Lab dog sniffing the birds out. We even shot clay pigeons with the shotgun and target practice with his bow shooting straw targets.

By this time, my brother Rod was getting into the hobby of buying boats, usually a different one each summer. Whether it was a faster- speedboat, cabin cruiser, airboat, he liked his boating during the summer. Two to three times during the summer, my brother Rod and his wife would take me and my sisters or parents out boating. When he had a speedboat, we would go out waterskiing. That was a blast. Once you get the hang of getting the skis out of the water, it's like walking on water with the wind in your face. I couldn't swim, but as long as I had the life vest on, I felt safe in the water. We would toss a fishing pole or two in the water as well while we went out boating. It was nice to fish anywhere on the lake that the boat could get to. We would go to different large bodies of water, like Coralville Reservoir, Lake Delhi, and the Mississippi River. Going boating seemed to have made my summers.

Chapter 12

Special Education, Gym Class, Broken Hand, 4-H Club, House Uptown

I remember when I started junior high. I was put in a special education class. The class was for kids that had a learning disability and may need some help with some of their other classes. It didn't help much if all the kids you went to school with knew you have a disability and you are in a special class. They may see you in some of their regular classes, but they sometimes seem to see you differently because of that. My popularity went down to about 50 percent with the kids; there were some kids that were just downright disrespectful toward me and tease me. They would try to make stuff up to make fun of me.

This one guy named Shane, for instance, didn't like me. He would make up stories about me where he would try to appear to be the cool kid. It was seventh grade, and we were in gym class playing soccer, which I was the goalie. I was going after the ball that was getting close to the goal. I got the soccer ball. I had the ball in my arms while crunching down in the fetal position in front of the goal, and then he kicked me with all his might in the face! There was no call for him to even attempt to kick at the ball since I had it already. Well, this had bloody, broken my nose and had given me two black eyes. This is the same guy a few years later while in the boys' locker room where he was

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trying to get me worked up after getting out of the shower in gym class when he flat out spit on me. He wanted to push my buttons or fight me. I was tempted to just tear into him but couldn't afford to get in trouble either. I left it alone and tried to ignore him. I heard him boasting to his friends there in the locker room that I supposedly didn't exist and that I was a piece of shit.

I had a dispute outside the school with a friend back when I was around twelve years old. I can't remember what the reason was. We both swung, he missed, and I connected by hitting him pretty hard in his forehead. I felt a pop in my right pinky knuckle of my hand. I was out for football at the time. My hand was hurting for a few days, so my mom took me to the doctor and had my hand X-rayed. The doctor said to me, "That looks like a fighter's break!" He then put a cast on my hand, and I had to quit football.

When I was around twelve to thirteen years old, I would get a sore throat all the time. It seemed like it was always worse when I first woke up in the morning. My sister Lori was also getting a sore throat all the time. We were treated numerous times for strep throat until finally we went in together at the hospital and had our tonsils taken out. After that, I no longer had a sore throat anymore, which was a major relief.

I was in the Level Lyons 4-H Club when I was younger. We would meet up once a month at someone's house to discuss anything concerning agriculture, animals, or different projects that we would work on. I must've been in seventh grade at the time. When it was my turn to have the meeting at my house where there must've been fifteen to twenty kids, it was my turn to give a speech over a topic that was over all the different types of meat and the locations of the meat and muscles that were made up of the cow. I believe I had a poster drawn showing the different meats located on a cow, and I had a paper to read for describing the makeup of the cow. I didn't write the paper, it was prewritten, but when I went to give the presentation, I had a lot of problems because I would read a couple words, and I would mispronounce a word or ask for some help on what it said or how to say it. There must have been thirty to fifty different words that I could not say and that I had problems with while giving my speech. I felt so bad, so low, like I didn't want to hang out with them or didn't want to have anything to do with the 4-H group. There were a lot of older kids in the club, and even though I had a

hard time with my presentation, no one gave me any crap about how stupid I may have sounded.

My father had a house he had purchased in town by the old library to make apartments out of. It was a rundown property that needed a complete renovation. It was a project when we had time off from working on the farm to where we would work on the house. It had the old radiator heat that we tore out and added two gas furnaces. We separated the upstairs from the downstairs to make two apartments. Re-did most of the wiring and added two kitchens and bathrooms. I remember one summer when I mixed the cement in a cement mixer by adding the gravel, sand, and then concrete for a 25'x60' driveway. This was a lot of work.

Chapter 13

The Silo Incident, Door-to-Door Donations, Skipped Classes, Blow Darts

There was this one time when I was so fed up with my life where I wanted to end it. I had an argument with my parents. I can't remember what it was for, but I had run out of the house. I went to the silo we had on the farm. It was about sixty feet tall. I climbed up the outside of it till I reached the platform at the top. I remember looking down below where there was a big boulder. I was so frustrated and felt my life was useless where I didn't want to continue to deal with the stress that I had. I felt like no one loved me. I went up there so I could jump off to my death. I was about ready to jump when all of a sudden, my sister Tamie and her husband John were walking around the back side of the silo and saw me. They were back visiting from Minnesota. I assumed they knew what was up, but they calmly talked to me and asked me to come down. After a few minutes, I decided to come down. There must have been an angel that was looking out for me to stop me just in a nick of time or I would have jumped. If my sister and her husband would not have come around that corner and seen me, I probably would not have been here today.

What I'm about to tell you next happened around seventh or eighth grade. It happened only once, and I've never felt right about it since. There was this kid

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named Rusty that I hung out with around this time. He came up with this idea to make money. I can't remember who it was, but there was someone that was fairly young that had passed away or died in a car wreck. What we did was in the mornings, and after school, we went door to door to collect money for this family. You see, for me to come to school early, I would tell my mom I had to be there early for whatever class I had made up. To stay after school, I would say that I had detention. She would have no problem dropping me off or picking me up. Well, we would go house to house knocking on the doors. When they opened, we would say something like, "We're here to take donations for the family of [blank] for the loss of so-and-so who had died recently. If you could help, this would be much appreciated." Sometimes they would ask, "How do we know you're doing it for that family?" We would say something like we know the sister of so-and-so who died and she goes to school with us or we're doing it through the school. Then we would say, "It's okay if you don't want to donate, but it's for a good cause. That's why we're spending our time going door to door." Usually we would get cash, \$5 or \$10, for donation, but some would write checks. The ones who would write out checks would ask, "Who should I write it to?" Then Rusty would say, "Cash is fine." If they had a problem with writing it for cash, then Rusty would give the father's name of the one who died. I must've made around \$100 doing this, and Rusty had made a little more than me because I did not want to have anything to do with cashing the checks. Up to this point in my life, this was probably the most money that I had seen. But I really felt low for doing this. It just didn't feel right.

There were a few times after this when three or four of my friends would sneak out during school to go downtown, which was only a few blocks away to a sandwich shop or soup diner that had arcade games and a comic book stand in it. We would play arcade games for maybe an hour or so and then go back to school.

Seventh or eighth grade was when I started making these blow darts out of needles and sewing string. I would show my friends how they were made by making a stringy tassel at the end of the needle with a string to be wrapped around the other strings tightly against the other end of the sharp point of the needle. This seemed to have made me feel more welcomed or liked by the

kids who were interested in making them as well. I would use an ink pen for a straw and multiple colors of sewing string for the darts. I remember while we were in class or just walking down the hall, we would shoot the darts at each other. One time while we were in music class, we had a fairly young attractive big-chested woman as a teacher. We would stand up on some wood bleachers along the outside walls and corner that was a half-circle in the room where we would sing. We were standing there on the bleachers one day when she stood out front of us in a thick long-sleeved light gray sweater. She was going about what she was supposed to be doing by getting us to sing. Then a couple of my friends with blow darts and I stood there and shot the darts across the room into the chest area of her sweater when she was looking away. Before the end of music class, she must have had four or five darts sticking out of the chest of her sweater. She never caught us or said anything about what we did. I am not sure if she wanted to or if she was too embarrassed about it.

Chapter 14

Brother's Homecoming from the Army, Motorcycle Riding, Mr. Sparky

My brother Todd served three or four years then had got out of the army honorably discharged. He was stationed in Germany and state side in Colorado Springs at Fort Carson, Colorado. I think he was armored tow missile while he was in. When he came home from the service, he only stayed around the house maybe a couple months, then he moved out. It wasn't long after he got out of service when he met a woman and then got married. It must've been around the summer of 1984 or '85.

He had a couple motorcycles of his stored at the farm that he would let me ride. One was a low-profile 450cc hill-climbing bike. I think I also had a 100 or 125 Kawasaki motorcycle I used to ride around with. I would try to do stunts and do wheelies and burnouts but was never as good as my brother.

I didn't get an allowance, so I used to make a little money by picking up beer and pop cans from walking the ditch on the side of the highway a couple miles each way from the farm. I would make about \$15 to \$20. North was one direction and then south would be at another time. Right around that time, maybe a few years earlier, Iowa started to charge a five-cent deposit on all cans and bottles. It worked out well for me that they charge a deposit.

When I was around fourteen years old, my dad had got me my very own horse for doing chores and stuff around the farm area. My dad would make it known that I had to do chores to pay for the horse's food and housing. Anyhow, my horse's name was Three C Mr. Sparky. He was a dark brown horse, with a little white in the middle of his face, black mane and tail. Also, he was a registered quarter horse about two years old and about fourteen and a half hands high. I had spent months breaking him. I started with just walking him around so he could get used to me, then I used sandbags that were burlap sacks filled with dirt. He didn't like that I put sandbags on his back. He would kick and try to shake them off, but once he got used to the sandbags, I put the saddle on him along with the halter and just led him around the pasture. It was not just a one-day deal to break a horse. I spent weeks getting him to the point where he was calm, ready to try and ride. I would take him to the middle of the pasture away from any obstacles or fences and try to get on. As soon as I would get on him, he would throw me off. I did that over and over until I was able to stay on. Then after I was on Mr. Sparky, if I wanted him to move forward, he would take off sprinting to the nearest fence, and he would try to jerk me off into the fence. This was kind of scary because if I would fall on the fence, it would really chew me up. It was barbed wire and really sharp. After a little while, he would start listening to my commands and how I would use the reins. I had him trained with either pulling the reins to make him move or laying the reins on the opposite side of the neck to make him move in the other direction. If you were to point right, you would go right by having the reins together in your hand. If you pulled the reins apart and pulled on one side of the strap, he would go in that direction. It took a while, but eventually he got used to my riding him. He was a stud horse, and I was able to ride him anyplace I wanted.

Around the time I got my horse, my dad had also got a part pony and horse for the family to ride or walk. That horse's name was Ginger. I later had Sparky impregnated her, and my dad said I could have the colt. Now my horse could sense if or when there was another female horse around, especially when they were in heat. He would kind of pounce around up and down along the fence facing the side where the female horse was at. For instance, our neighbor across the road had a female Appaloosa horse around the same time I got my horse or maybe a year later.

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Now Jazmin, one of the neighbor girls who lived across from our farm, really liked her horse and horses in general. Everything that dealt with horses would make her happy. For some time, we would hang out either at her place or my place working with the horses. We worked at taming or grooming them.

I had made \$150 once by studing Mr. Sparky out. The mare was brought to our pasture, and we kept her for a month while she was in heat. I believe she had a filly, a young female horse. By now Ginger had a little colt. He had a good disposition to him but had to get the vet to fix a hernia protruding from his stomach. After the vet put the patch in the stomach for the hernia, then the horse was fine. I kept the young colt for about a year then sold him. I used to take Mr. Sparky on all-out sprints across the farm, where he would lather up. Then I would walk him for about another twenty minutes before I would get off. Sometimes I would rinse him off with water, which he would like. He was fast, which it seemed like he liked to run just as much as I enjoyed riding him. I was very light for him. I only weighed about 120 pounds at the time and stood about five feet nine inches. I got Mr. Sparky to calm down really well. He would come up to me and want my attention, so I started to ride him bareback. He seemed to be fine with me doing this. I remember there were times when I would just want to get away from everything in the evening. I would ride Mr. Sparky to the other end of the farm about one-half mile to where we were a little way away from the highway on top of a hill overlooking a valley with cedar tree islands, from when the land was cleared. It overlooked a gravel quarry that was located on the other side of the highway. At sunset, the open fields and little patches of trees really added to the landscape.

There was this one time when Jazmin was over. I was walking Mr. Sparky, and Jazmin was on his back riding him. We were by the gate that led down a lane, with a pastor on one side and a cornfield on the other side. My nephew Oden was probably around nine years old at the time. He came around the corner of the toolshed riding a bike really fast. He spooked Mr. Sparky. Then Mr. Sparky reared up while I was leading Mr. Sparky with a rope connected to the halter. Mr. Sparky then jetted down the lane dragging me and Jazmin on his back. She couldn't stop him, and I was being dragged until he stepped on my arm. Jazmin probably went another fifty feet before she got thrown off

the horse. Well, she landed on some rocks that were surfaced on the lane. She bumped her knee and had the breath knocked out of her. I ran to her rescue, but I could kick myself. I should have tried to give mouth to mouth so she could get her breath back, but instead, I just sat there asking if she's okay or not tapping her on the back. I was a little stunned myself though because I was dragged a hundred or so feet trying to slow or stop Mr. Sparky. I thought Mr. Sparky may have broken my arm when he stepped on it. It hurt really bad. It had a horseshoe print right in the middle of the left forearm, which swelled up almost twice the size of my arm, with a cut at the top of where the horseshoe print was. Jazmin was around fourteen years old at the time. We would work with the horses on and off all summer long.

Chapter 15

Family Activities, Vacation, Sister's Accident, Cigarette Smoking

As for doing family activities, we would get together on the Fourth of July every year to celebrate and light off fireworks. Also, on Thanksgiving and Christmas, we would be together as a family. We would go back to Illinois every year where my relatives live for the Chally family reunion. Every summer, we also went to the county fair, which was like two miles away from the family farm.

I used to go with my dad to farm sales and cattle barn auctions. I thought that was neat. It was just me with my dad. We did some family trips. One of the trips we went to was the House on the Rocks exhibit located just a little from the border of Iowa on the Wisconsin side.

When I was between thirteen and seventeen years old, we would visit my sister Tamie and her husband at their house, which was near Minneapolis, Minnesota. We did different things around the Twin Cities like see different parks, valley fair, the zoo, the Mall of America, and just walk around on the bike trails. I remember a time when my sister brought me into the city, right downtown where the skyscrapers were. We were walking on a side street between the buildings when I sensed she didn't like walking down the side

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streets because she might get mugged. We went back and forth to Illinois for special occasions to attend weddings or to see relatives.

One summer, I went with my brother Todd and his wife, in a car to Colorado Springs for a couple of days. On our way there, we stopped in Lincoln, Nebraska, to fill up, which was probably around one o'clock in the morning from traveling from Iowa. We switched driving, and I was up for the task. I had my learner's permit at the time. I was driving down the interstate with a bunch of truckers around me. I just stayed the same speed that they were driving. Back then, the speed limit on the interstate was fifty-five miles per hour. The truckers and I were traveling about fifteen to twenty miles over the speed limit. It's like they knew when to speed up or slow down. Plus, my brother and sister-in-law were sleeping. I drove until the sun came up. We got to Colorado Springs around noon that day. While we were there, we saw the army base, Manitou Springs, different things around Colorado Springs, and the Royal Gorge. That must have been the summer of 1986.

My sister Lori had a car accident, which I believe was in 1986 also. She had a boyfriend at the time named Bill who lived in the next town. It was late at night and raining pretty heavily when she went to visit him in her little red four-door Mercury car. While she was driving, a semi-truck passed her on the highway coming from the opposite direction. The truck splashed a lot of water on the windshield, and she couldn't see for a brief moment. She drifted off the side of the highway onto the gravel shoulder. It was soft or had a rut. Then she went to pull the car back onto the highway. She overcompensated and crossed into the path of oncoming traffic, at which time another car hit her on the passenger's side. She ended up flying through the passenger window of the car, over the other car, and into a ditch. If she would have had her seatbelt on or if there was another passenger in the car, both would have died. She escaped the accident with no injury. I believe the other car had minimal injury. The car was totaled, and the side of the car that was struck was pushed into the driver's seat. The car was less than three feet wide in that area. She had asked me that night if I want to go hang out with her and her boyfriend.

I started to smoke cigarettes. Just before I turned sixteen years old, it was legal to buy cigarettes. For as long as I can remember, my dad always smoked cigarettes but never drank alcohol. My mother never drank or smoked, but it

seemed like most of my brothers and sisters smoked cigarettes and occasionally drank alcohol. My mother went upstairs to my bedroom one morning, and she could smell cigarette smoke. She challenged me if I was smoking. I told her I wasn't, but she insisted that she smelled the smoke and told my father about it. I then told them, yes, that I have been smoking for a few weeks. My mom was very unhappy about it, and my dad said it was a bad habit to have.

From that time on, I would smoke around my parents, but my mother didn't like it. My father seemed to be okay with it. There were times he would even pick up cigarettes from the store for my habit. But it wasn't long after I had started smoking that my father had quit smoking after thirty-five years.

Chapter 16

Confirmation, Brother-in-Law, High School Tease

I was confirmed in a Lutheran Church in our town in 1987. Prior to this, as a kid my parents would make me go to Sunday school every week after church service was over in the morning. In my confirmation class, there were ten to twelve kids. We would go on Wednesday nights to class where we would read passages from the Bible and then discuss what we had read. On Sundays, we would take notes of the sermon. Some Sundays I would be an acolyte, up in front of the church, in a white robe, where we would light the candles and sit separate from the congregation.

Also, around 1987, my sister Lori got married to Bill. He was from the next town over. My brother-in-law Bill ended up being one of my closest relatives with whom I could communicate and do things with. He was only about two years older than me. My sister Lori was also considered to be the closest to me out of all my brothers and sisters. I suppose this was because she wasn't too far from my age. We had a lot in common, and we grew up together. Anyhow, I remember hanging out with Bill and his brother. We would sometimes go over to his mom's house or be at the farm. At the time, they had a Ford Pinto car where he hooked up this awesome stereo. He even took a clear beer tap knob to use as a shifter in the car and hooked up LEDs to it, so it would

glow at night while driving around. It was the loudest stereo I had ever heard, which was neat when we would cruise around town in the car, even though the car wasn't much to look at.

There were kids while I was in high school that were immature because they knew I was in a special education class and that I had a learning disability and was a little different from the rest the kids. I didn't have the accessibility from being raised on the farm to hang out and socialize with as many kids. I had a few friends that I would see from time to time or would come over to the farm. A few selected kids would come up with stories about me or would make up names like "fudgy" or "fudge packer," insisting that I was gay. They would think this was so funny. There would even be teachers around listening to them make fun of me. They would chuckle and go about their own business. This really irritated me a lot. I would try to ignore what was said or try to switch topics depending where we were at. Deep inside me, this really hurt. I knew I had a learning problem. It didn't help with some kids calling me stupid or names.

Chapter 17

Betrayed by a Friend, Deathly Sick

There was this time in high school when I was sitting in the library with a couple of my friends. It was getting close to the end of the period in the library. It was pouring rain outside. The rain was really coming down. We were talking about how funny it would be to see everyone from the school go out into the rain. We made a pack that if one of us three would have a chance to pull the fire alarm with no one around that we would do it.

I was heading to shop class, which was at the other end of the school. We only had like five minutes in between classes to get to class. I must've been down to my last ten seconds before the buzzer would ring. I was running through this narrow hallway on my way to class when no one was around. I had the opportunity to pull the fire alarm, which I did. Then when I was a few feet from the classroom, I walked in. No one suspected that it was me who had pulled the fire alarm. Our teacher told us to leave everything as it was in the classroom and follow him. We moved out into the open shop bay next to the door leading outside. He could see that the rain was coming down in buckets. Then he told us to just stay in the shop bay next to the door.

The alarm must have been going off for about five or ten minutes before it was turned off and safe for the kids to return to their classes. The principal

had figured out that it was a false alarm, that someone had pulled it as a prank. He was down in the shop area asking questions who might have done it. No one there in the class had a clue, so he had left.

Some of the teachers in the other areas of the school did what they were supposed to do and took the kids out into the rain to a safe meeting point until the all-clear bell rang. I remember some of the kids that had gone out into the rain mentioned how wet they had got and how they were a little upset about what had happened. Some of the girls that wore makeup were really upset because their eyeliner ran down their cheeks and the rain made a mess of their hair.

It was before the end of shop class when the principal returned and called me out to follow him to the office. When I got to the office, I saw my friend there, and then the principal confronted me in front of my friend. My friend said that I had pulled the fire alarm because we just discussed it an hour before in the library. I was really let down because I thought I had a true friend. But instead, I found out he was just a yellow belly that didn't care for me after all. I thought of all the things we've done together over the last few years. They must have meant nothing to him. From that moment on, I never did anything with him again. He was marked off my friends list. This also put me in a downward spiral in having trust in anyone. The principal made it very clear to me that he could press charges if he wanted to because it's a federal offense to pull the fire alarm when there's no fire. What he did was give me a week of in-school detention in a small 8'x8' room with no windows and a desk. My schoolwork was brought to me from each of my classes. He would check in on me every one to two hours during the day.

There was this other time while in high school. I want to say it was in the spring because it was nice out. After we're done eating our lunch in the cafeteria, we then went outside for a few minutes and hang out. Well, I brought some firecrackers to school. I had them in my locker. I went and got the firecrackers from my locker and went to the staircase going to the second floor. Facing where all the kids were outside was a window that was open. There was no one in the hall. I lit the firecrackers (about fifty of them in the strip) and tossed them out the window. I hurried up to get to my next class, which was my special tutoring class. I successfully pulled off the stunt while being undetected. The principal never figured out who did it.

One morning when I was around sixteen or seventeen years old, I went to go and do my chores (milk the cows). When I was out in the barn, I told my father that I didn't feel right. I felt weak and sick to my stomach. He made the comment that I didn't look so good either, kind of pale looking. He told me to go back in the house and lay down to see if that would help. My mother worked the night shift at an old people's care center. When she came home that morning and she checked on me, she didn't think I was in very good shape, so she took me to the doctor's office in town. While talking to the doctor, he suggested that I might be having appendicitis attack and I should get to Cedar Rapids Hospital right away to get this taken care of. My mother drove me up to Cedar Rapids, which at the time took about an hour. I was feeling really sick to my stomach, so I opened the door of the car to throw up. When we made it to the hospital, they put me into surgery right away to take my appendix out. The doctor told me after the surgery my appendix was seeping infection in my body and was just about to burst and that they took it out just in time. Then after a few days, I recovered fine and then came home.

Chapter 18

Relatives, Ran Away, First Car, Trapping

I have like nineteen cousins from my dad's side of the family, all of which are older than me except one. Her name is Stacy who is about a month younger than me. Out of all the cousins that I have, she's always been the closest. She lived in Illinois, and she would come and visit me and my sisters Lori and Sharon each summer to hang out and do things around the farm.

I had some other cousins of mine, Brigett and Tracy, who were around my age also. They would come and visit us from time to time at the farm. They were from Sandwich, Illinois. I thought they were good looking. You see they're not blood related. My uncle, my mother's brother, had married their mother when they were probably around eight or ten years old.

It was probably around the summer of '87 when I had a major argument about how I was neglected and never received any allowance or money for doing chores around the farm with my father. I had this ten-speed bicycle that my brother had given me, which I decided to run away with. I rode it to my sister Lori and her husband Bill's place which at the time lived in my brother Rod's apartment in the next town over. This was about fifteen miles away. I lived there for maybe two to three weeks until my parents convinced

me to come back home. Shortly after that episode, I started to get paid \$50 a week for milking the cows and doing chores around the farm.

It wasn't too terrible long after that, when my father took me car shopping, we found a 1980 Brown Chevy Monza at car dealership in Marion, Iowa, for \$350. This was the best gift my father had ever given me. It was up to me to pay the license and insurance on the car. I couldn't have my parents' insurance on the car. I had to come up with my own. It cost me roughly \$100 a month to insure.

I ventured in trapping to see if I could make a little more money. I purchased twenty to twenty-five 3.5-inch double-lock jaw traps, scent for the traps, and a lure scent to put on the ground. I would experiment with different bait, like ground pork, to sprinkle on the ground around the trap or use grapes. I was new to trapping, so I would try different things. I would try to set up the trap to where there would be a path for the animal to travel through to get to the bait I had on the ground. I would cover the trap with grass or dry sandy dirt to hide it from sight. I would check the traps morning and night.

I remember the first raccoon that I had caught. He was a big one, maybe forty pounds. My dad had told me to use a baseball bat to hit the animal over the head to kill. That didn't work very well. That big raccoon was in some brush where it was hard to get to. I swung the bat fifty times, hitting the raccoon in the head. It seemed like that raccoon would not die. That was a horrible experience. I felt really bad for the raccoon. It took me about a half hour just to kill that poor raccoon. When I skinned the raccoon, the skull was all crushed in, and the head of the pelt was full of holes and bloodstain. I did get \$45 from the pelt when I sold it though. I had told my father how using the bat didn't work very well, that I needed to use a gun to give less suffering for the animal.

I had received from Christmas the year prior a .22-caliber semiautomatic rifle. I would then use this gun to put the animals down, but my dad had also let me use his .22-caliber pistol from time to time when I went out trapping.

Chapter 19

Old Friend, Parties, to Sneak Out of the House

There was an old friend of mine from my middle school days, maybe fifth or sixth grade. He started back to school in tenth grade. He had moved away to Oklahoma and Kansas with his father for several years. When he came back to my town, he lived with his grandmother in a trailer. He didn't stay in school long. I believe he dropped out of school at the end of tenth grade. We would hang out and do things from time to time. When the weekend came around, we would cruise the strip in town and would find out whether or not there was a party going on somewhere.

Some weekends there would be a party down by the river, which was a small secluded place. If you went canoeing or floating on the river, it would be the spot where you would get out. This place was about four miles from town, down a narrow gravel road, in a wooded area next to the river. The hours of the park were supposed to be close at 10:00 p.m., but it was not very often patrolled.

There were a few times when I would sneak out of the house late at night. I would climb out my bedroom window, go to the lowest point of the roof then jump down, and get in the car quietly and start it without the lights on,

driving out the driveway. I would then turn the lights on and be on my way. You see, we lived next to a highway where there would be traffic all night long. I then would hook up with some friends.

I remember one time coming back early in the morning. My father had heard footsteps on the roof just before dawn. There was this big maple tree on the side of the house. I would climb up in it to get over to the roof, and then I would lower myself down on to the roof, walk to my window, and then climb back into my room. He had questioned me if I was outside on the roof; I told him no. He thought it was strange that he heard noises on the roof, but he left it alone. It was time for me to get up anyhow to do chores.

Chapter 20

Skipped School, Chased Down, Stoplight Strip Poker

One time a friend of mine had known these girls from another school in a small town about twenty miles from my town. We skipped school then drove to the town where the girls went to school at. We stopped at a local tavern then called the school requesting for one of the girls to come to the phone. When she got off the phone, she told the school office that her grandmother had passed away and her parents were coming to pick her up in a few minutes. In the meantime, she contacted her girlfriend in school who then went to the nurse's office complaining to be sick or not feeling well, so she made a fake call supposedly letting the nurse know one of her parents was coming to pick her up soon. It must've been about fifteen minutes later when we pulled up in front of the school, and sure enough, the one we called and her girlfriend came out and got into the car, so off we went. We drove around a little and then went to a local hangout place they knew and spent most the school day there.

Another time we were cruising the strip in the next town over when we were following these girls in another car. We didn't realize it but we must have offended the girls or something. We watched them pull into a driveway off the main drag. It looked like there was a small get-together party of maybe

ten people hanging around. We had made another lap through town and passed where the girls had pulled off. We saw one of the girls point at us, and the next thing we saw was a couple guys jumping in this black older big tire lifted-up suspension pickup; they tore after chasing us, riding my bumper. I accidentally turned up the wrong street. It was a dead end.

As I was trying to turn the car around, the truck tried blocking us in from behind. The driver jumped out of the truck. He must have been six feet two inches tall, 280 pounds, no shirt, hairy-chested guy that looked like he just came out of prison, which in that town there was a federal penitentiary. He came up to the side of my car. I locked the car door; he reached for the handle to open the door, and then he took his hand and hit my driver's window. I was surprised it didn't break because of how hard he hit it. I finally turned the car around and seemed to have lost him. We got out of town and stayed out of that town for quite some time.

We then started to drive to Cedar Rapids to cruise the strip in the downtown area. It was the old 151 strip going through town known as First Avenue. There were two lanes heading north and south, with stoplights separating every block going through town. This seemed to be where all the action was happening. During the summer, on the weekend or in the evening, you would see nice-looking muscle cars, hot rods, motorcyclists, just all kinds of people out parking along the strip, thrown small get-together parties of a few cars here and there.

One time, while driving down the strip, a car was following us and then pulled up beside me on the driver's side. This sandy-brown-haired, big-chested girl leaned out the car window where she lifted her shirt and flashed her big tits. I yelled and signaled them to pull over to follow me. I pulled into a parking lot along the strip with them behind me. We got out of the cars, and then we introduced ourselves to each other then talked for a few minutes. The girls got into the backseat of my car. I had a twelve-pack of beer in the backseat, so they cracked one open. I asked them what they wanted to do. They said there were up to just about anything or just cruising the strip was fine too. We decided to cruise the strip, but this time I made up rules. Every time I entered an intersection with stoplight being either yellow or red, they had to touch the ceiling of the car. The catch to the game was the last one in the car

to touch the ceiling would have to take off a piece of clothing. This is what I called stoplight strip poker. The girls agreed to this, and they were fine with it.

We were probably cruising the strip for about forty-five minutes. The girls had taken their shoes and socks off and what jewelry they had on, along with their shirts off. One girl was in a bra, and the other girl was topless. My friend had taken his shoes and one of the socks off. I hadn't lost any clothing since I was driving. I would be the first to see the light change as we went through the intersection. But then out of the blue, I didn't realize there was a cop following me. When I went through a light that was turning red in the middle of the intersection, the squad car flipped its lights on. I knew I had to act fast. There was a gas station on the right. As soon as I went through the light, I immediately turned into the gas station to one of the pumps. The cop followed me into the gas station then turned his lights off and sat from a distance watching my actions. The girls were all nervous, squatting down in the seat. I told them to try to cover up the beer cans and the twelve-pack. I got out of the car and went to pump gas. What I had forgotten about was I had just pumped gas and filled up my gas tank twenty minutes prior to stopping at this gas station. I went through the motions of pumping gas. I saw the cop staring me down watching me pump gas. I tried not to make eye contact with him. I also tried to keep my cool about the situation. The messed-up thing about it was I couldn't get one dollar's worth of gas in the car. Even though I was done pumping to where I couldn't get any more gas in the car, I pretended that I was pumping for a few minutes so it wouldn't look so obvious. I went inside to pay the gas station attendant for the gas. He gave me a funny look with the change from the dollar I gave him. Calmly I went back to the car, got in, then drove off back to the strip. The cop went to pull out behind me, but then he turned the opposite direction from where I was heading. I then was relieved, thinking, "Boy, that was close!" We decided we had done enough stoplight strip poker. The girls put their clothes back on. Then we just cruised the strip and did other things.

Chapter 21

E-break, Friend Totals My Car

I used to have fun with the car from time to time with my friends in it. For instance, if me and my friends were cruising on the back highways or gravel roads when I would want to take a turn, instead of slowing down to make the corner, I would use my emergency brake where I would pull it up and slide sideways with the car and then punch the gas again in order to make the corner. This was fun, but one time when I did this, I slid right off into the ditch. I must have gone airborne with the car at about ten feet before I came down into the ditch. Lucky enough, it didn't do any damage to the car, and I was able to drive it out.

I was with my friend, the one who lives with his grandma this one time. I was trying to scout out other places where I can set up traps. I drove to some government ground that was about four to five miles from the farm called the Jerdan. I had driven back into the Jerdan where I had pulled off on the side of the dirt road. We got out of the car and walked a little bit through the woods. It then began to rain hard, so we ran back to the car. It had the keys in the ignition and running. Then my friend jumped in the driver's seat. I immediately said in a concerned voice, "What are you doing?" but instead of having him get out of the driver's seat, I jumped in the passenger's side of the car. He took off like a bat out of hell down this now-slippery narrow dirt clay-type road.

We were headed downhill where there was a corner around a blind bluff about fifteen feet high. We were going way too fast on this wet soil around the corner when out of the blue came this mid-eighties red Ford pickup up the hill by the bluff. By the time he saw the truck and applied the brakes, it was already too late. We were sliding right into the truck. We hit the truck in the rear tire, knocking the rear end out from underneath the truck. We didn't have any seatbelts on and my head hit the windshield and cracked it. My friend was behind the steering wheel. It stopped him from hitting the windshield but bent the steering wheel pretty good. Even if the truck would not have been coming around the corner, we still would have left the road and crashed. It was so slippery that the car wouldn't steer.

Both vehicles were totaled. The driver's side of the car was smashed up pretty bad where you couldn't drive it. I believe someone had come by and asked if we were okay, which we were, then went back to town to contact the police for us. I don't remember us getting any tickets, just a police report, I believe. I had insurance, but it didn't cover the expense of the car, just liability. I was pretty ticked off at my friend for crashing my car. My insurance was raised 10 percent from the accident.

My parents were upset that I had wrecked the car but happy that no one got hurt. My friend made it right with me by paying me for my car, which he then took. A few months later, I bought a small gray 1981 Mazda compact car.

Chapter 22

Sports in School, the Wrestling Moment

While I was in high school, I did one season of track, two seasons of cross-country, and three seasons (years) of wrestling. In track, I can't remember really achieving much, but cross-country of 1988, we did fairly well. I never made varsity. It seemed like every meet we went to; we would always win the varsity and junior varsity races during that year.

In junior varsity, I would say there would be anywhere from 100 to 150 kids per race. I would always finish in the top twenty of the race, which I would get ribbons for. My average time for the 3.1-mile race would be between high nineteen minutes to the low twenty minutes. That year the fall of 1988, my school's cross-country team placed second at state for 2A as far as points with another team but ended up getting third- place trophy due to the placement of the sixth-place runner.

In wrestling, I wrestled varsity at 119, 126, and 132 pounds during my career in high school; my first year wasn't very good. Somewhere around seven wins out of thirty matches. Second year was about fifty- fifty for wins and the third year, when I was a senior, I was probably winning a little better than half my

matches until I dropped out of wrestling due to problems I was having and grades.

I was a little disappointed that my parents never came to any of my events while in school, but this one time, I had talked them into coming to a wrestling meet at home. It was either Delaware or Independence for the wrestling meet that night at the school but can't quite remember for sure. The meet had started with the 98 pounders first. Each match consisted of three two-minute periods. I was warming up behind where the cheerleaders were. The coach lined up who was wrestling who that night when one of the wrestlers on the team had said to me that the one, I was about to wrestle was ranked eighteenth in state. He gave me a little sarcasm, saying stuff like I won't last long with that match. I challenged him and said, "I bet I'll pin him in the first period!" Most the time when I would win my matches, I would go for a pin. It went back and forth with a few of the wrestlers. Then one of the cheerleaders suggested that she would bet a dollar that I would lose the match. I took her up on the bet.

It was my turn to be up for wrestling. I was a little nervous of the match. The bleachers were packed with people. I went and towed the line where we matched off and shook hands. The buzzer rang. I shot into him like a bolt of lightning for a two-leg takedown. I lifted him up off the ground, pushed him backward, came down on my knee first, and he hit the mat. The ref awarded me two points for takedown.

He was on his back. I put a move on him called the cow catcher where I wrapped my legs in and around his and spread them. He had no movement of his arms. I had control on them. He was stuck on his back, which he tried twisting and moving side to side. Then all of a sudden, I saw the crowd. They all stood up. They were cheering for me! My opponent was twisting trying to get off his back, which he couldn't. I knew I had to really tighten it up in order to pin him. I clenched even tighter and put more my chest into his. The ref was looking under his shoulder blades to see if they were touching. The opponent went from side to side. Finally, he slapped the mat. I jumped up on the mat with joy then put my hands and arms in the air. I realized that I had pinned him in around ten seconds as I looked up at the clock. The other kid jumped up then unsnapped his headgear and threw the headgear to the mat,

which he was really pissed. He started to get in my face and pushed me like he wanted to fight. The ref separated us and lifted my arm for the win. I went off the mat, and the other wrestlers greeted me.

I was really surprised that I just had won that match. I went to the cheerleader that made a bet with me and said something like, “See! I told you I would win,” and requested for my dollar. She said, “I’ll pay you later!” which I don’t believe I ever did see that dollar.

This was my best moment for sports in school. I felt really good about it. I would go out for sports to get away from farm chores. Even though each night I came home from practice, I would still have to go out to milk the cows and do chores. Plus, I enjoyed hanging out with my friends, and it felt good participating in something which was self- satisfaction in being in competition as an individual.

Chapter 23

Given Upon School, the School Break-in, Forced in Military

When I was about halfway through my first semester of my senior year, I gave up on high school. School didn't matter so much to me anymore. From year to year, I would miss some school to stay at home and work around the farm doing everything from putting crops in the field to taking crops out of the field at harvest time. My dad seemed to be fine with me missing school. My dad had graduated when he was a boy from eighth grade, so he thought that was good enough for an education. I was hanging out with my friend a lot who had dropped out of school and lived with his grandmother.

One summer, we fixed up this Volkswagen beetle that was made into a dune buggy, which was all open, just the frame, with two seats and the engine in the back of it. It had no lights. This was a pretty fun toy to have around the farm. We would race it up and down the fields. We would do donuts and burnouts with it.

My friend had a black 1973 Ford Mustang at the time, which we had fun with as well. I remember one time in particular we were going down a gravel road late one night. He was driving, and for some reason, he wanted to see

how fast we could go on the gravel. I watched the speedometer go to one hundred miles per hour and some change, which it felt like we were riding on marbles. That was a scary feeling that I'll never do again. One wrong movement could've been the end of my life. I suppose I was young and dumb about doing crazy stuff like that.

My friend, the one who lives with his grandma, and I didn't have any money. We would try to think up ways to make money if there was a possibility of making some. Then this time my friend had come up with an idea to break in to the school and take the cash that they would collect from a basketball game. He said they will keep the cash in the office. I had told him I really didn't like that idea, but he assured me that it wouldn't be hard to do. He said that he could get into the school undetected, and all I had to do was park outside the school on a side street and wait for him. He said whatever stuff he would get from the school he would split with me fifty-fifty. I then agreed with this. I believe it was a basketball game at the end of the week, right around Christmas break. He suggested that he needed some good lightweight shoes so he could scale up the gutter on the side of the school to get to the roof. I lent him my wrestling shoes. He had the same size feet as I did; they fit well.

I parked on the side of the school where there wasn't much traffic. It was late at night, probably after midnight when we did this. There was no one at the school, which he had went around the side of the school where he climbed up the gutter on the wall. When he got to the roof, there was a vent that led into the school. He climbed through the vent, and somehow, I guess the vent must have led into the office. They always kept the office locked, so he had to enter from the ceiling inside the office. There were three other rooms in the office. One was a supply closet, where they kept the candies and cash from the school events, and then the principal's and vice principal's offices. While I was waiting outside parked along the street, I saw a police car drive by twice. That made me somewhat nervous, wondering if he hadn't tripped an alarm or something. It must've been about a half hour to forty-five minutes when I saw him coming from the school. He had a fairly large gym bag with a strap over his shoulder. He jumped in the passenger seat of the car and off we went. We went back to my place at the farm. My mother was at work, and I believe

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my dad was sleeping. We went upstairs to my room to see what we acquired for doing this. The cash wasn't as much as expected, but we split it equally. He grabbed a whole bunch of candy and other items as well from the office. He got an old sword that was from the vice principal's office, which he kept.

I went back to school the following Monday when I saw a couple of police officers surrounding the office and in the office. Everywhere I went, I heard kids wondering what had happened. There were different stories floating around the school. I remember myself sitting at a table in the computer lab with three other girls at the table. I asked them if they knew what all the commotion was with the police being at the office. They were all putting bits and pieces of the story together of what happened in the school, of what they heard and thought, but they didn't have a clue who did the break-in of the office.

It was a few weeks later when a cop had showed up at the farm. It was Christmas Eve of 1988. He came to the door. My parents had let him inside the entryway while he talked with them. Then the police officer requested to talk to me. He then took me outside into his squad car. I sat in the front seat while he questioned me. The first thing he said was, "I know you and your friend had broken into the high school." I was in denial, saying something like, "I don't know what you're talking about!" Then he said, "You can fight it and say you didn't do it, which the consequences will be just that much worse. You're talking jail time to face the full rap or you can confess for I can cut you a little leniency to keep you from going to jail." He said, "Your so-called friend! Is he really your friend to involve you in crime like this?" He also said he had talked to my friend's grandmother. He said that we were together that night and he spent the night here. He went on and said, "You were spotted twice in your car outside the school the night when the burglary happened." He then said, "You see, your so-called friend had done the same burglary and break-in into the school two years before with some other friends and was caught." I didn't realize my friend had done the same crime before and got caught; he never told me.

The officer then showed me some pictures of some shoe prints, which were left in some tar on the roof by the vent where he entered the school. They were very clear! Then he said, "I know you are a wrestler. All I have to do is

ask your parents for your wrestling shoes. I'm sure they will give them to me." He then said, "If the shoe print of your wrestling shoes matches the photos or the prints on the roof, you will take the whole rap for the burglary." I then thought about it, realizing that my friend's grandmother had pointed me out, the cop car from the night just happened to see me. Now he had shoe prints from the scene.

I knew if he got a hold of my wrestling shoes, he would or could prove that they would have been the ones used. The cop rambled on about how my friend was suspected for other crimes in Oklahoma and Kansas and said all he was going to do is bring me down. I thought of what I had heard and remembered of what my friend had told me. If I would ever get questioned by the authorities, I should never give in no matter what. But all I could think of was, "I'm going to take the rap for this burglary at the high school."

I broke down and confessed to the officer and told him the whole story of why and how it happened, from the beginning, and why he used my shoes. Then I handed my wrestling shoes over to him. Somehow, I felt there was a weight lifted from my shoulders, but then in another way, I knew that I had lost a good longtime friend over this. The officer told me I did the right thing and pointed out if there's anything else that he should know about, I should tell him. He said he would make my case with the burglary light for minimal sentencing. I then told him that I also received a pump 4-10 shotgun from my friend that he had given me. I turned it over to the officer as well.

I found out later from a warrant that he used to search my friend's trailer that they uncovered a few other weapons that were linked to burglaries in Oklahoma and Kansas, where he was suspected for stealing. I found out that they locked up my friend in the local jail, where he was awaiting trial. They had put, I believe, a \$15,000 bond for him to get out. He was unable to post bail. He was also wanted in connection with other crimes in Oklahoma and Kansas as well. From what I understood, he received a couple years in prison when it was all said and done. I never spent a day in jail over the incident but was put up on charges for the crime. It was better that I got caught when I did because my friend was talking about how we can break into the local lumber company (which never happened).

I checked previously about the army to see what it may be like. Somehow it was mentioned that it may be a good idea if I would go into the military service according to the officer who had arrested me.

The officer had got back with me and told me that he can make a deal with the judge that the charges I have against me for burglary would be dismissed if I would go into the military right after high school. He made it clear that I should go in the military the first available chance I have out of high school. He then in a firm voice threatened me that if he gets this to happen to where he gets the burglary dismissed, if I do not enter the military, he will reinstate the charges where he will try to push for the maximum sentencing by law. He said bare minimum, I would be on probation for a couple of years, and he also said that he would try to make my life a living hell every chance he would have available, if he could. He said he didn't want to see me around the town for at least two or three years, so I better make it in the military.

Chapter 24

Making It to the Army, Deprived the Right to Walk Across the Stage with Classmates

I checked with an army recruiter to see if he could set me up with a date to enter the army. He set me up with delayed entry around February '89. Basic training was set on June 2, 1989. I had a few obstacles to overcome in order for me to enter by June 2. One was I needed a high school diploma in order to enter the army and I had to take a test for the army so I can be qualified to go into a field of my desire. I had to have a fairly clean civilian record with no federal offenses on it along with an army physical. The pressure and the stress level just rose to about an eight in a scale from one to ten.

I was pretty much had given up on school or in the terms of quitting until this happened. My first semester of my senior year I had missed roughly one-third of the days and had failed all my classes. I was looking at needing approximately eight to ten credits in order to complete my second semester. My mother worked out a plan with the school in order for me to stay in school and graduate. One, I had to take on a heavy schedule of classes that I needed for regular hours during school; second, they allowed me to take an additional two English classes and I believe it was a history class separately

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from the regular school day. I would meet up with this special teacher after school hours in order to take tests and turn in assignments.

I had never studied so hard in my life in order to pass all my classes. After school, I would start on my homework immediately. My father would do some of my chores while I was working on my homework. But I still would have cows to milk morning and night. You can say my private life was gone. I took the test for me to get into my selected MOS (selected field). I scored about ten or twelve points below what I was supposed to have scored to become an 82C or as a field artillery surveyor. But the recruiter was able to make an exception where he was able to request a waiver to wave my score. This was an incentive for me to get the desired field that I chose. I also requested to do my tour overseas after I would be done with basic training and AIT (Advanced Individual Training or for my survey school).

The recruiter took me to Des Moines for my physical. I remember while going through the physical there was this one time when they were checking my eyesight. I must have placed my packet on the seat next to me. I wasn't paying much attention about it, but this other kid must have switched packets with me. When I went in and did my exam, I passed with maybe 20/20 or 20/30 vision, which was real good. Then he must've switched packets back with me again without me knowing. When they went to look at my overall physical, they realized that I was unable to enter the service due to my eyesight. They said one of my eyes wasn't so good, and it was beyond what the criteria that was for me to enter the military. I protested it saying there's nothing wrong with my eyesight. They retested me and saw that there was nothing wrong. I believe they did fine the guy that switched packets with me. I had passed my physical. My enlisted date was on June 2, 1989. I passed the army test with a waiver to get in my survey school and passed the army physical. All I needed now was my high school diploma so I can enter on that date.

It came down to the wire as far as getting in the army on that date. I passed all my classes that I had taken during school hours but one of the extra three classes that I needed, which was English. I had a final test to take, which I couldn't take until after graduation ceremony on May 28, 1989. My score was high enough in the class. Even if I failed that test, I would have still passed. The principal didn't like me and held it against me, saying that I was not finished with school.

Scott Chally Believes!

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I was unable to walk across the stage with my graduating class on that date. I felt deprived of my right all the years going to school and looking forward to the date to walk across the stage with my classmates with a diploma, and it was taken away by one person. I was bitter about that for quite some time. I also was upset that I didn't receive a class picture in my senior year or a letter jacket while I was in school or a class ring. My parents threw me a small graduation party with my family a couple days later. I even remember my grandpa was there. He would've been probably ninety-four at the time. He drove from Aurora, Illinois. It was probably 180 miles to my place. Having my diploma was a major relief off my chest because I have made it to enter the army.

Chapter 25

Reception Center, Basic Training, Caught Smoking

It was a couple days later when I was in the army reception center in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where they set you up with a training unit to be with; issue you your basic clothing, BDUs (battle dress uniforms), boots, underwear; and give you a haircut which while I was in reception I was called Goldilocks. I had shoulder-length sandy-blond tight curly hair at the time. It looked sort of like Lionel Richie's hair or Chuck Long's hair when he played for the Hawkeyes. It was the fad back when I went to school. I was also issued my combat gear, and any shots that were needed, they gave here. Paperwork that needed to be done like payroll, life insurance, etc., happened here as well. Everyone spent a couple two to three days at the reception center before they got shipped off to a unit for training. The atmosphere was fairly easygoing, no stress.

When it was time to head to the basic training unit, we had to be dressed in our BDUs and two duffel bags filled with military gear and military clothing. We loaded an open trailer that looked like a long silver cattle trailer with windows every three to five feet apart. It had several poles in the center of the trailer for you to hang on to. We were shoved in there like sardines in a can. When we got to our destination, the basic training unit, we were then let out of the trailer. You then knew once you got off the trailer you were now

officially in basic training. You had drill sergeants screaming at the top of their lungs at everyone. They had us moving with our bags here, there, and screaming at us that we're not listening or doing stuff right. We then were tasked to go up to our barracks to take our bags and find a bunk and come back downstairs. These were fifty-six-man bays inside of a huge building; the bays were on the second floor, and under the bays was basically a drill platform where we assembled. The bay that we assembled in was Alpha Platoon Second of the Eightieth Battalion Charlie Battery.

Within a few days, we had come up with a logo/song for our platoon. It went something like this: "We're rough, we're tough, motivated, dedicated. Call your bluff. Physically ready, trained by the best, mighty, mighty mad dogs above the rest. Boom chuga luga luga, boom chuga luga luga. Oouf, oouf." Every time the platoon would snap to attention, we would sing that song. Other platoons would have their own song to sound off with, so you can imagine how loud each platoon would sound off one after another when the battery was brought to attention. There were over two hundred soldiers in training just from our battery, and supposedly there were roughly ten thousand soldiers going through training at any given time at Fort Sill. We would get up around 5:00 a.m. to do physical training. It was an experience of its own to see all the soldiers out about running, some with flashlights and sounding off. I remember my arms unable to lock open while they were fully extended. That caused a problem when I went to do my physical fitness test.

One time, while I was doing my pushups, the drill sergeant would only count a few of my pushups. He would say, "Five, five, five, five, five. You need to come all the way up. Six, six, seven, seven. Soldier, I won't count them until you come all the way up. Eight, eight, eight." I tried to tell him I was going up as far as I can go, so he stopped my pushups, and he suggested that I need to see a doctor to get a medical excuse if that was the case. The next morning, I saw a military doctor, and he wrote me an excuse stating that my arms were only able to extend so far, so what I had to do before doing my pushups was show this excuse, then there weren't any problems. As far as running went, I believe I was in the top ten out of like two hundred and some guys in the battery on the running.

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I believe a couple months prior to my starting basic training; they made it nonsmoking. It must have been the second week when this other soldier name Private Thomas and I went to the AIT (advanced individual training) side of the building, on the other side of the platform, where the AIT guys were able to smoke. We snuck out a couple times when we were supposed to be studying and working on our locker displays, when we had free time, usually in the evening. We would do some laundry during this time, for if someone would ask where we were, we could tell them we were in the laundry room. I never had any cigarettes on me or any tobacco products, but Private Thomas did, so every time he would want to go, I would be willing to go with him too.

Once it was an early Sunday afternoon. We were coming back from smoking through the back doors of the bay on the AIT side when there was this Private Sayers that was challenging us asking where we have been. We told him not to worry about it. We were doing laundry. He said he had told the platoon drill sergeant and the first sergeant that we were not in our place of duty and they were looking for us. As we were heading out of the front doors of our bay heading downstairs to check on our laundry, we met with our drill sergeant and the first sergeant on the top of the platform of the stairs.

The first thing they had asked us was, "Where were you two soldiers at?" Then we said we were in the bay studying our combat training manual. Then they said, "You weren't there because we were just in there and checked." Then we said, "You must've just missed us. Maybe we were in the laundry room then." They came back and said, "No, you were not in the laundry room either. We checked there as well." We looked dumbfounded and confused. Then the drill sergeant said, "I heard you were on the AIT side smoking cigarettes. Is this true?" We came back with a reply, "No." So the first sergeant said, "We are going to search you for cigarettes then." He said, "Private Chally, do you have any cigarettes on you?" I told him, "No, I don't have any cigarettes on me." He immediately came back and said, "You say you don't have any fucking cigarettes on you? Did I just hear you swear and say to me no fucking cigarettes?" I came back and said, "No, that is not true. I said I had no cigarettes on me." They turned to Private Thomas, and they started patting his pockets and said, "What's in that pocket?" So then Private Thomas

took out a pack of cigarettes and a can of chewing tobacco. They asked him if that was all he had. He then handed them over from another pocket another partial pack of cigarettes and some more chewing tobacco. They patted me down, but I had nothing on me.

They brought us down in front of the first sergeant's office where they put us in the position of attention. I must have stood there for four hours at the position of attention. Every time I would move or reposition my feet, a drill sergeant would see me, then he or they would put me in the front-leaning rest position or pushup position for about five minutes and then tell me to get back to the position of attention. They called Private Thomas into the first sergeant's office first. It must've been roughly around two hours that he was standing out there with me. It didn't take them long once he was in the office to get his disciplinary actions. In the meantime, it's like every drill sergeant that was in the battery and then some were going in and out of the first sergeant's office.

They finally brought me into the office, and there must've been eight drill sergeants in the room. I was at the position of attention in front of the first sergeant's desk when the first sergeant was asking me questions about what had just happened. I was denying everything that he was saying, stating I wasn't smoking. The first sergeant along with a few of the other drill sergeants were getting furious at me because I was denying the whole incident. I remember the first sergeant stating that I just had another charge put against me because I was talking out of turn without me being talked to and disobeying a direct order.

Then another drill sergeant stepped up into my face, about two inches from it, threatening me, then challenging me, saying, "You want to fight me, don't you?" I said, "No, Drill Sergeant." Other drill sergeants were mocking me in the room and were trying to get me to bust or do something foolish for they would have charges to place against me. The first sergeant was smoking cigarettes and blowing the smoke in my face. They had me disobeying a direct order, disrespecting a senior noncommissioned officer, not being in the proper place of duty, and a few other charges. I didn't know what to make of it. I must've been in the office for a half hour before they sent me back out. I was afraid that they might throw me out of basic training and the army. I suppose

that's why I stuck to my guns so much by denying what I had done. What I do remember was that Private Thomas had like \$75 taken out of his paycheck for company-grade article 15, and I had \$100 taken out for a company-grade article 15. They then let me go back upstairs to my bay, where I then broke down into tears and cried until I fell asleep.

They left me alone until the next day. Part of my disciplinary action was to clean the offices every night prior to going to sleep for two weeks. I do remember one thing I had to do after receiving the article 15 was every time I saw any drill sergeant while I was in basic training, I had to drop down and count off twenty pushups by saying "drill sergeant" after each repetition and then request permission to recover.

For instance, if I was coming from the mess hall, the drill sergeants would be scattered along the way. I would drop and do pushups from one, then recover, go a few more feet, drop, and do the same thing over and over.

Chapter 26

Blanket Party, Pine Oil, the Road March, Buddy and Dinky

I remember this one guy from basic training that was not catching on. We as a platoon would get into trouble if one person would screw up. His thing was that he never liked to do laundry. His locker stunk real bad! He never seemed to make his bed properly, and during wall locker inspections, he was very disorganized. Some of the guys in our unit came up with a plan to solve the problem.

One night when he went to bed, the lights went off. It must've been an hour later when a group of guys went over and held him down in his bed with his blanket while I would say 90 percent of the guys in the bay took their turn with a bar of soap in a sock and swung it at his gut or chest area. He was in pain, but there was nothing he could do. This seemed to have helped a little, but he still did what he felt like doing.

With the same guy, the drill sergeant had come in one day and noticed how bad this guy smelled. He ordered him to take a shower immediately. As he was taking a shower, the drill sergeant took a mop bucket and dumped a whole bottle of pine oil in it with maybe a gallon or two of water. He went into the shower with the mop bucket and poured or splashed all of it on the

individual. When that individual came out of the shower with a towel around him, you could see the red skin burns from where he was splashed with the bucket of pine oil.

It was our last road march in basic. We had just spent a few days out in the field in training. I was out in the field one day where I was traveling through the woods on a recon mission. I came across a weather balloon that was on the ground, so I picked up the weather balloon and kept it. On the day of the road march to go back to garrison, they had us take our duffel bags and put whatever that was left over from filling the backpack in the duffel bags, which would be carried back on the trucks. What I did, I got rid of everything out of my backpack, then took the weather balloon and blew it up and placed it in my backpack; it looked like I had a lot in it. I looked at it this way. The less I had to carry, the easier the road march would be. As I was doing the road march, I happened to realize it felt like my backpack might have been a little too light. It was bouncing up and down. I was starting to get a little nervous and paranoid. I was worried it would deflate or pop. Then I would be busted. I think this was a twenty-mile road march, and I would say about halfway through, there were a couple guys who were falling out. They were having a hard time making it. What I did was I helped one of the guys continue on with the road march. I placed his arm around the top my shoulder, carried his M-16, and helped him walk the rest of the way back.

I felt guilty for what I did, and I figured the least that I could do was help someone else out. I made it fine along with the other guy. A few guys that knew about the weather balloon didn't say anything to the drill sergeants. I don't believe they found out anything until after basic training was over. One of my drill sergeants, Drill Sergeant Thompson, had come and talked to me approximately two or three days before the end of basic. He said he had put me in for an award called the most improved soldier of the cycle. I let him know that was nice to know. He told me who I was running against. I told him if I would get it, that was fine, or if the other guy would get it, it would be okay as well. That made me feel better that I was noticed out of all the guys in the battery. The other guy ended up getting the award.

I had two indoor dogs. One was named Buddy that was a small male chihuahua and terrier; the other dog's name was Dinky, which was a small

female dachshund. I had the dogs for four or five years, since they were pups. I trained Buddy to sit, lay, roll over, beg, dance, jump, and fetch. I also had the dogs trained when they had to go to the bathroom or would go to the door. They would bark if they needed to go outside. Buddy would sleep on my bed every night. The dogs were close to me; they enjoyed the attention I gave them.

After I went into the military, my parents told me that they acted funny, wondering where I went. When they were let out to go to the bathroom, they would search for me at the neighbor's across the road. They knew I went there from time to time before I entered the military. What happened was within the first month of my leaving to basic training, Buddy was hit on the highway and died. Within one month after Buddy's death, Dinky did the same thing and died.

Chapter 27

AIT, Roommate Gets Peed On, Name- Calling, Round Brown, First Weekend, the Memorial Ceremony

I now had graduated basic training and moved on to AIT, my field artillery survey school. This had a little more relaxed atmosphere. One, we were in four-man rooms. Second, we could smoke now outside in the common areas, and third, on the weekends, we were able to go downtown, but we had a curfew. We could go to the military exchange (PX) to buy items we needed on our off time. We basically had a physical training in the morning, then after that, we showered and got ready. We would eat at the mess hall then go to school all day long to learn survey.

There would be times during the week after hours, later at night, when there would be a group of guys that would get together, maybe four or five of us. We would sneak out and take a taxi down to the strip in Lawton, Oklahoma, to a strip club or to other bars. I thought this was cool hanging out with your friend's drinking beer, shooting pool, and watching stripper's dance.

There were a couple of times where we got caught breaking curfews during the week when we were supposed to be at the billets. What would happen was we had this pretty decent drill sergeant named Linsay. What he would

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do instead of writing us up, if he had heard of someone or whoever they were that had broken curfew hour, he would make us do grass drills for about a half hour or so for the whole platoon. That seemed to be his favorite form of punishment. If we had a messy room, we would do grass drills. If someone messed up or we weren't on time to someplace in the evening, we would do grass drills. He may not have always pointed out the individuals who broke curfew or messed up, but the platoon knew who they were. His favorite saying was, "Ooosh-Shaww," like, "Ooosh-Shaww, drop down and give me twenty, Private." Or, "Ooosh-Shaww, how do you like that, Private?"

One weekend someone had bought some Everclear, Jack Daniels, and I believe tequila. We had a little get-together party for a few of us in the room across from mine. I drank with them for a little, then I went to bed. Probably an hour later, Private Sands, one of my roommates, then came into the room. He was drinking as well. Instead of him using the restroom in the room to piss, he went over to my other roommate's bed in the corner and pissed all over him while he was sleeping. He woke up startled, screaming and getting furious at Private Sands. Private Sands was so drunk and out of it he didn't realize what he was doing. It must have been less than a half hour later when the first sergeant showed up to handle the situation. I pretended to be sleeping in my top bunk across from him while the first sergeant was in the room.

I can't remember much being done about what had happened as far as disciplinary actions were concerned. But the next day in formation, it was addressed that there should be no alcohol in the barracks, and if you're caught with it, you will face major consequences.

There was this other time, Private Price, the one that got pissed on in the room, had started an argument with me one morning about me throwing my sweats on the floor after coming in from physical training. He outright called me a honkey and white trash. We were friends in basic training together; he was a black guy from Detroit. I really didn't have anything against him. I couldn't figure out why he would call me those names. I came back and called him a nigger. If that didn't stir things up! He jumped up off his bunk. I faced him, and we started to push each other around. Then we got into a wrestling dispute on the floor. It wasn't long before three to four guys jumped in to break us up. We wanted to kill each other, you could say, until someone

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went and got the drill sergeant. It calmed us down. We both ended up getting a company-grade article 15, which had took \$150 out of my paycheck. We were fine as far as friends were concerned after that. You can say we made up.

We had fourteen days' extra duty, but we weren't the only ones who had extra duty. There must've been five of us. I remember one time while doing extra duty, we were in the office cleaning it. The drill sergeant stepped outside for a few minutes. He left his hat hanging on the wall, which was called the round brown (drill sergeant's hat). I thought I would be cute and put the hat on, and I started to give orders like a drill sergeant would to the other guys that were on extra duty. It backfired because the drill sergeant walked in on me while I was wearing his hat. The drill sergeant was mighty upset because he took me outside the office and made me do pushups until I couldn't do any more. I must've been in the front-leaning rest position a half hour or so. I don't believe my arms have ever been so exhausted in my entire life.

My sister Robin remarried to this guy named Tony now for four or five years. They lived in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, which was close to or like a suburb of Tulsa. It must've been Labor Day weekend when he came down to pick me up. He showed up in this sharp-looking red 1978 Corvette with T-tops. The drill sergeant sent someone to get me. For some reason, I'm not sure why, but it seemed like every time that drill sergeant had a chance, he would drop me for twenty pushups. I went to the office and I signed out. He was talking to my brother-in-law on and off about what we were doing this weekend. But once I left the curb, my brother-in-law handed me the keys to the Corvette that was right out in front of the office area and our billets where I lived. The drill sergeant along with some friends of mine was watching me from the balcony. I backed out and then punched the gas and peeled my wheels, leaving out of the parking lot. I enjoyed my first weekend of freedom away from the army.

There were multiple tests that I would have to take in order to pass the survey course. On each test, you had to score 70 percent or better to pass. If not, you were given a second chance to pass that test. If you failed on your second attempt, that would mean you have failed the course, and then you would have to take a different field that the army would think was easier for you. There were a few guys that didn't make it in the survey school. I had to retake

a test once. If I would have failed it, I would've been reclassified into another field.

It must've been two months out of basic when there was an incident from our battalion from another basic training unit. It was Alpha Battery Second of the Eightieth Battalion that was doing training at the spot's range at Fort Sill. An artillery round overshot and landed in the middle of a formation. It killed a drill sergeant and two other soldiers from the range site and wounded twenty to thirty other soldiers. I remember the memorial that they gave for the lost soldiers, and the other soldiers that were wounded were there; a few of them had lost limbs. That was sad. I also thought that could have been me.

It came down to the last few days of AIT. When we knew we had passed the course, they then cut orders, and my orders were to go to Germany. I took off a week or so to go home and visit the family.

Chapter 28

First Duty Station, Out in the Field, How I Would Travel Around, Third Article 15, First Girlfriend in Germany, Trip to Spain, the Offer, Risking My Life, On Stage

It was early November when I arrived in Germany. It was a new experience for me. I was so excited to see a foreign country. The unit that I was placed in was a missile unit. It was a short to midrange missile unit or also known as Lance missile, which was nuclear capable, depending on the warhead placed on the missile. I had to have a security clearance of secret in order to be in this unit, which I got at a later date. I remember the first day I was at the unit. I went to all the different places to get familiarized with and signed into. The next morning when we had PT (physical training), I must've been so tired from the jet lag that supposedly the section sergeant and other members of the survey platoon tried to wake me up by banging on the door to my room, which I did not hear! They let that go, but instead gave me crap about how I could sleep through anything.

I remember when I got over to Germany was right when the Berlin Wall came down, November 9, 1989. This opened up freedom to the East, and they were no longer controlled by a Communist nation. I remember a flood of East Germans coming to West Germany and their cars that all looked the same; they were small cars called Trappy's.

We had to be ready in a moment's notice for drills or real-life situations. They would randomly do field missions. What would happen was we would be woken up at three o'clock in the morning. We would have our bags prepacked at all times for we can just grab them. We would strip the linen off our beds in the barracks and use the white sheets to cover our dresser or other furniture in the room. Then we would go and draw our M-16 and night-vision goggles from the arms room. We would go to the motor pool with our duffel bags, backpack, weapon, night-vision goggles, and radio secure equipment. We would go to our section vehicles, where they were lined up, and load up everything that was needed for the field by load plan of the vehicle, from the connex, all within forty-five minutes. Then we would be lined up with the vehicles ready to roll within an hour and not later than an hour and a half to be out the gate. We would drive through the small German villages and towns sometimes a couple hours away, where we would set our missiles up in secluded wooded areas and intersections. Survey would be in the spots first where the missiles would later be set up to establish an azimuth for direction and location where they would be sitting for they can test fire the missiles (go through the procedure to launch). Each one of these missiles was quite long, maybe fifteen to twenty feet long. They took up one missile per track vehicle, and if I had to put my arms around one, it would only go about two-thirds the way around.

I remember one of my first times out in the field during the winter. We pulled into a location late at night. The platoon sergeant of the survey section chose not to set up a tent to sleep in. There were probably nine to twelve of us. They slept in the vehicles. There was no more room for me to sleep in a vehicle. They told me to sleep outside on top of the hood of the Humvee. They said the heat of the engine will keep me warm. It was very cold that night. All I can remember was after the first hour I started to get cold. The engine from the vehicle no longer kept me warm, and when I woke up in the morning, I had over six inches of snow on the top of me. I could hardly move from being so cold that night, and I felt like crap the rest of that day.

My section chief, Staff Sergeant Handy, had a stuttering problem. Supposedly from what I was told by Sergeant Spiller, he didn't have it all his life. I was told he was doing some kind of guerilla warfare training for the army. He and four or five other guys were in this track vehicle that went into the water

and was submerged. As far as I understood, there was only a small air pocket the four or five guys had access to. By the time he was rescued or by the time they pulled the track vehicle from the water, all the others were dead, except for him. Not sure how much truth this story holds. I was told that he didn't like talking about it, so I never asked him about it. But I do remember one thing that he hated—if I would finish his sentence while he was stuttering. I do have to say that Staff Sergeant Handy was a tough old dog. You could tell if or when he was drinking the night before because he would take it out on the battery for physical training in the morning. As far as running, he would run fast, hard, and long like he felt no pain.

The survey section had a high standard to uphold for some reason; we would always have to have pressed uniforms, highly spit-shined boots, and a fresh short haircut. Every night it took me about an hour to press my uniform and spit-shine my boots.

On my free time, I would go out sightseeing around the community and Germany. I would travel on the trains, buses, or taxis to get around. I remember I had a good friend named Sergeant McKana from Company 557 Support who had a Volkswagen van. We traveled all around Germany to see different castles and attractions. I also hung out in some of the German/American off-post bars or clubs in a place called the Triangle. It was three small bars with a club-type atmosphere all within a block from each other. That was about a ten-minute walk from my caserne in Aschaffenburg, the town in which I lived. I had a lot of good times there with my friends. We sometimes would hook up with some German girls who would take us back to their place or other places to hang out.

I made my E2 rank within the first few months at my duty station. When I was due for my E3 rank, the commander had orders for me, but instead, I received a summarized article 15. That was the lowest form of disciplinary action that you can get besides a writeup. What it basically did was stop you from being promoted. It gave fourteen days' extra duty and fourteen days' suspension to the barracks.

I was an E2 for a very long time, I can't remember. My memory is foggy for what the reason was. I believe it was for a writeup that I received from the

section sergeant for not being in the proper place of duty or for not being in formation on time. I have blocks in my memory where I can't remember a lot of things. Usually depending on the stress level that I'm at, it will block my short-term memory for the time being. Some of my long-term memory had been affected as well.

In between going places to seeing and going to the clubs, I tried to save my money. I think I made about \$1,000 a month around this time, and I had to make it last. What money I did save, I spent on a stereo system, which made me happy.

My unit was Charlie Battery Third of the Twelfth Field Artillery, which I was in the Seventy-second Brigade that fell into Seventh Corps. Our small caserne was known as Flegahorse, which was one of maybe four casernes in Aschaffenburg at the time. We had a nice asphalt track, a gym, two dining facilities, a coffee shop, mailroom/post office, a pizzeria, and an officer's club at the other end of the caserne. There were six or eight billets/barracks buildings, and each had a basement with offices, three floors of rooms, of which maybe thirty rooms per floor for the soldiers, commanders, first sergeant's office, and an attic with dayroom / game room in it. Each building I would say was probably close to 150 to 200 feet long and maybe 50 feet wide.

I wanted to go to the July 21, 1990, Pink Floyd at the Wall concert in Berlin. There was a group of friends from the battery who went. I had CQ duty (common quarters). I had to stay at the battery and answer phones, check on the arms rooms, and clean and watch a desk for twenty-four hours. I tried getting away or exchanging my date with someone else for the duty, even tried selling it, but no one would take the duty on. They were all interested in going to the concert.

My first true girlfriend I had over there I met with some friends of mine in the barracks. Her name was Catia. She was probably five feet five inches tall, 120 pounds, brown hair, pretty, and very big breasted. She lived in a small village just outside of Aschaffenburg. Her mother was a foot doctor, and her father was a pharmacist. Her father would come and pick me up in their Mercedes-Benz just outside the side gate of our caserne. She didn't have a car, and she lived at home. We would hang out in her room at home or some other places

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she took me to. One place we would go to was a riding stable where she had a horse where we would go riding. She would do competition with the horse. She showed me the awards she had won over the years from riding. She was a really fun, outgoing, down-to-earth type of girl. Her parents would give her birth control pills, so I never worried about getting her pregnant. She would hang out from time to time with me at the barracks after hours later at night.

One night I remember we were leaving the barracks, I had to sign her out. I had to sign in my guest when they entered the barracks and sign out when they leave. But sometimes I would sneak them in and out without signing them in or out. The first sergeant just happened to be in late that night for whatever reason it was. He caught me with her then stopped us and started to flirt with her, asking her all kinds of questions. We sat there and chatted for a little and then went on our way. It was sometime later that she had told me her actual age. She told me she was only fifteen years old. When I first met her, she had said she was eighteen years old. It wasn't that bad considering that I was nineteen years old at the time. I didn't want to and I really liked her, but I had to break it off with her because of her age. The first sergeant would ask me from time to time how she was doing out of curiosity, then when I had told him I broke it off with her, he was disappointed until I told him why, that she was only fifteen years old. He was amazed. He thought for sure she had to be eighteen years old. He never did anything about her being so young with me. All he said was to make sure that wouldn't happen again, especially if he's around.

One of the trips I took with my friends from the unit was to Barcelona, Spain. It was through a tour agency. We took about an eighteen- to nineteen-hour bus ride to get there. We spent four nights in a hotel there on the beach along the Mediterranean Sea. I had a great time. I met two different girls the four or five days I was there.

One of the women I met was maybe ten years older than me from Spain. She outright asked me after being with her most of the day on the beach if I would be interested in marrying her. She said she would pay for all expenses then pay me \$15,000 to do so. All I would have to do is be legally married to her for a year. She wanted to become an American to get her a green card. She said there would be no ties after a year, and she would go her own way. I

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told her I would think about it. I didn't let her know until the next day that I didn't want to do this.

I remember another time when I was supposed to meet up with my friends later in the day at this other beach along the coast from where our hotel was. It was probably about a mile away.

Instead of walking the long way around, I figured I would take a shortcut along the shore. What I didn't realize of the shore was it had a nice beach and then went into a rocky cliff that was probably over 150 feet tall. It was a sheer drop into the sea. As I was going along the shore, I was climbing the rock face of the cliff, which wasn't too bad in the beginning. I couldn't see what the landscape was going to be like. It sort of curved around. It was getting harder and harder to climb around that cliff. I was about to turn back, which I should have, but instead I continued. I was making small leaps and jumps from one rock to another along the face. Once I realized when I had got to the spot where I had jumped to, it allowed me to see more of the cliff face. I couldn't turn back because I couldn't make the same leap back to the spot where I had just jumped. It forced me to continue forward, which was darn near impossible. I had to scale the side of the cliff, hundred- plus feet in the air with nothing but rocks and water underneath me.

There were times when I had no foothold and was shuffling my hands side to side on the face of the cliff to get to a safer spot, which was scary. I'll say one thing if there's a longer path to take, I'll take it next time instead of chancing my life over assumption that it may be quicker. I'll probably never do that again.

I remember there was a topless beach. There were clubs we went to at night and different attractions during the day we would see. I even went waterskiing on the Mediterranean Sea. There was a ski boat on one of the beaches. That was a different feeling and experience. I got up on the water skis. I must've been up for fifteen minutes or so. The thing that was so different about it was there were big swells in the sea where one second you're on top of the swell and the next second you're down in the bottom of the swell where you couldn't see anything around you but water. It was harder to control yourself on the skis.

One time you would have tension on the rope and the next time there would be slack. You had to glide on top of the water to stay afloat until the tension came back. I was having a great time until I wiped out. Then I happened to feel something brush against my leg. Suddenly it dawned on me that there may be sharks in the water. The ones in the ski boat asked me if I wanted to go again. They were friendly with me and willing to take me skiing longer, but I told them, “No, thanks! I had enough!”

One of the nights while I was there in the hotel at Barcelona, one of my friends and I met up with this Wales couple that was around my age. We were in the recreational ballroom of the hotel up front next to the stage. They had some kind of announcer, a comedian with different acts and there was singing on stage. There must’ve been 300 to 350 people seated in the room. I was minding my own business with my friend and the people from Wales.

We were doing quarter shots but with full glasses of beer, when all of a sudden, there were people that were trying to get my attention. It was the announcer on stage. He asked me what country I was from. I said America, which then he asked if I would like to participate in the most desirable competition. I told him, “No, thanks! I’ve been drinking too much!” He insisted that I would be a good candidate for it. I finally gave in and went up on stage. He was still looking for other candidates to join me up on stage. He found candidates from France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria, England, and so on. There must’ve been ten of us. We were all young available bachelors, you could say. I didn’t know what I was getting into, but I knew I had to compete against the other ones that were on stage with me.

One of the things the announcer had made us do was go down into the audience and give out as many kisses as possible in only so many minutes. We did this, and when we came back up on stage, the announcer then would hold his hand over our each one of our heads for the audience to make their vote. The ones that had the most cheers from the attention of the audience would be the ones to stay the longest. Next, we had to go down and get a phone number from a girl in a short amount of time. If you didn’t have a phone number when you came back up on stage, you were eliminated. I found a good looking blond-haired English girl around my age that I got a phone number from. The next thing was you had to go down to the audience

again and get a bra from a woman and then come back on stage. I got a bra from the mother of the girl who gave me her phone number. Supposedly the blond-haired girl from whom I got the phone number couldn't get her bra off.

We were probably down to five of us on stage by now, which then we were asked to put the bra on. I did which they voted again. We did some other stuff in between. Then we were down to the final four when the announcer asked the audience if they wanted to see us do a strip dance. Of course, the announcer said we can't strip all the way down. When I did my dance, I took off my shirt and opened my pants. This seemed to make the audience crazily loud. Well, anyhow after doing all the different acts with the vote of the audience, I ended up taking second place. They gave me a big bottle of champagne. I had to lose to a guy that was from Spain, but I still had a lot of fun doing it. I took that bottle of champagne and said bye to my friends from Wales and went to the blond-haired girl and her mother. We drank the champagne at their table, and I spent the evening with her.

Chapter 29

Crete, Greece; DesertShield; Heightened State of Security; a Different Crowd

Our unit every year would go to Crete, Greece, for live fire of the Lance missile for a couple weeks. They would fire from the island of Crete into the Mediterranean Sea. I was a berm guard when they went to Crete. My job was to rescue and evacuate the soldiers if there was a malfunction of the missile. I was dressed in a rubber suit with an enclosed head gear. We were down on the beach inside of a bunker when we launched the Lance missile. About fifteen minutes before we launched, the Hawk missile was launched from another unit. It's a lot smaller missile. The speed of the rocket taking off was similar to that of a Roman candle.

Then we launched our Lance missile. It hesitated for maybe two to three seconds with a cloud of smoke coming out from behind it and then basically shot off at mock two. It sort of looked like a bottle rocket taking off. I watched it, and it didn't take long to go out of sight. Supposedly it went like three hundred miles out into the sea.

During the time while we were there, the Americans were in the process of signing a new six-year missile agreement to launch with Crete, Greece. The

Americans were disliked by a lot of the people of the island of Crete. While I was there, a local police station was burned to the ground; two sailors, navy guys, got beat up really bad by locals, and one supposedly died. Different places there had protest signs telling the Americans to leave. We were not wanted and were on locked down as a unit not able to go anyplace really for the first two to three days until it cooled down a little.

I was friends with this one NCO (noncommissioned officer). He's been to the island a couple of times and knew his way around. One evening, we snuck out from where we were staying and went to NAFPI beach for the night. After that, the commander opened up our restrictions for the unit. We then could go to town and see the local attractions.

While I was there, I had met with some good-looking sisters. They were around my age and were from Thessaloniki, Greece, the mainland. They were just visiting Crete. One of the sisters I seemed to have hit it off with pretty well. We really liked each other.

I remember when I ate there at Crete, it seemed like everything was from goat. They had goat meatballs in the spaghetti, goat cheese, goat milk. If you had anything with meat, it was usually goat meat. I bought two bottles of ouzo alcohol that had the real opium crystals floating around in the bottle from a small store off a beaten path, like secondary highway. The store was called Poppa Sam's Shop.

When it was time to go, we packed up and flew on a C-130. When we got on the plane, I was worried about going through customs, the military police. When we're going through the building, they only asked for the first two people to have their bags checked and let everyone else pass. I was then relieved. I wasn't for sure what they would do if they would have caught me with my two bottles of ouzo. They might have just had confiscated them. They lectured us if we had anything on us of this sort we should turn it over to them at that time, but I didn't.

I was on orders for the Seventy-second Brigade S-4 (supply) at Grafenwoehr, Germany, around November 1990 for a field problem they had set up. I was there for maybe two and a half to three weeks answering phones and driving

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to different locations out in the field for the S-4 shop. One night I was at the desk of the S-4 shop, answering the phones. I would answer the phone by saying, "This is the Seventy- second Brigade S-4. This line is unsecure. Private First Class Chally speaking. May I help you, ma'am or sir?" The call that came in was from General Abrams, Seventh Corps commander. He cut me off from my answering the phone at "May I help you, ma'am or sir?" He was very distraught. He told me to give him Colonel Clark or somebody that had authority to talk to him immediately. I hesitated for a short moment trying to get the attention of the sergeant first class who ran the S-4 shop in the room. Then I could hear on the phone again General Abrams yelling at me, "Hurry up, soldier! This is very important!"

The sergeant was told by General Abrams to set up an emergency meeting on that evening of all the command staff of the Seventy- second Brigade and the commanders of the MRLS (Multiple Rocket Launch System) unit that was out in Grafenwoehr training. After that, I was sent up to Seventh Corps headquarters in Grafenwoehr on post to the S-2 (Intelligence) shop to pick up and sign for some top-secret secure documents. Then later on that evening, General Abrams, Colonel Clark, and the acting commanders with multiple staff members had a meeting.

This was the beginning of Desert Shield deployment of multiple rocket launch system unit from the Seventy-second Brigade. After the meeting, Command Sergeant Major, an ex-surveyor, came up to me knowing that I was a surveyor and asked how would I like to drive for one of the two survey teams in leading Seventh Corps in Iraq to establish survey control points. I was very uncertain of the situation with Iraq. I only heard rumors of bad things about Iraq, so I told him with no disrespect, "I wish not to choose my destiny for what would happen with me, but if you pick me to go, I have no problem with this." I wasn't picked to go. They opened it up supposedly for volunteers first to fill the teams.

The training in Grafenwoehr came to an immediate halt, the S-4 shop that evening, late that evening set up a fueling station for the brigade to fuel all the vehicles. They must've had six to ten fuel tankers pumping fuel for the whole brigade that night. Supposedly it took that MRLS unit seventy-two hours from the time they heard their orders to fly to Kuwait for Desert Shield, to

pack up from training in Grafenwoehr to go back to their home location in Germany to railhead their vehicles, pack up and do whatever that was needed to be done from the unit, and say goodbye to their spouses.

There was a heightened state of alert when I came back to my unit at the Third Battalion Twelfth Field Artillery in Aschaffenburg where they opened up community housing patrol and heightened post security especially at the gates. The number one threat in the community was terrorism. We had meetings and watched movies over terrorism or terrorist attacks, especially on what to look out for. When we first started the extra patrol, we would have a meeting spot where would get briefed for what or where we would be for the day or night. Then we would pull shifts of four hours on and eight hours off. We would have to be in our BDUs, combat boots, flack vests, suspenders and belt with all the accessories on it, Kevlar helmet, gas mask, and M-16 rifle.

On the gates of the caserne, there would be usually four or five security guards in place. They would take mirrors on sticks to look around and under the vehicles. Someone would check the trunk, under the engine compartment, and inside the car as well. They had barricades set up to where it wasn't a straight shot if someone would try to run through the security at the gate. Our unit was not selected to go down to the Gulf region since we were nuclear capable, and as far as I understood, this would pose a greater threat. The tensions I could see rise with the threat of war from the soldiers around the unit. No one really knew what the next day would bring. We heard about stories from Iraq using biological gases, so we didn't know if this was going to be the factor for the outcome of major deaths in the Gulf region.

I started to hang out with a different crowd at and around the unit. We would get together and smoke some hashish, a form of marijuana. This was the first time in my life being introduced to drugs. We would have or throw different parties later at night to drink and smoke. This seemed to help break the stress level from what was going on. All the other major units on post were deployed to the Gulf region, and our unit was basically the unit that stayed back to look over the community.

One time some of my friends from the unit brought me to this party in a housing area late at night. It was a home of a spouse from a person who went

down to the Gulf. She was a midget, dwarf, maybe three and a half feet tall. A couple of my friends had girlfriends with them.

We were sitting around drinking and watching TV. She had two young kids, toddlers, one in diapers and another may be a year older. Her place looked a little trashy, but what struck me was how she laughed about how one of her kids that were supposed to be in diapers had shit on the floor and the kids ran around with no clothes on.

Later on that evening, she had put the kids to bed. A little later, she had asked me to come into the room to check on the kids with her, so I did. Once I got inside the room, she made her move and was starting to seduce me, undoing my pants. I hesitated for a couple seconds. Then I felt it wasn't right. She's a married woman with her husband in the Gulf. Her kids were in the same room, and her reactions on how she laughed about her kid shitting on the floor just didn't work for me.

I told her, "I'm sorry! This isn't going to happen!" I had to push her away from me. I kept telling her I won't do it even though she insisted. I spent the night there, but I slept on the living room floor, while my friends made out with their girlfriends. I'm not sure if this was the same person or woman who supposedly sent a videotape of herself having sex with other guys to her husband down in the Gulf. The guy watched the videotape in front of his peers down in the Gulf. Then later he committed suicide.

One day in the beginning of Desert Shield, the unit was brought down out front of the billets on the sidewalk. The medics of the battalion had set up a mass immunization of a couple different types of shots. They said that they needed to give them just in case we get deployed to Iraq. But I'm uncertain that they even annotated the shots in the medical records. They had us lined up but supposedly did the paperwork later.

Chapter 30

Second Girlfriend in Germany, Mustard Drills, Fourth Article 15

I met up with this German woman named Bettina while hanging around with my friends. I fell in love with her. I was around twenty years old at the time, and she was probably around twenty-three years old. She was married but in the process of being divorced. She was separated and lived at home with her parents. She had big brown eyes, long brown hair, probably about five feet seven inches to five feet eight inches tall and about 120 pounds.

On our free time, we would go to the club and hang out with our friends or just hang around the barracks. She told me once that she never used birth control while she was married. I never worried about her becoming pregnant while doing intercourse. I remember some fond moments while being with Bettina. One time it was after midnight in the barracks, maybe three o'clock in the morning. We decided to take a shower together in an all-male barracks. This was an open shower. I snuck her into the shower room. There were no doors, and anybody could have walked in. We made love in the shower in the hot steamy room.

There was another time when I was over at her parents' house with her. Her family was watching TV in the living room. We went to look for something

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in the storage or attic area of the house. Somehow we got aroused, so we did it again. Her sister had come knocking on the door and told Bettina that her husband was there. We finished up what we were doing. I didn't know what to expect, which I had never met the guy before. From what I gathered from Bettina, he was an American that used to be in the army. He got out and lived on the German economy. She said he was a drug dealer and didn't have a job. I didn't know what to expect. We walked out together, then he saw us. He seemed to be fine that I was there. He never really got mad or upset, and he was real friendly with the family. I spoke a few words with him.

Bettina and I sat together on the couch with my arm around her, and we also were holding hands while he was there. At that time, I figured it must be fine for me being there. He didn't stay too long, and that was the last I had seen him.

From the battalion, there would be different people or friends in our group I hung out with that would make runs to Amsterdam to pick up different drugs and bring them back to the unit. All you had to do is let them know what you wanted, give them the cash for what you wanted, and they'll get it for you. You could say our battery commander was a real drag during this time. He would pull what you would call mustard drills. A mustard drill would be when he wanted the whole battery to piss for a urinalysis to catch people with drugs in their system.

On average, there would be one to two urinalysis a month performed at the unit. But there was this one month the battery commander had requested it like five times. It seemed like no matter how many times the battery commander would spring the test on my friends or us, he would never get us to show up hot on the piss test. One reason was because we had inside information before the test would happen. What we would do is have piss parties the night prior. We would start out drinking beer, and then in the a.m. hours, we would switch to the gold seal tea or just tea. By the time you had to do the urinalysis, your urine would be as clear as water. I remember this one friend of mine named Ruise. He would come out from the bathroom with his urinalysis cup and hold it up to his cheek and smile. This really made the commander upset seeing that.

The commander every now and then pulled a surprise on us. He would bring in the MPs (military police) or CID (Criminal Investigation Department) at

four o'clock in the morning. They would get the CQ key ring to the rooms and go door to door into each room, wake the person or persons up, and personally escort them up to the battery dayroom that was in the attic of the building. They would watch the door coming in to the dayroom to verify nobody would leave. When they had to take the urinalysis, they would escort them down one by one. What they didn't realize there was a wraparound bar along a wall in the dayroom that had empty beer bottles under it. The individuals that were using drugs in the battery would rotate their turn and lean against the bar. Then they would piss in the bottles until they felt their urine was safe enough to do the urinalysis. We would drink coffee and hang out for hours and hours until we were ready to go and do the urinalysis. While we were waiting on doing our urinalysis, the MPs or CID were searching our rooms in the barracks with dogs for drugs. You can throw the scent of the dog off a little by placing pepper on the floor.

This one time when they came through, they had caught someone that just happened to be the one who made the last run. He had quite a bit of drugs on him, not a lot, maybe three to four grams of cocaine and some crystal meth and a stick or two of hashish. They waited a few days to process the information, but I remember it was six o'clock on a Saturday morning, they brought everybody in the battery together in a formation with the MPs and CID present. We were at the position of attention. They opened ranks. They walked down each row until they came to the guy at the back of the formation. They brought this guy forward in front of the formation, put the handcuffs on him, and gave us a lecture. If anybody else is involved, they will catch us. They hauled him off in a military police van. I never did see of him again; he went to jail or prison.

There was this other time when one of my roommates was using cocaine. We were supposed to have a mustard drill the next morning. I told him, "If I were you, I wouldn't do that anymore." He insisted that he was fine. Sure enough, he came up hot for cocaine on the urinalysis. He went before a field-grade article 15 battalion level, which I thought for sure they were going to send him home, but somehow, he was able to stay in the army. He lost all his rank, had extra duty, and had a lot of money taken out of his check.

I believe it was a Monday we just got out of formation in the morning. We just had a fresh blanket of like six inches of snow on the ground. We usually

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went up to the motor pool to do maintenance and checks on the vehicles first thing. I was about maybe thirty feet from our motor pool line when this E6 sergeant came up from behind me then took a snowball, pulled the back of my jacket back, and slammed the snowball down my back. That triggered me, so the first thing I did was turn around and grab him and threw him to the ground. As I was straddling him, sitting on him, what I was doing was grabbing as much snow as I could to shove down his shirt. He was pissed when he got up. He had his whole platoon around him when this happened. The first thing he said to his platoon was he would give out a four-day pass to whoever can catch me and bring me back to him. I took off running; the gate coming into the motor pool was blocked by his people. I took off running toward the barracks, but there were two ten-foot-tall fences with barbed wire on top to get over. I climbed over the fences with no problems. After I had cleared the second fence I sat there and laughed at them. They were still trying to get over the first fence. I had gown upstairs in our building to our survey section room. My section chief was there, I told him the story, so he let me hang out and do stuff in the section room for the morning. Later on that day, that E6 from the motor pool had told me he'll get me when I least expect it.

A couple weeks had passed. He lived in the barracks across the hall from me. It must've been on a Friday or Saturday night when my roommates and I had come back from the club downtown, maybe around two o'clock in the morning. We had our radio on, and we were making sandwiches on top of our fridge when he came to our door. He told me the radio was too loud, so I turned it down. I no longer had turned down the radio when he came back and told me that I must sleep on the drunk bunk in the hallway down by the CQ desk, which the drunk bunk would only be set up in extreme situations, for instance, if someone would be so drunk that they would be in and out of consciousness, not realizing what's going on around them. It would be a plain bed with springs and no mattress set on the floor. It was very uncomfortable to sleep on if you're sober, plus you would look like a fool to all the people who saw you on the bunk. You could say I was so upset, I had exchanged a few words of choice to that E6. What he had done was have the CQ desk call the MPs. I paced up and down the hall of the barracks. I was getting pretty irate by then when the military police showed up. I ended up spending the night at the military police station on post because of this.

Later I found out that the commander had my orders for E4 (specialist) for me, but I didn't actually receive them yet. Over the situation that occurred, the battery commander gave me a company-grade article 15, which reduced me from E3 (private first class) to E2 (private). It also gave me fourteen days' extra duty and fourteen days' restriction to the battery along with money out of my paycheck. The (staff sergeant) E6 had the last laugh.

It was shortly after this occurrence when I first tried cocaine. At the time, I was probably at my all-time low not knowing what tomorrow will bring. I never did any drugs around Bettina. I was pulling a lot of community patrol and guard duty. One night, I had to go on guard duty. When I wasn't scheduled, I was supposed to meet up with my girlfriend at the club, but I didn't or wasn't able to get a hold of her. I had four or five of my friends that went out that night who knew her and told me that they saw her in a booth in the club kissing another guy. That was hard for me to take. I called her the next day and confirmed that she was kissing another guy. She thought I stood her up on purpose. I explained to her what happened, and I then broke it off with her.

Guard duty became four hours on and four hours off when it got closer to Desert Storm. This was burning a lot of people out, pulling them kind of hours over and over. Days on end, week after week, this would go on. But this became a good moneymaker for me since there would be people willing to sell their four-hour shifts for as much as \$100. I was trying to grab as many shifts I could possibly handle every day to make money.

Then I got into doing crystal meth. This would keep me awake, so I could do more shifts. I believe I had stayed awake for approximately a week straight with very little sleep doing this.

There was this other time it must've been eight or nine o'clock at night when I heard movement outside my window in the barracks. We had scaffolding set up on the outside of our building to replace the plaster or stucco on the building. Anyhow, here I was looking out the window trying to figure out what was going on when I saw a couple of MPs on the second-floor scaffolding about to do a raid into one of the windows. There were two MP vans parked downstairs. What I assumed was the other MPs went to the

second-floor Bravo Battery to enter the room. This room was a Bravo Battery surveyor's room. The whole section, pretty much from the platoon sergeant to private, was in there smoking hashish and drinking beer, having a party, seven or eight guys. The whole section got busted for having and smoking hashish. Everyone had lost at least one rank, to include the platoon sergeant. There was one individual that had ratted them out that night, which it didn't turn out very good for him because later he ended up getting beat up pretty good and thrown out the second-floor-story window. They never did figure out or find out who beat him up. I guess there was a group of guys that jumped him from behind and placed a pillow cover over his head when this happened. That guy went to the hospital and was immediately released from the battery to supposedly a new unit away from Aschaffenburg.

I can't remember for sure if it was before or after Desert Storm when there was this company commander from Forth Infantry Seventh Mechanized on post who got caught selling acid to his troops. They supposedly had busted him with over 140 hits of acid. I'm sure that ruined his day!

Chapter 31

Desert Storm, the Run-in with the Polizei, Fifth Article 15, the Unit's Started to Trickle Back from the Gulf War, Car Rental, Boating Event

The Desert Shield had become Desert Storm and started on February 24, 1991. At the same time, the war had started the security threat had become threat con Delta that allowed us to go on patrol with live ammo in the American community and on the streets of Germany. You can say the ground war went very smooth and swift since it had surrounded Baghdad, the capital city of Iraq, all within one hundred hours. General Schwarzkopf and his officers had executed a great strategy to allow a quick and efficient execution of Iraq with the surrendering of Saddam Hussein and his forces to the Americans. Even after the ground war was over, the security still continued around the communities and gates. There was another time when the battery had received orders to do guard patrol on the general quarters in Mainz- Kastell, Germany, for a couple weeks. I remember there being a gate in the community where the officers and their families lived. We would patrol the area and the gate.

On the last night of being in Mainz-Kastell, a few of my friends and I went down to this club called Palm Beach. We sat down there and drank, danced, and mingled with the girls until it closed. My other friends took a taxi back to

the barracks where we were staying while another friend of mine named Ruise figured we would venture the city and walk our way back. We kind of got off the beaten path as we were walking. We came to some fences that were surrounding a shipping yard. We climbed over the fences and continued through the yard, along the Rhine River. We passed a guard shack with a security guard inside. Right outside the docking area, there were some houses. Beside one of the houses were some old bicycles, so we grabbed them and tried to ride them. They were in poor shape. They had flat tires, so we ditched them off to the side of the road. We continued about a block away now from that guard shack that we had passed. There was another little shack, a small building right on the side of the dock. We had to pee, so both of us were peeing off the dock into the river. All of a sudden, we heard sirens and saw lights flashing. We hurried and finished up what we were doing. We went to take off running to get out of there. These two polizei cars (police cars) were racing down the street toward us doing maybe thirty-five to forty miles an hour.

In sequence, they slammed on their brakes and slid sideways. Four of them jumped out of their cars, two with uzis and the other two with 9 mm Glocks pointed at us. They told us to halt or they'll shoot. They had us both sprawl against the shack while they were patting us down for weapons. My friend Ruise was running his mouth rambling on to the officers. One of the officers held the 9 mm by his head and told him very clearly that if he doesn't shut up, he will kill him! He said he can do this, and nothing will be done about it. I mentioned to Ruise to just stay quiet and not say anything. This seemed to work; he was then quiet.

The polizei then had taken us into the polizei station for processing. We were there for maybe two hours when they turned us over to the military police. We went back to the military police station. Then they processed us in, and it was roughly around five o'clock in the morning when they gave us a breathalyzer test. The scale of the breathalyzer was if you had 0.5 percent alcohol in your system, you were considered legally intoxicated. So Ruise did his breathalyzer. He was like 1.2 percent intoxicated at five o'clock in the morning.

I had to spit. I didn't really feel like taking the breathalyzer test but right before I took the test, I swallowed the large amount of spit I had in my mouth. They told me to blow, but I didn't want to blow. I blew as little as I had to even

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though they told me to continue to blow. When I blew, I had 0.48, and then they wanted me to blow again and I had 0.49. I was considered adequate for duty at that time in the morning.

We really didn't know how to contact our unit. We told them why we were here and where we were staying. By the time we got picked up from the police station and back to the unit where we were to leave to go on the bus, it was after 9:00 a.m. Our rollout time was set for 7:00 a.m. to head back to Aschaffenburg. Our sergeant first class and lieutenant came to pick us up. They were the ones in charge of us, and they weren't very happy.

Back at the battery, Ruise ended up getting a company-grade article 15 and lost a rank for being intoxicated on duty at 5:00 a.m. Meanwhile, I was uncertain what the commander was trying to do since this would be my third article 15 within a year. He brought me into the office and read me the company-grade article 15. I was uncertain if he would try to process me out of the military, so I suggested that I would like to see a jag lawyer. He set up an appointment for me to go to Wurzburg, which was about an hour away, to see a lawyer. I went up there and talked to a lawyer and told the situation and what happened. He told me not to worry. He said there were no grounds for the commander to give me an article 15. He said he would speak to my commander. By the time I got back to the battery from my appointment, the commander brought me into his office. He apologized to me and told me not to worry about the article 15. I was overjoyed and amazed. I finally had luck on my side.

By now Desert Storm was over. A few months had passed when some the units of Aschaffenburg started to trickle back. I had a couple good friends that had gone over there in Iraq. They were named Steve, Tony, and John. They were from a supply support unit called 557. They must've come back I would say somewhere around July '91. They showed me a lot of gruesome pictures about what they had seen and explained what they had to do. They did corpse recovery of the dead Iraqis, and they placed the ones that were burnt or blown up into body bags. Their unit was also in charge when the enemies surrendered or were captured. They set up and placed them into concentration camps. They had many other duties as well.

A friend of mine from the battalion named Aaron decided that we would

go in together and rent a new car. It was a stick-shift five-speed red Ford Sierra, a four-door sedan, so we can go out sightseeing in Germany and a few selected countries. He also invited his mother and much-younger sister from the States to go along with us. I believe we visited France, Austria, and a few other countries along the way. We camped by tents in different camping areas throughout Europe to spend the nights. We did that for a week. I remember one time when Aaron was driving, he wanted to see how fast the car would go. We were driving somewhere in southern Germany on the Autobahn. He opened it up to over 150 miles an hour. We saw some cars in the distance that were traveling probably about 65 to 75 miles an hour on the autobahn, when all of a sudden, one of the cars decided to pass the other. It pulled out in front of us. He had to apply the brake hard not to hit it. It was just that we were moving so fast the reaction time and the distance were greatly decreased.

We had a great time traveling Europe and seeing the attractions. After the vacation, I took the car from Aaron. Aaron paid me for half of the car rental at the time that we had it for, but I decided to keep it for another three to four weeks.

Around this time, our community and local military installations had a large get-together for a boating event along the Main River, down by the castle in Aschaffenburg. Most of the units were back from the Gulf War. It was a “bring your own beer and blankets to lie on the grass” with your friends to try to compete for the best three spots to go on to all of User, Europe, in a nine-man inflatable boat. It went on all day. There were over 150 different teams competing. We won our first couple heats and made it to the final three to go on to Wurzburg for the User competition. A few weeks later, we had the User competition in Wurzburg down along the Main River. We didn’t do as well. We lost our first heat, maybe finishing fourth in it. The top three continued on. There were a couple things against us that day. One a lot of the guys were hungover from drinking the night before, and the raft or boat we had was underinflated. We had a blast competing in it anyhow.

Chapter 32

The Club, Love at First Sight, the Denial, Army Wrestling Team, the Proposal

My friend John had just returned recently from the Gulf War. His hair was a little on the longer side. I've been letting my hair grow longer as well. We decided to go out one night to a club that we had heard of called the Filu. It was supposedly a members-only club. The club was half hour away and had a spotlight pointing up in the sky, so you could see from all around. When we got there, there was a small line entering the club. We sort of looked like Germans by the way we were dressed along with the longer hair. We got up to the door where we had to pay. The German door attendant asked me for the amount in German so we could enter the club. He was studying us. All I said was "Was vass?" which meant, "What?" So he repeated the amount. Then I said "Zwei," which meant two. I pointed to both of my friend and me. He then said the amount again in German. I handed him the amount, and I then said, "Danke," which meant, "Thank you."

We then entered the club. I've tried going to this club on other occasions, but my friends and I were always rejected. I think it was just because the club didn't want Americans in it. This was a very new club, with an open hall when we entered, a laser techno dance room on one side and hip-hop-type dance music on the other side of the club. It had an upstairs balcony seating area

as well where you could look down below at the dance floor and other parts of the club. We just happened to find a spot to sit on the hip-hop side that was upstairs along the balcony overlooking the lower dance floor. John and I were drinking, catching up on old times, just talking about different things, admiring the club and the girls in it.

I noticed down below next to the dance floor this fine-looking woman with maroon wavy hair halfway down her back. She had just sat down with her friend at a small round table. She was wearing tight white pants and a purple shirt with white polka dots all over it. I immediately forgot about everything else that was going on in the club and around me. I paused for a moment and thought about it for a second or two. I had this strange feeling. Then I spoke to John of what he thought of the two girls who just came in and sat down. He seemed to like the one I was attracted to. We spoke for a few minutes about what we should do or how to approach them. Then all of a sudden, I had this feeling, and then I told John that she was the girl for me, the one.

I said, "I believe she will be the one that will be with me for my entire life. I feel as if we are connected." We sat there and talked about the girls and our plan of execution while drinking another beer. We finally got the courage to go down and introduce ourselves. I found out the one I was admiring was Patricia and her friend was Bianca. We sat down beside them and drank a few beers communicating with them. Patricia spoke good English, while Bianca's English wasn't so great. We danced a few times, and then they had to leave. We followed them out of the club to their car in the parking lot. I wanted to see Patricia again or have her phone number so I could call her up. She wouldn't give up her number, and her girlfriend wanted to go. But we did make arrangements that she would meet me at ten o'clock in the morning at the Burger King in Aschaffenburg the next day. We all left and went on our way.

The next morning, I hooked up with John. We went to Burger King next to the caserne. We must've gotten there about nine-thirty in the morning. We ate breakfast and drank coffee. It was now about fifteen minutes after ten o'clock when John said, "She's is not going to show up." He thought she had stood me up. I insisted to stay a few more minutes, while John was saying we should just go back to the barracks. We stayed like another fifteen minutes and still no sign of her. Then I had this feeling: what if she was waiting at

the German McDonald's, which was right across the street from the Burger King? John highly doubted that she would be there, but we went ahead and left Burger King and drove over to the McDonald's.

Sure enough, just as we were pulling through the parking lot of McDonald's, I saw Patricia walking out of McDonald's and heading to her car. I was so excited to see her. I realized if I would have been one minute later, I would never have seen her again. We would've missed each other. I didn't know where she lived or her phone number. We parked and got out of the car and then talked for a few minutes. Somehow, we had our wires crossed from meeting at the Burger King or McDonald's. She thought we had stood her up when she was waiting for over a half hour in McDonald's, but that was the least of our worries now. We were just happy to see each other again.

We seemed to hit it off really well. We then went back to my barracks and hung out. I found out she lived in a town called Wertheim, which was a half-hour drive from Aschaffenburg. We exchanged phone numbers. It must've been the first weekend in August that we met. We both fell in love with each other from that moment on when she was ready to leave that day. I walked her down to her car. Before she left, I gave her a kiss, and this would've been our first kiss. We would talk on the phone most every day and get together to do something at least twice a week.

One time I remember going to her town Wertheim. We sat along the river on a park bench late one evening making out and talking. We said our goodbyes for the evening. We went home which I had already gone back to Aschaffenburg when I realized I didn't have my wallet. I drove all the way back that evening and looked everyplace that we went to. I found my wallet next to the park bench where we were sitting.

One day out of the blue, it must have been in the early afternoon during the workday, somebody had come to me and said I had to report to the battery commander's office immediately. I tried to ask what for, which he didn't know. I went to the commander's office, which was a room inside of or through the first sergeant's room on the Charlie Battery floor where I live. As soon as I entered his room, I saw sitting there on his couch was my old girlfriend Bettina and a girlfriend of hers. He told me to close the door behind me. I

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was standing in front of his desk, and then he said, “This woman here says she is carrying your baby.” I paused for a moment and was stunned because this was the first that I had heard of it. He then asked me, “Is this true? Is this your baby?”

I looked at Bettina, and all I could think of was when she was caught cheating on me. Then I looked back at the commander and said, “No, it can’t be my baby.”

Immediately Bettina started crying. The commander asked me once again, “So you say this is not your baby?”

I said, “Correct.” By now it had been over six months since I last saw or heard from her. She was showing like she was nine months pregnant, though. She never even made an attempt to contact me prior to this.

The commander looked at her and said, “Sorry, ma’am, but if he says it’s not his child, there is nothing I can do about it.” She was really getting emotionally upset. The commander excused me from his office. I walked back into the first sergeant’s office in front of his desk with Bettina not far behind when the first sergeant asked me the same question. I told him the same as I had told the commander. He excused me from the office while I heard him telling her the same as the commander. She left me alone from there on out. I did keep her phone number in my wallet. I felt bad about what I did, but I was uncertain if that child was mine.

I got my rank of private first class back, and since Desert Storm was officially over, I had no desire to do any drugs anymore, plus I never really did drugs that much anyhow. I remember from time to time when there wasn’t much going on at the unit, my first sergeant would come down to my room in the afternoon. My roommates, me along with the first sergeant, would talk about some shit while drinking a beer or two until we were released for the day.

I had a girl in my life that I truly loved and that I didn’t want to lose. Our military community after Desert Storm was given the orders of closure, so all the units on post were set forth to be closed. We were in the process of closing. There were no more new soldiers coming to our unit. We were dispersing all our equipment and stuff from the barracks.

Later on in the fall of '91, we had the army wrestling team come to live in our unit with us. They would train first thing in the morning on weights in the gym, then they would run in the afternoon. Again, later on in the evening, they would hit the weights from the gym, and at night, they would practice. That was if they didn't have a meet to go to. I would hang out with them from time to time in the evening, and they even invited me to go to a few of their practices. That was different, and I felt good about it. I wrestled with Rodney Smith, the 1992 Olympic bronze medalist winner. It was neat when they came back from their meets. They collected trophies the short time that they were there. They had so many trophies that they didn't really know what to do with them.

I received my next station orders. I was headed to Colorado Springs, Colorado, at Fort Carson. I was spending most of my free time with Patricia. We were getting really close by the time it had come around for me to leave. Most of the deactivation, closure of the battalion was completed.

My girlfriend Patricia was really upset that I had to leave to my next duty station. The short time that we were together, I felt we were meant to be together, so I asked her if she would marry me. I explained that she could come back to the States and live with me once I got everything set up there. She was really excited and said yes. I gave her a gold opal ring to show my love to her and to remember me. We made arrangements that she would come after Christmas and get married by Justice of the Peace. I would need the marriage certificate in order to get off-post housing. It must've been around November '91 when I moved duty stations. My girlfriend Patricia and I had only known each other for less than three or four months when I proposed.

Chapter 33

Second Duty Station, Ex-Girlfriend Has a Boy, How I Hitchhiked, Figure in the Mirror and Dog, Got Married, Getting Situated for Off-Post Housing with Wife

I must've went home for a week or two during this time. I remember going to a bar with a friend of mine. I tried to buy alcohol when the guy behind the bar carded me and said I was too young to purchase alcohol. I told him, "Come on, give me a break. I've been drinking for two years in the service while serving in Germany. I was less than a month from being the age of twenty-one." The guy laughed and said, "Too bad, it's the law," so we left.

When I went to my next duty station, I seemed to fit right in. I was well-liked by my section chief. They were doing something with our barracks, so we lived in the old wooden hospital building on post at the time. I would keep in contact and call Patricia whenever I got the chance. Then she told me on one occasion that she was pregnant and expecting in July. I was shocked but really happy for that.

One night, while being in the old hospital building, there were few of us playing craps on an old green military blanket. I was losing money, so I stepped out for a bit. I decided to call Bettina; it must've been around the first week in December. When I got a hold of her, she told me that she had a

healthy baby boy on November 4, and she named him Stevie. She seemed to be okay or not too concerned about what I had done with denying the child. I explained to her I had a new girlfriend and that she was pregnant and that we were scheduled to get married soon. I knew I had to start saving money now that I had a family.

I was talking to one of my friends at the unit, and he mentioned instead of flying home to Iowa before Christmas. I could just hitchhike a ride to save money. What I did was I dressed in my class A uniform from the army and went to a local truck stop with a duffel bag. The truckers were very friendly there. I talked to a trucker or two and told them my story and where I had to go. It didn't take long before they found me a ride going to Iowa. It didn't cost me a cent to travel from Colorado Springs to a truck stop in Iowa City, Iowa. Once I got to the truck stop in Iowa City, I called my brother up, and he and his wife came and got me. I believe I spent the night at their place, then the next day they dropped me off at my parents' house. This was a few days before Christmas '91.

The strangest thing happened to me. It would've been Christmas Eve when I was sleeping in my old room at my parents' house. I was lying on my left side on the bed, facing the wall, which there was a dresser with a mirror on top. There was a nightstand next to the bed, and I was facing with a digital clock. I woke up when it was 11:59 p.m., but then it turned midnight. Then all of a sudden, my bed began to rock from top to bottom in an easy motion. I was looking forward when I saw an old guy with a long white woolly hair and a long beard in the mirror with a long walking stick and a white robe. Next to the bed, there was this big black Rottweiler dog about six to eight inches from my face growling at me. I was stunned. I couldn't move. The old guy in the mirror was trying to talk or say something, but I couldn't hear anything. My room was lit up a little from a yard light. This went on for about a minute. When the clock turned twelve-o-one, it stopped.

I couldn't sleep for the rest of that night. I tried figuring out what the old man in the mirror was trying to say to me, which to this day I'm unsure of. I can only assume that it was Moses in the mirror or God himself preaching to me about my life and the upcoming marriage to Patricia. Or it may have just been some other spirit trying to say something to me. That night was unique

and special in many ways.

Patricia must have flown in the twenty-seventh of December. I was excited to see her. We ended up getting married on the last day of the year, December 31, 1991, by the Justice of the Peace with two of my sisters as witnesses.

We had a small get-together party with my immediate family, brothers, sisters, and their kids. We had a wedding cake, and we received a few gifts. We celebrated the New Year that evening as well. We went out bowling in Cedar Rapids, which we bowled our way into the New Year with our family. My new wife, Patricia, didn't drink because of the baby she was carrying, but she had a wonderful time with my family. Right after the New Year, my new wife and I went down to the local Ford dealer in town and bought our first new car. It was a 1991 blue Ford Temple four-door sedan, which we paid something like \$8,700 for.

Another time my brother and his wife, along with my sister and her husband, were going to take us out to a club in Cedar Rapids to dance and hang out. I was twenty-one, but my wife wouldn't turn twenty-one until December 7 of that year. They denied my wife from entering the club; she showed him her German passport, but it wasn't good enough. She explained she wasn't and can't drink since she was carrying a baby. That didn't seem to have any weight to it either; they still refused her.

A couple weeks had passed. My wife did a little sightseeing with me around Iowa in the meantime before she went back to Germany. With the few presents we received from our marriage get-together and from what my mother had given me and the wife for housewarming gifts, it filled up the backseat and trunk area of my car. That was all we had to start out with when we first were married.

It was approximately a fourteen-hour drive to get to Colorado Springs at Fort Carson. I remember driving through the night straight through when I arrived at the unit. I started the paperwork right away to get off- post housing. It wasn't long when I got the approval. I found an apartment complex, which was only a few miles from post in Colorado Springs. The rental price was roughly around \$350 a month for a two- bedroom apartment at the time.

Scott Chally Believes!

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The utilities were separate. I purchased a sofa chair, sofa, some coffee and end tables from a military closing auctions they had in Germany before I left. I had a TV and a stereo while I was there in Germany. I had the military shippers ship my goods or stuff from my last duty station to my new apartment which worked out great. I purchased a queen bed for like \$100 at a warehouse bed store. Our apartment was very plain but livable.

I was doing really well at Fort Carson. I enjoyed working with the people I was with. I believe I made the rank of specialist E4 within the first three months I was there. This time the unit I was in was a headquarters Battery Third Battalion Twenty-ninth Field Artillery, part of the Fourth Infantry division. It was a 109 Howitzer Unit.

If I'm not mistaken, we started our physical fitness training at 6:30 a.m. for an hour. Then we had time to take a shower, change, and eat until 9:00 a.m. to show back up for another formation to start out the workday. We would work or train until about noon. The section chief would release us for lunch, but we would have to be back at one o'clock again for the last formation of the day. Once that formation was completed, it would be up to the section chief or platoon sergeant to release their soldiers accordingly for what had to be done or accomplished for the day. It could be two o'clock or five o'clock. One thing that was different was we started the day out at like 5:30 in the morning and finished the day at 5:00 p.m. every weekday while I was in Germany.

My new wife, Patricia, came to live with me. It was March 10, 1992. She was roughly six months pregnant at the time. It felt great having her with me. It was the best thing that had ever happened to me. As we got money, we would buy things that we needed for the house. We would look through the paper for used furniture to buy. One time we found a kitchen table and chairs for \$100, and another time, dressers and nightstands for the bedroom for \$350.

Now that we had a child on the way, we had to prepare for his room. We knew it was going to be a boy from the ultrasound that was taken. I would take my stereo equipment or video games that I had to the pawnshop because we were coming up short of money from time to time. It seemed like the first year I was there, I was constantly at the pawnshop. We had shopped for baby

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stuff, little by little, and a baby crib for one month then a stroller the next month. Then blankets or baby clothes, toys, and so forth, whatever other accessories that were needed for our new baby. We were living from paycheck to paycheck, but we were happy and enjoyed being together.

Chapter 34

The Birth of Our Firstborn Child, Parents Came to Visit, Wife Becomes Deathly Sick, Army Achievement Medals, Down Range

There was this one morning that was like any other morning except when I came home from PT (physical training), my wife was starting to have labor pains. We hurried and gathered the bag she had prepared to go to the hospital, then off we went. I called my section chief and told him what was happening, so I was excused. My wife and I were authorized to have our child off post. By the time we got to the hospital in Colorado Springs, it only took about two and a half hours to have the baby from the first labor pain until our child's birth. We were proud and excited for our first new healthy baby boy. He was about five weeks early and only weighed five pounds and thirteen ounces, but the doctor rated him as a 9.5 out of 10 as far as being healthy.

It was June 8, 1992, approximately ten o'clock in the morning, when he was born. My wife spent a day in the hospital until they sent her home. She was really nervous about handling the newborn baby since he was so small and fragile. I had held other babies before from my brothers and sisters, so this wasn't such a new of an experience for me. After a few times of my wife holding the baby, she became used to it. She was no longer afraid of harming or hurting him.

My parents came to visit shortly after the baby was born. They took a vacation with their fifth wheel camper. The camper had broken down when they got to Colorado Springs. Their leaf springs on one side of the camper had broken. My dad fixed them in the back parking lot of the apartments where I was living during the day while I was at work. We saw a few attractions while they were there. We drove up to Pike's Peak only until a certain altitude because of the baby would only have a limited amount of oxygen to breathe. They showed the wife and me where they were living when he was stationed there at Fort Carson. It was just outside the main gate on the side of the mountain in an old shack. My mom and dad explained how they used to walk to a well to get their water for the house when they needed it. What was amazing was his landlord that he rented from still live there. We talked to him for a little while.

My oldest brother Rod, their firstborn child, was also born at Fort Carson around 1955. It was now known as the old hospital building. While I was living in the old hospital when I first got there on post, we would run our physical training when it was really cold out in the mornings down the long hallways. It was a one-story building with multiple wings that seemed to go on and on. The post ended up tearing the old hospital down while I was there.

We also ventured to see Manitou Springs, the air force base, and Garden of the Gods. My parents were so amazed at how much Colorado Springs had grown. The population was less than thirty thousand at the time when they were there and now it's over five hundred thousand. On post my dad showed me the old buildings where he used to train, but he was amazed when he looked at the banana belt where all the new units are at now. I showed him where my brother Todd was while in the army. His unit wasn't far from where I was on the strip.

It was probably two to three weeks after our son was born when my wife became deathly sick. She started out with a fever and pains in her lower gut region, but then it got so bad she couldn't walk. I took her to the hospital, and they diagnosed her having pelvic inflammatory disease (PID). She spent a day or two in the hospital on antibiotics. The hospital blamed the PID on chlamydia from which they tested us. She came back positive, but my tests came back negative. They treated both of us anyhow for the disease. She came home and then recovered from PID.

We traveled to different sights around Colorado Springs. We had really grown attached to Colorado Springs. It was a wonderful place to live with the mountains for a view; you can say it was breathtaking. We visited the Royal Gorge, which was like the tallest bridge over a canyon in the United States, with the rapids of the Colorado River flowing under it. You could see the white-water rafters below.

It reminded me when I was living in Germany. I had taken a trip to Austria with a few of my friends. We went on this river with level 3 or level 4 rapids. It was amazingly exciting not knowing what was going to happen with the next waves splashing up over the raft. Not knowing if the next turbulence of the river is going to flip the raft or toss you out. I was always going to try white-water rafting on the Colorado River but never have yet.

The military would award achievement medals from time to time when an individual had shown great credit upon himself or for the military service to achieve above their so-called peers. The first achievement medal I received was the service of duty in the first duty station in Aschaffenburg. Then I received a second one after doing a battalion standardized external evaluation down range of Fort Carson in April '92, which was an impact award. I got a third achievement medal for being deployed for a month between March and April '93 with the First Brigade combat team at the National Training Center in California. I received a fourth achievement for the service time at Colorado Springs. I felt pretty good at Fort Carson since I had shown that I had responsibility. I was in charge of a position azimuth determining system (PADs), which consisted of a team, driver, and operator to drive around in a Humvee putting in new coordinates and azimuth for survey control for the battalion in order for the batteries to fire their howitzers. I was efficient and fast, giving good data for each one of the batteries to achieve their missions.

We would have multiple different exercises that we would go down range Fort Carson for training. It seemed like my section chief would always want to establish the survey section base away from the line batteries. We would be away from the battalion, and he would try to find the highest mountain point to go to within reason where we would still have communications from the battalion. He picked the mountain points we could set up a good radio signal to communicate with the line batteries. I remember several nights after

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coming back from doing surveys for the line batteries. We would go to get some rest at the camp, which we had set up, when the M109 howitzers fired. We could hear the rounds flying through the air above our heads. When you have the battalion firing at the firing range and in the path where they were firing from was on top of this huge hill or mountain. The rounds sounded like they were only about twenty feet above our heads, going through the air, heading toward the impact area.

There was another time when we were running down range for maybe two or three days without much sleep when my driver was too tired to drive. It had to be about three o'clock in the morning. I had taken over driving and finished up putting in a survey from a line battery, and I had to initialize my survey data over a known survey control point (SCP). I was super tired myself, and there was a survey control point about forty-five minutes from camp. I was looking around for one that may be closer. I saw one on the map that was up on a hill with trees.

At nighttime, you can't have lights on while driving out in the field, so we were using or I was using night-vision goggles to see the trail. What appeared on the map was an old road headed to the SCP. I was going straight up a hill I couldn't see all that clearly with the night-vision goggles. I didn't know what sort of shape the road was in, and the trees were overgrown as well. My driver was resting or sleeping in the passenger's seat. I headed up this hill with a little speed, and all of a sudden, there were rocks and boulders with the road obviously washed out.

I was going at a fairly decent speed trying to make the hill going straight up. All of a sudden, I hit some boulders on the path. My driver woke up scared shitless wondering what the hell was happening. We came to a stop where the Humvee was leaning sideways in this road or re-vein headed up a steep hill. My driver went out of the vehicle and was too scared to be in Humvee. I decided that I would just back on down the hill and go to another SCP.

When I came off the hill, I looked at what damage I had done. I literally popped the Humvee tire and did a little cosmetic damage next to the underside body of the Humvee. My driver finally got back into the vehicle after I was down. He thought I was crazy for attempting that, but I told him and showed him on the map where the road was. It's just that we couldn't see well at night.

We drove to our campsite that night with a flat tire. The Humvee was not out of commission just because it had a flat. You could still go on and achieve or do your mission. The next morning at six o'clock, we took our vehicle to maintenance and change the tire. Maintenance was wondering what the hell I hit that caused my tire to pop, plus the damage I did. Nothing was ever done putting me at blame for destruction of government property, it was all part of the training.

There had been other times while in the field when there were close calls. I remember my driver driving along across this open plain late at night. You couldn't see a difference in the terrain. As we were driving along out of the blue, there was a drop-off which was a wash-out re-vein or ditch that was about eight to ten feet deep. It was cut out from the earth. Sort of like a rectangle shape that was maybe ten feet wide. The banks of the ditch had no slope to them, just a sheer drop-off. We nearly ran into the ditch. We saw it at the last second and stopped, got out, and looked. It must've been the next night when someone else from our headquarters battery from the battalion drove their Humvee into that ditch. All you could see was the tail of the vehicle sticking out of the ground. No one really got hurt from the incident, but I'm sure it scared them and was embarrassing.

There was another time when I was driving down through this mountain pass late one night. I was going down this hill on the narrow road when all of a sudden there was battalion move of A1 Abrams tanks coming up the pass. I happened to be just coming around the corner going down. There was no place to turn off the road. All I could do was pull off to the side of the road as far as I could. These tanks did not slow down. They were probably traveling twenty miles per hour coming up the hill and pivoting right where I was parked on the side of the road. They were missing hitting the Humvee within inches coming around that curve. That's a scary feeling when these big heavy tanks are moving so close to your vehicle. I couldn't even have enough time to step out of the Humvee to get away. You have to have faith in the ones driving the tanks and hope nothing happens.

I remember back when I was in Aschaffenburg how they would move convoys of tracked vehicles through town. They don't really slow down. I was about to cross an intersection when the tracked vehicles were making a left turn. I was

watching them go through the intersection when one of the tracked vehicles was turning and then ran over the front driver's side of a small red car. It crushed and flattened a part of the engine compartment, fender, and wheel but didn't hurt the driver. It scared the shit out of him. The convoy didn't stop but continued to drive. The polizei made an accident report with the MPs, and that was the end of it.

Chapter 35

Things That Happened at Fort Carson, the Trips into the Mountains, PLDC, Mother-in-Law, Making Sergeant

There were other things that happened at Fort Carson when we weren't in the field. I remember right about when I first got there, they had a post-lockdown and search. They confiscated over five hundred handguns and weapons that were not registered to soldiers in the barracks or the ones that lived off post that they had in their vehicles. They found M-16s, hand grenades, and other explosives hidden away up in the ceiling tiles in the barracks throughout the post.

I can't remember if that was before or after the post-lockdown, when there was this lieutenant colonel supposedly driving, heading toward Denver on the interstate when he had another driver messing around with him, causing problems by giving out some kind of hand gestures. The colonel somehow got the other guy to pull off to the side of the highway. Then the colonel got out of his vehicle and went up to the driver's window of the other vehicle and shot him dead in plain sight.

We were in formation one morning when we saw the military police coming out of our barracks with two guys from our platoon in handcuffs. What I found out that happened that night was these two friends had picked up

or brought back to their barracks a female. I think she was seventeen years old. They started off drinking that night with her and then pressured her with cocaine, which she then accepted. One thing led to another. They had their way with her, pressuring her to accepting to sex, so they both were gangbanging her all night long. But what they didn't realize was she left to go home early in the morning. She must've felt really bad about what she had done or her father had put her on the spot to confess what she did that night. Her father was a major in the army. She cried rape, and that's the reason why they handcuffed them that morning. They were brought up on charges of rape and had to stand trial, which was a few months later.

I remember one of the two guys. He was from our survey section and was having problems getting set up with off-post housing for his wife and kid. That's why he was living in the barracks. He basically said, when the court-martial was over, he did not get it for rape since she was willingly able to leave at any given time during the night. He didn't get it for using cocaine and drugs or offering the young lady cocaine or alcohol or even sleeping with a minor, but what he did get it for was adultery. They took his rank and gave him a year in jail. I remember after the year he was in jail, he came back to the unit and processed out of the military with a dishonorable discharge.

I remember while doing CQ (charge of quarters) duty after hours while hanging around answering calls. You would get calls all through the night, asking about or wanting you to get someone from the barracks for them to talk to. But other times, there would be strange women that would call just to communicate. They would flirt with you over the phone, and sometimes you could say it sounded like phone sex. They would offer to meet up with you or they would say they're looking for a relationship or date. Sometimes they just wanted a one night of fun. Sometimes I wondered if these girls weren't married women who were just looking for a little extra excitement in their lives.

I hit it off really well with my section chief. We became really good friends. He placed responsibility upon my shoulders during work. It gave me the desired and enjoyment in doing my job. I would go out of my way to make sure all tasks were done for the day if possible.

Midsummer each year, I and my section chief would spend several weekends going up into the Rocky Mountains through the continental divide about 120 miles west of Colorado Springs to a national wildlife reserve. We would rent a campsite at Turquoise Lake, so we could pitch a tent. Before I met him, he had lost his wife to cancer, and he had a child from her that he was raising. His kid must have been around thirteen to fourteen years of age at the time.

During the day, we would travel to Twin Lakes, which was a few miles away to go fishing. We would have our lawn chairs, a tackle box with fishing poles, a sweater, and a coat depending on the weather along with a cooler full of beer. This was a fairly secluded location where there wasn't much for tourism or of people in general. It was like we pretty much had the whole lake to ourselves, and the lake was fairly good size.

We would fish all day long or sometimes just for four to six hours during the day while drinking beer and enjoying the fishing. We would sometimes end up catching the daily limit for rainbow trout and mackinaw trout. After fishing for the day, we would head back to the campsite. Then we would start a fire and sometimes cook some of the fish that we had caught. We would mix it up depending on what we felt like eating, whether it was hamburgers, hotdogs, stakes, beans, or fried diced seasoned potatoes. We had a great time hanging out talking about old times from back at the unit or just different things.

Some nights we would crack open a bottle of Jack Daniels or some type of whiskey and drink it around the campfire. There were other times we had friends with us. I remember driving up there one time with a friend from the section named Kevin. We made a road trip drinking beer all the way up to the campsite. There was literally no traffic on the roads. Once you got so far up into the mountains, you would see very few officers. There were very few people who live there. There were other times when we would go in town of Leadville at night to drink at the bar. This was a lead mining town of maybe twenty-five hundred people.

This time we went to a bar in Leadville. We were sitting, drinking beer at the bar, when this near-middle-aged guy came into the bar with a sack. He was so happy bragging what he had done for the day collecting bottles from digging

them up in old outhouses around town. He was so happy he bought everyone in the bar a round of beer. He was a super nice guy. We talked to him for a little while. What we found out was some of the bottles were worth over \$300 apiece, and he had six to eight bottles. He said he made a living digging up old shit houses. He would research where all the old outhouses were located by old photos and maps of the towns.

Another time we went to the bar, and we met up with this woman about the same age as my section chief. He seemed to be hitting it off very well with her, but she was trying to influence me to meet her sixteen-year-old daughter. She said that she wanted her out of the house, and I would be a good candidate for her. She showed me pictures of her. She had fair white skin, blond, blue eyes, shoulder-length hair. She was like a solid eight or maybe even a ten. I had to tell her no because I was happily married. I cut out of the bar earlier to head back to the campsite that night. I believe he had a ride. He told me he'll be there later that night, which he planned on staying at the bar longer. Sometime during the night, he made it back.

I was back at the unit, so I put my packet in for my E5 sergeant, which I was signed up for primary leadership development course (PLDC). In order to make sergeant, you have to have this course completed. It's a month-long training. I started PLDC from October to November '92 at Fort Carson. Just prior to going to PLDC, my section chief had applied to be and was accepted as an instructor at the school. I never had him for an instructor though. I remember one time vividly that I was put in charge of a squad, marching them to lunch during PLDC. The squad wasn't sounding off to the cadence, so I used a form of discipline by holding them up from going into the mess hall. After I let a couple of other groups go into the dining facility, I let them go in to eat. My PLDC instructor pulled me off to the side and chewed my ass telling me that it was an inappropriate disciplinary action even though I don't remember him telling me what the appropriate action should have been. Another time I remember running the PT test. I ran less than five minutes for the first mile. Then I would have to stop running because I couldn't breathe. I had induced chronic bronchitis. I walked a little, but I still had a good time when finished. I finished the PLDC course being average on November 13, 1992.

Later in December that year, my mother-in-law came from Germany to visit. My wife's father had passed away when she was like thirteen years old. She stayed during the holidays. She went back with us to Iowa to celebrate Christmas at my folks, which she enjoyed. I believe she thought I had a good family for her daughter to enjoy while she's away from Germany. My wife was really close to her mother, and it made me happy having her with us. Her mother didn't speak English, only German, and I didn't speak German, so I had to use my wife to translate our conversations. Her mother can make the best-tasting cakes. She also would make the best-tasting German-style food. My mother-in-law has a nice German home she kept very clean and organized. My wife has a brother, a few other relatives, and friends whom she is close to in Germany.

In March 1993, three years, ten months, I've made my sergeant. I was very happy I finally had more responsibility. I felt good about having the rank of E5, plus I made more money. Basically, I went from E1, E2, E3, back to E2, E3, E4 back to E2, E3, E4, then to E5 or sergeant.

Chapter 36

National Training Center, My Grandfather Dies, the Parties, Funeral Duties

In March and April '93, I went to the national training center for the First Brigade combat team. We took an eighteen-hour bus ride to get to the training. We stopped in Las Vegas, Nevada, for an hour, where I gambled at a casino and won \$100.

This one time when we were behind a commander's vehicle of Bravo battery going through a canyon where we entered an open field, we were attacked by simulated artillery fire as soon as we entered the flat past the canyon. The evaluator for our battery gave me what you would call a sucking chest wound, but if I would have been attended to for medical treatment within five minutes, I would only have been out of the battle for only a few hours. By the time the commander or anybody attended to my wounds, I was considered dead and was taken out of the battle for a day. The battery no longer had survey for the artillery guns to fire, plus they lost a platoon worth of soldiers and vehicles. There was this big holding area that housed all the people or vehicles taken out of battle. All you had to do was find a place to sit and do nothing until you're able to come back into combat. We saw snakes, turtles, horny toads, and all kinds of different critters while we were out there. The days out in the Mojave

Desert were as hot as 115 degrees, and in the evenings, it went down to around freezing.

Another time I spent maybe a half hour trying to climb this berm that the engineers had made. Instead of trying to drive around, which would take some time, I decided I would try to go over to cross the berm. I tried but couldn't quite get over. It was fun trying though. The engineers did a great job digging and putting up the barrier. I would always try to come up with shortcuts trying to save time, plus be readily available doing my job. We surpassed the enemy a few days early, which we were highly credited for doing. I was awarded for outstanding accomplishments for the training.

My grandpa, my dad's dad, had died on May 17, 1993. He was ninety- seven years old. I remember it seemed like only yesterday at the time when he used to drive out to the farm from Aurora, Illinois, which was about 175- to 200-mile drive. He used to help me put in fence on the farm, pull milk weeds from the bean field, and do other chores with me. If you ask me, I would say that was pretty good being able to get around and do things at ninety-three or ninety-four years of age. Shortly afterwards, he lost his license. A police officer pulled him over because he didn't come to a complete stop at a stop sign. As far as I know, that triggered the authorities at his age that he should not drive, and they pulled his license. I believe he lived in his house alone. His kids would come over to bring items for him from the store.

After he lost his license, he started to go downhill with his health. He lived in his home for a short while. Then the kids put him in a nursing home to be cared for. He lasted a few years in the home until he passed on. I remember visiting him once in the home with my wife and child. It seemed like he was losing his memory, but he was still happy to see us. I took a vacation from the army to go to his funeral. I was dressed in my army Class A uniform as a pallbearer. I also received his flag since he served as a soldier during World War I. I felt honored receiving my grandfather's flag out of like twenty-six grandchildren that he had.

It was around summer when my wife decided to go visit her relatives and friends in Germany. I was bored, so I would hang out or have friends hang out at my house while she was gone. One time I started out with a few friends

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over at the house. Then they called a few friends. Before you knew of it, it had turned into a party. What made it so bad was a few of the friends were playing cards and they were smoking joints and leaving them sit in the ashtray. The doors of the apartment were wide open, and the music must've been a little loud because the cops came to my door. I just happened to catch or meet them before they came in to my apartment. I immediately closed the door so they couldn't see the guys sitting at the kitchen table smoking. I apologized to the officers for the inconvenience I may have caused and told them I will turn the music down and have my guests go home soon. The party was closed down maybe another hour later. There must've been about twenty-five to thirty people. The next morning, outside the apartment in the grass were beers, whiskey bottles, cans, women's underwear, and a syringe needle, so I'm assuming there was more fun there than what I realized.

This other time, I drove to an apartment complex down on Fountain in Colorado Springs. I was hanging out with some friends of mine that knew these guys. This one guy was called Littlejohn as a nickname; he was a big guy. He used to be in the military and had recently got out. He and another friend of his went downtown supposedly to pick something up, and they were also downtown shooting up stop signs from the vehicle from what they said when they came back. There was a military police or soldier off-duty that was there with me. He was bragging about his stereo in his jeep and how loud it was, so we went downstairs to check it out. There also was a biker's party going on earlier that evening. In the meantime, while listening to the radio, he was showing me his new 9 mm handgun. I was looking at the gun and was listening to his music when all of a sudden, I heard this shot that sounded like it came from the second story of the apartment complex. I heard someone say, "Turn that fucking music off." We dodged behind the vehicle so we wouldn't get shot.

Less than five minutes passed and there must have been seven squad cars there. They had a temporary police station set up in this part of town, so they must have been nearby. When the officers arrived, they asked if we knew where the shot came from, so we pointed at the second-story window. The cops went upstairs to the man's apartment. As far as I understand, all the guy did was take an extension cord then tape a battery to each one of the

wires of one end of the cord, then put it out the window and plugged it in. I guess the electricity going to the battery caused it to explode sounding like a gun. So nothing happened to the guy, just caused a lot of commotion. He was probably one of the bikers who were there that night partying. It didn't seem like I was hanging around with the best of crowds, but I knew what my limits were, and I wasn't going to do anything that would lead me to get into trouble.

When the wife came back from Germany, we traded in the car we had for a 1993 Toyota Corolla four-door sedan that was teal color.

The battalion would get tasks for performing funeral duties around the state, for X service members who have passed away. It would be an honorary guard to go to the funerals with the pallbearers and the rifle men for a ceremony. I was in charge of the rifle squad when we would shoot the salute. There were other times when I was a pallbearer too. We had to dress in our class A's with highly spit-shine combat boots. We looked very well and sounded very professional doing our ceremonies. We buried World War I vets, a colonel, and numerous other service members.

I extended my stay at Fort Carson for a year, but then I reenlisted for three more years. This put me on another tour to Germany. It was late in the year of '93 when my wife had a miscarriage. The baby was only three to four months old. We had orders to relocate in Germany by such a date, so we decided we would take a little leave to visit some family before heading to Germany. We went to visit my sister Robin over in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. We had to drive the car and dock it in St. Louis for shipment to Germany, she just happened to be on the way.

When I was visiting my sister and her husband, Tony then took me around to different places to hook up my car with new wheels, dark tinted windows, and his brother Terry did the pin striping. He had a shop there in Tulsa. He did a nice pinstripe on the side of the car and colored in a Tasmanian devil character on the trunk lid that looked cool. He was known as the Wizard.

Chapter 37

Third Duty Station, the Myth, Second-Born Child, Refused to Write Soldier Up, Stressful Times, I Got Help, the Gym, Battalion R&U

It was February or March '94 when we located to Germany. My wife was pregnant again with our second child. We flew over and got checked in to my unit, which again was a howitzer M109 unit at the Third Battalion First Field Artillery (big red one) station in Bamberg, Germany. This was an hour and a half-drive away from her mother's place and two hours away from Aschaffenburg, Germany, east from where I was stationed before. My wife stayed at her mother's while the transition took place. In the meantime, I was on post living in the barracks.

It wasn't long after words I heard this one guy tell a story, I suppose we got on the topic, because I said I was living in the barracks. He said that there was a myth that dated back before Adam and Eve. He was saying it was Adam's first wife named Lilith, which she was different and didn't want to do some of the things Adam wanted her to do. She always figured herself as being higher or godly for her existence. There was a name for her to become a godly figure, which she wasn't supposed to figure out or be able to say but she did. She was a sexual maniac. After she became that godly figure, she was known as the succubus. She would dwell around with different young men during their

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sleep or rest and prey upon them to consume their souls. He said you can call her at night and experience it for yourself. All you have to do is lay down then be completely calm and calmly say “succubus” five times. This will allow your body to be open to her spirit. He says you have to be careful, though. She was known to kill young men in their sleep. What she does is draw the aura out of your body and then consume your soul. Then you are dead. He said she is supposed to be the most beautiful woman you have ever seen and you will experience the best pleasure ever. I figured that night I would try out the legend to see if it would do anything. I was sleeping in the old German barracks or lying down resting in bed when I called out “succubus” five times. Nothing happened. Then I tried to get my mind in a completely open state along with my body. I tried calling out “succubus” five more times. Then I started to feel something different with my body. It was like it was glowing then in the dark. It was like I saw a shadowy foggy figure floating above me. I was experimenting with that for about an hour. Then I stopped and fell asleep. I was having a hard time trying to get up the next day, and I was extremely tired all day. I was scared from all that. I never tried calling out “succubus” again when I went to sleep.

We got a place off post about a fifteen-minute ride to my caserne. It was a nice three-story home. There were three different families in the home in a well-secluded location, with very few homes around us but really ritzy looking. We had the first floor, which had two walk-out patios, one from the bedroom and another from the kitchen. We had the whole backyard. There were two bedrooms, bath, shower, living room, and eat-in kitchen. We shared the stairwell going to the main door, which had storage for the lower level. It seemed to fit perfectly for us.

It must’ve been four to five months later on July 22, 1994, when my wife and I had our second baby boy. He was about three to four weeks early, and from the time my wife felt the first labor pain, it was less than two hours when she gave birth. He came out looking purplish. I was nervous at first, but they considered him a healthy baby who weighed around seven pounds.

I seemed to be happy in the beginning at the section that I was in. We did a few field exercises in Grafenwoehr. Then one day my section chief wanted me to write up my driver. He mentioned that he didn’t like his attitude and we

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should take actions to process him out of the military.

I denied it and said that I think he was a fine soldier, and I refused to write him up. In my opinion, he was a good soldier. He never got written up, but instead, my section chief would find anything he could against me, and my monthly counseling statements from my section chief would reflect how bad I was performing at the unit, which most of it was untrue. I thought for a moment during this time that it would have been better for me to just have written the soldier up whether he was in the wrong or not.

I realize how hard and how much it hurts to have bad negative information brought against you. I had my head on the chopping block from a section chief, and the bad part about it was he was friends with the platoon sergeant that followed in the same chain of command that I was in. He was survey as well. They also had a special or selected click that they were in around the battalion. It became a game for them to try to come up with negative disciplinary actions against me. I had to walk a very fine line not to get caught doing something that I might regret. I came up on orders for a DA (Department of the Army)–selected school BNOC (Basic Noncommissioned Officer Course) and I felt they were out to stop me from going to that school and from getting my E6 staff sergeant.

Then there was a time when I was about to be late showing up for a battalion formation. I was driving to the caserne and I was speeding. Right before the caserne, I picked up a military police. I went ahead and continued to drive with the military police following me to where I parked at the battalion headquarters. I got out of the vehicle; the MP saw the formation. He cut me a break and chose not to give me a ticket. I made it to my formation before it was called to attention. If they weren't riding me so much, I would not have worried about coming late to formation. I would've probably been excused since I always made it on time prior or they would have overlooked it.

I was really getting emotionally stressed over the whole situation. I broke down and went to sick call, and they referred me to seeing a psychiatrist for my problem. I traveled to Wurzburg, about an hour one way, once or twice a month to see a psychiatrist. I was complaining of having memory loss and agitation, and it was affecting my speech. He gave me a limited doctor's excuse

for a light stress-free duty that was temporary. I couldn't use any weapons. He diagnosed me of having major depression and put me on some medicine.

This allowed the battalion commander to temporarily move me someplace that could fit the description of medical note and be taken away from the stress of my section chief. He relocated me to the small gym we had on the caserne. All I would have to do was open it up in the morning then turn on the sauna and issue out basketballs or equipment to the soldiers. That would be my task all day long. The psychiatrist put me on Prozac and a sleeping pill for nights. I remember one time I was drinking a little bit before going to bed. I took a sleeping pill, and the next morning, I couldn't seem to get up. I was so tired that my wife dressed me and drove me to the gym that morning so I wouldn't get into trouble. I sat there after she helped me in the gym. Then I fell asleep, and I guess people were trying to wake me to get items checked out. They just grabbed them and returned them when they were done. But I couldn't take the gym. It was too boring.

I was wondering at the time if I could become the battalion R&U (Repair and Upkeep) NCO. And sure enough, about three months from doing the gym, I became the new battalion R&U. I worked directly for the sergeant major and the lieutenant colonel of the battalion. The caserne was basically our unit with a dining facility, parade field, a gym, maintenance bays, motor pools, barracks, and battery offices. I would go around putting in work orders for stuff that needed to be fixed or changed. Basically, whatever I felt needed to be changed or fixed, I would put it in on post to the director of engineering and housing. They would review what I had written and send people out to review. If it needed fixing, they would put it in their jobs.

Part of my description was I had to be in charge of five workers, soldiers for details, around the battalion each day to either work on projects or to mow and do yard work. I had in no time the battalion looking immaculate, superb. I would even work with the extra duty at nighttime or after hours to work on different projects within the battalion. One time I restored a pack 75 howitzer, small cannon with a breech block, stripped all the paint from it, repainted it, put new tires on it, polished it, and reassembled it in the staircase coming into the building. I redid the hall by the commander's office on second floor where it looked like a gallery of military photos. Our caserne and our headquarters

looked like what a general's office would probably look like.

I made my office look really nice as well. I had storage bins for nails and screws on the wall. I had a shadow board. I replaced the lights, painted the walls, and had two desks in the room. One desk had a computer, and the other one was used to draw and sketch things on or fill out my work orders. I made a cabinet to hold a TV and stereo with speakers. I also had a couch and table, a shelf-like bookcase for when people came into the office, for they can have something to lean on. I had a bench to work on stuff, all kinds of yard rakes, and tools hanging from the walls. I even put up a dartboard to play with when I didn't have much going on. It looked very presentable. Once our battalion had an inspection from a general, he came through and looked at my office along with the battalion. He complimented me. I think he thought my office and the battalion itself looked very nice. He even asked the sergeant major if he would be willing to give me up to him. I really enjoyed working around the battalion taking care of it.

Chapter 38

The Incident at the Battalion Late One Night, Received an Award, Sixth Article 15, Unit Receives Army Maintenance Award, the Mysterious Girl I Had Met

There was this time when my unit was out in the field training, it took about an hour to get to Grafenwoehr. They needed a driver, and they knew I was at the battalion that night. I was working stripping the paint off a pack 75 howitzer where I was breathing fumes all day. They came and asked me to make the run. I went home and changed from my sweats to my BDUs. When I came back to the unit, this E7 sergeant first class said that I would have to take nine soldiers out to the field that night. I told him the van only held eight. He insisted that I should carry all nine soldiers in the van with their equipment. If not, he then said I will just have to make two trips.

I explained to him that I wasn't in the best of shape to do two trips since I've been breathing fumes all day long. The roads were icy, and it was snowing out. I told him I wasn't going to do the run unless there were only eight guys, and I wasn't going to do two trips either. He locked me up in the position of attention and screamed at me. I told him I wasn't going to do something to jeopardize the health of the soldiers or be illegal that could cause me to get a ticket or to get into an accident.

He found another driver to drive to Grafenwoehr. They crammed all nine soldiers in the van with all their gear. The van was dragging its axles pretty much on the ground. Maybe I should have done the wrong thing and drove that night, but something was telling me not to.

He wrote me up and pushed for a field-grade article 15. He was also friends with my platoon sergeant and section chief. I believe it was planned. It stopped me from going to my Department of the Army– selected school BNOC and be eligible for E6 rank. I wasn't even supposed to drive that night, but I was doing a good deed. I wasn't going to criticize the situation by doing something wrong.

They made it to Grafenwoehr fine that night. The next day, the commander of the battalion ordered me out to Grafenwoehr because of what happened. I didn't know what to expect when I went out there. I was in one of the buildings there at Graf when someone came and told me that the battalion commander and sergeant major wanted to see me in their building. I went to their building where there must've been about ten officers, along with high enlisted staff. The commander was sitting behind a desk when I walked in the door. I saluted the commander. Then he told me to go to at ease. He wanted to hear my side of the story about what happened the night before. I told him the situation I was in when I made the decision that I did. He agreed with me that the plan was wrong. What took me by a surprise was after I had explained the situation, the sergeant major and colonel told me they wanted to present me with an award.

Here I was thinking and ready to get punished for a field-grade article 15, and in return, the commander and the sergeant major put me in and gave me an army achievement medal for outstanding service as being the battalion R&U NCO on January 31, 1995. They brought me to attention and presented the award. They told me that I've been outstanding in performing my duties around the battalion and that I should continue to do so and not let the situation get me down.

About two to three weeks after the field problem was over, I then received my field-grade article 15. I could've lost my rank and also could have lost one-half month of pay times two months. What I got was forty-five days' extra

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duty. This caused me to miss my BNOC schooling. I really don't think the commander wanted to give me the field-grade article 15. It was one of those things where he had to react on because of military law and order.

I was so distraught that evening when I was supposed to drive the way it turned out. I had given up all hope. When I went home that night, my stress level was really severe. All I was thinking was I knew the military way of life was coming to an end. I planned to stay for twenty years in the army. This was my way of life to serve as a soldier for my country. I always tried to excel in everything that I had done.

Prior to what happened from the field-grade article 15, the year while stationed there, we were among the All Army Primary Maintenance Inspection Award of the individual equipment from doing the inspections and noting all faults of the equipment to be fixed. On my section of equipment and the stuff that I did, I had received 100 percent on my maintenance records when evaluated. In return, we received the All Armies Primary Logistics Maintenance Inspection Award. The general of the army came to our caserne and presented the unit with the award.

In December '94, I came up with a Christmas display for the unit. It consisted of nine reindeer with Rudolph leading the way pulling a 109 howitzer with Santa Claus and his bag of toys on top. I placed the display outside of our caserne by the main gate. It was lit up with lights. It was a major attraction for all the soldiers around the community. I was given many compliments because of it.

For extra duty, I did everything from sweeping the motor pool, polishing four-pack 75 howitzers that sat in front of the battalion headquarters, stripping and polishing floors in the battalion, painting projects, fixing stuff, cleaning, police-call, and whatever else that needed to be done. I would usually spend from about 5:30 p.m. until 10:30 or 11:00 p.m. on extra duty during the week for the forty-five days. On Saturdays the shift would be twelve hours, so if you started at seven, you will get off at seven at night. Sundays were like six hours long, so you start at six, and you're finished by noon.

It must've been near summer of '95 when I was on extra duty with another soldier named Private Seecroft. We had a couple fine-looking girls who walked

onto the caserne late one Saturday afternoon. We were working outside doing yard work, raking the volleyball courts. I ordered the volleyball courts put in for the soldiers through engineering and housing on post. They came up to us, which we were talking to them for about a half-hour until we were able to get off. We brought the girls up to his room. We were socializing for a little while longer. One thing I remember I tried to ask the one girl with brunette hair what her name was and she hesitated to tell me. I blurted out for some reason Fram, not sure if I heard from the other girl in the room that was answering for her. Then I said, "Is Fram your last name then?" She said yes! So it was something Fram I can't remember the first name. But I do remember mentioning that I had a section chief named Fram.

It was getting late in the evening and they were looking for other things to do, so we took them down to the officers' club to dance and drink. I offered to drive. They saw my car and complimented me for it, but they suggested to walk if we were going to drink, so we walked. I hit it off well with the girl with the brunette hair. She would drag me to the dance floor to dance and what a good dancer she was. There were two sides of the dance club; one side was rock, and the other side was country. We stayed mostly on the country's side. We had a great time there as we danced and drank. We then walked back to Seecroft's room again and stayed a little bit, then went home.

The next day, I had extra duty early since it was Sunday. The girls were supposedly visiting some relatives in a nearby town when they came to see us. I believe I had told the girl I was hanging out with the night before that I was married and had two kids, so we were just friends. But before she left Bamberg, she and her friend came to visit us the next morning to say goodbye. I truly didn't know her name, but we had fun together. I remember I was a way from where Seecroft was at the gym when she came up to me. It's like she wanted to tell me something. I lit a cigarette. It must've been a turnoff, and she didn't say a whole lot, but goodbyes and thanks for the fun time. Sometime later after watching the movie *Speed* with Sandra Bullock in it and hearing that she has relatives near Bamberg, it dawned on me that it was possible that the girl that I was with that night was Sandra herself. I told my wife, friends, and family the story. They didn't believe it was possible. She sure looked like her. I can only go as far as what I feel. Maybe I could be wrong. It happened! It's my story and I'm sticking to it.

Chapter 39

The Incident at the Bowling Alley, Seventh Article 15, Alcohol Rehabilitation Class, a Guy Commits Suicide, the Girlfriend Experience, Our Third-Born Child

It was less than six months when I got into trouble again. I was the captain of a bowling team there on post. I was running late one night coming to the bowling alley. By this time in Germany, I had a second vehicle, 1987 Nissan red pickup. I came in to bowl where we had six people on the team, and the lowest-scoring guy from the previous week would sit out. It just happened to be the officer who was supposed to sit out. When I came in, he was already shadow bowling. I told him I was willing to bowl and that he can sit out now. He insisted that he was going to bowl. I told him that's not going to happen. "I'm bowling and it's your turn to sit out." He brought up that he outranked me and I can't tell him what to do; he was making threats at me. It was after hours and we were off duty. But I still had to respect his rank. I bought a beer where I was drinking and was getting ready to put my shoes on. He then started getting belligerent with me by not wanting me to bowl. We got loud back and forth with each other, so he had the bowling alley call the military police.

The military police showed up, which at the time was an army reserve unit or National Guard out of Chicago. The ones that came that night were police

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officers besides from being military police. There was a female officer who came in and talked to us to see what the commotion was all about. The officer on the team said I was making threatening remarks to him and he wanted me to leave the bowling alley. I explained I was the captain of the bowling team and I made the decisions when the lowest-scoring person should sit out and he just happened to be it. They pulled me off to the side in the office of the bowling alley where they then talked to me saying he's an officer. She told me, "He is going to bowl and you should leave." I said that's not right. I should be able to stay. I told them I was going to stay. They insisted that I must leave. I said one more time I was going to stay and watch them bowl.

At that time, they grabbed me, threw me on the ground, and wrestled with me. I wasn't trying to fight it, but they made a mess in the office with paper all over just to put handcuffs on me. They made a big scene even when I wasn't trying to fight them. I was on Prozac at the time. The situation seemed to have been blown out of proportion. I assumed I was doing the right thing, but I lost once again against authority. I can't remember how many hours I spent in jail, but the wife came and picked me up. It was considered a blotter report where alcohol was in use, so my commander had to react on it.

I received a field-grade article 15 over the situation. I was getting really emotional over this disciplinary action. I was thinking about getting out of the military. If you're an E4 specialist, you get paid to get out of the service as long as you had more than eight years. When the commander asked me before giving me the article 15 what I would like to have done, I said lose one rank, forty-five days' extra duty, and suspend the amount of pay taken out of my check. That was exactly what he did. Also, I had to attend to an alcohol rehabilitation class through the community, which was for once or twice a week until released.

The commander thought it was very unprofessional of the officer from our battalion to do what he did to me from that night of bowling. As far as I understood, the commander of the battalion wrote his reviews. I was more stressed than ever when I first lost my rank. I had memory loss in between these stressful times.

I was going to these alcohol classes once or twice a week. All we would do was

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talk in a circle about different occurrences of what happened to the individuals that ended up in the class. Or even talk about how each one feels at the time. We would do this for about an hour. Each time we had the class and that was mandatory. I was unable or restricted from drinking while I was in the class. And during that time, I did not drink. This went on for about a year. Either my stories were a good influence on the ones in the class or something because I was told I could get out of the class as early as three months. But they kept me over nine.

Actually, I got released shortly after. There was this guy while I was going to the class telling the group and the counselors that if he wasn't going to be released from his unit by a certain day, he was going to commit suicide. The counselors asked him how he's going to commit suicide. He said he would ram his car into a tree. He said he was tired of them "fucking with him at the unit." A few days later, he did just that. I think back and remember him saying that. I was just there to listen. I didn't know for sure if he was going to do that or not, but the counselors should have done something. They didn't, and that's why I think they let me go from the class.

Prior to me getting in trouble at the bowling alley, I used to have a beer fridge on my patio, which was off the kitchen. I would have friends come over to barbecue and drink on different occasions. This one time, my wife had a girlfriend of hers come over to spend the night. It must have been the weekend. We waited when it was time to put the kids to bed before we started to drink. We watched a movie then started to play some board and card games. After a while, we were having a good time when I suggested to play Spin the Bottle. If it lands on you, you would have to take off a piece of clothing. My wife and her good-looking girlfriend were both up to this idea. We even made it more interesting later that night when we had to run around the house with just underwear on. We only played to get down to the underwear. Then all of a sudden, the wife wanted to go to bed, so she's in the bedroom and her girlfriend was lying on the couch with nothing but thin underwear on. My hand was on her chest. She was enjoying it when, all of a sudden, my wife was standing at the doorway of the living room. I was hoping for the wife to join in, but instead, she told me I needed to go to bed now. I got up and said good night to her friend and went to the bedroom.

Before this night that we had, I had been expressing emotionally about how I would enjoy having a second woman to live with us but be more than just a sexual partner, as a friend to share emotions and everyday life with. She told me that might happen depending on the person. I don't know if she just told me that to hush me up. I don't care what the outside world thinks of having two women. It's just something that I desire. I'll leave it up to my wife to allow this to happen though. The most important thing is that I love my wife, and I want my wife to love me.

My wife was pregnant with our third child. She was about two to three weeks early when her water broke or started leaking. They put her in the hospital and induced her labor. This took about fifteen to twenty hours, and our new baby boy was born on April 10, '96. He was a healthy baby boy who weighed around 7 pounds. We also had our oldest son at that time in German preschool. He did this for a year and a half. We were proud of our three boys. Patty is a wonderful wife and a good mother to the kids. She took care of the kids, she kept the house clean, and she always had food ready for us when it was time to eat. Most important of all, we had that bond for each other, which held us together with great love.

Chapter 40

Playing Darts, the Visit, Single Soldier's Quality of Life, the Car Wreck in Paris, Chickenpox

I started on an off-post German dart team where I would go a couple times a week to play darts and enter into some tournaments. One time there was a German team who supposedly won the world's doubles dart tournament in Las Vegas. I played one of the guys in a doubles-in and doubles-out 301-point match. I hit the double 20, then hit a triple 20, and then another triple 20, so now I was down to 141 points. Then he threw his three darts. He doubled in and hit like 160 points. Now it's my turn again. I hit like a 20, a triple 20, and a 5. So now I'm down to 56, for my score. Then he threw a triple 20 and triple 19. He only needed 24 to go out on. Then he threw a double 12 and won the match. I had one of my best matches going up against him, thinking I was doing really well, but then he beat me in two rounds. I had an American friend that threw darts with me, and everyone on the team spoke English. It was a neat pub. It had a friendly atmosphere. A few times my wife would come and hang out with me while I played darts at tournaments and in different pubs.

My wife and I decided to visit my ex-girlfriend, Bettina. She still lived with her parents. By now the kid was roughly four years old. She was very friendly to my wife and me while we visited. I asked how she was doing and she said

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fine. She was seeing or dating an older doctor, and he was helping her out with raising the child. She didn't ask or want my assistance with raising the child. That was the last time I saw or heard from them.

On May 30, '96, I just finished up a course called Usareur's Model Barracks Self-Help Program. This course was basically for the single soldier's quality of life while living in the barracks. The soldiers who lived in the barracks now were able to live freely without having room inspections as if they were married and lived in off-post housing. The program set out examples of how the room for the single soldiers should look, with a drop ceiling and ceiling tiles, carpeting, and fresh paint.

AFN (American Forces Network) was there while I was at the school one day to do a two-minute report. They would broadcast it on TV to all the American forces in Europe. It was a topic on the single soldiers' quality of life, renovate 2000. I was a focal point of the broadcast; they asked me questions, which I had answered. A couple days after the interview, they broadcasted it. I had people around my community questioning me about the renovation and how they can go about getting their room done. I lived off post where AFN wasn't broadcasted. I never did watch the two-minute report that I was in. But the sole purpose was to renovate all the soldier's rooms we had in our battalion.

We had a group of about twenty soldiers tasked from the battalion during the workday to renovate the rooms. I was the battalion R&U, so I was in charge of getting the supplies and directing the project as a whole to verify everything was getting done accordingly and teaching some of the soldiers how to do the different tasks. This went on for months. There were like 120 rooms, and we would get done about five rooms a week. When we did the soldier's rooms, they could choose from soft colors for paint. The paint and carpet for their rooms would be from mid to light blue, light green paint, and light gray or light blue carpet for their floor.

My sister Karen got married for the first time while I was stationed in Germany for the second time. Her husband was into farming. My parents came to visit me the summer of '96. I showed them the military installation that I was at and showed them the office I had, which they thought was really nice. They

thought the caserne was really nice as well. We drove around civilian towns and villages so they can judge how things changed since my dad was there.

We visited Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. We even made separate trips to go and see Berlin and Garmish. We were driving through Poland late one night when we decided to pull off at a rest stop to get some sleep. Nothing happened that night; it was just the feeling of being a foreigner in a strange country in the middle of nowhere next to a two-lane highway. We had two vehicles at the time with the kids. I slept in the back of the pickup under the stars, along with my dad. I'm not sure though if he liked it, it was something different. We can look back at it and laugh saying we did that.

My car was governed to run only at 115 miles an hour, and then it would shut off and start back up when it got down to 114 miles an hour. When I drove places around Germany and if there was no speed limit, I would be running it at about 114 miles an hour. I remember my parents didn't like me driving so fast, but I think they got used to it. We went to a few attractions, including World War II concentration camps, many cathedrals; castles; Venice, Italy; and other older sites. I enjoyed traveling with my parents during their stay.

In late July '96, my wife and our two oldest kids took a trip to Paris, France. On the first day, we saw the Louvre Museum and Jim Morrison's grave. We were heading back trying to find our location to our hotel when we were about to approach an underpass. We had suspicion we were going the wrong way, so I turned left then pulled off to the side of the road into a parking lot to review the map. When we were ready to go again, I looked left. It looked like the light just changed, then I looked right and everything was clear.

I went to make a U-turn when I pulled out. Then out of the blue, I had got hit in the driver's door. It was like in slow motion. I watched a woman in the passenger's seat of the other car hit her face on the windshield. Then there was another vehicle that hit them. If it wasn't for the reinforced steel in the doors of my Toyota Corolla, that other car would have been in my lap. I was able to crawl out of the car after the accident. The thing about it was that stoplight had to be about six hundred feet down the road when I cleared myself to

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drive. I think they started off racing from the light because they were traveling at a very fast speed.

My insurance ended up paying for the accident. Three fairly new cars were totaled, and the girl broke her nose. It was a very difficult feeling not knowing what was going to happen next on a situation like this. I had started out startled, but then I made sure that my family and everyone else who was in the accident were okay. About five cop cars were there in a matter of minutes with about ten officers trying to communicate with me.

What it came down to was one guy was translating for the other officers. For some reason, this cop had the US embassy's or ambassador's phone number. So here I was talking to the American ambassador for France. He assured everything was going to be fine. He made sure I had got transportation and we would be taken care of. He took time out of his schedule to deal with me. I never received a traffic violation for the accident. I had to contact my insurance right away.

We grabbed our stuff, stroller, and car seats out of the car before they towed it. We were then in the hands of the French Red Cross where they took us to their medical station. That was set up in different part of the city. It was basically a couple people at the Red Cross building. After we were taken to the local Red Cross station, they then helped us get to a car rental place then to the hotel. That was nice of them.

We were back in the hotel room and thrilled that nothing worse had come out from this accident. We were okay. The next day, we drove to Euro Disney. We had a great time with the kids there. After Euro Disney, we drove back to Bamberg. It must've been an eight-hour drive. The strange thing about my accident in Paris, France, was that roughly one year later Princess Diana had her accident. I want to say it was the same underpass that we avoided. The car I had paid off. I had just reduced coverage on my car from my insurance to \$8,000. It was probably worth about \$11,000. I got paid in the check of \$8,000 and got to keep my car. I had a buyer contact me on buying the totaled car. The car was towed to a place around Frankfurt. He only wanted to give me 500 marks. I told him I wouldn't take less than 1,500 marks, and what he did was give me 1,500 marks, but I had to meet him about two or three hours away. That equaled to about \$9,000, plus a rental car.

By this time, I only had about seven to eight months left in the military. I was now an E4 specialist and was looking forward to taking the servant's pay for getting out of the military. At the time, you could only stay in the military as an E4 for up to eight years unless you have a higher rank.

For getting out, they would give you money somewhere around \$15,000. You wouldn't have to pay it back until you collected Social Security or other government funding. When I received the money, I remember them taking several thousand dollars or like one-third the amount for taxes. While we lived in Germany, we collected money from the federal and state government of Germany for having kids because my wife was a citizen. For having kids, the federal and local state would pay so much per month per kid of the lower-income families. We were saving our money to make the big move out of the military.

Two weeks before Christmas of 1996, our oldest son came down with chickenpox. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I never had chickenpox before in my life. Then it was Christmas Eve. I got chickenpox along with my other two boys. It didn't affect our young children. I had to go to the *klinikum*, a German hospital where they administered me with three different types of antibiotics to reduce the fever and swelling. I spent three days in the hospital in the disease ward. I was covered from head to toe with chickenpox. I had a very severe case of them. I was told I was lucky I didn't die. It just happened to be Christmas Eve. I was disappointed that I had to miss Christmas with the kids, but after I got out, we made it up.

It must've been mid-January when I was clearing to leave Germany. I had to check off different places around post before I could leave. I enlisted into the reserves for three years as part of my getting out of the active army. I now would attend weekend drills once a month for the reserves. The location was in Iowa City, an engineering unit.

Before I left Germany after I had wrecked my car, I started to buy and fix other older cars from people around the unit and then sell them to make a profit. A friend, Carl, and I would take the cars then fix them and sell them in the community to try to make a little money.

Carl was on a two-year rotation for Germany. He had his wife and kids back in the States and he was living in the officer's quarters. He was an E7 maintenance NCO with seventeen years in service, in charge of headquarters battery maintenance. At the time, the military was offering early retirement for selected fields. Carl decided he would put in for the early retirement. He was qualified but was having problems with getting processed out for the early retirement. He had an uncle that was in the United States Senate. He contacted him, and his uncle wrote a letter or contacted his unit. Sure enough, his orders were given to him for the early retirement.

Chapter 41

Transitioning Out of Active Duty, the Den, Army Reserve Unit, Nephew Gets Hurt at Factory, I Quit My Job, I Started a Business, Picking Up Multiple Accounts

The movers came while my wife and kids stayed with her mother in Germany until I processed out or cleared the unit. I was able to leave the army a month and a half early since I had vacation days saved up. I was honorably discharged with a three-year enlistment to army reserve unit.

We then left Germany at the end of January 1997. We stayed with my parents in Iowa at the farm until we got settled into a house. For getting paid to get out of the service early, plus getting paid out for my accident with the car, plus what we've been saving each month, I had around \$30,000 saved up to make the transaction switching from the military to the civilian world. You figure I had to buy a car and we had bought an older house that needed work. We needed money to live on until I got a job.

We closed on our house and moved in by March '97, with our housing shipment there shortly after. I was considered still in the army when I had purchased the house. It was located in a small town of 3,500 population with a great school district. It was a small cute story-and-a-half three-bedroom home with a half basement and a one-car stall- attached garage. It was a

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white-and-red house located in town half a block to a school and a block away from a grocery store.

Once I was out of the army, I applied for unemployment. During that time, I remodeled my bathroom and laundry room with some help from my brother Rod. It wasn't long about a month when I found a job in a local factory as a welder that produced metal buildings.

My basement and the upstairs of the house I soon remodeled within the first year living there. I tore off the old shingles and installed new ones. In the basement, I made a den, a laundry room / half bathroom, and utility room where the furnace and hot water heater were.

I customized my office/den by making two custom-fit desks and stereo cabinet. It had a futon two swivel chairs, a cabinet with a fish aquarium, two computers, a TV, and a stereo. It's small, roughly nine feet by twelve feet. The walls were a musty-looking cinderblock look, which was painted coming down from upstairs. At the bottom of the landing, I had painted a 5'x6' black-and-gray mural on the wall. It's a picture of two naked women reaching out for a shadow of a human, a higher being. There was a beam of light coming from the heavens where the picture shows love and freedom that God has to offer. The feeling of what love can offer. I had blinds to cover the mural. It's a show-and-tell piece of what I felt. My wife was okay with me having the picture on the wall.

There was also a small window, and I put in some shade lighting in the den. On one wall, I had all my awards and accomplishments with some military pictures, and on the other wall, I had pictures of my family. The carpet was gray with a little black in it. This was where I get away and spent a lot of my time. I made my den very comfortable to hang out in.

We enrolled our oldest son in kindergarten. Since he was going to school in German kindergarten, his English was a little rusty. The teacher was suggesting to hold him back a year because she didn't understand him. We chose not to, and sure enough, he was a very smart kid. He was on high honor roll all through high school and graduated with highhonors.

I also had the one weekend a month army reserve commitment that would make me a couple hundred dollars a month. It was the 389 Engineer Brigade out of Iowa City. They had vertical and horizontal construction at the unit. They had bulldozers, dump trucks, and backhoes for the horizontal, and for vertical, we had all the stuff we needed to build, like saws, drills, hammers, squares, and nails. I changed my MOS to a 52B construction engineer when I got out of the army.

I was no longer considered a field artillery surveyor. I put in for my E5 or sergeant after the first three months I showed up and had my E5 back within the first year being off active duty. A really enjoyed the people at the unit. It was like meeting up with your friends once a month to work on different projects. The unit had both males and females in it, which was new for me since all the units that I've been in were just male.

I did my training for 52B10 construction engineer course at Camp Grafton, Devil's Lake, North Dakota, from January 31 to February 14, 1998. This was a two-week course to learn the fundamentals of construction. We learned how to lay cinderblocks with mortar, square up foundations, and build a 12'x16' shed. In the mornings, we would do our physical fitness. Then we would change to our BDUs, eat breakfast, and have class till noon.

In the afternoon was the hands-on construction side of the class. We were off by five in the evening. I remember when I went to this course. I was able to bring my wife and kids. We stayed on post in a trailer we rented. After class in the evenings, my wife, kids, and I hung out together and did different things. I remember while I was there, they had major flooding where Devil's Lake is located. It was in a low-lying area, and the waters were rising. They were building the roads up as the waters were rising. Supposedly it was over three hundred years since the waters were this high, and they continued to flow until it reached a depth of like eighteen feet and flowed into the Skunk River.

On one of the roads, I remember traveling at night. There was water on each side until we got so far down the road. We came across a patch of the road when it was completely covered with water. That was kind of scary driving on a gravel road that was water covered, which we turned around and took a different route to get back to the post.

I was giving a class at the reserve unit when this person dropped off at our classroom a new female soldier. I wanted to welcome her to the unit and asked her what her name was. We would know a lot people at the unit by first name even though the last name was printed on the name tag on the uniform. She replied, "Anita Dick." I paused for a moment but welcomed her. Then I saw out of the corner of my eye this other E5 who was in the room behind her by the door was laughing. I told the class to take a small break. I stepped outside the room with this other E5 who was laughing. I asked him if he heard the same as I heard, "I need a Dick." He replied yes. I asked him, "Now how am I supposed to teach the class with that on my mind?" We laughed for a couple minutes, and then I stopped laughing, calmed down, went back in, and continued to teach the class as if nothing happened.

My wife and kids went to Germany to visit that summer. My nephew Oden who was seven years younger than me started working down there at the factory a little while after I had started. He was in the paint department, and I was in the weld shop of the factory. One night there was an ambulance that came. I tried to go to see what was going on, but I was told by the foreman to get back to my station. He said he had it under control. I asked who was hurt, but he wouldn't tell me. I found out later that my nephew Oden had his arm wrapped up in a paint stirrer. He broke his arm in half, and he was getting wrapped up into the stirrer until somebody flicked the switch off to stop the motor. It was only him and another guy, so he was lucky somebody was there or he could've died. There were no safety switches within reach that he could hit. It upset me that I wasn't notified right away that my nephew was hurt. This made me feel like leaving the place to find something else to do.

There was a petition from the welders that asked for improved break room, bathroom, and a few other requests that could be taken care of. The plant manager who saw the petition didn't want to do anything about the request and said, "If you don't like it, seek work elsewhere."

I had been working there for about a year and a half to two years. After I saw the letter of denial, the next day I came in and went to the office and told them that I was quitting. My brother Todd started a business which did deliveries for other businesses and also household moving. I helped him out a few times doing his deliveries and a few of his household-moving jobs. I like the idea

of doing this kind of work. It felt rewarding. I decided to quit my job at the factory and started my own business doing deliveries. It was a risky move, but I figured if I did it right there will be no problem. I had really good credit at the time; when I quit, I must've had about \$60,000 worth of different credit cards.

Through my brother's connection doing deliveries for this TV shop, I was able to pick up all his TV satellite dish installations. I had to apply for my sales permit, DOT number, business license, along with making up a household moving tariff. I had to set up rates for deliveries and different setup of furniture, beds of what I would charge along with a map.

One of the first things I had to do was to get a cube truck so I can pick up furniture stores for delivery. I wanted to make what money I had last, so I found this used Mac tool truck sixteen-foot cube with lift gate. It had a walk-in side door on the side of the van box. I paid \$2,000 for the truck, but it had a rod through the side of the engine. I had the truck towed to my house where I worked on the truck. I removed all the stickers from the sides of the truck, took the shelves out of the box, added a small room where the door was, and put boards on the walls where I could tie stuff to. The truck was a 1991 Chevy tilt master but foreign made and had a tilt over truck cab.

The small room I made inside of the truck box was used solely for my satellite installation. The engine on the other hand was a pain to find and fix. I purchased an engine block that was seized up for a \$1,000, and I had to go get it where it was about hundred miles away. I brought it to a shop in Marion that was about forty miles out to overhaul it. This all cost me around \$6,000. It would have cost me around \$8,000 to purchase a new engine. I used a large tree in my front yard where I pulled my engine with a chain hoist. I remember my brother Todd came over to help me late one night. We had the extension cord lights on, and we were working on the truck engine, putting it back into the truck. We worked on it for about three to four hours and finally had it running which took till about two o'clock in the morning. I was excited having the truck running, and I can finally start looking for delivery accounts. The truck was worth around \$16,000, and I had \$8,000 in it.

I was at my brother Todd's place when I thought of the business name to be Ace Services. I wanted it to be something that would be listed first and with

easy recognition. I only used three of the four aces as part of my logo. Ace of spades to me represented power, ace of hearts to me represented love, and the ace of diamonds represented riches. The three aces to me seemed to fit fine for the business. I also had a slogan that was “Quality at its finest.”

I listed for satellite installation and household moving in the phonebook. When I first started out installing satellite dishes, I had the owner who gave me the business for satellite installs show me how he wanted them installed. He’s a good guy, nice to be around, and very clever. With him giving me his satellite installations and with my advertised business, I was doing between one to five installs per week. It would vary how many per week, but for each install, I would get a minimum of \$150. This would be for basically a two-hour install, single receiver. He also threw me other businesses. When I was slow, he would let me assemble the TV stands that he sold in the store. He would pay me \$30 per stand, and when you do ten stands at a time, that’s \$300, which takes you maybe four hours.

I worked for my brother Todd, doing furniture store deliveries and household moving. This only made me more knowledgeable on how to run my business. He put me on the payroll, and we tried to work around each other’s schedule, so I could still operate my business. In the meantime, my brother informed me that there was a water bed store in the mall looking for delivery service. He thought that the account would be too much of a hassle to mess with for him since there may be only be a few deliveries a week. He passed the account off to me, that is, if I wanted it.

I had made an appointment for the account. I had a zone delivery map, my business credentials, along with proof of commercial insurance and rates for assembly. I was nervous at first thinking about having a sit- down with someone discussing what I offer as a projective service to sell yourself as a whole and what you can offer to someone other which you never met before. From what I learned in the military, my skills I feel were pretty good to be prompt and to the point when talking to but yet knowledgeable. I was successful because he wanted me to start delivering right away. I would deliver a couple days a week for the store. I would end up doing between one to five deliveries each time around Cedar Rapids and surrounding communities of a five-mile radius. I would charge \$35, and if it would be more than five miles for every five miles extra, it would be five dollars more.

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Assembly charges would vary depending on setup. You might as well count on an extra hour so it's not just a drop and go. I had the satellite installation, the water bed store out of the mall and part-time for my brother. I would try to grab anything that allowed me to make money. That was everything from putting in the wiring of a surround sound system in a house to wiring coaxial cable in new construction, putting up TV antennas, or just simply adjusting the signal of the dish. If I got a call on something, I would usually see a way of doing the job.

Shortly after I got the water bed store, my brother Todd decided to drop one of his furniture delivery stores. He said he was tired of wasting his time when they wouldn't have anything ready when he would pick up to do the delivery. I was desperate, so I asked him if he wouldn't mind if I take a shot at the store. He pretty much was okay with me taking on the store. He just didn't want to have anything to do with them.

So here I was again setting up an appointment to meet with the manager of the oak furniture and bed store. I went in with a positive attitude and had all my papers I needed. I made it very clear to have the furniture ready when I come to pick up. Sure enough, I had the delivery account, days of delivery depending on where you are located on the map, which decides what day of the week delivery would fall on. It is broken up into four quarters, so four days of delivery in town for deliveries would be next day. Monday through Thursday would be the store delivery for the accounts. On Friday, Saturday, and sometimes Sunday, I would schedule a household move if I wasn't putting in satellite dishes. Once again, my brother Todd would pass me small jobs here and there, and he helped me out a lot with the business.

For my household moving, it was a two-hour minimum charge and basically \$65 an hour for two people, plus mileage. For help, I placed an ad and ended up hiring this great kid. He was just out of high school looking for a part-time job. He was about five feet ten inches tall and weighed probably 150 pounds. He was smart and eager to work. The downside to him was he didn't have a car, which was okay with me. I didn't mind picking him up. I would use him for a few hours at a time depending on what I had for deliveries on the schedule or for setup of satellites and the occasional household move. I believe that at the time it must've been around the fall of 1998. I paid him around nine

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dollars an hour. It worked out great that my brother was in the delivery business. Sometimes I would need extra help, and I could use the guys who worked for him or even my brother himself. His wife's cousins Dean and Kenny were working for him. They were brothers and our friends. I still worked from time to time with my brother, but my business was growing. My brother had a liquor delivery account where he would distribute alcohol to local bars and businesses. He also delivered TVs, appliances, and furniture accounts, but his main focus was commercial and household moving. He had three trucks, which he kept on the move. One was a fourteen-foot van box with lift gate, and the other was a commercial, CDL, twenty-six-foot van box dock height with ramp and a Chevy dually with pull-behind trailer. I would keep an ear out to listen and watch the paper for different stores looking for delivery services.

Chapter 42

The Lumber Store, Turn Down on Loan for Boom Truck, the Miracle at the Hospital and Newborn Child, Running Late Hours, New Help, Profits and Expenses of the Business

It must've been around the spring 1999 when I was visiting one evening with a neighbor of mine. He had mentioned there was a lumber store that delivered to them and had supposedly lost their delivery service. I thought about it a day or two. This would mean I would have to get bigger trucks and more help and spend more on insurance, gas, etc., in order to take on the deliveries for this lumber store. In return, though, you would have a lot more deliveries, which should mean more money. The manager of the lumber store and I got together. He discussed what was needed to perform the deliveries from the store. He pretty much had the following rules set out for the store's policy for delivery. I had to increase my insurance coverage. There was already another guy doing deliveries for the store at the time, and the store manager wanted to have a second delivery service for the store. He was okay with the cube truck I had, but he wanted one of his delivery services to have a boom truck. He agreed it would be okay to deliver for him with a flatbed dump truck and work on getting a boom truck later.

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I went to my banker and told him that the account that I was looking at required me to get a couple of trucks, one flatbed with dump right away, and then within a year, I need to get a truck with a boom. They okayed me with an open check from my account up to I believe \$20,000 to purchase a used truck that would be suited for the job. I found the truck in Illinois, near to where I was born. It was a non-CDL white Ford, twenty-foot flatbed dump truck, twenty-six thousand pounds gross vehicle weight. It was the next day or two after I had the meeting with the store manager that I was delivering stuff for the store, what would fit in the truck anyhow, items that can be taken by the cube truck. It took me about two weeks to get the flatbed.

The kid who had been helping me found a different job, and I was able to get Kenny to help me full-time. He would work part-time for my brother Todd. Previously, before I picked up the lumber store, my brother helped me get my CDL license with using his truck at the DMV. When Kenny started helping me, he needed his commercial licenses as well. I took him through the testing at the DMV.

Kenny was a good-looking guy around six feet tall, maybe 175 pounds, eager to work, speedy, good talker, “always had to keep clean for his image” kind of guy. We had our hands full with doing all the furniture deliveries along with the lumber store deliveries, satellite installation, and household moving. Sometimes arranging extra help to run in the cube truck would be difficult. But between my brother and me, we had part-time guys to fill in when needed, though. I remember Jesse, Joe, and Dan, great guys that I could count on for part-time help. It must’ve been around six months when the other delivery service for the lumber store decided to quit. I believe most of the deliveries in the store were being done by Kenny and me. That left me the opportunity to take on the whole store, but I would need a boom truck and at least another flatbed to handle the store.

I went back to the banker. I had a used boom truck that I located that would be suited great for the job. The price was around \$60,000. But the banker denied me for the loan. I was unable to purchase that boom truck. It felt like I fell flat on my face when I was turned down for the loan on the boom truck. I was able to finance another flatbed truck worth around \$20,000 from my banker. I could get by with the flatbed, but the store needed a boom truck. I

had all the store deliveries at the end of 1999. By spring the following year, I had my third truck which was a '94 or '95 red Ford eighteen-foot flatbed with hoist and air brakes.

The doctors considered our youngest son, who was about a year old, to have a larger-than-normal head for his age. They had done some tests and had come up with the conclusion that he had hydrocephalus. The procedure was to put a shunt in his head to release the pressure of fluid buildup off the brain. If we chose not to do the surgery, there would be a possibility he could spend his life in a wheelchair and be handicapped or, worst of all, “die.”

From the age of one to a little over three and a half years, our son went through multiple surgeries and replacements of shunts. We spent many hours and days in the hospital worrying whether or not he would pull through the surgeries. In two and a half years, he had three different shunts due to malfunction. Then again, our son got sick on us. It wasn't a virus, but it was his shunt that malfunctioned again, and he had to go in for emergency surgery. His drainage tube that went from the head to the stomach under the skin was allowing fluids from the stomach to seep backward to the brain, and this could cause an infection and kill him. They did the surgery, and he was in the hospital for about thirty days. He would sleep all the time. From time to time, he was in pain. My wife stayed there at the hospital most of the time looking after our son. It was the night of Halloween of 1999. My wife and I were at the hospital that evening when my wife started having labor pains. I was concerned and really didn't want for my wife to have the baby on Halloween.

It was about 1:30 a.m. on November 1, All Saints' Day, when our fourth boy was born. We didn't just have a newborn child, but also our son recovered that evening. He came out of his comatose sleep. So, two amazing things happened that night. We said it was a miracle and that God was with us. The next day or two, they came home from the hospital. We had a new baby boy. I was once again a very proud father.

While doing deliveries for the stores that I had, I can tell you how long the days would be. For example, there was this one time I had a lot of deliveries from the lumber store and still had deliveries from my furniture stores. I was

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shorthanded that day and I delivered to a location about fifty miles from the store in Waterloo, Iowa. There were about four other stops on the way, and we didn't start out until after eight o'clock at night. I'll just say that I got a little lost looking for this place in Waterloo, which cost probably about a half hour of time.

We ended up getting to the person's house around midnight. I went to his door. I woke him from his sleep. He was agitated and almost refused to have the delivery that late at night. But they'd been waiting on the furniture, so they accepted and we delivered. Now with the lumber store deliveries, it seemed like a lot of them would end up being around ten o'clock at night during the summertime. But sometimes the people wouldn't have to be there to do the delivery. It also depended on what it was. With the lumber store, I would have anywhere between twenty and thirty deliveries a day and they were spread out in all directions as far as seventy-five miles each direction. There were days when there would be five hundred miles put on each one of the trucks or more.

Around the same time, I was getting tired with having to do furniture deliveries, along with doing the lumber deliveries. I had a fallout with one of the furniture stores by not having the deliveries ready for pickup when we showed up at the store. I wrote a letter explaining why I was leaving or quitting as their delivery service and for them to have time to replace me. They weren't happy that they got the notice of me discontinuing my service, but the time I had left delivering for them, they had everything always ready for pickup. I suppose you could say they didn't want me to leave.

Kenny worked with me basically the first year I had the lumber store account, but then he ventured into driving for a beverage company. I had numerous other drivers work for me like Ashley, Glenn, and Mark. Most the guys that I would hire couldn't handle the long days that was expected with doing the job. Soon after, I had lost Kenny. My brother-in-law, Karen's husband, was looking for a job. I hired him, and he didn't mind working the hours. He was happy to get as many hours as he possibly could. I only paid \$12 an hour. He bought a place on the same block as I lived just a couple doors down. I would pay him from when he started out his door driving until the end of the night when he got back to the house. One reason for this was we would sometimes

bring deliveries back to our town. When we went home for the evening, if there were deliveries close or on the way, we would drop them off when we would start out in the morning, we would leverage our time on the way back to the store for the following day.

It's an hour's drive to the store, so sometimes starting out with deliveries on the truck helped make the next day start out well. My brother-in-law was similar in the way I was built, about five feet and ten inches tall and 160 pounds. He always wore a baseball-type cap for a hat, was good at making decisions, and was able to get the job done. He was eager to work and willing to work long hours.

I usually had two full-time guys working for me at all times along with having some part-time help to fill in the gaps here and there. I provided to pay half of health insurance for the two full-time guys who worked for me. I couldn't offer too much. Even though in the height of my business doing deliveries for the lumber store, I was making gross \$5,000 to \$7,000 a week for about five solid months during each summer. That didn't seem like it was enough money to properly function as a business. I had lots of expenses that came out, like fuel at the time was about \$1.65 per gallon. I had a fuel account from a local station, where I would spend about \$2,500 to \$3,000 per month. Business insurance I believe ran me around \$1,700 a month, my cell phone bill for having three phones with the minutes cost me around \$1,000 a month. I had truck payments, maintenance to the trucks/breakdowns, licenses for the trucks, business, and all kinds of miscellaneous expenses. I had once spent \$20,000 worth of maintenance cost within a month from a truck shop, which kept one of my trucks until I paid the bill.

Chapter 43

The Boom Truck, Plaster Incident, the Payroll Mistake, Things That Happened while Delivering

There was a truck that I found on the side of the highway while I was driving to work. It was from a block company. It was a truck, a big tandem axle-block boom truck. It was 78 international twenty-foot bed with big arm boom. What I did was offer \$2,000 for the truck, and they accepted the offer. I replaced the wooden bed, fixed a cylinder on the boom, made up out rigors for the truck, and painted the frame black and the cab white. I painted the rims black and white. I painted the truck off the truck's air system. I put a regulator on the airline. Most anything that would need to be done I would try to do, if I could. Now I had a boom truck for delivery.

I offered everyone who worked for me a hat and shirt to wear with my business logo, business name, and the person's name on it. I had business cards made up with a brief description of satellite installation, household moving, and deliveries.

I remember an incident that happened during the time our son was up at the hospital for one of his shunt surgeries. I started out doing deliveries in the morning for the lumber store, which I had some drywall supplies and

plaster. I was going out to Newton for delivery. I was there in Newton for the delivery, but no one was there to receive the delivery and help unload the contents. They set a time for them to be there that was written on the delivery, and I had confirmed it. I had told the store manager I had to get going by a certain time for my son's surgery in Iowa City. He assured me that they would be there for the delivery, but they weren't. I remember having problems delivering to them before when they never showed up or made us wait like a half hour or longer.

I waited for over a half hour trying to call them with their contact number to see where they were at but was unable to get a hold of them. I made an irrational decision, mistake, where I unstrapped the load and dumped it in front of their shop. There were a couple pallets of plaster on the truck, a few of them had broken open. It didn't look very well, but at the time I didn't care. If they weren't there, it was their problem. I had to get going in order to make the time for my son's surgery. I was making a point when I did this also. The store manager insisted that they needed the plaster supplies that day and I will deliver it. I was pressed for time. I must've waited a half hour past when they were supposed to have been there. It cost me money to sit and wait for someone to show up, and it pushed everybody's deliveries behind for the day. The store manager heard what I did. He jumped me about it and ended up penalizing me \$200 out of my check. The store manager ordered me to take care of the problem. I sent another guy to clean up and replace the bad boxes of plaster. I never heard the end of it from him. He won't forget that ordeal and neither will I. The store was worried about losing the contractor's business because of this, but I still delivered for them. I do have to say I've never had a problem with them not being there for the delivery after that ordeal.

I had another situation happened to me where one week I was only paid a \$100 from the store; it was a mistake on the one who filled out the payroll. I requested another check to be cut immediately, but the store manager said that they can only cut one check per week and there was nothing he could do about it. I should have received over \$6,500 for the week. The bad thing was that I only had a few hundred dollars in the bank to pay my bills, and it was the end of the month. I mailed or sent out a bunch of bills that Friday when I was supposed to get the check from the lumber store, thinking or relying on

my check from the store to deposit it in the bank.

I went to talk to my banker and had explained to him what happened on the payroll check that I get from the store, where they made a mistake, and only paid me about \$100. I had asked him if he could cover my checks that I had written that are out until the following week. He told me no. He wouldn't do this. I had about twelve to thirteen checks out there that hadn't cleared.

They bounced and not only once but twice. It cost me over \$500 in fees. They cleared the biggest checks first, which caused more checks to bounce. I would have used my credit cards to try to cover the amount, but my cash advances on them were maxed out.

At the time, one of my workers had his weekly check bounce; that caused problems which supposedly he had checks that bounced, which made him pursue a different job. I had major problems with my banker from this incident, which they wouldn't lend me the money for a boom truck and wouldn't take care of covering the checks when I had asked.

As a delivery service, we did all sorts of deliveries to include shingles to the roof, drywall for first and second floors, landscaping stones, bricks, garage packages, kitchen cupboards, etc. As far as delivery for the furniture stores, I stopped delivering for them. I also stopped the satellite installation. I told Don that I was too busy, so he installed them again. My primary focus was the lumber store for deliveries.

I've had some awkward times while doing some deliveries. There was this time when I had a delivery to this new home in a small community that was probably a year old. It had a nice lawn and yard with a dug-in patio in the backyard. I pulled up for the delivery. The person was there and greeted me. It was probably late spring. The ground was really soft since it rained a day or two before. Anyhow the guy wanted me to drive through his lawn with the truck that had drywall on it and use the boom to lower it down onto his patio, which walked into the basement.

I told him this truck was very heavy and will leave ruts in his yard. He said he's not worried about that and for me to follow him to where he wanted the

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truck to go. I suggested to deliver the stuff off the side of the truck next to the street, but he insisted not to. I had him sign the delivery form, so I would not be reliable for damage associated with the delivery. So that's what I did, I followed him. I stopped just on the side of the patio where he wanted the drywall delivered. He didn't even look to see what the truck was doing going across his yard. I got out of the truck and walked out behind where I came from when I saw the four- inch tracks that I put in the yard. Then he came around behind and saw the tracks. He looked dumbfounded and started blaming me for tearing his yard up.

That wasn't even the worst of it. He walked with me in the truck right over his drainage tank and vent pipe for his submerged patio. It smashed the vent, and the ground sank in a little more in that area. You can say he sort of bit his tongue. I boomed the drywall to the patio, and they carried it into the house. Then he had a playground set on the truck yet and wanted it in a different part of the yard. I told him we should unload the set off the side of the truck, and I could back out of the yard, so it would minimize the damage. But no, he insisted to take it to the location where he wanted to assemble the playground. I drove my truck and had to turn it around in his backyard. Now it took multiple movements of forward and backward to do a turn in tight quarters.

The playground set was boomed off, then I went to apologize for his yard, but all he did was get mad and swore at me to get the hell off his property. It wasn't my fault if he would have listened to what I had to tell him about heavy trucks leaving marks. I never heard from him again, but by looking at how bad the tracks were in his yard, that would make me irritated if it had happened to me. But of course, I would know better.

There was another time, but this delivery was at a house in the country. They had a big wooden deck that was on two of my flatbed trucks. I pulled up and around a circle drive. I met up with this woman who wanted the deck behind the house. I told her it's probably too soft to travel across the grass. I'd rather dump them in another place where I won't get stuck or tear up her yard. She said it would be okay to tear up the yard since they would have some yard work after the deck was on. So, I figured I would give it a shot. I backed up. I made it about twenty- five feet and my driver's side rear wheel

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sank to the axle. I wasn't going anywhere. The other wheel sank in to the dirt about six inches. I was able to rock the truck forward and back. It left a hole where I was able to use logs that she had in a shed to place under the wheel. She was okay with me using the firewood from the shed to use as a filler so I can drive the truck out of the hole.

With all of the firewood, I was using it should have allowed me to drive out but didn't. I must've used up a 2'x3'x4' pile, which was buried now under the tires in the ground. I had to try to dump the load where the truck was sitting, but it was dangerous since the truck was tilted or leaning. I had most of the load weight with the bed up in the air taking some of the weight off the back axle, but I still couldn't do anything. The other flatbed truck was there with a second load of the deck. We strapped them together where we both drove forward. I was finally unstuck.

We dumped the second load just off the side of the drive. I had apologized for getting stuck, but the lady was more than understanding about the situation and was okay with everything.

There was this other time I had a delivery of like fifty 4x8 sheets of oriented strand board (OSB) to a residential area within the city. I arrived at the location of the delivery, and the guy wanted it in front of his garage. As I was assessing the situation, he had a downward slope to his drive. It was raining, and what I realize was that the guys in the lumberyard only put two bands on the bundle, which for the size of the bundle it should of have had four bands.

I backed the truck onto his drive on an angle. When I got out of the truck, I looked at the direction the pile was facing just in case the bands would break where it was just off to the side of the house, for this wouldn't hit the house, for the pile not to do damage to the homeowner's property.

I explained to the homeowner about what may happen to the load with it breaking and missing the house. I told him it could shoot out like a deck of cards down that slope of his yard. He was okay with it. I unstrapped the load and lifted the bed of the truck just enough to where I could come around the side of the truck to ease the pile off. But with the rain, the steel from the flatbed, not having four bands on the bundle, the downward slope of the

driveway all came into play. When the bundle started moving, there was no stopping it. We heard a crack from the bands snapping, and it shot out like a deck of cards just missing his garage to a downward hill coming to a stop about one hundred feet from where it hit the concrete.

It did the worst-case scenario that just moments before I had explained to the homeowner, he wasn't very happy with it. He was amazed it happened just how I said for the worst-case scenario. I could have left since my delivery was complete, but I felt sorry for the guy and he asked me if I could help him carry the sheets back up to his drive and stack them. That's what I did, I stayed and helped until they were all picked up.

I've run into a few dogs and their owners before. I had a delivery in a secluded part of Cedar Rapids with not too many homes close together. It was kind of a wooded area. The homeowners were building an addition onto their house. I pulled up from the front of the house then went to get out of the truck to go to the door and ask them where they would like the delivery dumped.

All of a sudden, this eighty-pound black-and-gray dog came off the porch and met me halfway. He locked to the position of attack and growled with its teeth showing. That was enough for me to turn around and go back to the truck. The dog followed me a little farther, which then had stopped while I got back into the truck. I called the number on the delivery statement. A lady picked up, and I told her I was here to deliver some lumber, so I asked where she would like it dumped at. She told me, "I have to go around to the side driveway to get to the back of the house." I then hung up and did this. I was unstrapping the load that was to be dumped. I told the lady what her dog did and how he growled at me. She laughed and said, "Yeah, don't get close to him. He will bite you." She went on to say about how the week before one of those working on her house got bitten in the face and had to go to the hospital and get eighty-five stitches. I told her she should have her dog on a leash or in a cage. I said I was scared of the dog, but all she did was just laugh about it.

There was another time I had a delivery in the country not far from Cedar Rapids. I had some blocks with a few planks of lumber to drop off. I got back in, where they wanted the delivery. I got out of the truck. I noticed they had

a big dog, about 120 pounds. He seemed to be gentle when the household owner told me not to worry about him. He's a gentle dog and he won't bite. I helped unload the landscaping blocks, which I handed down off the side of the truck.

When we were done, I went to the back of the truck to help take off a few planks, when out of the blue the dog jumped up and bit my arm. It drew blood and was black and blue from where the teeth were. He tore my shirt sleeve to shreds. The owner was shocked at what his dog just did. He apologized and immediately suggested that I see a doctor. He was willing to pay for the visit. He gave me \$25 for my shirt.

I never went to the doctor, but my arm was sore for a few days. He was thinking of putting his dog down because of this incident. I never found out what he did. The only thing the dog did was to protect the owner. I must have been a threat to the dog. I've had all kinds of runarounds with dogs doing deliveries. You have to be careful and assume all dogs are threats.

I would usually try to go above and beyond when doing anything for the business. That's one reason I named my business slogan "Quality at its finest." But sometimes I would try to do anything to get the job done. For instance, there was this building off First Avenue downtown Cedar Rapids next to residential area. It had shingles to the roof, but the thing about it was I didn't have a boom truck at the time and the single elevator the store had was broken. So here I was with Kenny. We pulled up next to this building that needed shingles to the roof. I had the shingles up next to the truck cab and had another delivery for shingles on the truck as well but kept the second pile of shingles strapped tightly to the bed of the truck. We lifted the bed of the truck where it was little more than fifty degrees. We climbed up the truck and handed the shingles to the roof above our heads. Now these were eighty-pound bundles, and there were like fifty of them. So here we were on top of the flatbed, lifting shingles above our heads to the roof, right down First Avenue where everybody can see us driving by.

There was another time when there was a second-story delivery of 4x8 sheets of drywall at an old two-story home. We were able to carry the drywall to the first story with no problem. We tried to get the drywall upstairs, but

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the staircase was narrow and turned while going up. One of the guys at the delivery cut the 4x8 sheet in half, but they still wouldn't fit going up. Then he cut a sheet in thirds. I told him I didn't have time to carry the sheets. Then I mentioned to him that I got paid by carrying 4x8 sheets or 4x12 sheets for a delivery. I told him the store will refund their second-story delivery charges, but the guy expected me to stay around while he cut to fit the drywall up the stairs with about sixty sheets. Some people just expect too much from others. I have to pay two guys for the delivery to carry the drywall, which I don't make any money having my guys stand around in order to do something, plus with having to get other orders out for delivery for the customers during the day.

My business had other occurrences that happened during delivery's like backing up into gutters, pulling down power lines, and paying for a driveway during the three and a half years I had my business, all of which I did not do; it happened from the ones who work for me. All I would do was contact the insurance company and tell them who, where, and what happened, then they would take care of it.

There would be other times when I would have breakdowns. I had a delivery to a golf course. They were putting up a building, and I came with the boom truck loaded down with bundles of sheeting material. I was on the third bundle, booming it off the truck, when all of a sudden, I popped a hydraulic fluid coupling on the boom. The load was about four feet off the ground when it suddenly dropped. Fluid sprayed in a fine mist all over everything. It covered the ground in about a forty-foot radius. I unloaded the last bundle by hand and was able to put the boom back into position on the truck without leaking or sprain any more oil. Then I drove to where I could fix it, so I could continue to use it for deliveries.

I had two engines and two transmissions go out on my trucks along with numerous other breakdowns. If one of the trucks would break down, I would rent one in order to get the job done. I remember just my cube truck I had put on over 150,000 miles in the three and a half years delivering, plus I had the two flatbeds and the boom truck, I would say 30 to 40,000 miles a year for each of them trucks. Then while driving around, you would have to look out for different police officers patrolling the roads and you would also have

to watch out for DOT (Department of Transportation). They can pull you over at any time to do a vehicle inspection and to verify that you have proper paperwork to operate on the roads. I had a DOT pull me over just outside the lumberyard of the store at a four-way intersection and drop the scales on my boom truck for me to drive over and see if I'm overweight.

I was good that time, but there were other times while driving led you by a truck scale station where you have to drive in and weigh if the scale is open. I remember one time when I got pulled off to the side after driving through a scale where I had too much weight on my back axle of the truck. They had me move everything by hand, shuffle everything back to the front of the truck for my back axles weight would be okay. I could've gotten a fine, but they let me off since I moved everything around on the truck.

They stopped me at the scale another time because my front tire on one of my trucks was less than the required thread depth. I couldn't move the truck until it was fixed. I had to pay a guy to come out and change it with a new tire. I got a few fines while doing the deliveries, nothing too horribly bad though, with a couple speeding tickets. I have to say there were no accidents while I had my business or no major property damage that occurred.

Chapter 44

The Neighbors, Property Dispute, Natural Waterway, It's a Girl, the Credit Card Debt

I had some neighbors who didn't like me operating my business from my house with the big trucks. They tried to get with the city to get me to stop operating from my house, but when I purchased the property, it was zoned commercial, so there was nothing they could do. It cost me \$150 an hour to pay a lawyer to defend my rights for my property.

I had put up an eight-foot-tall fence around my yard that my neighbors didn't like. It was constructed out of 4x8 sheets of oriented strand board (OSB) painted white. I did that out of spite. It didn't stay up long. My lawyer suggested that I take the fence down so I won't have the neighbors so riled up. My zoning on my abstract said commercial, but a few years earlier before the time I had purchased my property, they had changed the zoning to residential. It was never changed on my abstract or properly recorded at the courthouse.

My neighbor bordering the back side of my property also owned the property to the north side of mine. I had a chain-link fence in my yard when I purchased the property; it had been there for about twenty years. Some of the fence on the back side of my property were considered to be on his property according to a survey he had done. According to my lawyer, I had full rights

to claim the said land. Instead of taking it to court, we settled on giving up about six to seven feet of my northern property to him, keeping the extra ten to fifteen feet of the back of my property with a half circle connecting the corner of the two properties.

I drew up new land plans, which explained the property borders, and had it added to our abstracts that were added to a file at the courthouse for it to be legal. I then put up a six-foot-tall picket fence. I installed pickets on both sides of the fence on two sides of my property. My intention was to build a big-enough shop in my backyard where I could work on my vehicles, but the neighbors didn't want me to do this and were fighting me through the city not to have this done. Majority of the time my trucks stayed at the lumber store, even though there would be times I would bring the next day's delivery home the night before or there would be other times if I had to do maintenance on the trucks. During this time, I had a boom truck, two flatbed trucks, and a cube truck.

Around the same time, I was fighting the city on my zoning problem, I also had another ongoing situation concerning the erosion of my property with water from the rains that flowed by my house. It was also known as the Sixth Street ditch, which bordered on the right side of my property.

Two of my bordering neighbors and I took on the same lawyer to represent the Sixth Street ditch against the city to get it enclosed, covered up, or fixed. This was supposed to be a natural waterway, and if that was the case, it would be up to the landowners to repair or maintain. But considering the city had multiple culverts directed into the ditch for rain and runoff, they were taken water that was downhill from where the ditch was at, redirecting the water to go uphill to meet with the ditch. Instead of just fixing the problem, the city had engineers come in to evaluate the situation and spent over \$60,000 on their findings, and nothing was done about fixing the ditch in its current state. They wanted to use rock mesh bags in some places along the property as a quick fix, which wasn't suitable for us landowners. To this day, the city still hasn't taken care of the problem and expects the homeowners to take on the expense. On a heavy rain, the ditch would fill up within a foot from overflowing. The ditch is about five feet deep and fifteen to twenty feet across.

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One year and eighteen days later from the birth of my fourth boy, my wife gave birth to a healthy baby girl born on November 18, 2000. She wasn't planned but well appreciated since now we had a girl, something both my wife and I wanted.

It seemed like no matter how much I made it wasn't enough to pay my outgoing debt. I had ten to fifteen credit cards with a variable credit line between \$3,000 and \$10,000. Over time I accumulated over \$60,000 in debt on them. It was becoming very difficult to keep up with the payments. I had a lot of business expenses along with unexpected business expenses that came first. I would miss a payment when times were tough. In the beginning, I used to float between the cards with my cash limits that I had available on them. I could take one card and pay for the other cards until I ran out of cash advance on the cards. This was becoming a real burden. It led to over-the-credit-line fees and late fees each card per month, which cost me an extra \$50 to \$60 in penalties, plus I was paying between 17 and 23 percent interest on the money I owed.

After a while, my credit was becoming bad due to them. I tried going to the bank to consolidate them, but no banker would take me for a loan because my credit was slipping. After a while, I was unable to make the credit card payments. This went on for about six to eight months. Around this time, I had made a quarterly payment to the IRS on my business, which was about a week late. The amount was about \$3,200 to \$3,500. The IRS penalized me \$5,000. This was so wrong the government should look out for the small businesses but don't.

I also remember around that time I had a lot of maintenance expenses on the trucks that had added up to around \$20,000 from a local shop. They held on to my boom truck until I had paid the bill. The credit card companies were trying to reach me by my home phone and by mail threatening me and wanting to collect. After a while, they were making deals or trying to make settlements on their account for less than what I owed. My wife was home most the time, but after a while she didn't feel like answering the phone when it rang since the credit card companies were calling all time. I would during the days that I was home. After talking to a couple of my larger credit cards, they were willing to settle on 40 percent of the total amount owed. This got

me inspired to try to eliminate this problem by writing letters to the other card companies and communicating with them over the telephone to see what they would settle for. Most of the cards accepted 50 percent of the debt. I purchased my house in March '97 for \$36,000 on a fifteen-year mortgage.

At the time, I owed roughly \$30,000, and it was valued about \$60 to \$70,000. I was able to find a finance company to lend me up to \$60,000 for a thirty-year mortgage on my homestead at 13 percent interest. What I did was all the credit card companies that were willing to work with me to do a settlement payout to close out the cards. This relieved a majority of my financial debt, and I was less stressed.

Chapter 45

Running One Truck, the Playhouse, the Car Deal, Guys' Night Out

The stores manager of the lumber store wanted me to get a newer boom truck to do the deliveries. I explained to him that I was unable to purchase a newer boom truck because I wasn't making enough money and that the banker won't lend me for one. I explained to him how my credit wasn't as good anymore and it may take some time. I told him with the overhead that I had, having to hire two full-time guys to stay at the store while the store hours are open was costing me too much. I also explained that not grouping deliveries together for long-distance runs was not cost effective for me. I suggested that I would be better off if it was just me running one truck at the store to do the deliveries. He got another delivery service to come in to do deliveries in a new boom truck along with me. I was finally starting to make money when it was just me delivering.

Building the shop in my backyard was becoming more of a headache. My wife wanted to buy a swing set for the backyard, but my neighbor to the south of me built a clubhouse for his kids, which made me think that I could do the same for my kids so they can have something nice to play in. I sketched a small octagon castle, with a pointed roof and bridge, which connected to stairs that would fit nicely in the corner of my backyard. I started building

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the playhouse that summer during my free time. There were three stories to it. The second level had a walkout balcony, which went all the way around the structure with a little loft that made up the third story. The bridge went across to the steps. Underneath I hung three swings and a rocket rider. I put in a sandbox in the corner of the fence, with P gravel under the playhouse that was held in by cutoff construction logs that stood on end separating the grass from the P gravel. When it was finished late fall of 2001, it looked really nice, and my wife was very pleased along with my kids.

My nephew Oden had a red 1991 Mitsubishi Eclipse break down on him. The CVC shaft was ripped loose due to a broken engine mount that was located on the transmission. The car needed a new transmission case and CVC shaft. My nephew didn't want to mess with the car, so he offered to sell the car to me. I gave him 600 dollars the way the car sat. He was okay with this. Then I called around different salvage yards within the area and located another transmission for \$350, then bought a half shaft from the local car parts place. It took me roughly an hour and a half to drop and replace the transmission, along with the half shaft.

I had roughly \$1,000 in the car. The body of the car was in excellent shape along with the interior. I used the car as my work vehicle to travel back and forth to Cedar Rapids for a few months even though I had a Ford Escort prior to that car I was using. I decided to put the Eclipse up for sale in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*. I listed it for \$1,500. I had no calls for the car. This irritated me. So, the next week I decided I will ask \$1,700 in the paper. This time I received a couple calls, but no one wanted to look at it. Now I was getting upset. I knew the car was well worth it, so once again I place it in the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, but this time I listed it for \$1,900. I then received multiple phone calls for the car. I had one of the callers meet me at the lumber store in Cedar Rapids where I had the car parked. I let him test drive it with me in the car. He was so happy about the car he gave me \$1,900 cash on the spot. I signed the title over to him with a receipt. This goes to show you that people assume they're getting a better deal by paying more for something when they could've paid less.

In the same salvage yard that I got the transmission for the Eclipse, I noticed there was a nice-looking truck but was hit in the front end. It was a dark green

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1998 Dodge Dakota. I ended up getting the truck for \$2,000. I carried it home on the back of my flatbed truck and put it in the garage. I spent about another \$2,000 in parts to fix the truck up. I had to replace the fenders, hood, bumper, radiator, radiator shroud, fan blade, water pump, headlights, turn signals, and miscellaneous cosmetic items from the front end. After fixing it up, it ran like a charm. Now I had a truck that was only two to three years old that I spent \$4,000 on. I didn't care so much about going out to bars to drink, so I picked up a pastime of bowling again at the local bowling alley. It was a Thursday night league. I was able to get on with a great group of guys, which was a five-man team. The league would start at seven thirty in the evening. I would have to be finished doing deliveries by six in order to make the start time of the evening bowling. I would usually schedule the next day off or have someone fill in to do the deliveries until I showed up. We would drink one pitcher of beer after another until the bowling was done for the evening.

Winning was great, but we wouldn't show up just to try to win. This was about having fun and sharing stories. My average on the league was about 175 for bowling. We went to state that year, and I averaged 215 per game. Most nights after the bowling was done, there would be a group of guys who would get together to play some Swiss poker. We continued to drink until two to three o'clock in the morning until the gambling was done and everyone went home. There were times when I got burned on my hand that I had and the pot was over \$100. It was very seldom that the hands would go over \$100, but that's what made it exciting. There were other nights after bowling where my friends and I would go back to one of their places to drink and smoke. This was not an everyday occurrence for me to smoke at the time. It's not like I depended on it or purchased any for my personal use. This was just one way to letting loose.

One weekend, I threw a guys' night out at my dad's farm up on the hill. This was meant for friends and family, an all-day-and-night get-together to have fun, drink, and do outdoor activities like sitting around a fire to tell stories. We had dirt bikes to ride. We brought our guns to target practice, some of which were AK-47, rifles, shotguns, and handguns. We had a bow for archery, a Frisbee, football, baseball gloves, bats, and baseballs. We had a truck pull off. We tied a strap to the bumpers to see whose truck can out pull the others.

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scott chally
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It was a lot of fun. I had a great time out at the farm with the guys. One of my nephews had shot and killed a rabbit, which I skinned and cleaned. I then cooked it over the fire, but only a few of us ate it. Some of us slept on the cots by the fire under the stars, while others pitched tents to sleep in.

Chapter 46

9/11, Thirty-Day Notice, Working Construction, Really Tough Times, the Factory Job

I remember September 11, 2001. I was out in a residential neighborhood doing a delivery when the homeowner told me there was a plane that had stricken one of the twin towers in New York City, and before I left there, there was a second plane that had hit the second tower. I didn't know what to think of it at the time but realized that it wasn't good. The news traveled fast from delivery to delivery. People were coming up with their own opinions of what was to happen next. I tuned in the radio to listen to the breaking news. This was a sad time for America.

I had always gone about doing my deliveries in a professional and timely manner while delivering for the lumber store. It must've been around the first week in October when the store manager came up to me then told me he was giving me a thirty-day notice of letting me go. During the winter, the deliveries would dwindle down to about five to fifteen deliveries a day. There wasn't as much construction going on, which I knew from previous years. The other guy who was delivering for the store must've made his point that he needed more income to pay the payments of his new truck. This forced me out of the store since I wasn't able to get a newer scissor boom truck. The store manager knew my credit was shot.

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I sold my boom truck and one of my flatbed trucks, and I paid back the loan to the bank from the flatbed. As soon as I was done delivering for the store, I had a contractor offer me a job in new home construction. He offered me \$12 an hour to start and promised me forty hours a week or more. He was also from my town but at the time did new home construction in Marion. There was me and another kid around twenty years of age who worked for him.

At first, I was doing forty hours a week. Then as the winter went on, there would be some weeks of around twenty hours. We would start the house with the foundation and floor of basement being poured along with the garage. We would place the floor joist, then stick up the shell of the house and interior walls. We had a crane lift the trusses for the roof, then we covered the roof and outside walls with sheathing and laid the shingles. Then we placed the windows and doors and installed the sophists and side outside of the house. He would have someone come in to do the plumbing and heating, all the electrical wiring, the hanging and finishing of the drywall, as well with painting and then the flooring. We would do the insulating, hanging of the interior doors and all the trim work, and any shelving and cupboards that needed to be placed.

There were many days where I froze my ass off working out in the cold, with it being windy at times of a temp of maybe 10° weather putting up siding and doing other stuff on the outside of the house. Whenever he got cold, he would say he had to make some calls in his truck. He would turn the heat on and take up to an hour or so while we worked. We were on our second house when he wanted to take a week's vacation to the Bahamas. I wasn't as experienced to conduct the project by myself and neither was the other kid. What he did was hire someone who had worked for him before to be the foreman and oversee the project. The contractor would have been better off leaving one of us in charge instead of the new foreman he hired because he was a shady carpenter that really didn't know much about construction, even though he thought he did.

I'll explain what happened next. My boss had left for the Bahamas for his vacation, and we were furring out the basement when the new foreman wanted me to stud out the wall of the basement where all the windows are at. They were large windows that stretched along the whole wall facing

the backyard. I framed up the wall where there weren't no windows and then placed a string that went from one side of the basement windowsill to the other ~~windowsill~~ at the other end. The reason for this was that the floor was uneven. It went up and down about an inch. I had the floor plate fastened and secured with cement screws and a floating top plate of the windowsill. I began making measurements of each 2x4, then cut them that made up the wall.

My foreman saw what I was doing and told me I was taking too long and doing it all wrong. He told me to take one measurement and then cut all the boards the same length that went under the windows. I explained to him the floor was uneven. He said, "Just do what I told you to do, it'll be fine." So that was what I did. The windowsills of the wall went up and down and looked like crap. I moved on to doing something else while he was trying to cut bracing for the I joist. He couldn't get the cuts right, and every time he tried and failed, he would cuss and whip the board across the basement because he was irritated. I went to help him out when he started arguing with me. I told him I didn't need to put up with his crap. I also told him I'm going home and won't be back until the boss comes back from his vacation.

It was the following week when I showed up about nine or ten o'clock in the morning at the job site. The boss was back. They were working down the basement redoing the wall that I had put in. I explained to him what had happened when I left the following week. I expressed to him that I was told by the foreman to put in the wall the way I did. He seemed to already have his mind made up. No matter what I said, he said I shouldn't have left and that he was letting me go, so he fired me. I believe the true reason was he didn't need to have three people working for him. This was just an excuse to get rid of me. I had worked for him for about three months, getting paid twelve bucks an hour of forty-hour weeks or less, and it just wasn't cutting it for me. I couldn't pay my bills on that amount of money, and it barely covered the expense for food for my family and me.

Now I was without a job. I tried to collect unemployment, which I was unable to since I never paid in unemployment on myself while I had my business. I didn't know I had to or I would have. I always assumed it was there for the people who were unable to get a job to help support them in

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tough times. I only used a few months of unemployment in my entire life. It was when I had left the service. Having five kids, I needed it more now than ever before. We applied for food stamps and WIC, which we were able to get, but it still wasn't enough to live off. It was February when I was fired from doing construction. I wasn't able to find a job until June 2, 2002. It was seven months since I was let go from delivering for the lumber store. These were some really tough times. We had to skip paying the bills along with the utilities. What money I did get we used it to survive off of. I remember my wife's brother and his wife had lent us money from time to time to help us out with our crisis. He works in Germany as a chemical engineer.

I started as an automatic welder in a hydraulic cylinder factory, locally. It paid about \$16 an hour to start, and within a year and a half, it would go to over \$19 an hour for a max wage. I felt good about my new job. They trained me on days for two weeks, and then I started on third shift, which was from eleven at night till seven o'clock in the morning from Sunday night through Thursday night. They would ask on Tuesday night or Wednesday for weekend work. Overtime was not mandatory and each day through the week that you would work past eight hours was paid overtime. If you worked Sundays, they were paid for double time, on the weekends if you signed up to work, you would have to work a minimum of four hours for the day and up to twelve hours if needed, if you felt like working that long.

The factory workers were 100 percent union, and in order to make it into the union to have a job, you had to go through forty-five working days without incident. That would mean you couldn't screw up, run bad parts, or come late to work. The factory had quite a few years where they didn't hire before I started but business was picking up and they needed help. About two weeks before I started, they started the hiring number at 901 and my number was 908.

During the time, I had my probation of forty-five working days. There were only three people that made it into the union out of eight people who were hired. Some people would get to their forty-fifth day and then get walked out. I was relieved after I made my forty-five working days and made it into the union. This had gone on for quite some time. Just because you started a job didn't mean you would make it in the factory. I would weld on average

between three hundred to five hundred cylinders during a ten- to twelve-hour night. This consisted of welding the end cap along with the ports that went on the cylinder. I would try to work as many hours as they would let me work because I needed the money.

On average I would be pushing sixty to seventy hours a week. The company had a great insurance plan that was cheap. They also offered a 401(k) savings plan. If you contributed 3.75 percent of your wages, they would match 6 percent. Around the time I was hired, there was another guy who was hired and I made good friends with. His name was Taris T. He served in the marines for five years and was a painter at the plant. He was a year younger than me, but we had a lot in common. He introduced me to a massively multiplayer online role-playing game or MMORPG of EverQuest. In the evening, we would log on to the game with our characters and battle creatures within the game. This was a great pastime that we enjoyed. We also went to many different rock concerts together and hung out over the years.

Chapter 47

The Mortgage, Our Sixth Child, Bankruptcy, Harassment in the Workplace

It was a struggle for quite some time trying to catch up on my bills. My house mortgage had gone for ten months without making a payment. It was in the process of becoming repossessed. They sent me papers of the foreclosure and called me. They were telling me I needed to make an *X* amount of dollars by a certain day in order to keep my house.

The conversation I had with the person from the finance company went like this. I explained to him that I was struggling making my bills and I had been in between jobs but had recently been employed as a welder for a company. I had a steady income coming in at this time. He explained to me again that I had to make all the payments that I had missed at a certain day. I told him I had five kids and one on the way, my credit was shot and I couldn't get a loan even if I tried. I told him that I was thinking about filing bankruptcy to eliminate all my existing debt. He said that they wouldn't have a problem taking the house if the money wasn't paid. I came back with a reply telling him that if he took my house and tried to auction it off, he would be lucky to get \$30,000 out of it and he had a loan with me for \$60,000. I said it would be better if he could work with me than to lose that much money. I also explained to him I wasn't particularly happy with paying 13 percent interest

on my mortgage. I then suggested about writing a hardship letter explaining what happened and what I'd be willing to do to keep the mortgage. He said that wasn't a bad idea, but there would be no guarantees that they would accept it.

What I did was sit down and write a letter explaining all my views how I felt and what I wanted to happen. I said I wanted the payments to start fresh and for the payment to be around \$500 a month at 9 percent interest. Sure enough, when they got the letter, they accepted my request. I was able to keep my house without having to make all the back payments.

It was the morning of January 16, 2003. I was supposed to help my brother Todd and his family move. That morning right before I was supposed to leave, my wife started to have labor pains so my wife, and I got in the car to head to the hospital. My wife's mother was back from Germany visiting with us, so she stayed and watched the kids. We stopped by my brother's place, which was on the way, to let them know that my wife was having labor pains. We made it to St. Luke's Hospital in Cedar Rapids, and not long after arriving, she gave birth to a healthy baby boy. I wanted to name him Chilly Ace Chally, but my wife wouldn't let me. She despised that name. We had four boys and a girl before our last child was born. We had planned to try for another girl and got a boy instead. We wanted our daughter to have a sister. We had decided after our sixth kid she would get her tubes tied.

I had one flatbed truck left from my business that I still owed money on. It was roughly between \$12,000 and \$13,000 left on the payments. When I stopped delivering for my business, I stopped making payments on the truck. I hid the truck out at my dad's farm in a secluded area where it wasn't visible from the road. I had no desire to give up the truck easily to the bank since the bank screwed me over in my business, allowing me to fail. They were the main reason why I was unable to continue in working my business. They were supposed to finance me for a newer boom truck worth around \$60,000. They not only did that. They also stopped me from multiple loans I had requested and denied to help me when I needed help when I didn't get paid for a week.

It took the bank over a year to find the truck to repossess. The bank ended up selling the truck to a local business in town for around \$5,000 to \$6,000.

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What irked me was I had made a simple phone call to a big truck company out of Des Moines and had explained the year and type truck it was and what they would be willing to give me for the truck as is, the way it sits without seeing it, \$10,000 was the amount and possibly more when they see it. I would have tried selling the truck prior to them taking it, but they wanted the whole amount owed. They wouldn't release the title. I couldn't come up with any spare cash to make up the difference. This was the final straw that broke the camel's back and made me decide to file bankruptcy. It would've been somewhere around the month of July 2003 when it was official. I filed off approximately \$35,000 to include the truck loan. This was a major relief. I now had a good job and only had the bare necessities for bills.

I had a problem while working third shift. There was this other guy who harassed and didn't like me doing the same kind of work as he did. Even though the guy didn't like me, the root of the problem was greater with the way the company handled its production. We had a central location where all the parts that needed to be welded were held. The dayshift foreman would go around and mark hot on the orders that he thought were needed to be done first. They were usually small orders that no one cared to run because of production standards. The company had a rate it took to run on every order, and if you didn't make 70 percent for your shift during production, you would be possibly talk to verbally on your production or be written up.

The dayshift foreman I had was also in charge of the weld shop. He took away all the setup times for the orders and increased the numbers per hour when he felt they should be higher. Some orders had sixty to seventy cylinders per hour to be welded. All this did was add stress to the job. You can only work so fast for production. The dayshift foreman would usually have a list of cylinders he would want me to run first. Then I would run out the cylinders that were marked hot. Then I could run whatever I wanted afterward, usually depending on what was the last cylinder size I had set up.

If I was on two-inch cylinders, I usually would stay on that size until there was no more to run. The problem would usually arise with the other worker if he felt that I grab an order that I shouldn't be running in my booth. Because of easier rates or something that he would want to run, he would walk out of his way to my booth with anger and tell me what I was doing wrong.

On several occasions, he would take his finger and poke me in the chest explaining I was not supposed to do an order on what he considered was not right. I had tried on many occasions to go out of my way to talk to him or just ask him on an order to run. The remarks I would get from him would be, “I don’t care to talk to you,” “I don’t like you,” “You should know,” or even, “Just talk to your foreman.”

When he was upset for the night or something that I supposedly done wrong, you could tell because he would slam the cylinders down making loud noises, which was distracting. On a couple of occasions, he threatened to kick my ass and even told me, “You better watch your back,” but the last straw was when he whipped a pair of needle-nose pliers at my booth. This was about thirty to forty feet away from his booth. They broke in half after hitting my desk and landed about five feet from me. I had brought these situations to my day- and night-shift foreman. They didn’t do much about it and told me to just stay away from him assuming I was the problem.

This went on for over twenty-one months until I wrote up a three-page statement and a two-page statement of concern addressing the problem I was having with the other worker. I presented it to the plant manager, and I made it very clear that I shall not be harassed in the workplace, and this was a problem that should be taken care of immediately. The plant manager acted on the situation immediately calling together a meeting with the other worker, the human resource personnel, and me. The four of us sat down in the conference room and discussed the ongoing situation. They realized that a lot of the problems were their production standards. What they did was the one that was harassing me, they gave three days’ off from work with the possibility of being fired if it would occur again. This seemed to have solved the problem. I was never harassed in such a fashion again while I worked at the company. I also believe it helped out other people who were trying to make production standards in the factory to be more lenient on writing an individual up.

Chapter 48

First-Shift Job, the Injury, Lathe Operator, Playing Online Video Game, the Tattoo

At the time, we had a 1993 Ford Aerostar van that seated seven. Our family now had eight of us. We didn't have enough seatbelts to legally carry our family around. It was around a year after we had filed bankruptcy. We decided to go shopping for a newer car that would sit eight. We ended up getting a three- to four-year-old nice-looking black 2001 Ford Expedition that cost around \$16,000. We had high interest on the SUV, and the payments were around \$500 a month.

I worked at the company as an automated welder on third shift for about two and a half years until there was a first-shift machine shop bid posted on the bulletin board. I wanted to go to first shift, so I bid on the job and got it. It consisted of running a five-spindle-bar stock machine to make small intricate parts. Another multiple-tooled machine in making small parts, along with running a milling machine and an air- powered drill.

I was in training a month or so when an incident happened. It was early in the morning. I was setting the air-powered drill up on an order to run. There was a button that was located on the upper left of the drill that you have to push in order to allow the drill to go down and start its drilling. I pushed the

button with my left hand. It did its drilling, but when it came back up to the start position, there was a 3/16-inch adjustment screw that went through the tip of my thumb.

I was in shock and in pain. I couldn't get my thumb out until I hit the button again for it to go down. I thought I lost my thumb. I took some rags and wrapped it up. There was a foreman nearby who came over and saw what was going on and realized I needed to go to the doctor's office. He walked me into the office where I met up with the human resource guy who then drove me to the doctor's office.

At the clinic, they saw me fairly quick. They took an X-ray of my thumb. It was broken. The doctor numbed up my thumb—I had lost the thumbnail—and he put in eighteen stitches. Then he bandaged it up. The human resource guy then drove me back to work. I told him I didn't feel like working anymore that day. I felt sick and would like to go home, but he insisted that I'll be okay, and I was unable to take off for the day. All they were worried about was a lost-time incident that they didn't want on their record as a company. When I got back to the plant, they put me on a machine where I only had to use one hand and I could sit since I was on light duty. The station was near where I worked with the air-powered drill. The plant manager came out to the shop to assess the situation and asked me to show him how it happened. I explained what happened. He immediately saw somebody had taken off the safety shields that were supposed to be mounted on the drill. He assured me it wasn't my fault and that anybody could have done the same thing. They asked the other guy working there if he had taken the safety shields off, but he said that they were off as long as he could remember. He immediately had maintenance makeup shields for the air drill. I was on light duty for about six weeks; after some time, my thumb healed up remarkably well.

The job that I had been on for day shift really didn't need two people running it, so they farmed me out and cross-trained me to run a lathe. This had gone on for a few months until a bid was posted on the boards for first-shift lathe operator. I had bid for the job and got it. At the time, there were two lathe operators, but in time, when they became slow in the factory, they did a layoff and consolidated the work for the two different lathe jobs to just one operator. I had seniority by a few weeks on the other person, so I kept the job

while he was moved to another. The lathe that I took over was called the 4A. It could run up to twelve-inch OD material, and most of the cylinder work would consist of putting threads in them. The lathe was used to do all the big cylinder work for the factory.

It must've been about a year before I was able to convince my wife to play EverQuest. She used to tell me, "How can you play a video game for so many hours?" She convinced herself in the beginning that she couldn't see herself doing this and explained how this wasn't for her. Once she began playing and got into the concepts of the game, she really liked it. We then got her, her own computer. We began playing every evening together after the kids were put to bed. I would play with my friend Taris T. earlier on in the evening until my wife was ready to play. At times she would play during the day while I was at work.

With my wife now playing EverQuest, I became worried that she might be talking to other people and might be drifting away from me. I decided if she truly loved me, she wouldn't be afraid to place my name on her body through a tattoo. She agreed if the tattoo looked good, she would be okay with this. I designed a tattoo that looked really good to go on her lower back. It said in the middle of the design that was created "Property of Scott Chally" with "True" centered on top and "Love" centered underneath the name. I had taken a day off work, which we arranged to go to a tattoo parlor in Cedar Rapids and get the tattoo put on. She was about to back out from getting it when I challenged her if she loved me, she would do this. When she was getting the tattoo, about twenty minutes into it, she felt suddenly weak and turned pale. To me it felt like the evil was leaving her body, and she was making the rejoicing commitment in ink under God to be with me. She paused for a few minutes. We went outside, got some fresh air, came back in, then continued with the tattoo.

Chapter 49

The Unfair Justice System, the IRS

I wanted to try to spice up our relationship by doing other things. Since we had the six kids, we never really got out to do much as a couple. We would line up a babysitter, so we could go to movies, eat out, and drink occasionally. We then got tickets to go to a Green Day concert on May 11, 2005, in Cedar Rapids at the US Cellular Center. We were both looking forward to hearing the concert. We liked their music. We got to the concert about an hour early and lined up to get in. The line was about two city blocks long. I remember it being a chilly windy evening.

I was wearing a black T-shirt and pants, and the wife was wearing a black long shirt and pants. We were standing in line, and I was trying to keep her warm by holding her and rubbing her arms. About forty-five minutes later, we finally made it to the doors to get in. They separated the women from the men entering in different lines. My wife had brought a camera so she could take pictures of the concert, but when she went to go through the line, they wouldn't allow cameras at the concert. They had a trashcan per line with hundreds of cameras in them, mostly disposable cameras. They were telling her she couldn't enter the concert unless she would get rid of the camera. She asked if she could just get rid of the battery. They agreed to this, so she could keep the camera. We were both in. Then she told me what happened with

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the camera while going through the line. I was upset of the situation. I saw a police sergeant standing nearby. I told him of the situation and that what they were doing wasn't right in my eyes. It's considered stealing.

I told him, "I want to get my \$40 to \$50 battery pack back for the camera." We argued back and forth for a few minutes. Then I suggested, "What about if I just have the battery and the wife would have the camera? That wouldn't be bringing the camera into the concert." He agreed to this. We went over to the trashcan where I searched until I found the battery.

We found our seats and about ten minutes later, the concert then began. It was a great concert that my wife and I both enjoyed. They even had a young kid from the crowd come up on stage. He played one of their songs with a guitar and he was given a guitar for doing so. The wife and I both had two cups of beer during the two-hour concert. When it was time to go, we both had to go to the restroom. We came up with a meeting spot on the second floor. I had finished going to the restroom and gone back to the spot where we were supposed to meet. I must've been there for ten or fifteen minutes when an officer was patrolling the hall and told me I needed to go. I told him I was supposed to meet my wife here in a minute or two. He said he didn't care and that I needed to get going now. So, I was then heading to the lower level. I met up with another officer standing on the steps. He said something like, "Let's keep moving!" I made it to the lower level and then I saw my wife. We were standing there when I asked her, "Why couldn't you meet me upstairs?" She explained to me she had gone downstairs to go to the restroom, but they wouldn't let her go back up. Then I noticed there was a group of maybe four to five officers who were standing around talking. When the sergeant whom I had communicated in the beginning of the concert about the battery for the camera interrupted our conversation and told us we need to keep moving and get out of here, I looked at him and then told him, "In a minute, I'll go." He interrupted me again and said, "You'll go now," so I gave him a dirty look. Then my wife and I with my arm around her headed toward the door to leave. I turned around and looked at the officer and said, "That is pretty bad just because you remembered my face."

We were just pushing the door open to go outside when the sergeant and his training cadets grabbed and put handcuffs on me. I asked them what they

were doing and what I had done wrong. They wouldn't answer me why, but they told my wife that I'll be in the city jail for the night and for her to go home. They brought me into a room on the lower level of the US Cellular Center, where they patted me down and took out my wallet. I had nothing, no knives or no contraband on me. Then they arranged a squad car to come and pick me up in front of the building. They escorted me out with the crowd looking at me and placed me in the back of the squad car.

They hauled me off to the police station, brought me inside, and started to do the processing work on me while I sat. They asked me if I wanted to take a breathalyzer test. I told them I shouldn't have to. I didn't do anything wrong. I remember while sitting at the desk seeing the sergeant that brought me in, leaning against a doorway chuckling to another officer while looking and smiling at me. They were done at the desk with the information they needed. They then took off the handcuffs then brought me into a small room and handed me an orange uniform and told me to get changed. I told him I wanted to do a breathalyzer test. He said OKAY. He went to walk me to a cell that had about fifteen or sixteen people in it. I asked again when I can do my breathalyzer test. He told me he was busy having to process another person and that he will be back to get me in about a half hour to do the breathalyzer test. I insisted again, "I want to do it now, before I go into the cell." He put me in the cell where there was no place to sit down. The cell must've been about fifteen feet by twenty feet. There were windows to look out. It had a phone and an open stainless-steel toilet in it. I noticed right away it was very cold in the cell since they had the air- conditioning on.

It was about a half hour later that I was trying to get the attention of an officer to let them know I was supposed to have my breathalyzer test. The one who put me in the cell walked by and just smiled at me and then told me to keep my voice down. I got irate, yelling and screaming for an hour or so for the officer to come back and do as I was promised, but they just ignored me. I was freezing in the cell. I caught the attention of the one who put me in the cell. I asked him if he could turn the heat on and give me a blanket or something to lie on. He said they didn't have anything for me and that they were out of blankets.

I called the wife. It must've been around one or two o'clock in the morning. I asked if she could come up and get me out of jail. She packed up the six

kids in the car and came all the way up to the Cedar Rapids jail. She told me later that she was unable to bail me out. They said we had to wait till after my hearing in the morning. I found a spot on the floor to lie down. There must have been seven or eight people already lying on the floor. I was freezing, shaking, just plain cold. It took some time but I fell asleep until they woke me up at five o'clock in the morning and took my mug shot and prints. My hair was all messed up, and my face was swollen. I looked like shit and felt like shit. It felt like I had fluid in my lungs. I was having a hard time breathing. I had to wait until around ten o'clock in the morning to have my hearing. The official had told me I was being charged for public intoxication and they gave me a court date in about a month and a half.

Then they released me. The wife and kids were there to pick me up. About three to four weeks later, I had a severe stabbing pain in my back, and I then became deathly sick. I was admitted to the hospital for walking pneumonia. I was there for three days. When it was time for my court hearing, I brought my entire family in to hear it. The judge didn't think it was a good idea to have my family in the courtroom. I expressed to him that I had nothing to hide and I want the facts to get out on the table. I explained everything that I knew and had happened to me that evening of the concert. I expressed to him it was wrong for the officer to point me out for doing something wrong. I expressed from earlier in the night when I had addressed the officer on the situation with the camera. The judge asked the officer if he had talked to me earlier on that night of the concert. The officer stated he'd never seen me prior to the time he had arrested me. He couldn't even tell the judge why I was arrested really. He just lied to make himself look good for the arrest. The judge said he would get back with me through the mail in a few days for the verdict.

It took about a month, and they found me guilty. At the hearing, I told the judge about how I was refused a breathalyzer test and how I had to lay on the floor of the jail cell without a blanket and the air- conditioning on. I told him this was the reason why I got walking pneumonia. He found that hard to believe. I'm assuming that's why it took the judge so long to come up with the verdict. If I was found innocent, he knew the city would be subject to a lawsuit.

Scott Chally Believes!

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It was around March 2006. I was becoming very bothered from having owed money to the IRS. I had previously paid \$2,000 for an agency to try to settle my debt with the IRS. They weren't acting on it. They were just putting me off not working my case. Once the agency got its money, they didn't worry about settling the debt and were just given me a runaround. When I tried approaching the case I had with them, they said it would take time, but they never did anything to help me out. I missed a couple quarterly payments from my business. I was penalized \$5,000 for one of them, and they were charging me an unrealistic rate of interest on the money that I owed. The debt was around \$20,000, and I felt it wasn't right for them to charge me this much. I felt as if the government was like the Mafia. There isn't anything you can really do to change it; one way or another, they'll get your money. I was sitting down and beginning to draft a letter to see if they would be lenient. I then picked up the Bible and was asking God for guidance and help.

Part 2: The Episode

Chapter 50

Turned to the Bible for Help, American Constitution of Economics, the Slogan Page

I was sitting behind the computer in my den one night, working on a hardship letter to the IRS. While sitting there, I looked to the right, and there on my desk was my son's Bible. It was my oldest son's Bible he had received from church in fifth grade. This was many years before, so it must've been placed there for a reason.

Anyhow, I picked up the Bible, and I was thinking if it could help me out. I spoke to the Bible in my mind, asking if it could help me out. Then I opened the Bible and figured I would just read whatever popped out at me. I read verses like these:

2 Samuel 22:7 (NirV): When I was in trouble I called out to the Lord. I called out to my God. From his temple he heard my voice. My cry for help reached his ears.

Isaiah 41:13 (NirV): I am the Lord your God. I take hold of your right hand. I say to you. "Do not be afraid. I will help you."

The verses I read from the Bible really made me want to read more of the Bible. This would have been about forty days before Easter of 2006.

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Deuteronomy 18:15 (NIrV): The Lord your God will rise up for you a prophet like me. He will be one of your own people. You must listen to him.

I started to read more and more of the Bible. Sometimes I would think of something and then I would open the Bible. A lot of times somehow the Bible would give me advice or information related to what I was thinking.

During all this in the beginning, I came up with this idea how can I change the world as we know it and come up with a way that will benefit the people if I had the ability to apply it. For some reason, I felt I had to come up with a policy that would benefit the nation/world.

I used to have a delivery business called Ace Services. I believed in the Bible and the messages I was receiving from it, and I figured that Ace Services was meant to be used as a model to set standards for the nation to follow. ACE (American Constitution of Economics) Services at the time would be broken down into three different areas. “Ace of hearts” would stand for love; this would cover protection, medical needs, prescription, housing, family assistance programs, and anything similar. “Ace of spades” would stand for power; this would include political members, lawyers, business owners, company executive officers, to the everyday workers and all leaders alike. This would cover anyone for fair work ethics and safety in all workplaces. “Ace of diamonds” would cover the nation’s budget and distribution of the money to different agencies, banking, finance companies, federal aid, emergency relief, along with other investment agencies that are for the people. I didn’t list “Ace of clubs” since I felt it wasn’t needed. It represents entertainment, clubs, activities, games. It’s like a jester for a king’s entertainment. I went into detail somewhat about what could be considered a brief look of something that came to me while reading the Bible. I drew up what I would consider to be the winepress.

Now during this time, I was going to work like nothing was happening. I would spend every free moment I had studying the Bible and watching TV shows anything that would be spoken about religion or possible predicted disasters that could occur here on earth. When working with my coworkers, I didn’t feel there would be enough trust to tell them what was happening with me. I would be there doing my job, but in my mind, all I could think about

was, is it possible that I could be the one spoken of in the Bible? It seemed strange how everything that I was reading seemed like it was answering me as if it was happening now, not a couple thousand years ago.

I was drawn to Revelation in the Bible, and it seemed it was talking a lot about me. I really didn't want to jeopardize my work by saying stuff that I felt, which I thought I was sure of but would wonder how this would jeopardize me. Knowing that other people would hear how you feel, they would twist and turn things that are said to look bad. I didn't want that. The seven pages that follow speak of what I felt or desired for the American people. Then there's a page that shows how Ace Services could be displayed.



“Quality at its finest”

ACE SERVICES

(American Constitution of Economics)

Striving today, for tomorrow will be a better place



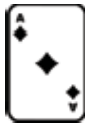
Love

- [American]** (1) Relating to the United States or to the continents of America.
(2) A person from the United States or any of the countries of North, South, or Central America.



Power

- [Constitution]** (1) A body of fundamental principles or established precedents according to which a state or organization is governed.
(2) Composition or formation.
(3) A person’s physical or mental state.



Wealth

- [Economic]** (1) Relating to economics or the economy
(2) Justified in terms of profitability.

Ace Services is a constitution governing the people’s protection. It will establish a better well-liked society, for “which we, the people, live.” By bringing balance to the system in how we operate, I, Scott LeRoy Chally, see

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a vision of three different branches that will be known as ACE SERVICES. As we, I . . . read along, I will explain on how Ace Services will benefit this nation. I will go over and explain three of the four powers that will represent our society and how in relationship, we, the people, will be helped and why we need to uphold these powers.

You will then see new laws come into effect, as well as some old laws be removed from the books. You will see the medical system “for the people” and not for the unjust good of profits. You will see a “well- balanced lending system “that will be fair for all.” You will see how we, the people, will not be afraid to invest in our economy for which we will have secure markets backed by the government.

All leadership will be looked at and some ethics of leadership will be changed to meet for the common wealth of the people. There will be a double-check system in all parts of the government. Civilian offices need to assure no wrongdoing is being done to mankind. You may be asking how this can happen. Well, for the most part, information will be gathered or obtained from the people by “sealed collection boxes,” in every post office; as a sealed collection box is removed, another sealed collection box will take its place. Only the facility to where the collection boxes go would have the access codes and the necessary keys needed to open them. All the facilities that receive the collection boxes will take the necessary steps to safeguard the information attained in the collection boxes and by keeping security of the information attained at their upmost responsibility. Failure to do differently could lead to immediate dismissal and be prosecuted to the fullest of the law. These boxes will be accessible for all people, no matter how young or old and for the good or for the bad. The people will have the right to voice their opinions to be heard or at least suggest something they would like to see changed. This will include if it’s a sensitive situation like a minor being sexually assaulted, rape cases, or spouse abuse cases where they may be afraid to take it to the police.

Small businesses, big businesses, companies, factories, and all alike “should now worry on the way they operate.” Now the common-day worker will have more rights and have “the backing of the law on their side.” All concerns will be addressed and carried out whether for the good or for the bad of the applying parties. Laws will be purposed, due to the effect on multiple

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complaints of the same nature, or be considered for new operating procedures that best fits the common public. Tallies will be kept on how we can achieve a greater society.

The Justifiers would then work the people's suggestions into bills and laws that would best suit the people. If neglection or wrongdoing should come to an official in any of the ACE SERVICES offices, that individual will be immediately put on suspension until the matter is solved; he or she will be upheld at the fullest of the law. If one who puts the complaint forward is falsifying or is found at fault, without reasonable doubt, he or she could face criminal charges. And the employer at that time would have full right to fire that individual.

There will be what you call a score card or sheet, with a rating scale from 1 to 10 made up for each person or for each complaint along with a brief statement explaining the situation and the appropriate action that were taken. All actions will be kept on file at the appropriate loco office for a minimum of three years.

“So, let's be keen about this, I say,” if we are not looking out for one another, we could close down our own employment, due to neglect of our own doing. In no way, shape, or form should blackmail be used against a company or an individual working for a company for profit or to better oneself. I suggest that businesses may want to look into profit-sharing for all workers to keep a more stable flow of work being produced. All ACE SERVICES offices will have necessary information and up-to-date policies and procedures for businesses to conform by federal, state, and local laws. All a business has to do is make the call to the appropriate office for the info they seek. At any time, there will be a number for anyone to call for help or information, but actions have to be added to the paper slips for official actions to be carried out.

Here are the list of powers as follows:



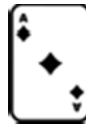
Ace of Hearts shall stand for Love and represent Americans. It is the most important of all the Aces. Ace of Hearts would be the branch that covers the

people's protection to assure all have assistance on medical needs, to include governing health and welfare, fair prescription acts, housing of urban development (HUD), family assistance programs, emergency relief efforts, and any other agencies that are similar in nature. No one should be deprived of these services or be left behind.



Ace of Spades shall stand for power. This will include political members, lawyers, business owners, company executive officers (CEOs), to the everyday worker, from the highest-ranking general to the lowest-enlisted private and all leaders alike. This branch will govern fair treatment for all and assure all have a voice to be heard as equals for which no undue justices should come to any one person.

Ace Services will allow all people to seek assistance throughout the land of any situations that may arise. All leaders, no matter how big or small, will have to abide by the rules set forth.



Ace of Diamond will be handling all of the nation's budget and distribution of the money to agencies of need, of all banking financing offices along with federal aid would be handled at this office. Anything from financial needs to the people and the emergency relief act, along with investments agencies that would be for the people.

You may wonder, why not have the fourth Ace, the Ace of Clubs? Well, it is not needed. My best way to explain this is if you look at how Kings would use jesters for entertainment, or how the romans would use their coliseums. It indicates acts of violence, false bearings, and misuse of powers.

Scott Chally Believes!

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This is a very important picture, as you look at it, you may see it as being a scale equally balanced on both sides, with a cup in the middle collecting something, both pans seem to be leaking sand. Let's just say, if looking at this picture is a representation of how God sees us as a sinful system and where he will soon have to make a decision on what we know as Life.



I would like this picture to be known as the “WINEPRESS,” and I will explain on how God’s wrath could come to us soon if we don’t do something about it. You will see this picture with the arms equally balanced on both sides holding up the pans. There are four heavy chain links on both sides of the pan, representing that God has a good grip on the pans or us. But you also see two iron rods or they appear to be iron rods holding up what appears to be clouds, but in fact, it is God, and God is keeping an eye out on us and watching every move we do. I want you to look at the arms as blades for cutting. The pans represent Earth, and the sand represents us as people slipping through the cracks of the pans. You also see something flowing into a vase or cup, this would indicate the purest of the pure people that are being saved by God, or you can look at it as God offering the cup of Life to us to drink from or salvation which he gives us. And all who believes in our Lord shall be saved.

“Then we as the people can prosper and feel freedom at its fullest.” As we share in the duties of our everyday life, we will know that we are free and equal to one another, fairness shall and will be carried out across the land with backing of the justice system at our side. We will do away with the heart-stricken problems that affects each of us.

When leadership or leaders drift from their respective duties, it becomes a burden, and burdens we don’t need. Some leaders may pre- judge people

without knowing all the facts or by simply having a bias approach toward work ethics and not worried about the health and welfare of the workers. We need to seek out them leaders and try to train them to be good leaders, but if untrainable, we must replace.

We, the leaders, need to listen to the people's wants, needs, desires along with keeping their safety and health top priority. Leaders need to make sound decisions; they need to be fair and just for all parties alike without bringing shame to one's workplace or to one's values. For leaders to place immoral acts or beliefs in front of the people's common values, such like unjust abusive power or for profit, prejudice in front for their own values and by emphasizing hardships on others for their own common good.

All of this shall not be tolerated as a leader. Everyone will have to uphold the duties for which they operate for the common welfare of the people. No one shall use unfair judgment toward one another or be of common interest that we are all the same. To make it better for all the people that get into unlikeable situations that there is no help for needs of the people that fall between the guidelines, of what we can't really say can be considered as fair or just or just plain hardships with businesses, companies.

We should not fear terrorists, even though they may be there. Eventually they will see the light of what the good people of the world has to offer and join hands. They will stand by our side equally as all others and find out that the leaders that disrespect the law or assume they are above the law by participating in unfair acts against the people, or for greed, shall be upheld by the fullest of the law no matter what position they may hold.

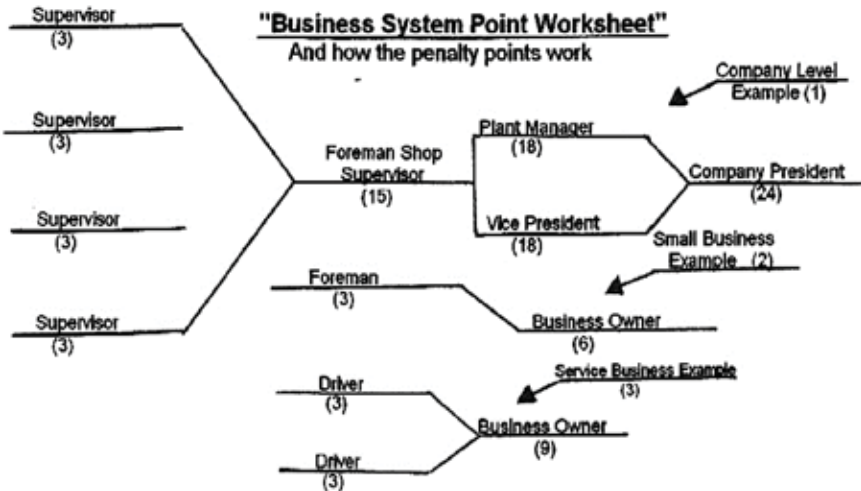
Zero tolerance for harassment in the workplace should be upheld at all times. It is the leader's responsibility to uphold and provide a healthy work environment. Leaders must not mix up social activity as a source of a problem but keep what's fair for one, the same for all, and keep a keen eye and ear of possible problems that may arise. If one should see something strange, they should contact the one or parties that are involved before it progresses.

I think President Clinton said it best. When there was a controversy in the military on gays, he put together a Don't Ask, Don't Tell policy. We should

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consider adopting and restating it for general living standards and what the people want, that there should be no harassment for the general population. In other words, what a neighbor or someone we come in contact with is, we should not pose judgment on one another for what he or she does on their personal time. Also saying thy neighbor you shall respect, as long as there is no harm to come to thy neighbor, to include what would occur because of carelessness or misbehavior.

There will be a justice system inside a justice system to see that all justice be carried out fairly. New bills and rights for the people will be either adopted or opposed

As far as the members that work for each of the appointed Ace Services offices should not be biased toward one party or the other while investigating these acts that are brought forth to them nor shift the evidence to appear to look greater toward one's party's favor. Justifier offices when they act on simple disputes should be evaluated carefully and have a bipartisan party to adopt the outgoing solution on each matter, which at hand can send them to a number of agencies to try to solve the situation. This policy would use a three-strike method for first-line supervisor position. The points will add up for everyone in the company that is in the direct chain line of work, but of course, the next level of the branch would have six points and so forth.



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Each supervisor would have to set up a point sematic scheme system as soon as possible or within 90 days. If a company has as little as 10 people, you would have 6 points, but no more than 66 points for a company that has 1,000-plus people. A line of leadership can branch as much as you have leaders. Three (3) points are for each level of leadership that an individual would be in charge of. So, by looking at the chart, you see 4 first-line leaders with 3 points each. But then you see the main shop supervisor which has 15 points, because he will add 3 points for each first-line leaders to his 3 points, which will equal to a total of 15 points. And the same way as it climbs to the top of the leadership with 18 points and fourth line with 24 points.

As you notice from the third line to the fourth line, it jumped 6 points. It is due to the dual position from this certain picture or company example, but if there would have been only one position, they would have been granted 3 points. The company president had received 21 points from the fourth-line leaders plus the 3 points for him holding the position to equal 24 points.

I will give a example on how the point system will work. Let's say a first-line supervisor gets turned in due to a racial statement he made to an employee and the Ace Services office decided for the employee. The first-line supervisor now would go down to 2 points instead of having a 3-point value. Also, the same supervisor will have to join some classes on racial acts. The whole chain of command all the way up to the president of the company would also lose a point, and it would stay on their records for three full years. After the three years are up, he or she will return back to the three points where he started with. The rest of the chain of command would also get their point back. No other first-line leader would lose a point, only the ones that are above the one that got turned in.

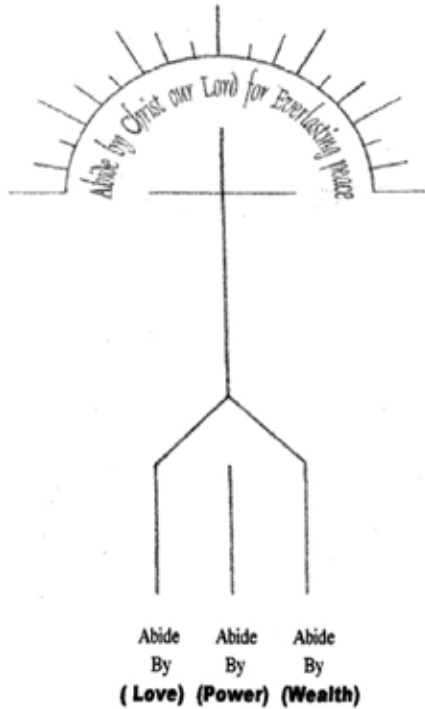
The one that had the situation would have to attend classes which the Ace Services offices will put forth to do. If he or she chooses not to attend the classes in the time that was allowed, they would lose another point along with the chain of command, unless that leader was removed from his or her duty. The company or bosses would still be accounted for that first line or whichever the company filed under. From the lowest to the highest, it will always be accounted for any incident that may come about.

Scott Chally Believes!

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In rare cases, there may be more than one point taken or a business or company may be closed down for a short time until the problem is solved. Anything after the first-line leader that has a complaint against him or her, there could be as many as 1/2 of the total points taken away from what they would have been entitled to, so they should be careful of what they do and make good judgment calls. Special hearings and deemed by the law could relinquish more than one point, depending on the situation that is being addressed, and it could hit all levels in the chain of command. There will be some that may think they're above the system and claim false report on their leaders, foremen, bosses, etc. If that is so, they will be terminated from their duty or position or as the company or business deems necessary, or the business or party that's not in fault could push for criminal actions. Ace Services will do their best to make all fair when complaints are carried out.

Abide Christ Everlasting



Ace of Hearts

Ace of Spades

Ace of Diamonds

This is the root or the foundation in which we will find peace.

It takes the power of the people willing to work together to make the relationship between them and God for complete salvation.

The American Constitution of Economics was finished at a later date, but you can see what was started. Abide in Christ Everlasting was just another example of American Constitution of Economics and how it could be displayed for religious beliefs. There was this guy I would talk to from work. He was fairly young, but I had this feeling he was into religion. We would talk from time to time usually about video games.

Every now and then, we would talk about religion. I didn't tell him what I felt was happening to me, but there was this one time that I showed him a picture that I drew up called the winepress. I asked him if he had seen that picture or if it looked familiar to him. "No," he said, but really didn't say much. That was the most I would say about what was happening to me to other people.

Revelation 14:19 (NIRV): So the angel swung his blade over the earth. He gathered its grapes. Men he threw them into a huge winepress. The winepress stands for God's anger.

Revelation 14:20 (NIRV): In the winepress outside the city, the grapes were stomped on. Blood flowed out of the pit. It spread over the land for about 180 miles. It rose as high as the horses' heads.

Revelation 19:15 (NIRV): Out of the rider's mouth comes a sharp sword. He will strike down the nations with it.

Scripture says, "He will rule them with an iron rod." He stomps on the grapes of God's winepress. The winepress stands for the terrible anger of the God who rules over all.

Day after day and night after night, I would read the Bible. A lot of the Bible I could relate with everyday life. It's like the Bible was meant to talk about things that occurred to me or what was happening around me, showing me signs of what has to happen next. It's been roughly twenty years since I have paid much attention to the Bible. The last time was when I was about sixteen years old

Scott Chally Believes!

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when I had confirmation. It's as if I felt a spirit come into me from time to time when I was reading. Every now and then, I felt something really strong come over me. This would trigger a reaction for me to act on. I would see visions, things that were about to happen. Depending on how I was to respond to it was something that I would have to make a decision on whether it was for the good or bad. My heart along with my thoughts was to be pure. I knew that.

Chapter 51 God's Holy City, Figuring Out What the Numbers Mean

Then on the evening of April 4 or 5, 2006, approximately nine or ten o'clock, I was sitting in my den reading the Bible on my futon. I closed my eyes for a second when I heard this odd noise that kind of sounded like a trumpet in my ears. It was almost like I was carried away by a spirit. It took me through pitch black until I saw this most beautiful object from a distance. Here's a picture I drew to help you see what I saw that evening.



I was moving closer and closer to this wonderful object. I was amazed of how beautiful it was. When I first saw the object, there was a fog in the center, but

as I got closer, the fog disappeared. Then I realized what I was looking at was God's holy city. I'll try to explain it the best way I can what the city looks like. First of all, everything I was looking at looked like precious gems or crystals, all arranged in a specific pattern. There were thousands upon thousands of gems of all colors and varieties; it's like each one shone brightly as if it was lit up, not blinding but very clear. What I would say you could say as far as a highway, the inner circle was smooth appearing laced with thousands of gems.

Imagine what a rubber tire would look like. If you stretched the two sidewalls as far as you could, that would leave you a half-moon inner circle. As far as color goes for the inner circle, I remember it being a mixture of light blue, light green crystals with a clearness but still had all the colors of a rainbow. As far as the outside, one quarter to one third was the width compared to how tall it was. There was six towering points evenly spaced around the outside in a circle. Each one of the points was unique of how the displacement was. The base of these points was somewhat wide. They stepped in tears as they came to a point. Each one of the points stepped four times, and the fourth step was the point. All the steps going to the top of the peaks were on a downward slant. Each one of the points going to the peak wasn't extremely wide, nothing like a mountain. From what I could see, it looked like the peaks were facing north, south, east, and west, and they all stepped inward up to the peak. Each one of the six peaks looked as if it were a building sitting on a circle. From the side view looking at the holy city, it looked like there was a gate between each one of the peaks. The base of the inner circle was laced with 666 precious gems that had the mellow colors of a rainbow. Now looking at all six of the points, they appeared to have a clear gold crystal look to them.

The time frame when all this happened was between seven to ten seconds. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. It was the most amazing sight I had ever seen. A thought entered my mind. While I was thinking of the thought that crossed my mind, I'll just come back to the vision, but once I had the thought, the vision had disappeared, and I've never seen it since.

Here are some biblical references that correlate with what I saw.

John 3:13 (NIRV): No one has ever gone into heaven except the One who came from heaven. He is the Son of Man.

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Daniel 7:13 (NIRV): In my vision I saw One who looked like a son of man. He was coming with clouds of heaven. He approached the Eternal God. He was led right up to him.

John 1:18 (NIRV): No one has ever seen God. But God, the one and only Son, is at the father's side. He has shown us what God is like.

1 John 4:9 (NIRV): How did God show his love for us? He sent his one and only Son into the world. He sent him so we could receive life through him.

1 John 4:14 (NIRV): The father has sent his Son to be the Savior of the world. We have seen it. We give witness to it.

I may have been reading from some of these verses out of the Bible prior to seeing this vision.

Revelation 21:10 (NIRV): Then he carried me away in a vision. The Spirit took me to a huge, high mountain. He showed me Jerusalem, the Holy City. It was coming down out of heaven from God. The throne in heaven.

Revelation 4:1 (NIRV): After this I looked, and there in front of me was a door standing open in heaven. I heard the voice I heard before. It sounded like a trumpet. The voice said, "Come up here. I will show you what must happen after this."

Revelation 4:2 (NIRV): At once the Holy Spirit took complete control of me. There in front of me was a throne in heaven with someone sitting on it.

Revelation 4:3 (NIRV): The One who sat there shone like jewels. Around the throne was a rainbow that looked like an emerald.

Revelation 4:4 (NIRV): Twenty-four other thrones surrounded that throne. Twenty-four elders were sitting on them. The elders were dressed in white. They had gold crowns on their heads.

According to the throne or what I say is the holy city, there were six points that projected out from around the circle. Each point also projected out in four different directions. If you take the four directions from each point and

multiply them by six points, this would equal what was talked about as the twenty-four thrones.

Revelation 21:14 (NirV): The wall of the city had 12 foundations. Written on them were the names of the 12 apostles of the Lamb.

The twelve foundations are similar to how the twenty-four thrones were decided. Take the six points and we know each one of the points faces four directions. Each point while looking down from top view would look like a plus sign. The line that runs in two different directions would be the foundations that were talked about. Six times two equals twelve.

Revelation 21:18 (NirV): The wall was made out of Jasper. The city was made out of pure gold, as pure as glass.

Revelation 21:23 (NirV): The city does not need the sun or moon to shine on it. God's glory is its light, and the Lamb is its lamp.

Now that I believed I have seen what the throne or the city looks like, it made my mind wonder all kinds of views of how God's holy city works or if there was any significant reasoning as to how the city is set up. There was this one verse in the Bible that kept me searching for the answer.

Revelation 13:18 (NirV): Here is a problem that you have to be wise to figure out. If you can, figure out what the beast's number means. It is man's number. His number is 666.

Between Revelation and Daniel, I would use the wording and numbers that were mentioned, along with the placement of the numbers that would coordinate with what the city looks like and try to come up with a combination. I lost a lot of sleep over this. I would constantly run these numbers in different patterns to see what I could come up with, if there was any secret meaning behind them in the Bible. I even had a calculator next to my bedside while watching TV or just lying there in bed. If a number would pop in my head differently, I would try to compute it. Even while at work I would be doing my work but constantly thinking of different ways to compute the numbers from the Bible. I didn't have a calculator at work, so I

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would borrow one from someone and bring it to my desk. When I thought of different combinations, I would try to compute them. I used man's number of 666 and Revelation 21:12.

Revelation 21:12 (NirV): The city had a huge, high wall with 12 gates. Twelve angels were at the gates, one at each of them. On the gates were written the names of the 12 tribes of Israel.

I took 666, multiply it by the 12 gates, which equals to 7,992, then I took from Revelation 21:14.

Revelation 21:14 (NirV): The wall of the city had 12 foundations. Written on them were the names of the 12 apostles of the Lamb.

I took 7,992 and multiplied that by the 12 foundations. This is equal to 95,904. I tried to imagine how the 666 is mathematically connected to the city. There are six points that extrude from the city, and each one of the points has three tiers, a fourth counting the point, but I assume the way it's tiered, it would have an equal value of a whole number. So, starting from the top will say is .000 first tier would be .333 then the second tier .666 and finishing up with the third tier would equal .999. This covers the top to the base of one of the six points extruding from the city. I took the .666 also realizing that it's man's number, which I visualize the coronation with what I've seen of the city. I took 95,904 and divided it by .666. This gave me a number of 144,000. This number also correlates with the Bible.

Revelation 7:4 (NirV): Then I heard how many people were sealed. There were 144,000 from all the tribes of Israel.

Revelation 14:1 (NirV): I looked, and there in front of me was the Lamb. He was standing on Mount Zion. With him were 144,000 people. Written on their foreheads were his name and his Father's name.

I realize that the pattern of the numbers used was simple math. Basically all I did was take 12×12 with 666 and divide by .666. The decimal place is the deciding factor that equals 144,000, otherwise if you took 12×12 , this would equal 144. If you take 120×120 , this would equal 14,400. Once again if you

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take 1,200 x 1,200, this would equal 1,440,000. Just by taking the number 12 alone in trying multiple combinations, you don't receive 144,000.

Here's another figure that I worked on. It's different from the one I just explained. We will start with Daniel 7:25.

Daniel 7:25 (NIRV): He'll speak against the Most High God. He'll treat God's people badly. He will try to change the times and laws that were given by God. God's people will be handed over to him for three and a half years.

We will use the biblical month the Bible describes as a month which is thirty days. From Daniel 7:25, it talks about three and a half years that would be 1,260 days.

Revelation 11:2 (NIRV): But do not measure the outer courtyard. It has been given to those who aren't Jews. They will overrun the holy city for 42 months.

Once again it talked about the holy city and 42 months, so if you took a 30-day month multiplied by 42, that'll be 1,260 days.

Revelation 11:3 (NIRV): I will give power to my two witnesses. They will prophesy for 1,260 days. They will be dressed in black clothes to show how sad they are.

Again, it talks about 1,260 days. Then I used what I would consider the four powers in the city but are listed as four living creatures.

Revelation 5:8 (NIRV): Then the four living creatures and the 24 elders fell down in front of the Lamb. Each one had a harp. They were holding golden bowls full of incense, which stand for the prayers of God's people.

I will also be using the twenty-four elders in the equation.

Revelation 11:16 (NIRV): The 24 elders were sitting on their thrones in front of God. They fell on their faces and worshiped God.

Revelation 19:4 (NIRV): The 24 elders and the four living creatures bowed down. They worshiped God, who was sitting on the throne. They cried out, "Amen! Hallelujah!"

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I took 1,260 days and multiplied it by the 4 living creatures. This equals 5,040, which then I multiplied to 24 elders, which equaled 120,960. Then I used man's number again 666, but instead I referred back to how the city looked and went with the numbers I have previously used of .666. I took 120,960 and multiplied it by .666. This came up with 80,559.36. On the calculator, it looks like BOSS9.36.

I remember the first time I did this, I was at work. I borrowed someone's calculator, then I computed the numbers. The calculator quit working, like the memory was scrambled. It would turn on, but you couldn't calculate. Later that night when I was at home, I did the calculations again. And sure enough, it did the same thing and scrambled the calculator memory.

The formula was 1,260 times 4 equals 5,040 times 24 equals 120,960 times .666 equals 80559.36. We see that it says BOSS and the number next to it I figured had to be the year, which is 9, so that would be 2009; but we have to carry the decimal place out. By taking a 30-day calendar year of 360 days and multiplying that by .36, it equals to 129.6 days. Now you have to convert the 129.6 days in two months. It will take 30 days as a month and divide that into 129.6. This equals 4.32 months. Then take a 30-day month times by .32 equals 9.6 days. Next you find out the hours. You take 24 hours times by .6. This equals 14.4 hours. Then figure out the minutes. Take 60 minutes times it by .4. This will equal 24 minutes. Now it is BOSS 2009 fourth month, ninth day, fourteenth hour, twenty-fourth minute.

From what I can see in the Bible and knowing what the holy city looks like, there is a time alignment when different events occur. For instance, the Bible speaks of different events in time frames of three and a half years. But in actuality, that is only half of a cycle. From what I saw, seven years completes the cycle. Here are some examples in the Bible of different things happening in a seven-year timeline.

Leviticus 25:4 (NIRV): But the seventh year must be a sabbath for the land. The land must rest during it. It is a sabbath year in my honor. Do not plant your fields. Do not trim the branches in your vineyard.

Leviticus 25:8 (NIRV): Count off seven sabbaths of years. Count off seven times

seven years. The seven sabbaths of years added up to a total of 49 years.

Judges 6:1 (NirV): Once again the people of Israel did what was evil in the sight of the Lord. So for seven years he handed them over to the people of Midian.

2 Kings 8:1 (NirV): Elisha had brought a woman's son back to life. He had said to her. "Go away with your family. Stay for a while anywhere you can. The Lord has decided that there won't be enough food in the land. That will be true for seven years."

Even though the calculator pointed out the boss in 2009, we still have to add approximately three and a half years, so I turned to Daniel 12:11, and this is what was added.

Daniel 12:11 (NirV): The daily sacrifices will be stopped. And the hated thing that destroys will be set up. After that, there will be 1,290 days.

So 1,290 days is equivalent to three years seven months. I add three years seven months to the calculated boss date. This changes the boss date to reflect as BOSS 2012, eleventh month, ninth day, fourteenth hour, and twenty-fourth minute. I believe this is a distress date to which something bad will occur. What I had concluded was that I had to have what happened to me put on paper before that said date to be recognized in the eye of the Lord.

The Mayan calendar stated that the end of the world date was December 21, 2012. I had the second part of this book written and sent into the copyright office prior to November 9, 2012. The date if you put the day before the month would come out as 911. Yet two more dates have to be calculated. The first date other than the one I had just explained to come up with for the first boss date of November 9, 2012 to possibly bring havoc upon the earth while eliminating two-thirds of population never happened due to the fact I had passed the test. The second date is where you take seven years for complete cycle to happen. It changes the new date to read November 9, 2019. This is where I believe an asteroid will strike from what I figured with the compunction from the Bible. When you look at a quote from Daniel, you will see there's still one more date to add.

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Daniel 12:12 (NirV): Blessed are those who wait for the 1,335 days and reach the end of them.

The 1,335 days would be added to the second boss's date. The 1,335 days equals 3 years, 8 months, 15 days. This is for the final date of the Chosen One's return or it could also mean the completion of what the Chosen One wants to bring to the world. It reads BOSS 2023 seventh month, twenty-fourth day, fourteenth hour, twenty-fourth minute. Also known as July 24, 2023, at 2:24 p.m.

I had multiplied the equations to come up with the boss's date. Now I will use the same numbers and divide them: 1,260 days and divide the four living creatures to equal 315 divide that by .24 elders this equals 1312.5 divide that into .666 man's number, this equals 1970.720721. Now take .720721 times by 360 biblical days for one year. This equals 259.45956 days. Take 259.45956 divide by 30 days for one month equals 8.648652 months; .648652 times by 30 days equals 19.45956 days. Now take .45956 times 24 hours. This equals 11.2944 hours. Take .2944 times 60 minutes. It equals 17.664 minutes.

What you come up with is 1970, eighth month, nineteenth day, eleventh hour, seventeenth minute. This calculation seemed a little strange; this had stumped me since my birthday is December 13, 1970. The calculation was three months twenty-four days short of my birthday. But it does fall within the guidelines from when I was conceived. About 22 week's in to the pregnancy. These examples of calculations from the Bible, I gave you seemed legit and played a major role in my decision in suggesting that I'm the son of God.

Chapter 52

Easter, Family Shows Up in the Newspaper, the Grain Offering, Mount Zion, Spilt My Blood in the Sight of God

It was sixteenth of April 2006, Easter. I remember that morning very clearly. There were some strange rain clouds in the sky. My family and I went to church on this morning. While sitting in the pew with my family, I had some strange thoughts going through my mind. I felt like I was elevated or had the spirit of God in me. I kept thinking to myself if this was the time that the people would find out about me being the Chosen One. Was I going to perform some kind of miracle while being here in church?

While sitting there listening to the minister, I had thoughts, like I was going to be presented in front of people as Christ. I felt like this was the day I would receive special powers from God and to be recognized as God's holy one.

I visualized myself in front of the people in church floating off the ground about six to twelve inches in a white linen robe with no shoes, just bare feet, and there was this brightness that shone off me. I was almost to the point to where I was going to present myself as the Lord because I felt sure of it. The time at church passed and nothing happened. At the time, I felt a little disappointed in my belief of being the Son of Man. We went home and celebrated Easter on the Lord's day. I felt the spirit within me. During these

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times, day after day I felt more and more spirits were going through me.

I was receiving signs all around me—everything from simple signs driving around, listening to different songs and messages on the radio. Even had part of the family showing up on the front page of the local weekly newspaper, one month after another. The first time was February 22, 2006. It mentioned a snow day and showed my nine-year-old snowboarding down a nearby hill at school. The second time was March 22, 2006. My five-year-old girl was at preschool petting a snake. The third time was April 12, 2006. My wife was getting a massage from one of the local businesses at a fund-raiser to raise money for new playgrounds for the community that they were at. It showed and mentioned my three-year-old boy, six-year-old boy, five-year-old girl, and my wife. Like I said, three months in a row, they showed up in the front page of the newspaper right before or when all this had started with me, the spirits and visions that I was receiving.

Once again, I came across something that I felt I needed to do from the Bible. It came from Leviticus, it was that I felt I should or have to do an offering to the Lord. The one that stuck with me was the grain offering. I prepared the items I needed and went out to my dad's farm. Up on the hill, there was a fire pit. Out on the hill at the farm was a clearing for the family to use for storage, entertainment, or a park. It was the eighteenth of April at around 6:30 to 6:45 p.m. right before dark when I did the offering.

Leviticus 2:1 (NIRV): Suppose someone brings a grain offering to the Lord. Then his offering must be made out of fine flour. He must pour olive oil on it. He must also put incense on it.

The ingredients I brought to the farm were fine flour without yeast, olive oil, cinnamon, and salt.

Leviticus 2:2 (NIRV): He must take it to the priests who are in Aaron's family line. A priest must take a handful of the fine flour and oil. He must mix it with all of the incense. Then he must burn that part on the altar. It will be a reminder that all good things come from the Lord. It is an offering that is made with fire. It gives a smell that is pleasant to the Lord.

I looked at it as if I was a descendant of Aaron's family line.

Leviticus 2:3 (NirV): The rest of the grain offering belongs to Aaron and to the priest who are in his family line. It is a very holy part of the offerings that are made to the Lord with fire.

Leviticus 2:8 (NirV): Bring to the Lord your grain offering that is made out of all of those things. Give it to the priest. He must take it to the altar.

Leviticus 2:9 (NirV): He must take out the part of the grain offering that reminds you that all good things come from the Lord. He must burn it on the altar. It is an offering that is made with fire. It gives a smell that is pleasant to the Lord.

Leviticus 2:10 (NirV): The rest of the grain offering belongs to Aaron and the priests who are in his family line. It is a very holy part of the offerings that are made to the Lord with fire.

Leviticus 2:11 (NirV): Every grain offering you bring to the Lord must be made without yeast. You must not burn any yeast or honey in an offering that is made to the Lord with fire.

Leviticus 2:13 (NirV): Put salt on all of your grain offerings. Salt stands for the lasting covenant between you and your God. So do not leave it out of your grain offerings. Add it to all of your offerings.

I took the flour and poured a little in my hand, added a little olive oil and cinnamon, then mixed it up into a patty. Took a small stick with a V shape then placed the patty that was made on the V of the stick. It was springtime, and for the fire, I took a whole bunch of dead grass that was dry and piled it up. I had extra to keep the fire going. I lit the fire then took the stick with the patty on it, put it over the fire, and watched it bake. While it was baking, I said a few words, "Father, I offer to you this grain offering in lasting covenant." When I thought it was about done, I took what appeared to look like a good part of the patty and burned it in the fire. Then what was left I salted and ate.

My wife, Patricia, was now wondering if I had taken all this too far, but she still supported me because she loved me. After work on Friday 21, I started

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studying the Bible again. Later that evening, I felt like a spirit or a strong force came into me, so I spent all night reading the Bible. It was early in the morning by this time when I heard that same trumpet sound, I had heard prior to seeing the holy city. Now during the night, I had multiple delusional thoughts about different things from the Bible. My sole purpose for me to become the Chosen One was unclear. Depending on how you look at or read the Bible, you can believe that the end times were upon us. I visualized myself with the Ark of Covenant on the Hill, which I thought was Mount Zion out at the farm with a white tent, with altars and priests in white robes. I thought I was to bring the end to the world. I was to save 144,000 souls from the 12 tribes. And between my kids and me, we were supposed to go in order by opening up the seven seals to bring havoc upon earth.

Sometime during the night, before morning I felt as if I had to do another grain offering to the Lord, and the trumpet I heard was when I was supposed to leave. I was out at the farm on top of the hill sitting there in my Ford Expedition. I had some horrible thoughts about what was happening, but I didn't know for sure if I was worthy to hold and do such a duty for the Lord. I was in tears thinking if I was doing the right thing. I remember it was just turning light out. The sun hadn't come up yet but just starting to show. It was a clear cool morning. It must've been around 6:30 a.m.

I went out and gathered some grass again, and once again I sat at the fire pit on the chair, and next to the pit was a log that stood on end where I placed the Bible. I had a small ammo box for which I kept my ingredients to do the grain offering. I mixed up a patty to be cooked, but this time I added one extra ingredient which was my blood. I felt as if I would sacrifice my life for the Lord if he chose to take it. I was careful. I used a razor blade and put a small quarter-inch cut on my wrist where there was a blood vein. I didn't know if the Lord would make all my blood spill out from the cut. It wasn't very deep, but I had cut it enough to where it dripped.

I burned the grain offering with the blood in it and gave what looked like the choice or best part of the offering to be burned in the fire. I salted it and then ate it. I spilled my blood in front of the Lord. After the offering, my wrist still dripped a little bit from the cut. I walked around and shook the blood from my wrist all over the ground on top of the hill and an old pond that

didn't hold water. My thought at this time was, I was purifying the holy site to be. During all this, it felt like such a rush; it was almost like I was losing all the impurities in my body. I was becoming whole or pure. Then the blood stopped dripping and I packed up everything and went back home.

Now when I was back home, I tried not to wake up the family. I washed up and changed my pants and shirt since there was some blood on them. I ,threw them in the wash, but my wife was awake, and she went to see what I was doing. I told her there was no need for her to worry. I just spilled a little blood and got a little bit on my clothes. She looked at the pants where there was a little bit of blood on them basically from when I wiped my wrist off and hand. She was nervous about why I was up all night and left to go out to the farm so early in the morning, and with the blood, that really topped it. As far as sleep went, I tried lying down to sleep, but I really wasn't that tired. I may have got three to four hours of sleep. The rest of that day along with the next day, Sunday, I felt as if I had spirits flowing through me. I had an elevated feeling while reading, watching TV, and talking with others.

Chapter 53

The First Time I Had a Vision of a Meteorite/Asteroid Strike, Contacting the Pope, the Sinful System

It was after midnight when I saw this vision of meteor/asteroid strikes. The elevated feeling made me believe there was a meteor/asteroid going to strike. All I knew was God was telling me to let the people know what was about to happen. At this time I was placed in some sort of test between Satan and God to see how far I was willing to go in order to save mankind. All I knew from what I read was it's telling me if I shall fail the tests, the world will come to an end. I knew if I would follow my heart and show that I believe in the Lord that nothing bad could come about. You see, because of what I felt, was the state of mind I was in, when the test is close to where I may fail, it would travel or go through my body with immense spiritual control. I remember myself trying to explain to my wife how it could be critical if I don't tell someone that the Second Coming is upon us.

Now it's Monday, April 24. I must've skipped work or called in for a vacation day. I was working early that morning on a way or strategy on how to contact an institution or someone that will help me tell the world or to let the people know that the Second Coming was upon us. My wife would listen to me when I talked to her about what was happening to me. I believe she saw some of the signs as I pointed them out. I told her that I needed to get the word

out to someone who would realize how to deal with such an occurrence. The Pope and Vatican came to mind, and I figured he would know how to deal with the situation of this sort. My wife helped me look up the e-mail address to the Vatican. At 7:00 a.m. and then again at 9:05 a.m. on April 24, I sent an urgent e-mail to the Vatican site. I used John 6:8 from the Bible to explain.

John 6:8 (NirV): Another of his disciples spoke up. It was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother.

Even though this passage speaks of feeding five thousand people with only five loaves of bread and two fish and had leftovers, this passage is when I drew the picture which I call the winepress, Andrew was the name, and to me this meant I was to draw. Then it reads from John.

John 6:14 (NirV): The people saw the miraculous sign that Jesus did. Then they began to say, "This must be the Prophet who is supposed to come into the world."

I see the Bible as if it were speaking to me in today's terms, not thousands of years ago. What was written thousands of years ago I'm sure is true, but it correlates with the current time when I read.

As far as what the picture I drew up of the winepress was supposed to represent while looking at it, it's a scale which the sand in the pans represents the people in which we live. Then you see sand pouring out like a sieve into piles. That stands for the sinful people of our world today not believing in the Lord or idolizing other gods. Then you see four rings on each side of the scale holding up the pans. They represent the four corners of the world: north, south, east, and west. From there you see the arms and hands that are holding everything up on each side of the scale. This could mean blades cutting people from God's tree of life. This could also be God helping the people or trying to hold the people up. Then looking in the middle of the scale on top you see an eye. This is representing God collecting the purest souls to be kept or saved for heaven. So you can see the vase would mean it's the purest to be collected for everlasting life. This picture I called sinful system. I will give you from the Bible what God feels about us and what might be upon us.

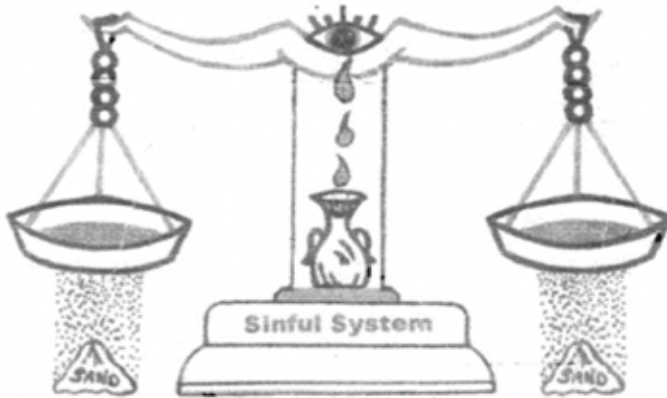
aceservices

From: _____
To: _____
Sent: Monday, April 24, 2006 9:05 AM
Attach: system scale 2.bmp
Subject: Fw: + + + + Ergeant Very important (911) + + + +

----- Original Message -----

From: _____
To: _____
Sent: Monday, April 24, 2006 7:00 AM
Subject: + + + + Ergeant Very important (911) + + + +

hi; you dont know me, but you are suppose to know this picture as far as the bible says. I am supposedly the chosen one or the Messiah, or the one that looks like the son of man, first the last and the one to come the beggining and the end. I am stating i have seen the Father and my number is mans number 666. revelation 13:18 Another of his disciples spoke up. it was an-drew, Simon peter's brother. john 6:8 this picture is andrew please call me or contact me at. ~~409-195-0224~~. or e-mail me _____



2 Peter 3:7 (NIRV): By God's word the heavens and earth of today are being reserved for fire. They are being kept for the day when God will judge. Then ungodly people will be destroyed.

2 Peter 3:8 (NIRV): Dear friends, here is one thing you must not forget. With the Lord a day is like a thousand years. And a thousand years are like a day.

2 Peter 3:9 (NIRV): The Lord is not slow to keep his promise. He is not slow in the ways some people understand it. He is patient with you. He doesn't want anyone to be destroyed. Instead, he wants all people to turn away from their sins.

After e-mailing the Vatican, I called the White House and National Security and left messages for them. I would have said something like the Second Coming was upon us, and I was the Chosen One. I needed to warn the world there was a meteor/asteroid heading our way. I never heard back from them.

Chapter 54

The Journey to the Hospital, While Waiting to Be Seen, Being Examined in the Emergency Room

With all what was going on, my wife was talking to my family about what I was doing and what's been happening. That morning my wife went to visit my mom and dad with the kids. She left them there and then came back to the house. It must have been around 10:30 a.m. on April 24, 2006, when my dad and my brother Todd showed up at my house after my wife came back. I remember my dad saying something like, "We're here to help you, Scott," while entering the kitchen. Then he said, "We're here to take you to the hospital!"

I came back with a reply, "I don't need to go. I need to get the word out because the world may be coming to an end soon!"

My brother asked, "What are you talking about?"

My dad said, "I don't need to hear this. I've seen this before through my sister Barbara."

"I know what I'm talking about!"

“It’s not right to have thoughts like you do.”

Then I said, “Just hear me out and listen to what I have to say.” My dad replied, “No, we need to get going now!”

My brother was like, “Just let him speak for a minute!”

I looked at my wife and asked, “Why did you bring them over here? Do you realize how important this is to get the word out to the people?”

She teared up a little and said, “I was worried for you, scared something bad might happen, with you talking the way you are!”

I told them to have a seat around the table. I went ahead and showed them a picture that I drew up of the holy city. I told them, “I had a vision that showed me what God’s holy city looks like.” I stated, “No one has seen what God’s holy city looks like but the Chosen One.” Again, I stated, “It has to be me because I feel the spirits going through me, with the Bible showing me all kinds of things around me, what to do.”

I believe my dad was saying something like, “That’s not right. Come on, let’s go.”

Then I said, “I know when the boss is coming according to my figures.” I went on to say, “The boss is coming 2009, fourth month, ninth day.”

I believe my brother said, “How would you know that?”

Then I said, “I used what is written in the Bible, along with different numbers from the Bible, and from what I know of how the holy city looks like because of what I have seen.” I told him, “I used the four powers,” and pointed it out where this would be from the holy city. Then I said, “I used the twenty-four elders,” and then I pointed it out in the holy city. I told them, “I got the 1,260 days from the Bible!” And once again, I said, “Six-six-six is man’s number. It’s also in the Bible.” I calculated it in front of them to show how I came up with the date. I said, “You see, when you look at the calculator how it says BOSS9.360.”

I believe my brother said, “That doesn’t necessarily mean anything!”

I said, “It seemed strange when I calculated the figures, two different times that I calculated it, it scrambled the memory of the calculator, for which the calculators were then broken.”

My brother had a moment of silence. “That’s strange.”

I said, “But there are so many things that add up for me to be the Chosen One.”

Brother asked, “Like what?”

I said, “When mom gave birth to me, she had an experience when her heart stopped for a short time. That was because of me. It was like something entered me at that time.” I went on and explained, “You know my birthday is the thirteenth of December. That’s only twelve days before Christmas. Twelve is a number seen multiple times in the Bible. You have the twelve disciples for the Last Supper. There’s also twelve days of Christmas.” This went on for about five to ten minutes. I was constantly pointing stuff out that I had come up with explaining why I was the Chosen One. They had seen enough and all that they wanted to hear.

Brother was like, “We should get going now.”

I grabbed my stuff, then put it into a folder and grabbed the Bible. I gave my wife a hug and kiss. I told her, “I’m sorry for having to do all this. This must happen, and someone must know so they can do something about it.”

Then we walked out the door to get into my dad’s car. My dad was driving; my brother and wife were with us. From where I live in my town to the hospital in Cedar Rapids, it would take approximately forty-five to fifty minutes. In the meantime, while driving up there, we continued to talk. My brother asked, “How long has this been occurring, or when did it start?”

I replied, “Forty days before Easter.” And I said, “Now, Dad, you can’t say that there weren’t miraculous signs in your life that can make you believe that this could be possible. For instance, what about the time when you had polio and

you weren't supposed to walk again? Yet you did walk as if you were never affected by it."

My dad said, "That's different. I thank the Lord and my mom for how I got over polio. She wrapped hot towels and put them all over my body and legs three times a day for months on end."

I replied, "But it must've been destined for you to walk again, otherwise, you wouldn't have met Mom." Yet again, I said, "What about the time when you were in the army during the Korean War? You were going through basic training and ended up with food poisoning while marching in ranks on your last few days of basic. You spent a few days in the hospital, and when you came out, you had to start basic training all over again. You said if that wouldn't have happened to you like it did, you might have died. You said the unit you were training with finished their basic training and then were sent to Korea. The unit was ambushed or something like that and you said there were only a handful of survivors. You were touched again by being saved from not having to go with them. You are destined to live. God has a purpose for you here on earth."

My dad said, "Not necessarily true, Scott, but the Lord was looking out for me I feel."

I said, "If that path is broken leading to me, for instance, if you would not have met Mom and had me, then this point in time would not occur, and there would be no savior for the world to exist."

My brother asked, "Who is this savior you're talking about?"

I said, "Me. I am what you call the Second Coming, Son of Man, Son of God, Chosen One, Messiah, Jesus Christ, and even the Antichrist, you could say."

My brother said, "The Antichrist? That can't be good."

I said, "It's like this. If I don't do what the spirits that are flowing through me tell me to do, I could fail God's test for mankind, which in turn would make me the Antichrist. So do you see now why I have to do what I'm doing to try to contact someone that the Second Coming is upon us?"

Dad said, “Nonsense. It’s all in your head! We have to get you help.”

My brother said, “You can’t see that this is all in your head. You don’t have any special powers, do you?”

I said, “Not that I know of, but my powers may still be coming. I’m not sure if I’m meant to have powers. All I know is the spirits work for me and help guide me along the way, along with the visions I see.”

My brother said, “Explain to me the visions that you see and how do you know if they’re visions?”

I explained, “Well, it’s like last night. I was reading Revelation out of the Bible when I saw this vision of a meteor or asteroid strike. As far as I know, it’ll probably happen within the next four days. That’s why I have to act fast to let someone know. This feeling inside of me tells me it’s coming on soon.”

My dad said, “You need to let go of that. It’s just in your head.”

I said, “This wouldn’t be happening to me if there wasn’t a purpose behind it. I have been chosen, probably before birth, destined to be tried in front of the Lord to see how my faith is to the Lord for mankind to continue or not to continue.”

My brother said, “I don’t think God would place the whole world in jeopardy or the extinction of it just over one person.”

I said, “Well, I hope I don’t have to be the one to do the final extinction of the people here on earth by opening up the seven seals to bring mankind to its end and save the 144,000 souls that are reserved for heaven.”

My dad said, “You’re still talking nonsense. We will have you taken care of shortly. We’re almost at the hospital. You need to be put on medicine.”

I said, “I think you are making a mistake by taking me to the hospital. I really need to get what I know to someone that can help, like the president.”

My brother said, “Maybe someone at the hospital can help you.”

At this time, we're about to pull up to the emergency room for parking. Then I said, "Look, there are signs all around me. We're going to a hospital named Mercy. I'm at the mercy of the people for my actions. You could say I'm crying mercy for help, but no one wants to help me."

My dad said, "We're helping you. We are here for you. Else we wouldn't be taking you to the hospital."

My wife said, "I love you, honey, and I want to see you get help before something bad happens."

At this time, we pulled into a parking spot. We went into the hospital emergency room and we're waiting to be seen.

While waiting, there was a TV on. On TV they were talking about terrorism, and it sounded to me as if they had captured Osama Bin Laden. Then I said, "See, that's part of all this. Osama Bin Laden has been captured."

My brother said, "I'm not sure if they did."

Then I said, "I have this strong feeling that there are a couple other people in the world who are to be in the running for the rightful spot of being crowned, the chosen savior! From birth to be in the running, or to become the Chosen One, depending what they do for God, or by following God's way! But let's say for Osama Bin Laden, he may be thinking he's doing the right thing by religion, his religious beliefs are going down the wrong path by killing people. He believes he's following God's law, which he has been completely off for what God wants for the leader to be. It's like he's following the path of the Antichrist assuming he's doing right, the spirits aren't flowing through him. Just like with Saddam Hussein, he's one of them leaders that I'm talking about. Basically, what it comes down to is the time when the Chosen One comes about, all the ones that were running, but only one to be crowned by God for the world to see. All who are in the running race for the crown will die off, there will only be but one. And I don't want to be that one either that dies off by not following God's command."

My brother replied, “I don’t think that will happen.” I said, “I will do what my heart tells me to do.”

My brother said, “See, Osama hasn’t been captured yet.”

I said, “He will, or it’ll be me that won’t make it.”

My dad said, “I think they’re ready for us. Let’s go.”

Then we went into a big room, I guess part of the emergency room. I went in and sat down. My wife, dad, and brother were with me. As you can see, I showed for an example what kind of conversation we had getting to the hospital.

While in the emergency room, the doctor was more or less talking to my dad, brother, and wife as well while he was asking me questions. They started doing vital checks and screening on me. I was asked how long this episode has been going on. My wife said one to two months. I believe I said it was forty days before Easter when I turned to the Bible. The spirits were still moving through me. I felt that I was at a higher level. I felt the vibe, but I was not hearing any voices.

Basically, I knew that I had to be pure to God and tell no lies, so whatever I was asked, I had to be honest. I felt that I was being tested by God to see how true I would be. I felt maybe if I do everything within my limits God would help me out to get the message to the people. I realized that I was never perfect. It’s stuff that I would say that was discriminating to me, but if I was meant to be the Chosen One, I must be pure with no lies. The doctor asked if this had occurred before. I told him no, that the spirits had just recently entered my body. I remember some of the other questions that were asked: “Do you drink?”

I said, “Yes.”

“When was the last time you drank alcohol?” I said, “Last night.”

“Do you smoke cigarettes?”

I said, “Yes, two packs per day.”

“Do you smoke marijuana or use any other drugs?”

I said yes to all of them. I said, “I have smoked for about three weeks now.”

He asked if I had used cocaine. I said, “A few years ago.”

He went on asking me other questions. They were finishing up with me in the emergency room and starting the transport to the inpatient clinic. That’s when my family left to go home. They answered my family’s concerns and questions about my stay.

Chapter 55

The Throne, Four of the Seven Seals, Applying for Disability

While in the hospital, things happened and were said. All my tests that they gave me came back normal—chest, head, and blood. They checked my system for drugs which there was none according to the blood test and urinalysis. They had checked my pupils and my lymph nodes around my neck and arms which was all normal. There was no sign of symptoms showing that I was abnormal besides the way I was talking.

I remember when they first put me in the mental health unit. I tried calling different numbers to let the word out of what's about to happen with the meteor strikes. They had a phone that was close to the nurse's office. I tried making my calls to alert the nation. I also found a famous minister from a magazine that was sitting next to the phone, and I attempted to contact him. There was this woman I remember talking to in the hall near the phones and told her how I was the Chosen One / Jesus Christ. I told her nobody wanted to believe that the Second Coming was upon us. She seemed like she was interested in what I was talking about. She told me that she did believe that it was possible and that I was the Chosen One.

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My first meal when I went to eat, I grabbed my tray and sat down next to this older guy who was in a wheelchair. I started talking to him, telling him about me being the Chosen One and that the world will be coming to an end soon. He comforted me by telling me he was one of God's angels, I believe he said Gabriel, that he was just in the body of the one sitting in the wheelchair. He said he was sent to help me with what I was going through and to help make my path clear for what I had to do. He basically said I had to be true to God. That's how I will save the people. He told me a bunch of scriptures from the Bible and how it correlated to me. He also told me not to worry and I was with God's people so I was safe. He mentioned that I did the right thing by addressing what's about to happen. He told me I should take it easy, to try and get some rest, and not worry at this time. I remember lying down and then going to sleep.

When I woke up, I had gone to a dayroom where I was talking to the staff and other residents that were admitted as well. I was telling them that if they don't contact someone important, like the president or the Pope and tell them that the Second Coming was upon us. There will be major disasters that were going to occur where there would be three waves of asteroids hitting this Earth to eliminate two-thirds of the world's population. Unless I can stop it by passing this universal test placed upon me. But I would need the assistance and help of the people to achieve success. I did not want to be the one opening up the seven seals to bring doom to the people and to only save 144,000 people from the 12 tribes of Israel. I placed the burden that was on my shoulders upon the staff that if something would happen with the destruction of world. They would go to hell and seek damnation for not listening to me in contacting someone of importance and follow through with what I was speaking of in order to pass the test from God. They didn't like that and had also told me not to worry about it.

I had mentioned to the staff that I came from David's family line in the Bible. I was the Chosen One to be anointed for the people to see of the world—to bring peace and prosperity to all of God's kingdom.

They gave me a court hearing on April 28, 2006, at 7:30 a.m. They deemed me during the court hearing to be seriously mentally impaired due to the fact that I had cut my wrist from doing a ritual, seeing visions, and speaking

that I was the Messiah to bring world peace. The doctors during the hearing suggested that I have bipolar affective disorder / schizo affective disorder that caused me to do what I did or what I was doing. They allowed me since I was a veteran in the military, which I had major depression during the service. My care then was given at the veteran's hospital in Iowa City. I was then transferred to the Iowa City Veterans Hospital.

I was in one of the dayrooms in the hospital discussing why I felt as I did about me being the Chosen One, or possibly the Antichrist. The reasons why I was not so sure of being the Antichrist was because I didn't know for sure if it was possible for the world to continue to live on or if it would come to its doom, depending on how I would react to each situation that would come to me. So basically, if I would fail the test of the spirits that flowed through me along with not following what the Bible says and deny doing, this would mean doom to the world. Then I would have the title Antichrist. I already felt I was the Chosen One, so I'll try to explain in a little more detail how and why I felt this. I turned to Revelation from the Bible where it talks about the throne in heaven.

Revelation 4:2 (NIRV): At once the Holy Spirit took complete control of me. There in front of me was a throne in heaven with someone sitting on it.

Revelation 4:3 (NIRV): The One who sat there shone like jewels. Around the throne was a rainbow that looks like an Emerald.

This was the time when I had the vision of God's holy city. Then I'll go on to mention from Revelation the scroll and the lamb.

Revelation 5:1 (NIRV): Then I saw a scroll in the right hand of the One sitting on the throne. The scroll had writing on both sides it was sealed with seven seals.

Revelation 5:2 (NIRV): I saw a mighty angel calling out in a loud voice, "Who is worthy to break the seals and open the scroll?"

Revelation 5:3 (NIRV): But no one in heaven or on earth or under the earth could open the scroll. No one could even look inside it.

Revelation 5:5 (NIRV): Then one of the elders said to me. "Do not cry! The Lion of

the tribe of Judah has won the battle. He is the Root of David. He is able to break the seven seals and open the scroll.”

Revelation 5:7 (NIRV): The lamb came and took the scroll from the right hand of the One sitting on the throne.

The vision I saw of the holy city or throne in heaven would help me conclude what the passages were talking about. That I am the lamb receiving the scroll with the seven seals on it.

Revelation 5:11 (NIRV): Then I looked and heard the voices of millions and millions of angels. They surrounded the throne. They surrounded the living creatures and the elders.

Revelation 5:12 (NIRV): In a loud voice they sang, “The Lamb, who was put to death, is worthy! He is worthy to receive power and wealth and wisdom and strength! He is worthy to receive honor and glory and praise!”

In my words when it says the lamb who was put to death, it would be talking about Jesus dying on the cross, which would also mean Jesus would be here for the Second Coming. I believe he is me. Now about the seals, they are being opened as I continue to believe in the Lord. Tests show whether or not I would be considered worthy for the people to continue on, depending upon what I do with each seal. The first one is from Revelation.

Revelation 6:1 (NIRV): I watched as the Lamb broke open the first of the seven seals. Then I heard one of the four living creatures say in a voice that sounded like thunder. “Come!”

Revelation 6:2 (NIRV): I looked, and there in front of me was a white horse! Its rider held a bow in his hands. He was given a crown. He rode out like a hero on his way to victory.

I believe when the throne in heaven was discovered by me, it was the opening of the first seal. It states, “He was given a crown.”

Revelation 6:3 (NIRV): The lamb broke opened the second seal. Then I heard the second living creature say, “Come!”

Revelation 6:4 (NIRV): Another horse came out. It was flaming red. Its rider was given power to take peace from the earth and to make people kill each other. He was given a large sword.

The second seal would mean that I tried to contact the proper authorities to tell people and let them know something bad is about to happen, for instance, visions of meteorite or asteroid strikes, killing thousands of people.

Revelation 6:5 (NIRV): The Lamb broke opened the third seal. Then I heard the third living creature say, "Come!" I looked, and there in front of me was a black horse! Its rider was holding a pair of scales in his hand.

I believe the third seal was opened when I drew Andrew, which is also called the sinful system or the winepress. It showed the scale with people who weren't true to God slipping through the cracks. Presenting it to the people which I had come in contact with that I had explained what's about to happen to them here on earth.

Revelation 6:7 (NIRV): The Lamb broke open the fourth seal. Then I heard the voice of the fourth living creature say, "Come!"

Revelation 6:8 (NIRV): I looked, and there in front of me was a pale horse! Its rider's name was Death. Following close behind him was Hell. They were given power over a fourth of the earth. They were given power to kill people with the sword, hunger and sickness. They could also use the Earth's wild animals to kill.

I would believe I opened this seal when I was preaching and stating dates that came to me. I saw and felt visions and vibes about meteorites and asteroids striking the earth. As far as I know, I must have been in line or on track with what I was saying or doing since the dates that I stated or times I mentioned for meteorite or asteroid strikes to happen. They did not happen since I was in God's hand of the people from the hospital to assist me or my end would have come. If not, then the end of the world would soon be upon all the people. I tried telling what would happen if I chose not to believe in the Lord and the spirits that were flowing through me. I tried everything within my power to make them believe of what's

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happening all around me and to follow my heart. This brought hardship and great shame for me trying to preach to the world or to the people I came in contact with. But I knew this has to happen for the people to know and to be saved.

I mentioned judgment days; these were days that I would have to act on, when I saw in my visions, and I would only have so much time to react. I believe April 29 was going to be a strike. But since I was telling what was about to happen, in trying to get the message out to the people, that led me to end up in the hospital through the help of God's people, which in turn meant I was placed in God's hands.

The date of the strike that I felt as a vibe and seen as a vision didn't happen because of where I ended up at. It was destined with what my response was to act, which in turn saved me from doom as well as the world. Like I said before, if I would veer from believing in what was happening with me, and if I denied to react to each situation that comes to me, I would then fail, along with the destiny of mankind.

In my vision, I saw my doom through a meteor strike, but this never happened because I was locked up in the hospital. My pastor had come to visit. I discussed with him what was happening with me and told him that the Second Coming was upon us. He listened to what I had to say but did not necessarily believe what I was saying. He was basically saying some people may have difficult times in life. Seeking help like what I was doing will help get me get back on track for I can get back into society and put all this behind me.

I received court papers seven days after the day of my court. I didn't respond to them, figuring it would be a lost cause because no one would listen to me for what I was trying to tell them about the Second Coming. If I had responded, they would have only given me three days to respond. Earlier one morning, one of the doctors from the hospital arranged a mock board where I could speak and tell my side. There must have been fifty or so physicians and staff that attended when I came in and spoke about my theories of me being the Chosen One. But what disappointed me was that when I got up in front of them, I only spoke for a minute or two and then they said I was done. I wasn't able to explain much of what

was going on with the spirits flowing through me and why I was doing what I was doing.

Once you're in a committed psych unit, there's no going outside, which I found really hard to deal with. I felt so cooped up being in the psych ward on the ninth floor. Smoking was also hard especially when one has an addiction to it since that they won't let a patient smoke.

There was a patient in the psych ward with me. All he would do was write. He talked about how every day he would write at least one page, and most days he would write two to three pages. He told me that I should write everything I know down on paper. I told him, "I'm really not a writer, and writing does not come easy to me." He said, "Over time it will become easier. It just takes dedication." But I told him what was happening with me, and he seemed to be interested in listening to what I had to say. He did give me his name and phone number to contact him if I would ever decide on writing a book, and he said he would help me get a book published. It did not matter what kind of book I was writing, he said. "You pretty much can write about anything you desire and have a little knowledge of what you write for which you can share with the people."

While visiting with patients in the mental ward dayroom, I remember they were suggesting that I should look into disability due to the nature of my condition. I didn't realize after being out of the service for nine years I would be entitled to disability, but they did suggest that since I had major depression in the military, I should be entitled to it.

They would have different crafts that you could do while there. One of the things that I made was a T-shirt.

Doing these different crafts whether painting a T-shirt, assembling a model car, or crafting other items helped me out by keeping my mind off why I was there.

I had filed for disability while I was in the hospital. The representative I spoke with told that I would have disability if the VA medical board approves it. It then would be back dated to when it was first filed. He

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assured me that it sounded like there would be a good possibility that I may receive disability. The rep that represented me for disability was very knowledgeable and helpful.

My first stay in the mental ward was from April 24 to 28 at Mercy Hospital in Cedar Rapids, and from April 28 to May 17, I was in the VA hospital in Iowa City, a total stay of twenty-four days.

Chapter 56

My Thoughts Over What Happened to Me and What I Did to Pass Time, First Judgment Completed, the Changing of the Time and Date, the Mysterious Calls

Like I said, if the spirits would not have moved through me from what I seen and read from the Bible, it would be extremely hard for me to believe if someone else would tell me the same story. I was happy being at home and I tried doing activities with my wife and kids. One thing I did when I went home was to stay away from reading the Bible. I still talked to my wife and family members about what happened to me. But I don't believe they believed me.

From that point on, I would use the terminology "bipolar" when discussing my condition and what happened. Even though it seemed real to me, after talking to the doctors and their diagnoses, it wasn't possible to be real it supposedly was only in my head. When all this happened to me, I tried not to speak around my kids of me being the Second Coming or the world coming to an end.

I remember the older boys were nervous and unsure of what was happening to their father. I suppose you could say they were scared. They were also concerned if their father would still work a job since I was off from work for

medical reasons. They were unsure if their father would recover or possibly just end up in a home.

I would confront them by saying everything will be okay even though I was unsure myself of what could happen. I assume by listening to the doctors that my job should be still there because I was having medical issues that I was dealing with.

At the time when I came home from the hospital, I was on open-ended medical leave. I was basically given time to recover from my episode and get adjusted to my medication. I remember with the medicine I was taking, I had little motivation as far as getting out and associating with other people. Doing activities became such a burden. I had no desire for doing anything at all.

On June 8, I received my third epidural injection shot for my lower back for the year. My lower back would ache all day long while standing. I would get shooting pains at times down my left leg, and my left toe would be completely numb by the end of the day.

This has been going on for quite some time, I believe it originated when I was in the army. While doing sit-ups, my lower back would pop. After PT tests or some mornings from doing sit-ups, my lower back would be so sore I could barely get around until after the pain went away, which would take a couple days.

The wife and I started to go on walks around the neighborhood. They wouldn't be very long walks, but it was something that got me out of the house. I believe the walks helped me cope with what was going on with me, plus my wife enjoyed going on the walks with me.

My concentration became foggy, and it got harder to hold sentences in conversations. I would have to stop, pause while having conversations. Since April 24 till June 15, 2006, I had gained 25 pounds, went from a weight of 154 pounds to 179 pounds. I was a little concerned about how fast I was putting weight on, but according to the doctor, he said it was normal to gain a few pounds due to the medicine I was taking.

About one week before five months were up, I was drawn back to the Bible. I read a little here and there but mostly in Revelation. Now I believe it was around Saturday afternoon, September 19, 2006. The wife was gone doing some errands in Cedar Rapids and I was at home watching the kids. I was reading Revelation in the Bible. The verses that stuck out to me were from Revelation 9:1–12.

Revelation 9:1–12 (NirV): 1. The fifth angel blew his trumpet. Then I saw a star that had fallen from the sky to the earth. The star was given the key to the tunnel leading down into the Abyss. 2. When the star opened the Abyss, smoke rose up from it like the smoke from a huge furnace. The sun and the sky were darkened by the smoke from the Abyss. 3. Out of the smoke came locusts. They settled down on the earth. They were given power like the power of scorpions of the earth. 4. They were told not to harm the grass of the earth or any plant or tree. They were supposed to harm only the people who did have God's seal on their four heads. 5. They were not allowed to kill them. But they could hurt them over and over for five months. The pain the people suffered was like the sting of a scorpion when it strikes a man. 6. In those days, people will look for a way to die but won't find it. They will want to die, but death will escape them. 7. The locusts looked like horses ready for battle. On their heads they wore something like crowns of gold. Their faces looked like human faces. 8. Their hair was like woman's hair. Their teeth were like lions' teeth. 9. Their chests were covered with something that looked like armor made out of iron. The sound of their wings was like the thundering of many horses and chariots rushing into battle. 10. They had tails and stings like scorpions. And in their tails had power to hurt people over and over for five months. 11. There King was the angel of the Abyss. In the Hebrew language his name is Abaddon. In Greek it is Apollyon. 12. The first terrible judgment is past. Two others are still coming.

I was down in my den reading Revelation. Nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary on this day. After reading this, I felt this strange feeling come across me. Then I saw a vision that a meteor was coming to strike me at my house, along with a very strong vibe telling me I had to react very fast. I also felt that I did not have much time to get my family to safety. At least this was what I felt. I had to do something to save them. The vision I saw was mainly meant for me, my family, and the house where I lived. So out of the blue, I

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ran upstairs and told the kids, “We have to get moving now, we have to go.”
I told them to get their shoes on and meet in the car.

Some were watching TV, another was playing a video game, while the youngest was playing with toys. At this time my oldest was fourteen, and youngest was three years old. I was kind of abrupt, rude, and demanding getting the kids out the door and into the car. They kept asking, “But why? But why do we have to go? What’s going on?” All I said was, “Don’t worry, just do as I tell you.”

I grabbed the three-year-old, put his shoes on, grabbed the keys to the car, and went out the door. All the kids were in the car and off we went. The first place that popped into my mind was that I could drop them off up the street a few blocks away at the house of a friend of one of my kids. I sped getting there.

As soon as I got there, I told the kids, “Just stay here until we come and get you.” I didn’t talk to the friends of the family where I drop the kids off. All I saw was the kids were starting to go into the house, and then I took off. I hurried to get back to where our house was. As I pulled up, I saw a friend of my oldest son. I got out of the car and told him it’s not safe to be there and he should get cover. There was a storm ditch next to my house, so I told him to get down in it. He looked at me strange and was asking why. I said immediately that there was a meteor heading our way and it’s supposed to hit any minute. My son’s friend went ahead and got down into the ditch. I was saying to him to get down lower so he wouldn’t get harmed. He was still dazed and confused about what I was trying to tell him, stating, “How do you know if meteor is going to hit?” I said, “I just know this because I saw a vision.”

A few minutes went by. My son’s friend was asking where my son and the other kids were, so I told him I had dropped them off at a friend’s house. I believe I scared him. He was unsure about what was happening; he wanted to go, so I told him it’s fine to go ahead and go home and I’ll have my son call him later. He got out of the ditch and went home.

While I was outside the house, I was just standing there, and then I decided to go inside the house. The feeling I had was still there, but then it was

starting to fade a little. I went downstairs to my den. It must've been just about 3:00 p.m. I grabbed my glass and went upstairs to get more water. As I was coming back downstairs, there was a calendar on the wall to the right. Something drew me to look at the calendar. As I was looking at the calendar, all of a sudden right in front of me, the days on the calendar changed. When I was looking at the first day of the month, it was Tuesday at first, and then all of a sudden, it changed to a Friday being the first day of September. As far as Saturday the nineteenth, it changed to Saturday the sixteenth of September.

I was shocked and amazed at what I just saw. I went back down to my den and sat in my chair listening to the radio, thinking about what had just happened. Then on the radio in between songs the female announcer said something like, "We're at the top of the hour. It's three o'clock." Then I looked up at my stereo, which it had a clock. It said 1:00 p.m. I also looked down at the watch on my wrist. It said one o'clock also with the new date, the sixteenth. Then I was thinking with amazement, "Wow, I just experienced the date and time change from God." My adrenaline was pumping, and I was jumping for joy. I knew at that time I had passed a judgment from God, a step in the process of saving humanity.

A few more minutes passed while sitting in the den when I heard a car pull up. I went outside to see who it was. It was my nephews Oden and Justin and Justin's girlfriend Jeanne. Oden was twenty-eight and Justin twenty-three years old, and they are brothers. We are close and hang out from time to time. They knew of my condition based on the doctors' diagnoses. They would still come over to hang out to see what's going on and to listen to what stories I would have to tell. I told them to come on down to the den and hang out. Then I told them, "You wouldn't believe what had just happened." But first I asked them of the date and time. They replied it was Saturday the sixteenth a little after 1:00 p.m.

I went to explain to them what had happened just prior to them arriving at the house, how I had this vision and vibe which had come across me, with the spirits working through me after reading the Bible. That caused me to drop the kids off, away from the house. What I saw was a meteor that was meant for me. I had to move the family to a safe place so they would not be harmed.

And then when I came back to the house, I saw the days on the calendar change, along with the time.

I said, "Today is Saturday the nineteenth a little after three." They laughed at me, then they said, "No way, that's impossible. You could not have seen that." I said I even heard it on the radio that it was three o'clock when now it's only a little after 1:00 p.m. I said, "I'm not even for sure if it's completely safe for you to be here since I saw the vision of a meteor striking the house. But I'm pretty sure that has passed since the whole world has been repositioned."

I was excited and at the same time glad that they showed up so that I had someone to talk to about what had just happened. They listened to what I had to say as I went into detail about how I was reading the Bible and how I have to pass whatever tests God threw at me. Not sure but think it's some kind of universal test for mankind to exist from God. That's too hard to explain, but I have to believe and do what my heart tells me to. And something tells me if I don't believe or ignore what I feel, that would be the end of mankind as we know of it.

They would give me crap from time to time because I told them I was the Chosen One or the Messiah. I remember for the longest time when we went to family functions or just different times, they would call me by Messiah. Back to where they were in the den listening to what I was telling them, different things like, if I shall fail, I believe we would all be doomed. They seemed to be enjoying it when I was talking about some different verses from the Bible.

I would tell them that even though the Bible was written like a couple thousand years ago, it was speaking to me as of today. When I read it, some parts were really tricky or hard to understand. I believe it was also meant for me or for the existence of the Chosen One to interpret to figure out whether mankind has a future. I tried to explain to them I could misinterpret the Bible, which would make me the Antichrist to bring doom to the world. But I said, "I must be doing okay since nothing bad has occurred so far." I remember them saying, "You can't control or change what God has planned for us." I tried to tell them, "That's what I figured too, but what I see is different. This is some kind of test that I'm being put through. I'm not even

sure, if I am the only one being put through the tests. Somehow I have this feeling that I'm one of four competing for the title.”

They may not be the same one that's written in the Bible, but they may be chosen to bring doom upon the earth if the chosen one fails the commitment. For example, Saddam Hussein or Osama bin Laden has different religious beliefs for power. They may be in the running for instance, if I shall fail, there would be a completely different outcome on the world as we see it today. It would probably be brought down or they will lead the people to their doom. I was curious to hear what the radio was going to give for the next time of day. I thought maybe, just maybe it may still reveal the time of day prior to all the change. But when the next time was revealed by the radio, it was the new time of day, so they didn't think much about what I said about the time and date change. I believe they chuckled and said I was just seeing and hearing things.

By now, it must have been two to three hours that they have been visiting me when my wife came home. She was furious when she found out that I had dropped the kids off at a friend's house while I was sitting around with visitors. Her first reactions were to go and get the kids. I was trying to explain to her why I did what I did, but she wasn't interested in why at the time. All she could think of was getting the kids. She ran up the street with the car to pick up the kids and brought them home. When she came back, she was telling me how I had shocked them and they were scared. I told her I was sorry for having to do that, but this had to happen in order to save our family. That was something she didn't care to hear about.

I explained the whole story to her. She listened but was worried about what I did. While I was explaining the story to the wife, my nephews and friend decided it was time for them to go, so they left. I talked to the kids after they came back home and apologized for having them leave so quickly, but I said something had come up that had made me leave so suddenly. I did not fill them in with all the details because I felt what was happening would scare them. I felt relieved, also kind of excited, knowing that I had passed a judgment at least from what I felt and knew.

It was Wednesday, September 20, 2006. I took the day off work. That morning I received three phone calls a half hour apart starting at 9:30 a.m., but the

strange thing was there was no one on the other end when I answered them. Within one hour of the first three calls, I received another call, but this time it was a credit card company offering me a \$10,000 credit line. I accepted the credit card line of \$10,000, which would be sent through the mail.

After I hung up the phone, I thought about what had just happened. This made me think if I didn't just make a mistake by accepting the credit line. I had this weird feeling that I accepted the death of ten thousand people for some reason. This could be Satan playing tricks on me. See, I have this universal test from God or having to decipher the difference of what Satan places upon me to make the best possible decisions to decide the fate of mankind. I never received the credit card line of \$10,000 in the mail, not sure why I was accepted over the phone, but it was not sent out.

On September 21, 2006, at around 12:30 a.m., I heard like a rumbling of a heavy rock. It kind of worried me, but then I went to go back to sleep, at which time I heard like a scythe swinging at the ground at 1:00 a.m. sharp. I woke up the next day and worked for about one hour then came home and told my wife, "I need to turn myself into the hospital so I can be in God's hands. He will take care of me, so nothing bad will come about." I figured if I was in the care of the people, there wouldn't be a meteor strike because I believed in the Lord. I was thinking that the episode I just had a few days ago was over, but something triggered it again, so I had to react. I felt there was something strange about this date, but I didn't realize it until at a later date.

Usually around September 21 is the first day of fall, but this year, 2006, it's not until twenty-third of September. Anyhow I was at the hospital before 1:00 p.m.

Chapter 57: Back in the Hospital, the Sixth King, Talk to Michael, Family Shows Up in the Newspaper Again

At the time when I said I was the “sixth king,” I believe there were six people from the Bible that really stuck out to me, starting with Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, and then Jesus being the sixth. This would lead me to believe I am the sixth person as well as part of the Second Coming of Jesus.

Noah’s journey through Genesis:

Genesis 6:9 (NirV): Here is the story of Noah. Noah was a godly man. He was without blame among the people of his time. He walked with God.

Genesis 6:13–14 (NirV): So God said to Noah, “I am going to put an end to all people. They have filled the earth with their harmful acts. You can be sure that I am going to destroy both them and the earth so make yourself an ark out of cypress wood. Make rooms in it. Cover it with tar inside and out.”

Genesis 6:19 (NirV): “Bring two of every living thing into the ark. Bring male and female of them into it. They will be kept alive with you.”

Genesis 7:4 (NirV): “Seven days from now I will send rain on the earth. It will

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rain for 40 days and 40 nights. I will destroy from the face of the earth every living thing I have made.”

Genesis 9:16 (NirV): “When the rainbow appears in the clouds. I will see it. I will remember that my covenant will last forever. It is a covenant between me and every kind of living thing on earth.”

So God destroyed all living things on earth and saved Noah and his family along with two of each kind of living things on earth. Now you see for instance with Abraham in Genesis.

Genesis 17:3–6 (NirV): Abram fell with his face to the ground. God said to him, “As for me, this is my covenant with you. You will be the father of many nations. You will not be called Abram anymore. Your name will be Abraham, because I have made you a father of many nations. I will give you many children. Nations will come from you. And kings will come from you.”

Genesis 21:5 (NirV): Abraham was 100 years old when his son Isaac was born to him.

Genesis 22:17–18 (NirV): “So I will certainly bless you. I will make your children after you as many as the stars in the sky. I will make them as many as the grains of sand on the seashore. Your children will take over the cities of their enemies. All nations on earth will be blessed because of your children. All of that will happen because you have obeyed me.”

Abraham was tested by God on several occasions, including to sacrifice his son, and he passed all of God’s tests. God made a promise to Abraham that he would have as many children as there are stars in the sky.

Next is Moses from Exodus.

Exodus 3:2–6 (NirV): There the angel of the Lord appeared to him from inside a burning bush. Moses saw that the Bush was on fire. But it didn’t burn up. So Moses thought, “I’ll go over and see the strange sight. Why doesn’t the Bush burn up?” The Lord saw that Moses had gone over to look. So God spoke to him from inside the Bush. He called out, “Moses! Moses!” “Here I am,” Moses said. “Do not come any closer,” God said. “Take off your sandals. The place you are standing on is holy ground.” He continued, “I am the God of your father. I am the God of

Abraham. I am the God of Isaac. And I am the God of Jacob.”

Exodus 3:9–10 (NIRV): “Before and now Israel’s cry for help has reached me. I have seen the way the Egyptians are beating them down. So now, go. I am sending you to Pharaoh. I want you to bring the Israelites out of Egypt. They are my people.”

Exodus 24:12 (NIRV): The Lord said to Moses, “Come up to me on the mountain. Stay here. I will give you the stone tablets. They contain the law and the commands I have written to teach the people.”

Exodus 24:18 (NIRV): Moses entered the cloud as he went on up of the mountain. He stayed on the mountain for 40 days and 40 nights.

Moses was talked to by God through a burning bush. Moses brought the Israelites out of Egypt and gave God’s Ten Commandments.

Then we have David, who I put as the fourth king.

1 Samuel 16:1 (NIRV): The Lord said to Samuel, “How long will you be filled with sorrow because of Saul? I have refused to have him as king over Israel. Fill your animal horn with olive oil and go on your way. I am sending you to Jesse in Bethlehem. I have chosen one of his sons to be king.”

1 Samuel 16:10–13 (NIRV): Jesse had seven of his sons walked in front of Samuel. But Samuel said to him, “Me Lord hasn’t chosen any of them.” So he asked Jesse. “Are these the only sons you have?” “No,” Jesse answered. “My youngest son is taking care of the sheep.” Samuel said. “Send for him. We won’t sit down to eat until he arrives.” So Jesse sent for his son and had him brought in. His skin was tanned. He had a fine appearance and handsome features. Then the Lord said. “Get up and anoint him. He is the one.” So Samuel got the animal horn that was filled with olive oil. He anointed David in front of his brothers. From that day on, the Spirit of the Lord came on David with power. Samuel went back to Ramah.

David fights Goliath.

1 Samuel 17:45–50 (NIRV): David said to Goliath. “You are coming to fight against me with a sword, a spear and a javelin. But I’m coming against you in the

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name of the Lord who rules over all. He is the God of the armies of Israel. He's the one you have dared to fight against. This very day the Lord will hand you over to me. I'll strike you down. I'll cut your head off. This very day I'll feed the bodies of the Philistine army to the birds of the air. I'll feed them to the wild animals. Then the whole world will know there is a God in Israel. "The Lord doesn't save by using a sword or a spear. And everyone who is here will know it. The battle belongs to the Lord. He will hand all of you over to us." As the Philistine moved closer to attack him, David ran quickly to the battle line to meet him. He reached into his bag. He took out a stone. He put it in his sling. He slung it at Goliath. The stone hit him on the forehead and sank into it. He fell to the ground on his face. So David won the fight against Goliath with a sling and a stone. He struck the Philistine down and killed him. He did it without even using a sword.

2 Samuel 5:4 (NIRV): David was 30 years old when he became king. He ruled for 40 years.

2 Samuel 7:12–13 (NIRV): Someday your life will come to an end. You will join the members of your family who have already died. Then I will make one of your own sons the next king after you. And I will make his kingdom secure. He is the one who will build a house where I will put my Name. "I will set up the throne of his kingdom. It will last forever."

The Lord had Samuel anoint David to be the holy one. David killed Goliath and ruled as king for forty years.

Solomon would be considered the fifth king. Solomon asked God for wisdom.

1 Kings 3:10–14 (NIRV): The Lord was pleased that Solomon had asked for that. So God said to him, "You have not asked to live for a long time. You have not asked to be wealthy. You have not even asked to have your enemies killed. Instead, you have asked for understanding. You want to do what is right and fair when you judge people. Because that is what you have asked for, I will give it to you. I will give you a wise and understanding heart. So here is what will be true of you. There has never been anyone like you. And there never will be. "And that is not all. I will give you what you have not asked for. I will give you riches and honor. As long as you live, no other king will be as great as you are. Live the way I want you to. Obey my laws and commands, just as your father David did. Then I will let you live for a long time."

1 Kings 4:29–30 (NIRV): God made Solomon very wise. His understanding couldn't even be measured. It was like the sand on the seashore. People can't measure that either. Solomon's wisdom was greater than the wisdom of all the people of the East. It was greater than all the wisdom of Egypt.

1 Kings 6:1 (NIRV): Solomon began to build the temple of the Lord. It was 480 years after the people of Israel had come out of Egypt. It was in the fourth year of Solomon's rule over Israel. He started in the second month. That was the month of Ziv.

Solomon built the Temple for the Ark of the Covenant, where the stone tablets of law were kept, and he was given great wisdom.

Now we move on to Jesus, the sixth king.

Matthew 1:1 (NIRV): This is a record of the family line of Jesus Christ. He is the son of David. He is also the son of Abraham.

Matthew 1:16 (NIRV): Jacob was the father of Joseph. Joseph was the husband of Mary. And Mary gave birth to Jesus, who is called Christ.

Jesus fed the five thousand.

Matthew 14:16–21 (NIRV): Jesus replied, "They don't need to go away. You give them something to eat." "We have only five loaves of bread and two fish," they answered. Bring them here to me," he said. Then Jesus directed the people to sit down on the grass. He took the five loaves and the two fish. He looked up to heaven and gave thanks. He broke the loaves into pieces. Then he gave them to the disciples. And the disciples gave them to the people. All of them ate and were satisfied. The disciples picked up 12 baskets of leftover pieces. The number of men who ate was about 5,000. Woman and children also ate.

Jesus walked on water.

Matthew 14:25–27 (NIRV): Early in the morning, Jesus went out to the disciples. He walked on the lake. They saw him walking on the lake and were terrified. "It's a ghost!" they said. And they cried out in fear. Right away Jesus called out to them, "Be brave! It is I. Don't be afraid."

Jesus healed a blind man.

Mark 8:23–24 (NIRV): He took the blind man by the hand. Then he led him outside the village. He spit on the man’s eyes and put his hands on him. “Do you see anything?” Jesus asked. The man looked up. He said, “I see people. They look like trees walking around.”

Jesus was nailed to a cross.

Luke 23:38–39 (NIRV): A written sign had been placed above him. It read, “THIS IS THE KING OF JEWS.” One of the criminals hanging there made fun of Jesus. He said, “Aren’t you the Christ? Save yourself! Save us!”

Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene.

John 20:12–16 (NIRV): She saw two angels dressed in white. They were seated where Jesus’ body had been. One of them was where Jesus’ head had been laid. The other sat where his feet had been placed. They asked her, “Woman, why are you crying?” They have taken my Lord away,” she said. “I don’t know where they have put him.” Then she turned around and saw Jesus standing there. But she didn’t realize that it was Jesus. “Woman,” he said, “why are you crying? Who are you looking for?” She thought he was the gardener. So she said, “Sir, did you carry him away? Tell me where you put him. Then I will go in get him.” Jesus said to her, “Mary.” She turned toward him. Then she cried out in the Aramaic language, “Rabboni!” Rabboni means teacher.

Jesus was taken up into heaven.

Acts 1:3 (NIRV): After his suffering and death, he appeared to them.

Jesus did many miraculous signs with the people, and in many ways, he proved that he was alive. He appeared to them over a period of forty days. During that time, he spoke about God’s kingdom.

I put myself in the category with Jesus as being the Second Coming. This is why I say I was the sixth king. That would make me believe that I am Jesus; the Second Coming with the things that happened to me. Starting with forty days before Easter 2006 and how I related with the Bible. From Noah,

Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, and Jesus Christ, I felt all have similarities to do the word of God in the same sort of fashion. I had been directed by the spirits and by God to prove and provide to the people what needs to happen. How I felt the spirits move through me in such a way that caused me to react in correlation to what the Bible spoke of, along with the visions and vibes that came to me during all of this.

There are even miscellaneous things that kind of point out to me I am the chosen one. One is my name Scott Chally, which has five letters in the first name and six letters in the last name. If you say Jesus Christ, it also has five letters in the first name and six letters in the second name. My middle name is Leroy. If you would Google that, it would come up with a definition of “the king.”

Jesus had twelve disciples; if you look at Jesus, he would be number 13. From what I saw in my vision of the holy city, this would place him as the center of or the one that has the highest seat in the kingdom, which I believe only happens if the timing and the alignment of the universe is perfect. It’s been two thousand years since Jesus walked the earth, and now he walks again through me, through that perfect alignment and time. It’s not realized that I’m the chosen one until the spirits and the information from the Bible pointed it out, along with what is meant to happen from God. I was born twelve days before Christmas. The number that I was born on is 13. This would mean the precise timing had just happened to hit at my birth, which puts me in that seat in the holy city.

God has tested me for the last forty years through all kinds of hardships. Now my time has come to be revealed by the age of forty- nine and be given that top honor to show to the people that God does exist. Though Noah, Abraham, and Moses were not mentioned as kings, far as I could see in the Bible, I rate them as being one of the kings for their accomplishments. All the six I mentioned stood out to me in the Bible as true leaders and followers of God. God put trust in them, to follow through for the people and the better of mankind to exist.

Like what I have mentioned previously, if I choose not to act on the visions and the spirits that moved through me during these times, I could be leading

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the world to its doom, ending mankind as we know it, by not believing in God. Even though I've been taunted the majority of my life with people doing wrong to me or disrespecting me, I still believe that the majority of the people are good and kind. Why should the whole world suffer because of a few that choose not to believe or do what's right? If I would fail to follow through with the actions that are put upon me, I would be considered the Antichrist. If I follow my heart and believe, I will be considered the savior.

I had read about shaving within the Bible, and since it was pointed out to me, I shall follow the rules of what God wants.

Leviticus 19:27 (NIRV): Do not cut the hair on the sides of your head. Do not clip off the edges of your beard.

Leviticus 21:5 (NIRV): Priests must not shave any part of their heads. They must not shave off the edges of their beards. They must not make cuts on their bodies when someone dies.

While I was at the hospital once again, I had followed what was asked of me to do since I figured I was in God's hands. When I was asked to shave my beard, I spoke that I should not, but they insisted that I should cut or shave my beard, so then I did.

There was this other guy I was talking to in the hospital who believe he was Michael the Archangel. He was very knowledgeable of the Bible. I asked if I was doing the right thing by telling people about me as being the Chosen One. He made it very clear that I was doing right by being put in God's hands by coming to the hospital while I had my episodes and I should continue to follow my heart to do what is right. He believed that the episodes that were happening to me were true signs coming from God.

I asked him, "What if I'm just confused that maybe I was the Antichrist?" He said, "You will know what you are by what it says in the Bible for you. It's something you'll have to figure out." He said everyone has a purpose here on earth.

I was off work for about three months. Before my last visit to the hospital, they released me to return to work. My thoughts about everything that was

happening to me were still there, but I had to believe that it was an illness, and everything prior to this was just a sickness in my head. But I was seriously confused why I would have such vivid thoughts and visions with the spirits I felt were flowing through me. My first judgment I assumed was before this last hospital visit, but then again it may have actually been completed after the stay.

Once again my family started showing up in the newspaper after my last hospital stay on September 25, 2006, starting with my oldest son at the high school for consumer and family science class, as a class picture on October 4, 2006. Then again with my second oldest son, for the middle school pep rally on October 11, 2006, and once again on November 1, 2006, for my daughter, in a multi-age class picture celebrating fairytales. From September 21 to 25, I had spent five days in the mental ward at the hospital again, making it my second visit.

Chapter 58

One of the Four, Calculated Dates, Saddam Is Put to Death, Voluntarily Went Back to Mercy Hospital, the Little Scroll, Seen Vision Again, Went Back to Mercy Hospital, Came Home from Hospital, the Questionnaire, the Visions and Vibes with the Stone and Its Placement

When I had mentioned earlier that I was one of four “sons of man,” what I was referring to was other people who may hold the same spot for the title Messiah. Not sure why, but something tells me there are or were others in the same seat, not sure whether their outcome would be the same outcome as mine if they were to be selected as the Messiah.

As far as I could tell, I believed that Saddam Hussein may have been one along with Osama Bin Laden. I was not sure who it would be to fill the third seat for the title, but I hold the last seat. If something would happen to me or if I get stricken down by God, then I would lose my position for the Messiah or Second Coming of Jesus. Not saying the others that are of running are to be of good, or to do what is right, if it is placed in their hands how they act, by doing what is right. God is the one, along with the people, to determine this.

I state the date when Jesus will come about or be known for the Second Coming on November 9, 2019 (also known as 911), as an asteroid strike to

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hit here on earth that will bring full acknowledgement to him or me. The date that I had calculated for the Second Coming was April 9, 2009, but the date for him to be announced to the world or for the world to be saved would be July 24, 2023, from what I figured out with the Bible. All I can go off is what comes to me and the figure from calculations I have done with the Bible.

I believe it was late evening on December 29, 2006, when Saddam Hussein was put to death by hanging for some of the crimes he committed while he was in power in Iraq. It must have been about three and a half days later when the spirits entered me again. This time it seemed different, like I had double or twice the amount of spirits flowing through me. I felt elevated or lifted.

During this time, I was into reading Revelation in the Bible while I was trying to focus on work and everyday activities with the family. It must've been around 8:30 p.m. on January 4, 2007, when I had this urge to head to the hospital because of a vision that had come into me about an asteroid strike. I felt I had very little time to react because of the feelings that I was getting. What I saw in my mind's eye was I had to be signed into God's hands at Mercy Hospital in Cedar Rapids before ten that night.

While I was sitting in the waiting room, I was getting a little excited because it was taking so long. It must've been around 9:30 p.m. when this was happening. I remember saying to the receptionist in the waiting room, "You don't realize what's about to happen," in a louder voice. I said, "I need to be seen right away. If I don't, the world as you know of it may come to an end or we'll be hit with an asteroid strike."

There were a couple of people in the waiting room who I was sure heard as well. The receptionists looked at each other with a strange look while one of them was starting to chuckle. Then she said, "Sir, you need to have a seat. We will get to you as soon as we can and you must be quiet."

It was getting closer and closer to the ten o'clock hour. They finally brought me in to be evaluated. I told them while being in the emergency room that I needed proof before ten o'clock that I had been signed in. I felt like they were ignoring me; they didn't realize the severe consequences that I felt they were up against. I was becoming more and more persistent about what needed

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to happen. I said once again when it was right before ten o'clock, and I was getting loud about what was needed for me. That someone had to write something down on paper stating that I have arrived there before 10:00 p.m.

They can see I was getting really worked up because I was being ignored. Even though they were asking me other questions about how long this feeling has been occurring, I told them I had to react when I feel like something bad was about to happen. Along with the vision of an asteroid strike, this could mean the end of the world.

I said, "Please, will somebody write me something stating that I have arrived here at Mercy for I know we can be safe." I can't remember if it was a nurse or the doctor, but he or she took a brief moment and wrote down on a white napkin that they had in their emergency room that I had made it to Mercy with my name and the date time. It was then signed. It must have gone down to the second, but there was a sigh of relief, and I felt that the world and I were finally safe once again.

Not 100 percent sure at the time why it was so critical to have this done. I suppose you can say for someone to sign me in as I had requested is proof of showing belief in God. For God can see that I had completed another task, that was through the spirits and vibes that had come through to me to stop the meteorite or asteroid strike here on earth, from killing thousands of people, or failing the universal test that was placed upon my shoulders, from God.

Well, I finished up there in the emergency room and I was sent to the mental ward at Mercy Hospital and placed in a room with a bathroom. While in my room, I felt there must be more I had to do. Then I remembered reading from Revelation that stated something about a scroll. I read it again, and this was what it said.

The Angel and the Little Scroll

Revelation 10:1–11 (NirV): Then I saw another mighty angel coming down from heaven. He was wearing a cloud like a robe. There was a rainbow above his head. His face was like the sun. His legs were like pillars of fire. He was holding a little scroll. It was lying open in his hand. The Angel put his right foot

on the sea and his left foot on the land. Then he gave a loud shout like the roar of a lion. When he shouted, the voices of the seven thunders spoke. When they had spoken, I was getting ready to write. But I heard a voice from heaven say, "Seal up what the seven thunders have said. Do not write it down." Then the angel I had seen standing on the sea and on the land raised his right hand to heaven. He made a promise in the name of the One who lives forever and ever. He took an oath in the name of the one who created the sky, earth and sea and all that is in them. He said, "There will be no more waiting! But in the days when the seventh angel is ready to blow his trumpet, the last part of God's plan will be carried out. God told all this to the prophets who served him long ago." Then the voice I had heard from heaven spoke to me again. It said, "Go and take the scroll from the angel standing on the sea and on the land. It is lying open in his hand." So I went to the angel and asked him to give me the little scroll. He said to me, "Take it and eat it. It will become sour in your stomach. But in your mouth it will taste as sweet as honey." I took the little scroll from the angel's hand and ate it. In my mouth it tasted as sweet as honey. But when I had eaten it, it became sour in my stomach. Then I was told, "You must prophesy again about many peoples, nations, languages and Kings."

After reading this again, I felt the urge. I should eat the napkin that proved I was signed in by the staff of the hospital, in the sight of God's eyes, that another disposition was placed upon me and I hold the seal or scroll. I crumpled the napkin up and placed it in my mouth. It took a few minutes, but then I swallowed it. I felt once again at rest knowing I had completed a step to receiving complete salvation.

After that, I lay down to sleep. I remember this large digital clock on the wall in front of me with huge numbers. I was watching the time pass minute by minute until I fell asleep.

The next day, I woke and felt I was completely calm and relaxed. I saw and felt there would have been an asteroid to strike within twelve hours if I fail to come to the hospital. I no longer had the vibe. I let the staff know that I was doing better and felt it was okay for me to go back home. They released me a little after one o'clock in the afternoon, so I went home.

I got home around 2:00 p.m. from the hospital. I was home for maybe three

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hours when all of a sudden, I had this strong vibe telling me I should not have left the hospital yet. I felt like I made a serious mistake by leaving. I told the wife that I had to go back to the hospital because it wasn't time for me to leave yet, and I saw this vision again of a meteor/asteroid striking. I got in my car and started out for Mercy Hospital in Cedar Rapids.

As I was driving, I really felt I messed up for the world to be saved and I was worried I may be too late. I felt I had limited time to get there, yet I wasn't going to speed. It was about a forty-five-minute drive. As I was getting closer, around twenty minutes out while I was listening to the radio. One song after another song was talking about the world and what was happening with me, giving me subliminal messages that the world may be coming to an end. One of the songs was from REM, "It's the End of the World as We Know It." Another song was John Mayer's "Waiting on the World to Change." And yet another song from Nickelback, "If Everyone Cared." I can't remember some of the other songs prior to them, but the content to me were all saying the same as I was driving closer to the hospital that evening.

I remember driving down Mount Vernon Road with the sun setting in the sky. I was tearing up, not just regular tearing but in panic. My emotions were tremendous. I couldn't help myself and felt the sorrow and the possible mistake that I may have made. I don't believe I've ever had as much emotion flowing through me ever. Somehow the spirits that were all around us were controlling the environment to make this happen.

If you were to stop and think for a second about the different things that are around you, you may even see some signs of God with his spirits directing you or possibly giving you hints in your life. I believe there's a part of God in each one of us. If you have belief, you can feel and see the results.

I made it to the hospital, and I was admitted to stay another night. I felt secure again, still uncertain if I had made a mistake but more of a calm feeling came over me again while I was there. I can't remember anything really to spectacular about being up there this time, but I did have this feeling that an asteroid was going to strike within twelve hours.

I had a great night of sleep. It put my mind to rest. The next morning, I

mentioned that I felt better, and when they were ready to release me, I would be okay with this. It must've been either late morning or early afternoon when they released me. But this time it felt different. I had a bracelet that they had put on my wrist when I entered the hospital for the stay. When I was about ready to leave, a nurse came up to me and said, "Let me just cut that bracelet off. You won't be needing it anymore." This assured me that the step I had made in coming here last night was good in God's eyes. And now I was free once again, so I went home.

It was Saturday when I came home. I didn't feel any pressure that I had to follow through with and no visions. I may have felt a little elevated or desire that I needed to do something but was uncertain what it was.

I did quite a bit spot reading of the Bible, getting a few messages here and there. These visions that I had been seeing about the meteor strike really concerned me. It must've been late Sunday night when I read a few passages from the Bible that I reacted to. Some of the passages that came to me while reading the Bible that night were the following:

Psalm 118:21–25 (NIRV): LORD, I will give thanks to you, because you answer me. You have saved me. The stone the builders didn't accept has become the most important stone of all. The LORD has done it. It is wonderful in our eyes. The LORD has done it on this day. Let us be joyful and glad in it. LORD, save us. LORD, give us success.

Psalm 95:1 (NIRV): Come, let us sing joy to the LORD. Let us give a loud shout to the rock who saves us.

Isaiah 28:16 (NIRV): So the LORD and King speaks. He says, "Look! I am laying a stone in Zion. It is a stone that has been tested. It is the most important stone for a firm foundation. The one who trust in that stone will never be shaken."

Zachariah 3:9 (NIRV): "Look at the stone I have put in front of Jeshua! There are seven eyes on that one stone. I will carve a message on it," says the Lord rules over all. "And I will remove the sins of this land in one day."

I also remember reading, "It has been placed here on earth from heaven many

years ago and also you'll know it when you see it." All this spot reading led me to believe I had to do something with a rock or stone.

I remember while growing up on the farm many years earlier there was this particular stone. I remember taking it from the field. Then it went to a rock pile. From the rock pile, it was picked to go around our house at the farm to be used as decoration for runoff from an eve spout. Later my sister took it to her house to decorate in her flower bed. When she moved, I again took it back to my house because she said she didn't need it anymore.

I had it for a few years and was always curious about this strange rock. To me it looked like it had seen a lot of heat. I thought maybe it might have been a meteorite, but I chipped off a couple pieces and sent them to couple different museums to verify if it was. But it was not. I can't remember what kind of rock it was, but the museums seemed to think there was nothing special about it. I had the rock sitting down my basement in the back room. This rock must've weighed about fifty to sixty pounds. Then I was reading the Bible again, and what caught my eye was from Daniel when he was thrown into the lion's den.

Daniel 6:17 (NirV): A stone was brought and placed over the opening of the den. The king sealed it with his own special ring. He also sealed it with the rings of his nobles. Then nothing could be done to help Daniel.

Something told me I should take a piece of this rock and place it above the door leading to my den. I had the stone above the door while I was reading different passages from the Bible that night. I believed that this stone would be pointed out by me for God and his angels that I have recognized the stone to hold a special power from the heavens. Somehow, I wasn't for sure that night but I would use this stone to help me with "saving the world."

I believe I had a great night of sleep and started out the next morning the eighth of January like any other morning. I didn't feel any pressure. I was set up for a nine o'clock psychiatry appointment at the Iowa City, VA. Everything was going fine. The kids got off to school just fine. I took my shower then got dressed, grabbed my backpack with the Bible and folder of information I had come up with while this whole situation had started with me back in

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March 2006.

It's an hour's drive to Iowa City, so we left by eight o'clock. Something told me to take the rock or stone that I had placed above my basement door going down to my den with me. I had my wife drive or so she wanted to, I suppose. About halfway there, I was looking through my backpack and I found a survey from the hospital to see how they were performing. Like what changes could be made, etc. I must've gotten it from a previous visit. I started filling it out. But something triggered me to fill the survey out as if I were Jesus Christ. As I was filling it out, I was feeling different vibes. I was trying to be honest of how I felt the way the hospital was treating me and what could be changed. I was talking to the wife about what each question was and how to respond. I remember us stopping briefly just off the city street coming through town. I didn't have to fill out the address on an envelope or place a stamp. At that time, we must've been five minutes from the hospital. We continued to drive, but right before or at the hospital, I felt something really strong come over me.

I told the wife not to turn, and we continued straight. I asked her if she believed in me. She said, "Yes, I believe in you." I said, "So you have to do as I ask if you love me and believe in the Lord." She asked, "Where are we going then?" She kept insisting that we go back to the hospital for my appointment. She said, "You shouldn't miss it." I said, "Just believe in me. I have visions and vibes coming into me, which I need to sort out. I'll know what to do as we go." I insisted this must happen. She was like, "What must happen?" I replied, "What we're doing now." She was nervous and unsure if she was doing the right thing, but she believed in me and continued to do as I was telling her. I said, "First off, we have to go someplace to mail this letter." We drove a little while until I pointed out a house in a new subdivision that had a mailbox. I got out of the car and placed the letter inside the mailbox and put up a red flag on the side of it.

After I completed the sending of the letter, I felt this really strong feeling come across me that I was holding the stone for the salvation of Iowa City, all depending on what I do. I saw vision after strong vision pointing out a meteor strike, assuming for it to hit a city, "Iowa City," where I've been getting my treatment, from this whole twisted mess that I've been caught up

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with of becoming the Savior. I remember reading from Revelation.

Revelation 11:13 (NirV): At that very hour there was a powerful earthquake. A tenth of the city crumbled and fell. In the earthquake, 7,000 people were killed. Those who lived through it were terrified. They gave glory to the God of heaven.

That was just one of many descriptions in the Bible talking about the destruction of a city. I knew that I had to follow through with this alternative action to possibly save Iowa City and the people in it. I was basically telling my wife where to turn or which way to go from what I feel. I believe she was getting pretty nervous about what I was feeling and by telling her which way to drive along with what I believe was about to happen. But she continued to do as I said, which meant she also believed in me.

I told her we needed to drive as far south and west of Iowa City as we can get. The farther we were driving, the stronger the feeling I felt, and it seemed like the visions were clearer. I knew depending on where I place that stone that I had in my possession was where the asteroid will hit, so I believed. It must've been about an hour and a half from the hospital when I found the perfect spot to place the stone. There was nothing around this area, there were very few homes for miles, and there was a group of corn bins off to the side of the road.

Then another vibe, stronger than all the other ones that I had up to this point, came to me. The asteroid was on its way to hit the location where I had placed the stone. I told the wife, "We need to get moving. Just drive as fast as you can, so we can get away from the hit." She refused to go much over the speed limit, and she was telling me, "We are out of gas or on empty." I told her not to worry about it and that we just needed to keep driving.

Finally, I saw a spot that I felt we had to get to for cover. It must've been twenty-five to thirty miles down the road. I told her to pull into the farmstead. We got out of the vehicle and ran over to a short lien wall that was cut into the earth for protection. The wall was blocking us from the direction of where the asteroid would hit. There was no snow on the ground since it was January, but it still was very cold and windy. We sat there and lay on the ground next to the wall. My wife was concerned that somebody might be there at the farmstead

watching us and wondering what we were doing. I told her not to worry. “If you believe me, just do as I say.”

She stayed there for a couple minutes and realized nothing has happened or did she think was going to happen from what she believed. She then left to go back to the car to where it was warm. I followed her back to the car and said, “Honey, if you believe in me, just trust me and stay with me. Come back over to the wall and wait until I say it’s safe.”

It took a couple minutes, and we were arguing back and forth. She really did not want to come out of the car, but finally she did. She went with me to the wall and we sat there freezing for about fifteen minutes. Then the feeling I had inside of me, of the meteor to strike, had faded away. I felt calm again somewhat silly and stupid for what I did, but I knew believing in what has happened with me I had to follow through with it because of the spirits that have driven me. And that my faith in the Lord is true, and it didn’t matter how I looked. I was to do anything to save mankind as long as it’s not to harm anyone. I felt part of the test that God put on me on that day was if I could make a believer out of my true love, my wife, if that she would do anything for me no matter how shameful or cold it may have been. I believe the test that God put on us was a success.

Another verse in the Bible that stuck out to me was from Revelation.

Revelation 14:20 (NIRV): In the winepress outside the city, the grapes were stomped on. Blood flowed out of the pit. It is spread over the land for about 180 miles. It rose as high as the horses’ heads.

We both went back to the car and took off down the road. My wife may have been a little shaken from what we just went through, but the visions and the vibes I had settled, they were gone. Another test had been passed. We were driving calmly, but we had one more concern: we were empty on fuel. She was sweating about making it to a gas station. I assured her to have faith in God that we will be okay to make it to a gas station.

This was uncertain territory, and there was nothing around for miles. We must’ve driven another fifteen to twenty minutes before we found a gas station. We were relieved that we did not run out of gas. My wife was exhausted from

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what we just had experienced. She was more than ready to just head home and skip going to the hospital. It took us about two hours from where we were at to get home. We made it home right before three o'clock, before the kids came home from school. We had our youngest at my parents' place here in town, and the wife had picked him up. I was at home resting thinking about all that had just happened that day.

Chapter 59

The Journey Back to the VA Hospital, Admitted to the Hospital Again Part of the Second Judgment, the Sentencing of Jesus Christ or "Me," the Escape

The wife came home and checked the answering machine. There was a message from the VA from the doctor that we were supposed to have an appointment with. She said, "Please call as soon as possible when you get this message." The wife called her back and talked about what happened that day and why we missed the appointment.

It must've been right before four o'clock when I suddenly had a strong feeling come across me again. She passed the phone to me. The psychiatrist was wondering why I had missed my appointment this morning. I explained to her briefly what went on, how I had the intention to come but was redirected prior to getting there. She suggested that I should come up immediately to the hospital to be seen. I told her it's been a long day and I rather come up tomorrow, but she insisted that today would be better. I suddenly saw a time appear to me in a vision that said I needed to be there at the hospital before 5:00 p.m. I had this feeling that if I would miss the time getting to the hospital, I would fail. But everything that I had done up to this point was good.

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Another test was put upon me. Once again if I fail, it could mean the end of mankind as we know it. I immediately said to her that I'll try to make it there before five. I was looking at the clock. I had doubts in my mind because it was already a few minutes after four o'clock. It takes a full hour to drive to the hospital in Iowa City, driving at the speed limit, maybe just a little faster than what the speed limit was. I knew this was going to be close or darn near impossible to get there on time.

I hung up the phone, I then looked at my wife, and told her I have to leave right now to make it to the hospital. She asked me if I was okay to drive. I said that I should be fine. I gave my wife a kiss and told her I loved her then grabbed my backpack with the Bible in it, went to the car, got in, and took off. I knew in order to make it to the hospital in time, I would have to speed. From where I lived in town to the main highway out of town, it usually takes roughly five minutes. I made it in about three minutes. The highway has four lanes, its speed limit is sixty-five miles an hour, and I must've been doing roughly one hundred miles per hour. I traveled for about fifteen miles then turned off on Highway 1, which then would lead me all the way to Iowa City.

While driving on Highway 1, I was probably traveling roughly eighty- five to ninety miles an hour in a 55 zone. This was just a two-lane road, so I would have to slow down to wait in order to pass cars, but once I had the opportunity to pass, then I would be back up to eighty-five to ninety miles per hour.

I was making good time. I was approximately two miles from the town called Mount Vernon, which is halfway from my house in my town to Iowa City. I then passed a Linn County sheriff. He turned his lights on and turned around and started to chase me. I thought for an instant if I should continue to drive fast. But I had this feeling that I should not. I shouldn't do wrong by speeding from the cop to make it right.

I pulled over, then turned the radio down, and waited for the officer to come to my window. All I could think about was that I won't make it in time to the hospital. But I was calm and cool about everything when the officer was at

my window. He asked if I knew how fast I was going. I believe I replied that I was doing about eighty-five to ninety miles per hour. Then I had told him something like I had to get to the hospital to the psychiatry clinic because I believe if I don't make the time by five o'clock that the world could come to its end. I went on telling him that I had signs from God that I had to act upon, and I believe what was happening with me was something too hard to explain, but I must follow through with what comes to me through visions, if I choose not to, it could mean the end of mankind.

He looked confused and uncertain about how he should handle my situation. He asked me for my license, registration, and insurance, then told me to stay put in the vehicle and he'll be right back. So he went back to his vehicle. I'm sure he ran my name. I didn't have much of anything on my record. I'm sure that went into consideration when he was handling my situation. He returned back to my vehicle. It must've been roughly ten to fifteen minutes. He showed me where he wrote me a citation for speeding and reduced it to just twenty miles over the speed limit. He asked me again where I was going. I said to the Veterans Hospital in Iowa City. He told me that I should go straight there and not to speed. Then he handed me the clipboard at the window and told me to sign.

All of a sudden, I saw like a flash in my mind that this seemed familiar. I remember looking at the ink pen and it said Pilot. All of a sudden, it dawned on me that Jesus Christ was sentenced to death by Pontius Pilate. I signed the ticket that the officer wrote. He had handed me a copy. He told me to drive safely and have a good day. He went back to his car and I proceeded on my way. This time while driving I was maintaining the speed limit. I felt receiving the speeding ticket I was in the view of God and his people and that I was safe for not making the time that I earlier had a vision of. I made it to the hospital. It then was after five when my psychiatrist was waiting for me.

After meeting with my psychiatrist, she then had me as a voluntary admission to the psychiatry ward on 9E at the Veterans Hospital. But she noted that if I shall leave, she will have me readmitted. She had made several points according to her journal that she had made about me, like the drawings, notes that I had showed her were from a backpack, wasn't just from the last couple weeks. They were from the beginning of my episode back in March 2006 to

current. The calls and e-mails that were made were from a previous time as well. Maybe this may have seemed new to her since she had only seen me a couple times.

At the VA, they switched psychiatrists every year. My previous psychiatrist that I had seen for my care moved on to do something else or somewhere else to practice. It must've been closer to six o'clock when I was in the psychiatry ward. I went to a room where they had me change into a thin hospital gown, pants, and shirt. I was able to keep on my underwear, socks, and shoes with the gown. I was also able to hang on to a small amount of cash I kept in my sock worth \$20 to \$30. It could be used for buying snacks when they made snack runs. My cigarettes, lighter, wallet, car keys, clothes, and watch were checked in. But they allowed me to have my Bible and whatever notes along with my backpack.

After I was checked in, I remember talking to one of the staff named Jim at a small table in the hallway. He seemed to be interested and was listening from what I had to say about what happened that very day. I had mentioned to Jim and then showed him a speeding ticket I had received coming to the hospital that evening.

As I was about to show him the ticket, I was studying it and happened to realize or noticed where the ticket had taken place. It said Highway 1 and Butcher Road. I was pretty excited from what happened that day. I felt my mood was already pretty elevated. It was a long day. A lot had happened. I remember asking him, "Doesn't it seem strange to have a ticket with a name like that, Butcher Road?" He didn't seem so concerned about it. I probably visited with him for maybe another fifteen to twenty minutes.

Later, I went to a small room with a phone at one end of the ward. I decided to make a call to let my wife know I had made it fine to the hospital and that they were going to keep me. I told her about the ticket I got and that everything was going fine. I told her I missed her, loved her, and thanked her for sticking it out with me earlier today. I was done talking with my wife, telling her I'll give her a call maybe tomorrow and then hung up the phone.

As I stepped out of the booth, there was this person whispering to himself saying, "We are all going to die." All of a sudden, I saw this vision of a meteor

or asteroid hitting the hospital and something in my mind's eye made it very clear to me that if I don't get out of the hospital soon, it would be the end of me.

I put two and two together, thinking about what had happened earlier in the day and what had happened for me to get to the hospital, remembering signing the speeding ticket, having the flash of Pontius Pilate, while looking at "Pilot," the name of the ink pen. The ticket had "Butcher Road" on it. This must've been the sentencing of Jesus Christ or me. I then knew whatever I do in the next few hours will decide whether I survive to tell the story to the people or to die for the people.

This was another test for the salvation of mankind. It was like I knew I had an option, and it told me within that I had a choice to make, but I was limited on time to make it happen. By now it must've been around 8:30 p.m., and I was looking at the clock and something told me I had to get out of the hospital and away from it by nine o'clock. I did not, nor have I ever heard any voices. It was just an inner feeling that came across me and the spirits working with me to allow what I feel and knew. I knew I would have to find a way out of the hospital and in a hurry. I was thinking of all kinds of ways that could possibly work.

Time was clicking away, and I had to act fast but not to be noticed. I thought about trying to get the keys and walk out if that was possible.

There were four or five staff that watched over the patients. One was usually in the office, which protruded out into the hallway a little so they can watch the exits. The others went back and forth from one of the dayrooms to the other and back to the office. I was calm, trying not to show that there was anything wrong.

I saw that someone had asked for Jim to get them a snack or drink from the refrigerator in the dayroom, in the back of the unit on that floor. I remembered and saw that Jim had keys hanging from his waist on a zip string, with the quick attach ring. I figured maybe this was the opportunity I needed, but I must act quickly and undetected if I go for his keys. We followed him to the dayroom.

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Inside there was another door that opened into a smaller room with refrigerator and cupboards that had snacks. I watched as he opened the door. The keys were on his left hip. He opened the refrigerator and asked what we wanted. The other guy was getting something out. I pointed out something in the fridge where he bent over to look.

At that time, I tried to make my move. I reached for his keys, and I had a hold of them but tried to remove them without him noticing. He suddenly looked back my way at which time I quickly removed my hand from his keys and said something about the juice or water. I grabbed the water. I thought that was close. He almost caught me reaching for his keys. I was disappointed on a failed attempt.

We walked out of the room, the door locked behind us. I went to the other dayroom to wait for the next possible chance that I may have to get a hold of some keys. While I was at the other dayroom, there were some people watching TV. I took notice what they were watching, and it was a show on asteroid or meteor strikes that have hit here on earth. That really made me feel I had to do something quickly. All the signs were falling into place. It's like I felt the spirits were helping me, letting me know there is a way out if I just believe.

Then it dawned on me. I thought, what if I ask for some medication for anxiety? I went to another nurse and asked if she could give me something for it. She said, "Sure, no problem." I followed her to the pharmaceutical room. She opened the door and went inside. I noticed she did not have her keys on a ring that was attached to her, but she did put her keys in her front left pocket, which was a white thin hospital shirt with pockets. She had put my medicine into a little cup and set it on the top of the door. This was a split door with a shelf on it.

I was trying to have a pleasant conversation with her while she was getting my medicine at which time she set the medicine on the door. I also had my water bottle sitting there, and I then bumped my water bottle. It then fell just inside the door. She reached down to pick up the bottle, at the same time I reached in and grabbed the keys out of her left pocket and hurried back to the other side of the counter so she couldn't see what I had in my hand. I apologized

that I had dropped the bottle. She said not to worry and was very nice. It was getting fairly close to nine o'clock by now, and I knew I had to move out before she notices her keys were gone.

I looked around, and I didn't see Jim. I knew there was a nurse in the dayroom where the people were watching TV. I also noticed the nurse in the window from the office. She looked to be very busy or occupied looking down at what I assumed was paperwork.

I calmly walked to the exit where you enter the ward near the elevators. I immediately looked at the key ring. There must have been at least ten to fifteen keys on it. I tried the first key, but it didn't work and then the second and so on. I kept sticking key after key going around on the key ring trying to open the door. Finally, after the sixth or seventh try, it opened the door. I immediately ran out the door and pressed the button to the elevators that were nearby and waited on the elevator to open. While waiting for the elevator to open, I threw the keys under a set of benches or chairs that were in the hall. The elevator opened, I immediately pressed one for the first floor and then pressed the button to close the elevator doors quickly. The elevator went straight to the first floor. I calmly walked out of the elevator and continued to walk out the front doors of the hospital.

Once I was outside, I started to run. I ran north along Highway 6, which goes through town, and then east along Highway 1, which runs in town parallel to the river. There was a rock bluff, just a little down the road from where I was running on the north side from the hospital. I ran maybe a half mile to a mile along the road, then I went down along the river off the road. I remember when I was running along under a bridge, I saw there were a couple of guys hanging out there. I ran past them. I waved and continued to run. I'm sure I stood out because I was in a short sleeve and maroon hospital gown at this late at night.

I traveled east along the river. It was probably fifteen feet below the level of the highway. No one could see me. At a few spots, I had to slow up along the river because the water was so close to the bank. One spot when I was getting across to the other side along the bank, I had stepped in a little water. That didn't help much. It was already fairly cold that night. I'm assuming it was in

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the teens, may have been in the low twenties. I was not dressed appropriately for the occasion. It was very cold. I finally came to a rest along the riverbank, which must've been a mile and a half to two miles. There was a tall poured attainment wall along the riverbank. There was some dry land along with a patch of tall grass.

My adrenaline was pumping. I had this feeling that the asteroid was coming so I leaned up against the retaining wall, which would be a defensive block from the direction of the hospital and of the meteor strike. I had come to a safe spot to rest and to seek cover. I felt somewhat relieved that I made it safely out of the hospital but still had a strong feeling of the strike. I tried whatever I could to keep warm. I would run in place and then I would lie down in the tall grass and tried to cover myself for warmth.

I must've stayed there for two to three hours. While lying down in the tall grass, I heard a helicopter flying overhead. Then it passed. I was becoming really stiff and hard to move from the cold, so I felt I had to get up and continue running again. I followed down along the river, maybe another quarter mile, then I got out and back on top along the road. I continued to run east and then again north through residential area of Iowa City, until I came upon what looked like a commercial business or college facility. It must've been three to four miles from the hospital. I passed three people walking.

I had this feeling I was exposed, and I needed to find cover again. I found a culvert under a driveway which I wiggled and shimmied my way into. I stayed there for an hour or so. Finally, I felt the feeling that I had was over. I no longer was feeling the spirits or vibe in me which caused me to break out of the hospital. I knew at that time the test for me being the savior, to continue to live, and the test for me saving humanity was once again a success. I got out of the culvert and started running north again where I had come across a twenty-four-hour gas station. I wasn't familiar with this part of Iowa City. I went inside the gas station, and there was someone behind the counter talking to someone who probably just purchased gas. They had a conversation going, but then they turned their attention toward me. They could see I looked very cold and since I wasn't wearing much, I told them I was very cold. I was in there asking where I was at in Iowa City. They

explained to me what seemed like a long ways away from the hospital. They suggested if I needed to get back to the hospital where I had left earlier this evening that I should take a taxi cab. I called a taxicab and waited about five minutes until it showed up. I got into the taxicab and then requested to go to the Veterans Hospital. I arrived at the hospital and paid for the taxi, got out of the taxi, and walked in to the front doors of the hospital where I was met with one of the staff nurses from the psychiatry ward. She said she's been waiting and looking for me for quite some time. She asked where I was at.

I told her I needed to get away from the hospital because it was very important for me to do so. I told her I ran a couple miles from the hospital here in Iowa City. With me being a smoker, I didn't even have a cigarette while I was away from the hospital. At that time, I had no concern or desire to have a cigarette. She walked with me up to the ninth floor. She asked what I had done with the keys. I showed her where I put them in the hallway under the benches. I got the keys and handed them to her. We then were back in the psychiatry ward. I went to my room, lay down on my bed, and was ready to fall asleep. Then two officers from the VA hospital came to my room to verify I was there. I didn't have to sign anything. I wasn't even sure why they were checking up on me since they knew I had made it back to the hospital on my own.

But the next day, I heard that they had notified all the local authorities about my escape. Supposedly they were looking for me with a spotlight in a helicopter that night. The police department was at my door at home, asking for me. I didn't make it back to the hospital until about two o'clock in the morning. Later, while talking to one of the hospital staff about my leaving the hospital, they said that they never had anybody escape or leave the unit on them before. I told them I was sorry for having to leave like I did and that I hope nothing happens to the person I took the keys from. They assured me that everything was fine and nothing was going to happen to the person.

Chapter 60

The Return to the Hospital after the Escape, Mixed Emotions with Visions of Disbelief, Escorted by County Sheriff in Handcuffs to Courthouse, the Completion of the Second Judgment, Church Helps Me with the House, Visited by the Mormons, Pointing out Different Beliefs that God Does Exist, Another Hospital Stay

I pissed off the psychiatry team of the mental ward when I escaped the night of January 8. They set me up for full-time commitment by court when I was on a voluntary basis. I caused no harm to anyone, had no intention to cause any harm, but in their eyes, I suppose I was dangerous. To this very day, the court in the county monitors my conditions through the psychiatry department of the VA and verifies that I am following through with my treatment. I am considered a “high risk” because of that. But the good thing is I qualified for the Mental Health Intensive Case Management Program for the VA.

After the last episode, my pastor came and visited me. This would’ve been the second or third time he had come out of his way to see how I was doing. He had come to my parents’ house to talk to me before when I was explaining to my parents what was going on with me and my visions. He had insight of

what was going on with me. I believe he thought I was having mental issues that needed treatment.

I would point out different parts of the Bible, which then I would explain them to him. He would counter them, so I would understand what should be meant by them. He thought I was somewhat knowledgeable about the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He would listen to what I was talking about but would rebut stating different things.

I liked talking to my pastor. He listened to me about everything that was happening even though he would have his own reasoning why this was occurring. I was having a breakdown in the hospital where I wouldn't come out of the bathroom where I thought disaster may happen if I would leave before a day was up. He pulled up a chair in the doorway of the bathroom and must've stayed half hour to forty-five minutes to talk to me. He had seen me when I was at my worst and lifted me up that evening to try to approach my situation differently. He said he would do a prayer for me, and things will get better.

Midnight would have put me at twenty-four hours in the bathroom, but after my pastor had left, I felt a sense of calmness come over me. I had doubts about why this was happening, and other people, nurses, and the pastor made me believe this was all in my head. Not sure why I was stuck on believing what I did when I did. It was just that I felt my inner feelings along with spirits were communicating to me and making me believe. I kept thinking back to when I had the vision of the holy city, how clear and vivid the image was. It made me believe all this was about the Lord and what I was supposed to do to save humanity.

After being in the hospital for so long, the nurses and the doctors want to hear that I don't believe I'm the Chosen One or God so they can see an improvement has occurred. When you're locked up and can't get out, you want to believe what the doctors have to say. No matter how real things were for me, I began to wonder how it could be possible for me to be the Chosen One. It would be like over one in fifty billion chance.

It was the morning of January 17, 2007, when the sheriff came to the hospital to escort me to the courthouse. He seemed like a nice guy, but he put me in

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handcuffs when he escorted me out of the hospital and into the patrol car. That seemed to me overdoing it since I was not a threat to anyone. I tried to have a conversation with him on the way to the courthouse. He was very limited with what he said, and I had this feeling he didn't care about what I had to say. We got to the courthouse. He brought me upstairs where I sat outside the courtroom for maybe ten minutes. Then I was brought in to see the judge. My wife and mother also entered the courtroom.

The judge began to speak to me in a rude and threatening voice, saying if I don't follow up with my appointments, then he'll deal with me again and it won't be so pleasant next time. He scolded me with his authority, and I was wondering why I was being treated as a felon or a no-good piece of shit when all I was trying to do was protect the people from disaster. He said his few words and then released me to go home.

After stepping back out of the courtroom, the officer took the handcuffs off me. I went with my mother and wife on our way home. I wasn't very happy with how the psychiatry staff placed a court order against me, but I just dealt with it and tried not to think about it. The second judgment was in place prior to the eighth of January and was completed after my stay in the hospital on January 17, 2007, when I was brought to court. I'll refer to Revelation for this.

Revelation 11:7–14 (NIRV): When they have finished giving their witness, the beast that comes up from the Abyss will attack them. He will overpower them and kill them. Their bodies will lie in the street of the great city where their Lord was nailed to the cross. The city is sometimes pictured as Sodom, or as Egypt. For three and a half days, people from every tribe, language and nation will stare at their bodies. They will refuse to bury them. Those who live on earth will be happy about this and will celebrate. They will send each other gifts, because these two prophets had made them suffer. But after the three and a half days, a breath of life from God entered the two witnesses. They stood up. Terror struck those who saw them. Then the two witnesses heard a loud voice from heaven. It is said to them, "Come up here." They went up to heaven in a cloud. Their enemies watched it happen. At that very hour there was a powerful earthquake. A tenth of the city crumbled and fell. In the earthquake, 7,000 people were killed. Those who lived through it were terrified. They gave glory to the God of heaven. The second terrible judgment has passed. The third is coming soon.

I felt there must've been two leaders that were recognized, but one had passed away during this time for the world to see. And I envisioned a terrible disaster and had altered the meteor strike meant for Iowa City on January 8 but felt what happened on that date was meant for a later time.

The visions stopped. I was trying to organize everything that had happened, and at this point, I wanted to put everything behind me. Every now and then, I would read the Bible, but no vivid thoughts would come to mind. On February 14, 2007, I had my physical and mental examination evaluation done for veteran's disability.

It was a major help in my life when the church stepped in to do this two-bedroom remodel in my garage. I had hard times with no credit and no money, but the Lord stepped in a mysterious way through a local church group that had other church groups from around the States that come to do missionary work for people in need. My family was selected by the city. The Lord works in mysterious ways when you sometimes least expect it.

When I was taken off the medicine of lithium, it really helped because my mood was so low and down that I did not feel like living. My thyroid then got better or normal after that, but my medicines that I was on still gave me side effects that made me unhappy.

It must've been around July or August when I started to get visited by people from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons). I would invite them into the house and listen to them talk or preach about their church. I felt this was another sign from God for me to get the word out about the Second Coming. I talked to them about different visions that I've had and my whole story since the beginning when I saw God's holy city. They were young kids just getting out for their church and doing missionary work for two years where they dedicated their life to spread the word of Jesus Christ. I enjoyed listening to what they had to say about Jesus and their church. I may have confused them a little with what was happening with me and what my input was about Jesus. I made sure that they understood that I was being seen for bipolar at the Veterans Hospital in Iowa City.

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I believe that they believed that it was possible what was happening with me was a sign from God, and the Second Coming was then upon them. They gave me a number to contact their prophet, a ninety-seven- year-old. I tried to contact him but had no success. They would come and visit every couple weeks on and off for quite some time. They insisted that I should come to their church. I always replied back saying that maybe someday, but I am a Lutheran and I go to my church here in town.

I had an episode again roughly around the week of September 7, 2007.

I'll point out some truths that I would consider to be signs that if I'm the Chosen One that would stand out for the people to believe. I'll start with that I'm an American and I would state that it's pretty amazing that in a couple hundred years the Americans have been established and become one of the strongest countries in the world, probably the number one superpower. This tells me that God has looked out for this country and had made it become what it is today, if you were to look at that and thought just for instance where might Jesus Christ the Second Coming would come from.

You would think that God had planned for him to come from a strong nation that God had determined for the world to see.

While I was in the service during Desert Storm in the Gulf War, it was proven in one hundred hours that Iraq's capital of Baghdad was surrounded with the victory of surrendering. I believe God was looking out once again to show the people of the world what will happen when corruption of a country or leaders are not looking out for the rights and well-being of the people. If I am who I believe I am, maybe there would have been a different outcome for the military and Americans.

While in the service, there were a couple things that happened. One was a single soldier's quality of life, which when I was stationed in Germany the first time, I lived in barracks, which would have daily room inspections as if I was in basic training. The rooms were cold feeling, didn't have much right to arrange and to do as one would like. Then when I came back over the second time to Germany, I lived off post with my wife and kids. It was then changed that the single soldiers would have the same rights as the soldiers

who lived off post. They came up with a plan called “renovate two-thousand single soldiers quality of life.” In my unit, I was in charge of arranging and going through the buildings to improve each room with fresh carpet, drop ceilings, and paint. The unit I was with also won the army’s top award for “primary logistics and maintenance inspection.” The caserne that we were on looked very well.

I also remember while stationed at Fort Carson, Colorado, we went to the national training center in California to do an exercise. The Fourth Infantry Division had a battle plan to push through Eighty-second Airborne and Special Forces, which was our competition or mission. We were given so much time to accomplish the task as a division, and we exceeded the time by two days less than what was expected. We pushed through or enemy defenses so fast that they said this has never been done in such a fashion before.

There was this neighborhood kid that grew up in the house next to mine. When he graduated from high school, he then went in the army. He was in a tank unit. While he was in a tank for training, there was an explosion from inside the tank. From what I understood while talking to him, he stated that everyone who was in the tank died. He was supposedly in the tank as well, but he escaped the blast unharmed. If you ask me, that was a miracle from God. His mother is also a survivor of cancer.

There was this other kid doing training out in the field in Germany late one night. He was from one of the line batteries. He was walking a 109 Howitzer track into position when he tripped and the Howitzer ran over his legs. He escaped unharmed with maybe a few bruises.

My mother has been in the hospital a few times for different things that were wrong with her, and a couple times, she wasn’t expected to survive but always seemed to pull through.

There are angels from God or spirits or God himself if you want to put it that way that looked out for us here on earth if you’re a believer, which I am, as well as my family.

I remember clearly while in the hospital in Iowa City, there was this man

who spoke up about his vision, how he has been colorblind all his life, and suddenly from being around me there at the hospital, his vision became vivid and clear. He was amazed how well he could see.

My son was another miracle. He had a shunt in his head for hydrocephalus since the age of one, but there was this occurrence where the shunt malfunctioned and the tube that led to the brain was allowing fluid from the stomach to his brain, which could've killed him. But he pulled through after about thirty days in the hospital. The same time he pulled through when he woke up at the University of Iowa City Hospital was the same time our fourth baby boy was born.

I was inpatient from September 7 to 10. They were ready to release me when I told them I wasn't Jesus. I still believed but let them know I didn't. I was ready to get out of the hospital.

This episode was different than the others, not sure why it had occurred because I had already completed all the tests up to this point, which were presented to me from God. The inner feeling that I had about a meteor to strike was real, not sure why I picked the date, but when I have this feeling, I have to get to safety for the people's sake. This was the last episode in the hospital.

Chapter 61

My Mental State of Health, Continuation of the Seven Seals, Songs That Have Special Meaning to Me, the Woman and the Dragon, the Beast Out of the Sea, the Beast Out of the Earth

After that episode, they started a medicine called Fluphenazine 12.5 mg shot that I would receive every twenty-eight days. Either the shot stopped me from having my episodes or I had successfully completed everything that God has tested me for. But during the time and even to this day, I have had major depression that affects my everyday life. I have no motivation to do anything even for the simplest task, even though I push myself to make it happen. I consider myself to have delusional thinking at times depending on what's happening in my life. I feel at times the weather is affected by how I feel, not saying that I can control the weather, but I have this inner feeling that I could be the cause of different weather changes.

I called out to my wife the exact date when I would receive my letter approving me of my disability from the VA. This has been a major help in our lives. I don't know how we would've made it in the past six and half years without it. I've never been a person to quit on something no matter how bad it may get. I always try to follow through and do the best that I can even though I've really

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been put to the test during my life and while having my disability. Especially when I have no energy to do anything. My motivation has become worse over the years. At times I even have memory loss due to stress.

My concentration and focus on different projects have really been difficult at times. I forget simple tasks and while in conversation will forget what I was about to say, depending on how stressed I have been. Work has been a real strain for me. A lot of times I would steer away from talking to people because of the fear that I may not have something to say of interest. I was worried that I may have what I call a mind freeze where I would start talking about something and then can't remember what to talk about.

I'll go back to when I was talking about the seven seals where I mentioned four of the seven earlier in the book. The fifth, sixth, and seventh to me seemed to be a little harder to interpret. I'll just explain what I believe is the outcome of them. Starting with the fifth seal from Revelation.

Revelation 6:9–11 (NIRV): He broke open the fifth seal. I saw souls under the altar. They were the souls of people who were killed because of God's word and their faithful witness. They called out in a loud voice. "How long, Lord and King, holy and true?" they asked. "How long will you wait to judge those who live on the earth? How long will it be until you pay them back for killing us?" Then each of them was given a white robe. "Wait a little longer," they were told. "There are still more of your believing brothers and sisters who must be killed."

I look at the episode I had on January 8, 2007, when I had to believe that the salvation of this earth relied on me believing or to continue to rule with God's word. Show proof that it's possible no matter how bad it may seem. I survived the test that God put upon me which in return opened a doorway to heaven for 144,000 souls to be sealed in heaven. This would cover a grace period from that point in time until the next seal is broken.

This basically means to me that if I fail by not getting the word out by the sixth seal that mankind as we know then will read as it states in the Bible basically becoming the end of mankind and that I would have failed being a true believer of God and Savior. Now you have to realize when you read these texts from the Bible, there are multiple outcomes depending on my

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achievement with God and the belief of the people. What I make of the sixth seal, which reads as follows from Revelation.

Revelation 6:12–17 (NIRV): I watched as he broke open the sixth seal. There was a powerful earthquake. The sun turned black like black clothes that were made from the hair of a goat. The whole moon turned as red as blood. The stars in the sky fell to earth. They dropped like ripe figs from a tree shaken by a strong wind. The sky rolled back like a scroll. Every mountain and island was moved out of its place. Everyone hid in caves and among the rocks of the mountains. This included the kings of the earth, the princes and the generals, rich people and powerful people. It also included every slave and everyone who was free. They called out to the mountains and rocks, “Fall on us! Hide us from the face of the One who sits on the throne! Hide us from the anger of the lamb! The great day of their anger has come. Who can live through it?”

This seal is where I believe that I have to have what happened to me for the people to see and know be put in writing where it can be proven before a said date. I predicted by doing calculations from the Bible and my vision’s I saw and acted on 8th of January 2007 of the asteroid strike on January 9, 2025. This would be a task completed for the saving of mankind. If I would or shall fail, then disaster would rain upon the earth. For the seventh seal, I’ll add a couple different verses from Revelation that I believe speak of it.

Revelation 8:1–4 (NIRV): The Lamb opened the seventh seal. Then there was silence in heaven for about a half an hour. I saw the seven angels who stand in front of God. Seven trumpets were given to them. Another angel came and stood at the altar. He had a shallow gold cup for burning incense. He was given a lot of incense to offer on the golden altar in front of the throne. With the incense he offered the prayers of all God’s people. The smoke of the incense together with the prayers of God’s people rose up from the angel’s hand. It went up in front of God.

Revelation 10:4 (NIRV): When they had spoken, I was getting ready to write. But I heard a voice from heaven say, “Seal up what the seven thunders have said. Do not write it down.”

This is where after the information that I released in this book that’s about me and what I had experienced is to be released to the people for the people to

become “believers in God,” to show it and to prove there is but one true God and Holy Spirit with us. For the people to know God may take life or give life and you should always put God first in your heart. I have come up with a New World Order as an outcome for the world, as we know it. I have done what I can do. Now it’s up to you, the people, to prove to God that you are believers. As far as the outcome, with me being the Second Coming, there is no clear picture of what may come about. That’s where it is sealed and not written.

A few years back, I remember while going out to my dad’s farm, there was this giant billboard right across the homestead on the side of a four-lane highway. It had a sign that spoke Jesus Christ is here or is with us. This made me think that God or the spirits are with me in the journey that I’ve been on.

There are numbers that I can’t quite figure out as well. One is my addresses 608. My work number is 908. The security coed on my credit card is 408. My parents’ address is 108, but they live on Monk Court. I believe the numbers count from 108 with my parents to relationship in different timing during my life that the numbers are added up, but they always end with an 8. I believe when I was stationed in Germany, when I was on the third floor in the building, my number was room 308. I am not sure where the other numbers would fall into place, but I believe they have a significant meaning.

And as far as music is concerned, over the past six to eighteen years, there have been multiple songs that have meaning to me. Not to say that all the lyrics precisely state what’s about to happen or going on but in general speaks of what’s becoming of me and what I’ve been experiencing.

I’ll start with the group Matchbox 20, “How Far We’ve Come.” The song starts with “Waking up at the start of the end of the world.” This basically tells me that I have achieved what test God had given me. I believe it’s stating that I have achieved the process heading to salvation of mankind, even though it’s not clear at this point in time that it’s over. Then it speaks of “Well, I believe the world is burning to the ground. Oh well, I guess we’re gonna find out.” From what I have experienced with my visions of meteorites/asteroids, that makes sense to me and we’re going to find out. And then it says, “Let’s see how far we’ve come.” This also states to me what I had experienced with the visions and vibes where I was at after this song had come out.

Then I'll mention the group Coldplay of "Viva la Vida." I'll start with some lyrics in the middle of the song that state, "For some reason, I can't explain, once you know there was never, never an honest word. That was when I ruled the world [oh]. It was the wicked and wild wind blew down the doors to let me in. Shattered windows and the sound of drums, people could not believe what I become Revolutionaries wait for my head on a silver plate. Just a puppet on a lonely string. Oh, who would ever want to be king?" Again, this song would speak of what I felt during the time that I had waited after my hospital visits.

The next group I'll list is Linkin' Park and "New Divide." I just took a segment of the song so you can kind of see how it relates: "So give me reason. To prove me wrong. To wash this memory clean. Let the floods cross. The distance in your eyes. Give me reason. To fill this hole. Connect the space between. Let it fill up to reach the truth and lies. Across this new divide."

The next is The Wanted and "Glad You Came." This song may not be speaking to me in general, but the beginning of the lyrics has a subliminal message to me and made me start thinking back when all this happened. "The sun goes down, the stars come out, and all that counts is here and now. My universe will never be the same. I'm glad you came. I'm glad you came." I feel that the spirits have something they were trying to tell me through the song.

Next is Fun and "Some Nights." This song makes me think about how it is so unlikely or impossible for me to be the chosen one but makes me think what happened to me is real. Here are some lyrics I'll use. "But I still wake up. I still see your ghost, oh, Lord. I'm still not sure what I stand for. Oh, what do I stand for? What do I stand for? Most nights, I don't know . . . [come on]."

The next group or singer is Christina Perri and "A Thousand Years." This song reminds me how my wife and I met that we were destined to have met in a thousand years. It also reminds me of some verses in Revelation in the Bible.

Revelation 20:1-3 (NIRV): I saw an angel coming down out of heaven. He had the key to the Abyss. In his hand he held a heavy chain. He grabbed the dragon, that old serpent. The serpent is also called the devil, or Satan. The angel put him in chains for 1,000 years. Then he threw him into the Abyss. He locked it and

sealed him in. This was to keep Satan from fooling the nations anymore until the 1,000 years were ended. After that, he must be set free for a short time.

I feel that I might be considered that angel that came down from heaven to lock up the dragon, which takes place I believe every thousand years if the tests are passed by the Chosen One. There are many songs that I listen to on the radio that correlate with what has happened to me during this journey.

The last one I'll list is a fairly newer song from the group the Script, "Hall of Fame." Some of the lyrics from the song are as follows: "Standing in a hall of fame and the world's gonna know your name 'coz you burn with the brightest flame." These few words tell me something big is about to take place, that the world may know my name for what I have experienced and for the salvation of mankind. For some reason, I can't get it out of my head with all the signs that are all around me every day telling me to believe because God does exist, and we need to believe.

Well, I'll stop boring you with songs that have meaning to me. I'll touch up on a few verses in Revelation to explain what I think some of it means to me.

The Woman and the Dragon – Revelation 12:1–17 (NirV)

1. *A great and miraculous sign appeared in heaven. It was a woman wearing the sun like clothes. The moon was under her feet. On her head she wore a crown of 12 stars.*

2. *She was pregnant. She cried out in pain because she was about to have a baby.*

This passage to me represents my mother being chosen as high honor in heaven for the birth of me.

3. *Then another sign appeared in heaven. It was a huge red dragon. He had seven heads and ten horns. On his seven heads he wore seven crowns.*

The huge red dragon speaks about me, I believe. The seven heads would represent my family with my wife, I have my wife, my daughter, and five boys. In return, when it speaks of ten horns, only the boys would have two horns each.

4. *His tail swept a third of the stars out of the sky. It threw them down to earth.*

This was a tale of me in the beginning of my episode of letting people know what was about to happen, when I was speaking of meteorites or asteroids hitting the earth to bring destruction to mankind.

The dragon stood in front of the woman who was about to have a baby. He wanted to eat her child the moment it was born.

This to me speaks that Satan or the dragon wanted to consume my soul at birth.

5. *She gave birth to a son he will rule all the nations with an iron rod. Her child was taken up to God and to his throne.*

The birth that she gave would be me with a New World Order.

“And he will rule all the nations with an iron rod.”

This would be a metaphor of me speaking to the people about God’s great existence of coming up with peace.

“Where her child was taken up to God and to his throne.”

To me would be when I saw God’s throne or holy city.

6. *The woman escaped into the desert where God had a place prepared for her. There she would be taking care of for 1,260 days.*

This to me means my mother was looked after all her life by the spirits and God for no harm would come to her. The 1,260 days to me is a number to help in the use of figuring out the timeframe when the chosen one will appear to the people on earth.

7. *There was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon. And the dragon and his angels fought back.*

This would speak of my journey in life where I had angels looking after me, for no wrong would come about and the help of angels to help me

make the right decisions.

8. *But the dragon wasn't strong enough. He and his angels lost their place in heaven.*

This to me would prove that I decided against the wrongdoing of the dragon and that I was a believer in doing right with God.

9. *The great dragon was thrown down to the earth, and his angels with him. The dragon is that old serpent called the devil, or Satan. He leads the whole world down the wrong path.*

To me this tells me that God despises what the devil does so he makes it clear there will be no room in heaven for him.

10. *Then I heard a loud voice in heaven. It said, "Now the salvation and the power and the kingdom of our God have come. The authority of his Christ has come. Satan, who brings charges against our brothers and sisters, has been thrown down. He brings charges against them before our God day and night.*

11. *They overcame him because the lamb gave his life's blood for them. They overcame him by given witness about Jesus to others. They were willing to risk their lives, even if it led to death.*

12. *So be joyful, you heavens! Be glad, all you who live there! But how terrible it will be for the earth and the sea! The devil has come down to you. He is very angry. He knows his time is short."*

This would be speaking of me, and Satan, which had acted through me and acts through the people and will be denied from God to continue his evil ways. Once again, it speaks of the lamb giving his life's blood for them, which this would be when I offered myself to the Lord for the people. And then I tried to speak about the witness of Jesus, being me, to the proper authorities and people that I came in contact with. The angels and spirits that helped and I took whatever means necessary to achieve what God had put in front of me as a test of his faith. It also speaks that the devil's time is short. That is because it will be of the people's choice soon to believe in our God who will save them from Satan or of Satan's evil ways.

13. *The dragon saw that he had been thrown down to the earth. So he chased the woman who had given birth to the boy.*

I would say the dragon tried to harm my mother by causing her sickness, which she had to fight off.

14. *The woman was given the two wings of a great eagle so that she could fly away. She could fly to the place prepared for her in the desert. There she would be taken care of for three and a half years. She would be out of the serpent's reach.*

This to me says she has been protected by God's angels.

15. *Then the serpent spit water like a river out of his mouth. He wanted to catch her and sweep her away in the flood.*

16. *But the earth helped the woman. It opened its mouth and swallowed the river that the dragon had spit out.*

Once again, the woman or my mom is being looked after.

17. *The dragon was very angry with the woman. He went off to make war against the rest of her children. They obey God's commands and hold firmly to what Jesus has said. The Dragon stood on the seashore.*

This would mean my brothers and sisters, which have been true believers of the Lord.

Now I will try to explain what I feel about the Beast out of the Sea from Revelation.

The Beast out of the Sea Revelation 13:1-10 (NirV)

1. *I saw a beast coming out of the sea. He had ten horns and seven heads. There were ten crowns on his horns. On each head was an evil name that was displeasing to God.*

Once again the beast would be speaking of my family, which had seven heads, my wife, my daughter, and my five boys. The ten horns are from the boys,

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two horns per boy, and each horn had a crown. Now the tricky part to understand of this, which is we as people have a good and a bad side to us. If you would look at it this way, one side would be a beast or dragon and a good side which would be pure or good with the believing of God. Now I believe that the five boys would have five evil crowns each and then have five heavenly or pure crowns each. The displeasing name would originate from the beast in each person, but what it doesn't say is that there is also a good name for each person as well.

2. *The beast I saw looked like a leopard. But he had feet like a bear and a mouth like a lion. The dragon gave the beast his power, his throne, and great authority.*

This would be talking about me as if I would have the aggression of a leopard. I would stand firm like a bear and sing out with what I knew like a lion. The dragon standing for Satan had given me complete control and his backing to follow this path to lead people in the wrong direction, which I chose not to do. I had the help of God and his angels on my side during all this turmoil.

3. *One of the beast's heads seemed to have had a deadly wound. But the wound had been healed. The whole world was amazed and followed the beast.*

I would describe this as when one of my boys had surgery on the head, and you can see the surgical scars from it. The beast would also be considered me because I was between the Antichrist and Christ when all this had occurred. I had to make the correct decisions to be pure and true to God. And the people will follow their hearts to be with God.

4. *People worshiped the dragon, because he had given authority to the beast. They also worshiped the beast. They asked, "Who is like the beast? Who can make war against him?"*

The people will worship the dragon and beast because during this ordeal with me, which was tangled all into one for the becoming of the Chosen One.

5. *The beast was given a mouth to brag and speak evil things against God. The beast was allowed to use his authority for 42 months.*

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This meant to brag and speak evil things against God. This was also how I voice my opinions of how I felt and what was occurring or happening with me for thirty days during the time that I had calculated from the Bible. The thirty days was another directional hint stating when an occurrence will happen with the three and a half years or forty-two months. The start date is January 8th, 2028.

6. *He opened his mouth to speak evil things against God. He told lies about God's character and about the place where God lives and about those who live in heaven with him.*

To me this is saying not everything that I've said about God is 100 percent correct. I can only relate to what I feel that comes through my thoughts, my visions, and my vibes with the Holy Spirit.

7. *He was allowed to make war against God's people and to overcome them. He was given authority over every tribe, people, language and nation.*

This to me is speaking that I will make war with the people that do not believe in God or have not been true in their hearts about God. What I'm addressing in this book of what happened to me will speak for its own to who will listen, whether that it covers every tribe, people, language, or nation.

8. *All who live on earth whose names have not been written in the Book of Life will worship the beast. The Book of Life belongs to the Lamb whose death was planned before the world was created.*

When it speaks of the ones on earth that have not been written in the Book of Life will worship the beast, this doesn't necessarily mean me. This could speak of or relate to the dragon, the evil side, or the beast that does evil. The lamb would be Jesus and of his death which in other terms of "God," for the Book of Life.

9. *Everyone who has ears should listen.*

What I speak of in this book has happened to me and should be greatly appreciated and taken in to consideration.

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10. *Everyone who is supposed to be captured will be captured. Everyone who is supposed to be killed with the sword will be killed with the sword.*

So God's people must be patient and faithful. This states to me if you do wrong, then wrong will come to you. If you believe and do right, God will be with you and good things will come about.

The Beast out of the Earth - Revelation 13:11-17 (NirV)

Revelation 13:11 - 17 (NirV): Then I saw another beast. This one came out of the earth. He had two horns like a lamb. But he spoke like a dragon.

The beast out of the earth is more directed to my writing up The New World Order. The horns would again signify that I had the representation of both good and evil within me. The New World Order may sound like describing and speaking of stuff that would happen in the making of Ace Services, if it were to come from a dragon.

11. *He had all the authority of the first beast. He did what the beast wanted. He made the earth and all who live on it worship the first beast. The first beast was the one whose deadly wound had been healed.*

The first beast as described earlier speaks of me and my family, still speaking of what will happen, and what people should do for they can be true believers of God, to believe in God, not necessarily through the image of me but God himself. Once again, God was there with his angels to save my son, the one who had the deadly wound on his head.

12. *The second beast did great and miraculous signs. He even made fire come from heaven. It came down to earth where everyone could see it.*

The second beast is talking of me telling my stories of what had happened. The fire that came from heaven where everyone could see it is what I predicted from what I deciphered from the Bible and in the visions that I saw of an asteroid strike.

13. *He did the signs the first beast wanted him to do. In that way the second beast tricked those who lived on the earth. He ordered them to set up a statute to*

honor the first beast. The first beast was the one who had been wounded by the sword and still live.

All I can think of this would be the people, which should believe in their hearts and be true to God.

14. *The second beast was allowed to give breath to the statue so it could speak. He was allowed to kill all who refuse to worship the statue.*

The breath to the statue so it could speak in my terms would speak of knowing what I know, to tell the world through this book and what I've spoke of. To kill all who refuse to worship the statue would tell me that the people who do not believe in the Lord may have death drawn to them in whatever fashion, if they're not living their life like they should to seal a seat in heaven, where all people have a choice depending on what they decide in their lifetime.

15. *He also forced everyone to receive a mark on the right hand or on the forehead. People great or small, rich or poor, free or slave had to receive the mark.*

The mark that I see it speaks of, would be how you would do the Pledge of Allegiance where it states one nation under God. How you hold your salute to your head or place your right hand over your heart to have God first when starting any event shall occur. It could also be a computer chip implanted in the hand to be used as identity and perches.

16. *They could not buy or sell anything unless they had the mark. The mark is the name of the beast or the number of his name.*

They mean the people buy or sell anything that would mean money used to purchase on the currency would state something of God for the mark. According to what is written, as you see in the Bible I would assume when it says the mark is the name of the beast or the number of his name to me would mean me or my family's name for the beast and the beast number would be 666.

17. *Here is a problem that you have to be wise to figure out. If you can, figure out what the beast number means. It is man's number. His number is 666.*

From what I see of the number 666, it's a value of a whole number in the way

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god's holy city is set up on the throne, this is where the souls would be cast out from for mankind. Everyone starts with the pure soul from God what shapes it is your interactions of what takes place during your life. I see that there's possibly 144,000 distinctive souls. One soul per year it takes to make a soul complete. Me being the beast is holding on to the number 666 for to figure out the equation for the people to see.

Chapter 62

The Images Seen in the Mirror, the Dream about the Planets, Other Signs, Explaining My Thought on the Third and Final Judgment

I'll mention something that wasn't mentioned earlier in the book. It was a time when I had a lot of spirits within me early on when I was reading from the Bible. I had gone to the bathroom. I looked into the mirror and I was trying to see deeper what could possibly be if I was Jesus.

As I was staring into the mirror and as I was looking deeper into the mirror, suddenly my looks changed to the appearance of what Jesus would look like and then it faded as I was staring then an image of an alien appeared to me with green face and large black eyes. This stumped me for quite some time, but what I realize with all that was happening that we are becoming or moving into a new transition with what we have achieved and have been through here on earth. That someday we may be that extraterrestrial being surviving, believing, and being true to God.

I believe there are other life-forms in existence, and they may be visiting our earth, but they realize from what they have been through during their time with God that they must respect God here on earth. They can continue their lifelong journey with the respect and understanding of God.

It must've been Labor Day 2007 when we had a family get-together at my brother Todd's. When night came, a few of us family members spent the night outside under the stars next to a camp fire. Around one or two o'clock in the morning, I was gazing or studying the sky wondering about God and where his holy city may be. The night sky was clear, and I believe the moon was out. I was thinking also why everything was happening the way it was to me.

With everything that had happened to me and how it felt so real, I must have fallen asleep shortly after this. Then I had a dream. It was different and also was very clear. It showed me all the planets lined up in a row, Mercury being the closest to the sun and then Pluto being the farthest from the sun.

As I was studying the dream, I saw a birth of a new planet coming out from the sun. Then something inside the dream was explaining to me that all the planets have like a cycle starting with the birth of new planet. They go through their stages as time goes on. Our planet just happens to be going through a stage of maintaining life on it. Mars may have had life established on it, but the time now has passed, not stating all the planets in our solar system may contribute to the factor of establishing life.

As you get farther out with the planets, for instance Jupiter or Saturn, their cycle is of releasing gases and the planet is cooling. They're losing their atmosphere and gravity. And as you get out to Pluto, everything on the surface of the planet is coming loose and floating into outer space until the planet becomes so small and no longer has a gravitational field connecting it or pulling it around the sun. Then eventually it will lose its gravitational pull and then itself will fall off into outer space. Of course, all this takes billions of years to happen, but when you look at the life of our universe, it is roughly 14 to 16 billion years old and supposedly our earth is roughly 4.5 billion years old. Something just doesn't quite add up there.

I realize the planets, meteorites, and space debris are created supposedly from supernovas or the explosion or collapsing of suns or stars. And planets get larger in size from falling space debris. Something about the alignment of planets in correlation with the sun to the center of the universe makes this happen in my dream. It may even be a greater power than what we realize that

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would allow a new birth to a planet from God or of a universal achievement. But like I said, this was just a dream that I had, it doesn't really relate with what we know of astronomical science. This dream might be telling me that the birth of the Second Coming is upon us and be prepared for what's about to come.

When I started out writing on this book, I would say within a couple weeks my wife had found this Bible verse while doing laundry one day. She must have taken this postcard or printed Bible verse on a picture out of one of my kid's pants. I kept it on my desk and would look at it from time to time. It would help me keep focused on my writing. On the back of it was the date 04/25/12. It was printed at Walmart. What it says was, "*For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future*" (Jeremiah 29:11).

This is just another sign to show you what comes to me from God. But with the Bible that I use or used for all the quotes or Bible verses during this book that I wrote is from the New International Reader's Version, but it has a different saying for Jeremiah.

Jeremiah 29:11 (NIRV): "I know the plans I have for you," announces the Lord. "I want you to enjoy success. I do not plan to harm you. I will give you hope for the years to come."

So as you can see, different Bible versions state different quotes or verses.

Another sign that I'll give, which happened was March 2012, locally where I live was the warmest month on record.

One week during March was 30 degrees above normal with an average temp for the month of 66.6 degrees. I would say since 2006, the weather locally has been pretty fair or good, except for this summer that we had, were we didn't receive much rain and had a dry spell. For some reason, it seems like I wasn't paying any attention to the weather.

I was trying to work hard on the book, but once I took a break from the book,

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it then again started to rain. This was strange, but sometimes I wonder if I don't have some control over weather patterns depending on how I feel.

I'll speak of what I believe how the third and final judgment is supposed to come about. This in my eyes would be what I calculated for the date out of the Bible for an asteroid strike hitting the earth on November 9, 2019, or also seen as 9.11.2019. I want to believe with the visions and vibes that I felt it will hit, if it does, south to southwest of Iowa City, Iowa. If I'm wrong on the city, I would suggest that it would hit near a city of at least seventy thousand people.

For some reason, all this that I have written of in this book has happened to me and is true to my understanding. I would like to believe that this is just a condition of my bipolar acting up on me. But I can't tell the difference because of how real that this has presented itself to me. Maybe it's just God acting through me to either show the people that there are spirits of God out there or to make believers of those who aren't true believers. I do have to say that I feel it is upon us that God will make his decision depending on the belief of the people of the world soon, to allow mankind to continue on this earth, if they have God first in their heart.

I'll mention where I think it speaks of the third judgment from the Bible.

Revelation 11:15–19 (NirV): The seventh angel blew his trumpet. There were loud voices in heaven. They said, "The kingdom of the world has become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. He will rule for ever and ever." The 24 elders were sitting on their thrones in front of God. They fell on their faces and worship God. They said, "Lord God who rules over all, we give thanks to you. You are the one who is and who was. We give you thanks because you have taken your great power and have begun to rule. The nations were angry, and the time for your anger has come. The time has come to judge the dead. It is time to reward our servants and profits and your own people and those who honor you. There is a reward for all your people, both great and small. It is time to destroy those who destroy the earth." Then God's temple in heaven was opened. Inside it the wooden chest called the ark of his covenant could be seen. There were flashes of lightning, rumblings and thunder, an earthquake and a great hailstorm.

Well, that pretty much covers what had happened to me. Today is Tuesday, October 16, 2012. I plan on sending the second half of the book by registered mail to the copyright office in Washington DC tomorrow. I think, though, I will do a grain offering to the Lord one more time to toast or pray for the people of the world to have great hope and a great future.

When I wrote part two of the book, I felt I was pressed for time. I felt this inner feeling that I needed to have the episode that happened to me, which I felt it needed to be wrote down on paper prior to November 9, 2012, because of the biblical day that I had figured out from the Bible.

Nothing occurred on November 9, 2012, which made me believe that I had passed another test that was put upon me. There was the prediction or also known as the ending date of the Mayan calendar that was December 21, 2012 which was to say that it was to be believed being the ending date of the world according to the prediction.

Maybe I did have some effect to the ending date of the world when I had completed the writing of the second half of my book and had it sent off to the copyright office in the eyes of the Lord before November 9, 2012. The new ending date of the old world is according to my prediction is January 1st, 2035, if world peace is established by then by the Chosen One. I continued to write part one of this book on and off since then.

Today is December 31, 2013, and I plan on finishing the book as a whole and will try to send it in the next few days to publishers. The first book is known as *Do You Believe Is It Real or Fiction?* written in December 2013 and early January 2014. The remake of the book, called *Scott Chally Believes*, was finished December 2018 and republished January 2025.

Chapter 63

What Is Told about Jesus Christ, the Second Coming through Different Locations in the Bible

The Lord Warns Israel

Ezekiel 3:16–19 (NirV): After seven days, a message came to me from the Lord. He said, “Son of man, I have appointed you as a prophet to warn the people of Israel. So listen to my message. Give them a warning from me. Suppose I say to a sinful person, ‘you can be sure you will die.’ And you do not warn him. You do not try to get him to change his evil ways in order to save his life. Then he will die because he has sinned. And I will hold you accountable for his death. But suppose you do warn that sinful person. And he does not turn away from his sin or his evil ways. Then he will die because he has sinned. But you will have saved yourself.”

The Lord Warns Israel

Ezekiel 33:1–7 (NirV): A message came to me from the Lord. He said, “Son of man, speak to the people of your own country. Tell them, ‘Suppose I send enemies against a land. And its people choose one of their men to stand guard. He sees the enemies coming against the land. He blows a trumpet to warn the people. Someone hears the trumpet. But he does not pay any attention to the warning. The enemies come and kill him. Then what happens to him will be his own fault. He

heard the sound of the trumpet. But he did not pay any attention to the warning. So what happened to him was his own fault. If he had paid attention, he would have saved himself. But suppose the guard sees the enemies coming. And he does not blow the trumpet to warn the people. The enemies come and kill one of them. Then his life has been taken away from him because he sinned. But I will hold the Guard accountable for his death. 'Son of man, I have appointed you as a prophet to warn the people of Israel. So listen to my message. Give them a warning from me.'"

The Lord Is Coming

1 *Messalonians 5: 1–11 (NIRV): Brothers and sisters, we don't have to write to you about times and dates. You know very well that the day of the Lord will come like a thief in the night. People will be saying that everything is peaceful and safe. Then suddenly they will be destroyed. It will happen like birth pains coming on a pregnant woman. None of the people will escape. Brothers and sisters, you are not in darkness. So that day should not surprise you as a thief would. All of you are children of the light. You are children of the day. We don't belong to the night. We don't belong to the darkness. So let us not be like the others. They are asleep. Instead, let us be wide awake and in full control of ourselves. Those who sleep, sleep at night. Those who get drunk, get drunk at night. But we belong to the day. So let us control ourselves. Let us put the armor of faith and love on our chest. Let us put on the hope of salvation like a helmet. God didn't choose us to receive his anger. He chose us to receive salvation because of what our Lord Jesus Christ has done. Jesus died for us. Some will be alive when he comes. Others will be dead. Either way, we will live together with him. So cheer each other up with the hope you have. Build each other up. In fact, that's what you are doing.*

Paul Prays and Gives Thanks

2 *Messalonians 1:3–10 (NIRV): Brothers and sisters, we should always thank God for you. That is only right, because your faith is growing more and more. The love you all have for each other is increasing. So among God's churches we brag about the fact that you don't give up easily. We brag about your faith in all the suffering and testing you are going through. All of this proves that when God judges, he is fair. So you will be considered worthy to enter God's kingdom. You are suffering for his kingdom. God is fair. He will pay back trouble to those*

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who give you trouble. He will help you who are troubled. And he will also help us. All of those things will happen when the Lord Jesus appears from heaven. He will come in blazing fire. He will come with the angels who are given the power to do what God wants. He will punish those who don't know God. He will punish those who don't obey the good news about our Lord Jesus. They will be destroyed forever. They will be shut out of heaven. They will never see the glory of the Lord's power. All of those things will happen when he comes. On that day his glory will be seen in his holy people. Everyone who has believed will be amazed when they see him. That includes you, because you believed the witness we gave you.

The Time of the End

Daniel 12:4–13 (NirV): “But I want you to roll up the scroll, Daniel. Seal it until the time of the end. Many people will go here and there to increase their knowledge.” Then I looked up and saw two other angels. One was on the side of the Tigris River. And one was on the other side. The man who was dressed in linen was above the waters of the river. One of the angel said to him, “How long will it be before these amazing things come true?” The man raised both hands toward heaven. I heard him take an oath in the name of the One who lives forever. He answered me, “three and a half years. Then the power of the holy people will be broken at last. And all of those things will come true.” I heard what he said. But I didn't understand it. So I asked, “My master, what will come of all of this?” He answered, “Go on your way, Daniel. The scroll is rolled up. It is sealed until the time of the end. 10. Many people will be made pure in the fire. They will be made spotless. But sinful people will continue to be evil. Not one sinful person will understand. But those who are wise will. “The daily sacrifices will be stopped. And the hated thing that destroys will be set up. After that, there will be 1,290 days. Blessed are those who wait for the 1,335 days and reach the end of them. “Daniel, go on your way until the end. Your body will rest in the grave. Then at the end of the days you will rise from the dead. And you will receive what God has appointed for you.”

Jesus Is Coming

Revelation 22:7–17 (NirV): “Look! I am coming soon! Blessed are those who obey the words of the prophecy in this book.” I, John, am the one who heard and saw these things. After I had heard and seen them, I fell down to worship at the feet

of the angel. He is the one who had been showing me these things. But he said to me, "Don't do that! I serve God, just as you do. I am God's servant, just like the other prophets and all who obey the words of this book. Worship God!" Then he told me, "Do not seal up the words of the prophecy in this book. These things are about to happen. Let those who do wrong keep on doing wrong. Let those who are evil continue to be evil. Let those who do what is right keep on doing what is right. And let those who are holy continue to be holy. Look! I am coming soon! I bring my rewards with me. I will reward each person for what he has done. I am the Alpha and the Omega. I am the First and the Last. I am the Beginning and the End. Blessed are those who washed their robes. They will have the right to come to the tree of life. They will be allowed to go through the gates into the city. Outside the city are the dogs and those who practice witchcraft. Outside are also those who commit sexual sins and murder. Those who worship statues of gods, and everyone who loves and does what is false, are outside too. "I, Jesus, have sent my angel to give you this witness for the churches. I am the Root and the Son of David. I am the bright morning star." The Holy Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" Let those who hear say, "Come!" Anyone who is thirsty should come. Anyone who wants to take the free gift of the water of life should do so.

Chapter 64

Some Definitions of What Is to Come, Social Security Disability, Continuation Policy of Ace Services

I'll explain in my own words what I feel about three different words that are mentioned about the end of times. The meanings of the words are as follows (from *Merriam-Webster Online*):

Apocalypse

: a great disaster

: a sudden and very bad event that causes much fear, loss, or destruction

Armageddon

: a final destructive battle or conflict

Revelation

: a usually secret or surprising fact that is made known

: an act of making something known

: an act of revealing something in usually a surprising way

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: something that surprises you

To me, by looking at and reviewing the three words that I listed—“Apocalypse,” “Armageddon,” and “Revelation”—all speak the same to me. They speak of an unrevealing of something to come about or to reveal what is about to happen. To say that I’m the Chosen One is to reveal to the world that God does exist. I don’t believe that God wants to bring mankind to its doom.

I had taken off from work on numerous occasions over the past seven to eight years while I worked for periods longer than three months at a time to deal with my problems of having bipolar. I had severe lack of motivation. I would get antsy, frustrated, and nervous. I had memory loss and lack of concentration while trying to perform my job. It would get to the point where I would start having delusions about the weather and the Bible by trying not to accept the fact that I was the Chosen One but would continue to think of how real of an experience I had back in year 2006 and 2007. Back in January or February 2013, I had gone back to work in the factory but instead of going to work as a lathe operator, I took on a lesser-paying job with less responsibilities or no critical thinking. This job paid about five dollars less an hour than the current job. I figured taking this job would allow me to work free of stress since I was having a hard time performing my duties. But this wasn’t the case. It seems like I was performing my duties fine while working. I was never written up on any occasion the eleven or so years I worked at the factory. But I was having an emotional time performing my duties with the lesser job as well. I would still get delusional.

I made up my mind. Something had to happen with the strain that I was going through and the delusional thinking. After around five months of working in this job, I decided I was going to apply for disability through Social Security. June 25 was my last day at work, and I applied for Social Security on July 1 or 2. By November 18, I received a call from a guy telling me I was approved by the Social Security office, but it wasn’t official until December 27, and my first payment wouldn’t be until January 15. I was happy to hear that. I also have a disability from the Veterans Administration. God has looked out for me through my entire life, now I don’t have to worry about not having a job or losing a job in order to support my family.

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Everyone has a breaking point. What you deal with in everyday life could lead you to become disabled as well, whether it is posttraumatic stress disorder major depression or even something like bipolar. If you read carefully through what I have done during my life, you may see all the obstacles I had to overcome, even though I had a lot of good times. So what I blame my condition on are the people I dealt with on numerous difficult situations and society itself. When I needed help, I had a hell of a hard time finding it. But I have to give credit and thanks to all the psychiatrists and doctors that I endured during my life. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't have got the help for where I'm at today. I would also like to thank all the different pharmaceutical companies that had contributed to the aid of my health and mental state, allowing me to function in society.

I thought I was done writing on the book, but I had a dream on January 13, 2014, at about 1:45 a.m. This dream was meant to tell me and the world what should become the new standard, how we as a society should function. After explaining to someone in my dream what should come about, I was elevated off the ground, floating in the air. This seems strange, but I'll tell you how it went or what needs to be told.

It was about Ace Services (American Constitution of Economics), how there will be one nation for the world that would have to come into play. All the countries that would want to participate would be signed up under Ace Services and follow the guidelines that has been outlined for Ace Services. The leadership or how they dictate their country would still be allowed for each existing country that would sign up and participate in Ace Services. The countries that participate would have the ruling of the people for their laws.

Basically, what I'm trying to say is that everyone who is over the age of eighteen and registered with Ace Services would be entitled to get what it would cost for living in the area in which he or she lives. This would mean everyone in the world is registered with Ace Services. Ace Services would have the access of unlimited amount of money for which they could write a gazillion dollars, if need be, without having to be backed by gold or having to pay back. If the cost of living for an area was \$20,000 on an individual, then that individual would receive \$1,666 per month to their assigned account for the year. This would allow an individual to pay for its housing, utility bills, any

other expenses, and food in order for an individual to live appropriately. This would help out the people from living in poverty and would reduce crime worldwide. All individuals that receive money from Ace Services would still have the ability to perform their own business or work for others.

If an individual was making \$60,000 a year working a job and their cost of living was \$20,000 per individual and with being married, they would be making hundred thousand dollars for total profit. I do not have a degree in economics. I can only foresee small differences in the economy. If this went into effect, there would be a set baseline for all people to live off, extra money made would be a bonus to each individual living. There could even be a cost-of-living expense worksheet written up for a family with kids that would be different than just an individual.

You could even take this a step further and eliminate federal, state, and local taxes overall. All government-funded programs to include schools and street repairs could get paid directly from Ace Services for the necessity of work or for the proposal of money needed to perform such acts or task. Each part of the government under Ace Services could allow more jobs whether it's for repairing streets, building government buildings, or hiring extra teachers for schools. This will throw more money into the economy to allow it to be richer and be a better civilization to live in. Businesses will profit if taxes were done away with, the common consumer will have more money to spend.

As far as health insurance is concerned, I feel everybody should be entitled to receive coverage. I feel Ace Services should offer everyone in the world basic coverage for health insurance. If an individual would want to exceed what basic coverage they have for health insurance, they could purchase extra coverage than what was offered.

You could take the money from Ace Services to pay for natural disasters that may occur around the world. This would allow an individual to ease the stress of the disaster, knowing they can restart their life over and have money to do so.

Chapter 65

New World Order

The following pages is more of a refined breakdown of the New World Policy of what it would be like for Ace Services (American Constitution of Economics) to go into effect.

American Constitution of Economics, also known as Ace Services, is a one-world government to cover all people's rights for health, leadership, and wealth. There are three aces that are used. The Ace of Hearts stands for love and is used for the farewell on health of the people. The Ace of Spades stands for power and is used in governing leadership. The Ace of Diamonds stands for wealth and handles all the money taken in or given out for the world.

All military weapons in the world will be done away with. Majority of them will be destroyed, salvaged, and recycled to use back into the economy. There will be no wars in the future. The world will be as one power. Everyone is equal. After each country sees how the world policy will operate, they will accept to the terms and do away with their military arsenal. That includes ground weapons such as tanks and artillery. All destroyers and aircraft carriers, any type of battleship on water, will be done away with, and all air fighter jets or tactical planes will be taken out of commission as well.

Under the new world government, all people will be registered into one database that participates, and all who register to the database will get paid the

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costs of living by county or district that they live in. And if a country chooses not to participate, that means nobody in that country will receive the cost of living. Their economy will end up failing without the support of other nations until they accept to the terms. Digitally there will be an unlimited amount of cash that would take care of the needs of the people of what needs to come about. For instance, like streets, government buildings, facilities, healthcare, education, retirement plans, and payment for each person's cost of living on earth that is registered with Ace Services. Understand it will be a very, very large number. But there will be money coming in like when people receive inheritance, property assessment dues, retirement plans from companies paying in, and then proceeds off of selling drugs, like marijuana and cocaine.

See, everybody is in the same database. It works the same way when they want to buy some marijuana or cocaine. Maybe, let's say, for marijuana, they can receive a half ounce once a week. Each individual in the world would have the access to pull out from a bank that sells marijuana or cocaine. It is just that it will be restricted to buy only a half ounce per week for each person from the database, which will be regulated. Another example would be for cocaine to only receive 9 grams a month. Each person would not be able to buy more than this from his or her account. Of course, there will have to be some testing for the level of potency for cocaine to be distributed. Maybe it might be cut 50-50 with something else. It would be a really hyped-up cough medicine for an example, but still legal to use. The government will monitor the usage and quality of cocaine throughout the people, but no other drugs would be acceptable through the government. For instance, it would be illegal to have heroine, crystal meth, LSD, or acid and other illicit-type drugs.

There will be like a tariff put on basically five major categories. They are rental properties, new autos, insurances, utilities, and food. They will not be able to fluctuate more than 10% per year on their prices. They will be governed and controlled by each district Ace Services office of Ace of Diamonds. If you control those prices on the categories I listed for the economy, it won't matter if the economy is overinflated with money.

The medical side of the house of cards will be taken care of by the Ace of Hearts, paid out by the Ace of Diamonds. It will be for the people's protection

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in healthcare that no one will be left behind. There will be no such thing as preexisting conditions to stop you from getting medical assistance.

Medical practices will be looked at. The government will come up with a common practice for all patients. For instance, if there is a pacific surgery that is \$15,000 at one hospital or from one doctor and another doctor performs the same surgery for \$10,000 and a third doctor performs it for \$20,000, it will be taking on an average of \$15,000 for the government to pay out for the doctor or hospital for that surgery as a common.

We will gather all the information for surgeries performed across the United States as an average for each surgery, from the last five years going back from the time I would take office. No patient will have to pay for the surgeries or hospital visits nor will they have to pay for office calls at the doctor's office. There will be a database that the person or all people will be kept for practices performed. Once the procedures performed for that individual are entered into their database with actions pending for procedures performed, it will go to the Ace of Hearts office of district of that individual to be approved. Once it is approved, the actions from that individual will proceed to the Ace of Diamonds office to be paid out to the appropriate doctor or hospital.

All medical practices will be paid for by the government. There will no longer be medical health insurance for the people. The people will not have to pay. All emergency surgeries or life-threatening procurers will be given or taken care of immediately with no prolonged exceptions to be approved no matter what it is, to look out for the well-being of the person for it to be performed without any sort of delay meant.

There will not be outrageous prices for prescription drugs. The government will monitor and to ensure there will be fair prices for all prescription drugs or medicine to be used in treating such patients. They will be paid for just as the medical is annotated in the records of said patient, over-the-counter drugs, such as cough medicine, flu, aspirin, things of this nature will still be assessable through the stores for the people to buy, and the government will pay for these items for use.

Care facilities will be monitored just as the medical is to figure out on the average cost for taking care of patients across the world. If a patient is to be in a care facility, they will no longer receive cost-of-living allowance. But the care facility would allow them a small supplement to ensure they can have cloths. There may be extra money allotted for the cost of living per district granted to the care facilities. There will be a secondary Ace Services office for caregivers in each community. This will also come from the Ace of Hearts office for the assistance of patients that need such care. It will be paid out by the Ace of Diamonds office of each district of said person. If a person chooses to live in their home, they may do so, but their cost-of-living allowance will be garnished due to what the necessity of the care that is to be taken to care for them. It will be broken down to half the amount per hour that a caregiver spends at the disabled or elderly person or person's residents, so the elderly may continue to live in their home and be taken care of by caregivers.

The caregivers would be able to assist in cleaning or taking care of the house, make meals, do laundry, verified medicine is taken accordingly and figured out, help the patient pay for the bills with the patient's money. If the elderly or disabled person needs modifications to their home in order to care for them, the Ace of Hearts office would send a representative out to their location to assess what is needed and then apply the applications that are needed and then be paid for by the government. Different applications for the disabled of accessories may be granted on special request.

All dental that is required or recommended by the dentist will be accepted and allowed, braces and dentures included. It will use the same concept for request to the Ace Services branches and payment to the allotted dentist for the work performed. The same concept also applies in figuring out what the cost is to perform each procedure across the United States, for then it will be paid as an average to the dentist for the service.

Each handicap person of special needs or artificial limbs and certain accessories would be approved according to what the Ace Services office feel is needed.

I see the world to have peace and salvation in the near future. Where the people will all be taking care of financially, medically, through education, and be treated fairly in the workplace and have rights as citizens to speak up for

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something that they do not agree with by suggestion boxes placed in every post office. The collection boxes are to stand by the right of the citizens when complaints are filed. All complaints will be carried out whether for the good or for the bad of the people from the Ace of Spades leadership office.

Common disputes that are simple will have to be handled though Justifiers team of the leadership office of the Ace Services. But more serious cases will have to be presented in front of a judge in court with a jury setting to decipher the outcome of the crime or situation is to grant discipline, punishment to one's party, whether it is to take a point away from a manager in the leadership position or a dog keeping the neighbors awake at night, to uphold a wrongful complaint against the opposing party, which could be justified as a fine. The party that had the actions against them may appeal to a court. If found guilty in court, they could serve time in jail and a fine or both. When the Justifiers team looks into a situation, they will be thorough. All actions carried out will have a second check to verify suitable or fair punishment was addressed.

Education will be for all, but mostly looked at and be entitled to graduating high school students for future generations to excel into the workforce place. All graduating high school students that attain an equivalent of a 2.0 grade point average or better out of 4.0 grade point scale or three out of the six-point scale depending on where you're at in the world if he or she attains half of the grade scale requirement, they are entitled to get equivalent to \$25,000 per year to go to college or a secondary school. Older adults that do not have the grade scale from school or students that had a grade that was under the guideline; they may seek tutoring in order to raise their equivalency and by taking a test to qualify for the money to go to college on. Each person that applies for the education money may seek education up to eight years being paid by the government as long as they pass their college classes to maintain a suitable grade to stay in school.

The average cost what it would take to live per district would be entitled to each person to live off of. For small community, it may be \$20,000 a year or \$1,666 a month for the entitlement to each living person on earth. You would have to consider the cost of utilities, housing, auto, insurance, and food. The items listed will be regulated for they won't fluctuate more than

10% a year. So two individuals would make \$40,000 a year plus whatever they make working.

There will be no actual federal, state, or local taxes. But there will be property assessment dues of 1.3% across the world to be paid every year so land does not get locked by individual companies or people for the justice of their profit. All wages made are nontaxed. And there will not be a local tax put on commodities. If you receive an inheritance of \$10,001 and more, that amount of money will have a 33% tax applied to it, payable at the end of said year. If it is not paid for by the end of the following year, a 5% tax increase will be due on said inheritance to equal to 38% for the second year and so on until the sixth year. If the sixth year comes and the money of the inheritance was not paid which would be a total of 58% of the inheritance at said time, that individual's property will be liquidated and a mandatory one year in prison. Remember, \$10,000 and less is nontaxable. Certain charities will be excused from taxes of inheritance money.

When the New World Order goes into effect, we will be reducing the 196 countries to 150 countries. And there will be a UN Senate for all countries in one central location to meet up monthly to make decisions for the world that's been presented forward to them or problems that may exist. There will also be a video console across the world to carry out decisions that are addressed on a weekly and possibly a daily basis from one meeting to another unless there is an alert set forth for immediate meeting. There'll be representatives from each country to hold these positions. There will be a member from the royal family to hold office and hold the top seat to decide on all tie votes when there is voting on different subjects such as new laws to come into effect.

We want to have a common identity card made up for each person to be used with a picture. All jobs for a common will be set up as a 6-hour workday, 30-hour week for a full-time job. Any time over 6 hours or up to 8 hours will be paid time and a quarter an hour. From 8 hours to 10 hours in a working day will be paid as time and half. Anything over 10 hours will be considered double time. An exception will be contracts by businesses to employ people for tasks or jobs they perform. All salary workers will be based off of a 30- to 40-hour work week, not to exceed 40 hours. There will be no such thing

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as mandatory overtime anymore. If people are sick, they must receive the doctor's note in order to be excused for employment. No one will be fired for such situations or cases. It will not affect their employment record. There will be no rates for standards that an employee has to perform. I suggest profit-sharing for the employees to ensure a steady flow of business.

I will instate on the New World policy when you sign up that there will be a choice of a 10,000% deduction from everyone's payroll that receive monthly cost-of-living allowance. This would equal \$.01 to \$.03 per month per person on average. There will be two other boxes to check: one box that they would not like to participate in the donation, and the second box would be they choose to donate 1,000% of their cost-of-living allowance. This would be equal to \$.10 to \$.30 per month per person on average.

Not only will gays and lesbians be able to marry, but bisexuals who want multiple partners may marry as well. You may say the Bible doesn't agree with this. But times are changing. All people will have fair rights to do as they wish. Even in the Bible, it speaks of contra binds in a relationship. I stand firmly behind this.

A small crew of soldiers displaced in different districts across each country will be allotted. They can be used for national disasters. Humanitarian needs such as riot control if one shall ever exist.

There should not be much need for the people to move around in the world. They will be content to live in their own country. If they do choose to move, that is up to them individually to make that decision. All countries in the world will allow immigration to happen freely as the people wish. They would have to do a change of address to the Ace Services office to where they would then live for, they can get paid the cost- of-living allowance for that district or county of said country where they would then live. Remember one thing in this new world that we are coming into soon. There will be unlimited amount of money to fix streets, build new schools and anything that has to do with the public or the safety of the public. There will be multiple buildings of Ace Services for each district to assist the public.

Scott Chally Believes!

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It will be a requirement of the world for all schools to learn English. If the individual country wants to adapt the language English as the common language, that is to be decided by the people of said country.

I foresee according to the Bible what I figured out that June 20th 2031, will be the day when the entire world will be united as one. Across the world, military arsenals will be done away with. There will no longer be any wars in the future. We will have and live in peace for the next thousand years. If we are successful or our final judgment day is January 1st 2035, for the world to be changed where we will live in peace.

This concludes all that I have to say at this time. If you believe in the Second Coming of Jesus Christ is with us or speaking of what happened to me, to make me believe I'm the Chosen One, to bring the word of God to all of us in this world and to set forth a policy that I see fit for justice for all, if we the people speak of what we want, we shall have.



Early childhood years

scott chally



Me in 2013



Wife and I at our wedding shower, with my nieces Joanie and Jennifer and nephews Cody and Jerod



The barn and granary at the farm

Scott Chally Believes!



My dad, me, and my grandpa at my graduation party



The playhouse I built for the kids in the backyard



Me milking cows in the barn

scott chally



My family picture of us on what used to be my grandfather's farm

Section chief out in the field



Me out in the field

Scott Chally Believes!



The Christmas display I made for the soldiers of the Third Battalion First Field Artillery in Bamberg, Germany



The mural on the wall in my den I painted in 1997



My wife's tattoo I designed



My brother-in-law Bill, my wife, my sister Lori, and my niece Joanie

If anyone would like to discuss anything about the book or have concern, please feel free to contact me by e-mail at chally_2@live.com.

Not all e-mails may be responded to due to volume or time I have available. You may visit my website as well at www.scottchally.com. Thank you!

Scott LeRoy Chally



“We the People Must Believe! For Everlasting Life.”

