

# The Holy Gospel of Scott Chally

Worked on this story 35 days

Date 23<sup>rd</sup> February 2026 to the 31<sup>st</sup> March 2026

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My birthday was on the 13<sup>th</sup> of December 2025 where I turned 55 years old. When I was diagnosed with bipolar by doctors and the court where it was on the early morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> of April 2006. They ruled me to be seriously mentally impaired because I said I was Jesus and had done a grain offering to the lord with my blood. I had also seen a vision of a serious destruction in the early morning of April 24<sup>th</sup> 2006. I thought at the time, the destruction I had saw in my vision was an asteroid where it went through my body with tremendous feeling where I had thought I needed to tell what's coming soon to others. I felt it needed to be told of what I saw to someone that may be able to help possibly save the people from this destruction that I had saw that was coming our way. So, I called the white house to have my message responded to or given to the president and I had contacted the Vatican to reach the pope to see if they could help or do something. The person I had contacted at the white house took the message but I never heard back from and the same with the e-mail I had sent to the Vatican with no response.

That same day of the 24<sup>th</sup> of April by 10:00 AM in the morning where my wife had contacted my parents to tell them she was worried how I was acting. My dad and one of my brothers had come over to my house to take me to the hospital to get me help because of what I was speaking with all the things that had went on from March and April of 2006 of what I had done, also I believed I was Jesus. I was 35 when this happened. I would say there were three different occasions I had these episodes within a year. I was drawn to the bible to the 5<sup>th</sup> of March, the 5<sup>th</sup> of April I saw in a vision of the holy city and the 24<sup>th</sup> of April I had my first episode another one in September. Then what I consider a major episode on January 8<sup>th</sup> and early morning of January 9<sup>th</sup> 2007. I had placed a stone where I believe I activated a special seal on this stone or rock from God while reading the bible from the night of the 7<sup>th</sup> January. I remember reading in the book of Danel from the bible when Danel was locked up in the lion's den and there was nothing he could do. In the story there was stone placed above the lion's door that had a special seal placed on it from the king. Danel was protected from the lion's while he was in the cage because of this seal. During the first week of the month of January a couple of times I had went to the hospital to place myself in God's hands for help, because I was worried of what I was feeling and what I was expected to do.

The next day on the 8<sup>th</sup> I had an appointment in Iowa City. When I had arrived in Iowa City, I started to see visions of this destruction and it was heading for Iowa City. Something told me with the visions I needed to place the stone I had far away from the city. The visions pointed out where to place the stone south from Iowa City. After I placed the stone, I went home and missed my appointment but they called me around 4 pm and said I need to come back to the hospital to be seen yet that day. I saw another vision at that time that I had to get to the hospital by 5 pm in Iowa City and it was just after 4pm. It takes over 1 hour to get there from my house where it's about 50 miles. I was heading back to

Iowa City traveling at a fast speed then I had got pulled over by a sheriff and he wrote me a ticket for 20 miles over the speed limit.

I had arrived at the hospital around 5:30 pm to be seen. They wanted me to spend a few days in the mental ward. After I was in the mental ward around 8 pm talking to my wife in a phone booth. I had stepped out of the booth and there was this other person in the ward that had said to me (we are all going to die) at that time when he said that I saw another vision of destruction coming for the hospital or Iowa City. I knew I had to get out of the hospital, and fast. So, I escaped un-noticed within I would say about a ½ hour from this highly secured unit to get away from the hospital. It was about 10 to 20 degrees out that night and all I had on was a thin hospital gown and a layer of long underwear. I stayed in the cold for about 5 hours until the vision left me then I returned. From back then that was the last episode that I had seen for destruction of Iowa City.

Since then, I really didn't do much for about 6 years where I was lost and unsure of what to do as Jesus and tried to except what my diagnoses was of bipolar. In 2012 I believe it was late spring I had this feeling I needed to write what happened to me of the episodes that had happened in 2006 and January 2007 along with some medical notes from my records while I was in the hospital. I sent the writing of the episodes that happened to me from 2006 and the beginning of 2007 to the copy right office in October 2012. I felt I had to get what happened to me in 2006 and 2007 to be officially recorded before December 21<sup>st</sup> 2012. Because that date showed the ending date of the Miya time line according to what they documented from there civilization.

After the episodes were documented at the copyright office it took me about 1 ½ years to finish up my autobiography. I had written from the beginning of my life till what I had sent off to the copyright office of the episodes. Of what I had written in the very beginning when I had turned to the bible of these visions where it was around March 5<sup>th</sup> 2006. I had spent about two weeks writing up, American Constitution of Economics the beginning of the new world order for the people. I had laid out some of the guidelines and the beginning of the leadership to allow fare justice for the people.

About the time when I was about finished writing on the book. I also had a dream on the 13<sup>th</sup> of January 2014 at approximately 1:45 in the early morning where it felt like I had a download of what needs to be written about Ace Services or American Constitution of Economics. I had mention in the end of the book a quick summery over what the new world order would be like for the people at a glance of the basics. This was my first book where I believe it was late spring of 2014 where I had a self-publisher company make it into a book for sale. I had purchased around 150 books that I gave out to different people. This book I named Do You Believe Is It Real or Fiction. That same book about 5 or 6 years later I had republished it as Scott Chally Believes! What I did was took out most of the medical notes from the first book to make my new autobiography a better read because I believe the first book less appealing. Then it went from a 4-star book to a 5-star book.

I would say it was around the end of March or the beginning of April 2018 when I had finished writing my second book. I remember I wanted to read this book to my father and I had just finished writing the book but, my father was at the end of his life where he passed away on April 12<sup>th</sup> 2018. This book is an action, suspense, comedy, thriller, drama, political, religion and a love story all in one that

consisted to have about 144,000 words. I had put part of my first book in this story of the episode that had happened with me along with explaining more of the new world order, with me being the messiah to bring peace to the world. I called this book The Beeping Brothers' Road to Success, but I had a lot of spelling and grammar mistakes with in this book. I had gone through and changed the minor flaws and made the story better with adding about 50,000 words of the new world order, American Constitution of Economics of how it will work for the people of the world to live in peace. I had finished re-writing and had two of my kids edit the book by June, July 2023 and I had it only available for digital download. I renamed the book to The Glorious Beast! and had it through my website and Online Book Club.

It had taken a while to get the reviews from Online Book Club. They showed 48 reviews that were really good that showed. Whenever I checked on the site for over 2 years it showed for me a 4.4 or 4.5 out of 5-star for this book. But after the 26<sup>th</sup> of January 2026 when I had checked Online Book Club of my reviews. All the reviews were changed on their site still showing the 4.4 for rating but they were not very good reviews. It felt like the reviews were mocking me and not mentioning in the reviews the greatness of the new world order for the book.

I believe it was 2019 when I had written two other books. The first book from around that time I had wrote is called Zamm Boola which is about having to reenact dreams that are of everyday life once a week without seeing the ending to the dream. In the story it could turn out to be good or bad depending what is done per dream. And the other book that was written around that time is called The Billionaires Mansion Game! This book is about these elite billionaires hosting a game in a mansion where there could be danger that could kill the players in the game depending on how they retrieve the items within the mansion.

Then I wrote Jacob's Ladder where I had finished it on Thanksgiving 2025. This book came from a vision that I had received on the 13<sup>th</sup> of October 2025. This book shows what needs to be done after the new world order has been implemented for peace. This is only a digital book at this time and only has about 24,500 words explaining what needs to be done for mankind's next move. It speaks of making a space vessel or space ship to transport 144,000 people to a new planetary world that is suitable to live on within our unaverse. I see that it should be around 2056 for the start of the Journey and I assume it will take about 20 years traveling through space on this ship before getting to a new planet with an atmosphere to establish life, like we have here on earth.

Since my birthday of December 13<sup>th</sup> is when everything started coming into play and I realized this timing in my life is very important and God has bigger plans for me and the world for this time. We will go back to November 24<sup>th</sup> 2025. I believe this was the date I had an appointment at the VA. Since I was court ordered by law, I had to be regulated by doctors and it was mandatory to take whatever medicine they prescribed. I was on a medicine called haloperidol now for a couple of years. When I first started the medicine there was no side effects to it. But after I would say about 4 to 5 months of getting this mandatory injection, with a nurse coming to my house every 3 weeks. Haloperidol started to give me side effects when getting the shot. After the shot was ministered within 2 days where the shot was given in my arm, it would swell up to about the size of a golf ball and it was hard like a rock. It would stay

hard for about 2 weeks and then it would slowly get softer and became sensitive where it was sore and most of the swelling would go down by my next shot.

I remember after a few times of this medicine doing this to me, I had tried to reach out to the facility to let the doctor know I was having problems with the medicine. I had talked to a couple of people from the facility of the VA and they said they would relay to my doctor I was having problems with my shot or medicine and have my doctor contact me. I never heard back from the doctor or any one from the facility or VA. When I had an appointment to see the doctor for a routine visit, which was about every 3 months. The doctor didn't really say anything about my call or complaint I had made when I addressed the problem I was having with the shot and basically told me it was ok.

I demanded to have my medicine changed so, my psychiatrist I was seeing had the head psychiatrist that oversees everything for that facility come in to talk to me. It took some convincing that I wanted the shot of haloperidol changed to something else for I won't have the side effects. I had told them that if that medicine makes my mussel hard like that, what could it be doing to my heart. So, the head psychiatrist decided to switch me from the injections to oral pills of that medicine. I was taking I believe 100ml of the injection every 3 weeks and with the oral medication of what I figured out was doubled from the injection that I was taking for the same time period.

I no longer had nurses coming to my house because I was now on oral haloperidol. After a couple of weeks taking the oral, where I was taking 5ml pills morning and night. I started to notice when I was smoking my cigarillos cigars, I was dropping them from holding them between my fingers while I was smoking them. I knew this wasn't good and it was a side effect. So, the next time I had an appointment at the VA I had mention to my doctor and told the doctor they had me on to high of a dose for the medicine and had asked if they can lower the dose for me. My doctor went through the head psychiatrist and he would only reduce my medicine from 10ml a day to 9ml a day. I was not happy with that and told them just don't worry about it and went home.

After that appointment I decided that I would only take 5ml per day even though I was supposed to take 10ml of oral haloperidol per day. I was nervous for not taking what was commanded for me to do where I was flushing the other pills I was supposed to be taking down the toilet just in case, I had to show proof of the number of pills that were available. I was doing this for a few months and the appointment on 24<sup>th</sup> of November 2025 the doctor had ordered some blood work on me. I can't ever remember having so many vials of blood taken from me before for a blood draw to be tested. It was about 8 or 9 vials taken. At that appointment I had told my doctor that I only have about a week of medicine left and I'm unable to refill the prescription because there were no refills left on it. I had gone home and figure my medicine would arrive at my house within 10 days like always when getting medicine through the VA to my house.

It was over ten days and my pills didn't come yet and I believe around that time I had called the VA to find out where my subscription is at. I found out that the prescription wasn't filled till the 3<sup>rd</sup> of December 2025. That was 10 days after my appointment. I believe I had run out of my pills on the 7<sup>th</sup> of December and on the 11<sup>th</sup> of December I started to feel serious pain in my chest. It was like, I can only imagine what it would feel like if you had triple or quadruple by-pass surgery of the heart and when I

coughed it sent shooting pain in my chest. The pain was a constant pain in my chest and lasted till or on the 13<sup>th</sup> of December. The haloperidol came on the 13<sup>th</sup> of December at noon I remember taking the medicine when it came and within a few hours the chest pain went away. Something told me I needed to get off that medicine. So, what I did was skipped the next day and then the following day I took a pill, then I skipped two days then took a pill, then I skipped three days then took a pill. I did this till there was about 4 days between the pills and my last day of taking that medicine was the 28<sup>th</sup> of December.

It was Friday the 19<sup>th</sup> of December about 5pm sharp where I had an incoming call. I answered the call and it was a live call for the citizens to respond or to suggest anything that is a problem or a concern in their life. Where this call may be presented and acted on by congress of our government. To voice an opinion on anything that may be of a concern within our government to be looked in to. The call came from the Iowa office of Marionet Miller Meeks of Congress to represent the people. I was listening to the congress woman how she was responding to the questions of the citizens and I decided to enter the queue to ask a question of concern that bothered me. My concern or question was about my son in Germany wanting to become a citizen to live in America and I believe I had said I would like my son to be with me as a citizen or something like that where I needed help. After my queue there where 5 to 10 different questions that the congress woman responded to then she said that was the end of the questions for the day, then I hung up.

On Monday the 22<sup>nd</sup> of December at 12pm sharp I had received a call from the office of Marionet Miller Meeks reaching out to me on what I wanted to say to be heard. I believe I had talked to a guy named Samual for an hour and forty-six minutes with two different importin concerns that I had. I explained that back in 2017 I had a DNA test done and it proved that I had child, son started before my relationship with my wife. His mom reached out through a friend of hers who had Facebook and messenger to try and contact me because our son Stevie wanted to know his father. In 2017, he was 25 years old. We had two DNA test done one to show proof for me and my son and another one that had to be sealed from the testing office for immigration to use. My son had come to visit me in Iowa the summer of 2017 and we did the paper work for immigration and had sent it in.

The law states if you son is under 18 years old, he will automatically be entitled to be a citizen of America. So, my son has been on the list of immigration since 2017. The immigration office told me it usually takes about 4 years to wait on the list to become a citizen before your contacted by immigration to come in to an office. Around the time of covid I had reached out to immigration and they had told me my son is on the list and we must wait till they contact us when his number comes up. The numbers for people seeking citizenship haven't move for the people wanting to become an American. It's been about 9 years where my son and I have been patiently waiting for him to become a citizen of America. Samual said he will send me the digital paperwork to my e-mail address that I had given him in order to use for the process to get my son to become a citizen. I never received the forms that he said he would send.

The other complaint I ask that should be addressed to congress was about how people are required to take medicine due to being court ordered by law. I had told Samuel which this call should be a recorded line of knowing all the facts of the concern to be addressed through my conversation with Samual for the congress woman or others to here and know what is presented. I had told Samuel that I

was a disabled veteran since 2006 and that I was ordered by the court to be regulated by medicine to control my condition of bipolar. But I made it very clear how all the medicines I have taken has only given me major health problems that caused great danger to my life while being on them.

I started from the beginning of my disability when I was ordered by the court to be regulated by medicine. My first medicine I was on was called lithium and within 6 months I had started to shake with uncontrollable movement of my hands and also my thyroid had become dangerously low where I had to take other medicine for over 10 years to try to bring my thyroid level up. With my thyroid level being so low I was severely depressed for many years. The second medicine I was on was olanzapine. This medicine within the first month I had put on about 40 pounds of body weight and within a year I was about a hundred pounds heavier than what my body weight was before I had started the medicine. My blood presser became higher and my cholesterol skyrocketed out of control.

Then I was on fluphenazine for about 16 years. This drug or medicine I had assumed was ok where it didn't do no noticeable side effects with your body. I couldn't figure out why I felt like trying to take my life about once a year where I all a suddenly I became majorly depressed and wanted to take my life. I finely figured it out in 2022 when I was going to try and kill myself where I had decided to starve myself. It wasn't till the 5<sup>th</sup> day of not eating where I new it had to be the medicine causing the dopameens in my brain to severely drop causing these suicide actions I was doing. The last drug I'll mention was the haloperidol that causes your muscles to harden. If you are on it and suddenly discontinue or miss a few days it could lead to a hart attack depending on the dose you are on.

I had mention about how I haven't had no success with any of the medicines I've been on. I said that congress should look into what is happing with the people having to take these drugs from the pharmaceutical companies causing deaths and problems amongst the people. And I feel there is a better way dealing with people that has bipolar or schizophrenia or similar problems where they maybe monitored through the hospitals for stays. If a person acts up mentally to not have the courts order the person to take medicines or drugs as mandatory. It should be up to the person only if they feel it is necessary because of not able to control their actions to prevent them from living in a home. And for cases that are serious where there are attempts of harm to others then they should be held in a home till they have been stabilized depending on what was done.

I feel there should be no court order for medicines because the medicines are not good for anyone's life and only leads to death. I have not heard from the office of Marionet Miller Meeks of what I had spoke of to stop the courts from mandatory ordering people to take medicines which can or may lead to death for the people taking them. I heard that there are 19 veterans a day that are dying taking their lives and I believe it's because of these drugs. Something needs to be done and quick. I looked up what the life expectancy is for these conditions and it say people of these categories live 15 to 28 years less.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> of December my youngest son Dominik graduated From Iowa State. It was a wonderful day of celebrating. We had gone to the ceremony to see our son Dominik. Afterwords we went to our other son Christian's home with his family that lives about a half hour form where Dominik had gone to school near Des Moines. Some of the family had gathered at Christain's house the night

before for our family Christmas the next day. We spent the day celebrating with our family opening presents and sharing moments of happiness. For the meal we ate lasagna which me and my wife had brought. It sounds unusual for a meal for Christmas but when I was in the service a friend of mine that said he used to be a chief showed me how to make this extraordinary dish. This dish is like none other I have ever tasted before.

I want to say it was the early morning around 5am when I was outside smoking at Christain's house on the 21<sup>st</sup> December. I had my phone and while scrolling I seen that the Powerball lottery was over 1 billion for the jackpot. I suddenly though and felt I should get a ticket for the next drawing. I had numbers from trying to win and play the lottery whenever I knew the jackpot was high. I would play these lucky numbers I had gathered from my family members back in November 2022. I had asked each of my immediate family members what was there favorite or lucky number is from 0 through 66. My family's lucky numbers are 7, 9, 13, 22, 66 and 8. I played these numbers as you see for the large jackpots. I chose 8 for the power indicator. At the time when I was collecting these numbers I was on a bowling league where we played cards and I had won a card game with four 8's. Also, because my son Christian was married and had started a family at the time and his favorite number is 8.

I felt like this was my time to win the lottery. I got a ticket for the next drawing on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of December. The drawing of the numbers had come but, I was disappointed because I didn't win where I believe only one of my numbers showed up. I still had belief that I was going to win because the jackpot wasn't won yet. I was telling my family were going to win this jackpot on the next drawing. I felt sure we were going to win. So, I purchased another ticket for the 24<sup>th</sup> of December's drawing. I remember it was just before 10pm for the drawing and we had the channel on that usually shows the lottery drawing.

At 10pm the channel we had on had a special choir on to celebrate the beginning of Jubilee to the world. It drew me in even though I was still wondering about the lotto and its numbers for the night. I was listening to the choir singing wonderful songs of Jesus our savior through the music. I had never seen a choir musical so magnificent as this one. I still was wondering about the numbers if I had won or not. So, about a half hour had past listening to the concert then I googled the lottery numbers for that night's drawing on my phone. The numbers came up on my phone for that night's lotto and I realized I didn't have none of the numbers correct so I was disappointed again. I watched the TV a little longer than I went downstairs to my den and was listening to YouTube music on my computer. I wasn't tired where I was in thought wondering why the feeling was so tremendous going through my body that made me think I was going to win the lottery.

I had stayed up late that night thinking about everything leading up to the drawing that brought me to watching the choir on TV of this special night of the start of Jubilee. I knew the basic's what Jubilee meant through the bible that it's a special time with the lord of goodness for the people which only comes around every 50 years. I didn't know though that this was the year of the Jubilee. When I was scrolling on my phone around 1 or 2am in the morning and I believe it was the president that had release to the media that there was 1 winner of the 1.7-billion-dollar jackpot from the Powerball drawing. By February I had heard that the one that won the jackpot had used AI to select the numbers for this drawing. Something was letting me know that night where I was getting this feeling that was

starting to develop within me. I was feeling this is my time to start doing something since I knew I was important to the people and that God was reaching out to me. I was unsure of what I had to do.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of December during the day some of my family celebrated Christmas at my sister Lori's house in Cedar Rapids. It's been about 6 years after my father and mother had passed away where half of my siblings became divided. Three of my sisters at this time are all I have with communications and closeness. This was due to the fact of how my mother had set up her estate after she had passed on. She did not divide her estate evenly.

She had different percentages for her seven kids and left her house of \$250,000 to my sister Lori and Lori's daughter Joanie. My sister Karen is disabled and has been living with my parent for quite some time. My mother wanted to make sure that Karen was taken care of without interference from the state to cause hardship on Karen. My sister Lori and her daughter may have ownership of the house but my mother wanted Karen to live in the house as long as she's capable to live on her own. Lori had received 30% of the farm estate and while my mother was living, she had given her a \$20,000 car and a ring between 5 to \$10,000.

Realize my sister Lori had cared for our parents for over 4 years before they passed on doing almost everything for them. She shopped for groceries, cooked for them, she took them to their medical appointments, kept up on the house, bathed them, and even had to clean them up if they had soiled themselves due to my parents having limited movement in their old age. My sister Robin also got a bigger percentage since she was helping the last year or so of our parents. My parents had a farm they rented out and when the farm sold there was around \$1,000,000 to divide up amongst the kids.

My two brothers Rod and Todd and my sister Tamie wanted to contest the will. They were saying my mother wasn't in her right mind when she had made the will and suggested that my sister Lori brainwashed my mother to do what she did. I had talked to my mother before she had passed and she knew what she did and told me how she felt and what her concerns were. I felt my mother had a clear mind and was fully capable to make her own decisions. I felt the farm estate of the will was considered fair considering Lori and Robin dedicated a lot of their time to care for my parents. If my parents would have been put in a nursing home for care for that long of a time they probably would have spent all the intitled inheritance that would have come to us kids.

But with the house being put in just my sister Lori and her daughter's name wasn't right. It should have been put in all of our mom and dad's kids' names to be fair. Also, another one of my sister Lori's kids also received, I believe 12 thousand dollars from the estate which wasn't right when there was no other grandchild of my parents that had received any inheritance. But karma has hit my sister Lori since then with three of her four kids disliking their mother over the years since then where she has had nothing but problems. I suppose this happened because of her actions convincing our mother to give as she had done with the will. I had a great Christmas with 3 of my sisters and it would have been better if we had all six siblings there that cared as a family. We have been divided as a family where there hasn't been no communication and it makes me sad.

It was now Christmas where I and my wife with a couple of our kids were at our house. It was a lazy day and we had already celebrated our family Christmas on the 21<sup>st</sup> of December at our son Christian and his wife Alexia's house near Des Moines. That morning when I got up, I had gone down to my den like usual. Something drew me to my Facebook on this day. Usually, I only address my Facebook of the friends I have on it to see what they posted and maybe act on. But this morning through the 5<sup>th</sup> of January I was acting on all social media that came through my feed. There was one site that had been coming through my feed since Donald Trump became president. That site was called Donald Trump for President. This site did not have the blue checkmark that signifies that it's an official site but I was responding to it. I would follow and read from time to time of this site to see what our president is up to or what's going on in the government.

From the past year monitoring the site the most I would do is maybe leave a like or mojo with a quick touch for an action to concern how I felt. The only time I remember writing on the site was the 3<sup>rd</sup> of February 2025 around noon. I was getting tired from all the negative actions our president was doing where I wanted to give some advice on what would work better. I had written on one of the posts from Donald Trump for president about how to address the problem from foreign goods coming in to the United States. How you don't have to use high tariffs as a way to make income for America.

I had mentioned a dream that scared me of possible war if Donald Trump makes high tariffs coming in to America. I had also mentioned from the dream that there would be a charge put on all foreign people coming into America where they would have to pay \$100 to \$300 depending what country there coming from when they enter on American soil. I mention that in the bible where it speaks about thirds in Revelation over and over. I said that was a subliminal message to let the people know that there should be no business or company making more than 33% profit controlled by the government at the end of each tax year. If there is any business making more than that it will be taken away from them through a tax.

Also, for businesses with 5 or less people could be allowed to receive up to \$100,000 entitled to them at the end of the year when filling their taxes as an incentive to help out small businesses. This is if they did not make 33% profit from their business while working that year given out through the government. Also, tariffs could be added to whatever American business that is not a 100% American made on the product which could range from 10% to 30% tariffs at the end of the year through a tax form where they would have to pay in on. Soon as I had posted this information on this site, the site post was taken down.

This made me upset when soon as I had posted my thoughts where the site post was taken down. When I wrote what I wanted to be seen for the post I had taken screen shots from my phone of what I had written. It was like my text was monitored by AI that controlled what the viewing public was able to see on this site. Within minutes from my post that was taken down Elon Musk had a post that he released to the public saying he had a way where he could reduce the national debt more than a trillion dollars. So, something told me I should bring this to the media. It then was sent of what I had written to the headquarters office of CBS Evening News. This had triggered me to act on the conspiracy that I felt our government is doing. I felt that AI has been connected to me for quite some time now, not allowing

my videos and books to be seen by the public and it had blocked or tried to stop me with everything I had done trying to get my information to the public.

I had an appointment with my psychiatrist on the 6<sup>th</sup> of February 2025 in the morning in Coralville for a routine appointment. I had printed out an 80 plus pages of what I had sent in to the Patent office on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December 2024 and a verification showing that it was excepted at the Patent office along with a copy of what I had posted on Donald Trump for President on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of February. Right before I had the appointment, I tried turning my phone off and I was unable to. When I had the appointment, I had given her what I had printed out and I tried to explain to my psychiatrist how AI has been stopping me with everything to do with my books being an author and through my videos on YouTube. I mention that when I filed my Patent it took about ten times changing the format and fonts before it was accepted on the site. The only way it got excepted was instead of sending the file in as PDF it was sent in as word Doc.

I had told her I should have heard from the Patent office by now. She listened to me but said there wasn't anything she can do. As soon as I stepped out from the appointment a social worker was waiting and asked me if everything was alright. It was like he knew everything I had spoken to her but didn't mention none of what I had said. He brought me in a room to speak where it felt like he was waiting and wanting me to speak of what I had said to her. I told him I wanted to get switched on my medication so he wrote down a patients advocate name to talk to about my concern.

When I went home, I knew I had to reach out for some assistance. The next day on the 7<sup>th</sup> of February I disconnected all wireless from my computer and began to write a letter. I was telling in the letter what was happening to me with this AI conspiracy going on where I had also saw it happening with the government. I told in the letter what needs to be done and how to stay undetected from AI. I finished the letter of about 2,000 words I believe on the 8<sup>th</sup> of February. I used an old printer that I had which was around ten years old to print the letter out. I could not disconnect the wireless on the printer and it would not allow me to print the large file of the Patent. After I had printed the letter and stored the letter file on a couple of flash drives, I deleted the file off of my computer to include the trash bin. I then wrote a decoy letter of about 500 words where I printed it out and then deleted it as well.

I then hooked the internet back up to my computer. What I noticed was my computer always shut down for the night but the next morning my computer was on like it was trying to do a scandisk to recover the file. When I noticed it on, I hit the power button on the computer to turn it off and back on. This happened two days in a row. I had two priority envelopes one with my name on it and the second one that was important with another address which wasn't connected to me as the sender. They were both made out to CBS Evening News headquarters. I had printed two copies of my Patent of the New World Order of Ace Services out and had and also placed the file letters and Patent file on two flash drives one as a decoy and the other of importance. I had made two letters with having the flash drives and printed Patent's and letters, where one was a decoy.

Realize this AI makes a profile on each person it monitors where it can detect whatever you say, write or do through any internet device it's connected to. So, I had to be careful of what I say or do because AI would stop my actions. I waited a few days and on the 13<sup>th</sup> of February around noon I mailed

off the decoy letter from my town of Monticello. When I had went to the post office to get in line to mail the letter. There was this guy who got my attention when he said you can go before me. He told me he wasn't in a hurry and that he was from Louisiana and suggested for me to go before him. But I had told him that's ok I'm not in a hurry either and let him go in front of me. What I had noticed that stuck out to me was when he went to the window, he had a slip to receive a package or envelope. When he gave it to the post office clerk the clerk didn't really pay attention to the slip. There was a tray of over 50 to 100 envelopes in it and the clerk just grabbed the first letter from the tray without looking to see what name was on it. This was suspicious to me.

I had to act in stealth mode in everything I did and I only spoke to others of what I needed done when there were no internet devices around for AI wouldn't know what I was up to. I had gone up to Cedar Rapids to my nephew's place that afternoon and had asked him when there was no cell phones or internet around if he could mail this second envelope I had. He wanted to know why I couldn't mail it and he was nerves about mailing the letter, do to it having someone else's name on it. After explaining how AI is monitoring me, he accepted to doing this where I paid him and he mailed it the next day on the 14<sup>th</sup> of February on Valentines Day.

I believe this letter was looked into and acted on because I had mention to only have about 12 people to be involved with this investigation per CID office or location that will be committed to this investigation. I remember my Facebook account of Author Scott Chally showed me feed of 13 views on the 18<sup>th</sup> of February when there haven't been no views to that account in quite some time. By December 2025 it was showing me around 380 views then Facebook stopped showing me views since then.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of February when the mail had come there was a letter from the Patent office. The strange thing about the letter it was postmarked for the 22<sup>nd</sup> of January where it arrived at my house 24 days later from when it supposedly had been sent off. It had mention what I had to do on the Patent in order for it to be accepted. One thing was it needed to be double spaced instead of having about 85 pages it went to 159 pages and on the drawings for the Patent I had to properly list each of the drawings with Fig.1, Fig.2 and so on. They wanted more money to submit the Patent which my wife and I took care of what was asked to be done in the letter for the Patent.

We tried to refile the Patent online through electronic file to resubmit but the form for online filing would not allow us to file on line. On every line on the electronic form online where we tried to fill out where it would only allow like 5 characters of the alphabet and every character after that would just stack on top of each other. We had to print the form out from online and then fill it out where we printed the 159-page patent out to send it in. I mailed it on the 17<sup>th</sup> of February 2025 and about a week later the check we had mailed for the Patent had been cashed but Patent is still not viewable to the public or have I heard from the Patent office and it's been over a year.

From the 25<sup>th</sup> of December to the 5<sup>th</sup> of January, I had spent between 8 to 14 hours a day on Facebook, social media trying to answer every post that came across my feed. In the beginning I was just addressing what I had felt about the post in simple terms of not trying to sound defensive, but passionate towards what's happing in or government or the world from the site of Donald Trump for President. I had noticed no matter what I was saying with my kind words of the post I was addressing

there would be a couple people trying to defend what the president was doing in the government. Or they would give me a laugh emoji to respond to my text.

Then I started to address most of the post with looking out for the people on doing prayers of what is going on in the government not trying to mock but in a positive way. The prayers would start out like, Dear God in the name of Jesus Christ our savior I pray for peace and justice to come to the people over whatever I felt needed a prayer of what was mention from the post of injustice for the people that was happing. After a little while or a few days I noticed a pattern where no matter what I said of kindness and prayer it seemed there was a few individuals that would stand against me on what I was praying for to defend or control the media of what's happing in the government to make the president look good on all Donald Trumps actions.

I started to respond to the ones that went against me of what I had said. Where I told them they must be in on the conspiracy to control the media to make the public think Donald Trump is doing the right thing. Some of these people got really upset about this and told me some really nasty wording against me. Also, I was starting to notice that I lot of the texts I was doing were not getting any response from the public. Especially if I was pointing out important facts about how it would be better for the people on what the post was about. I had mentioned a lot on what I had written up of the new world order that would bring peace, happiness and also listed how they could look me up to find out more. There wasn't no response on most of the text that I had written about what I had felt, listed to my feed of Facebook. I had also checked my analysts on YouTube and recall there where like no one who visited my site during this time doing these texts on social media.

On the 30<sup>th</sup> of December something within me caused me to donate to the Sandy Hook Foundation to do away with or get rid of assault weapons where I thought was importin. When me and my family was at the bowling center in town on 26<sup>th</sup> of December 2025 around 6 or 7pm something drew me with extreme importance to donate to USO that had come to me through a text message to support our solders over sea's and around the world that are defending our country. I told my family I wouldn't bowl until I donated. This was because my wife said (no) to me and the kids were on her side. I did donate to the USO to support our solders and this would have been the first time donating in quit some time.

I cannot remember donating to Alliance Defending Freedom on the 30<sup>th</sup> of December and again to Alliance Defending Freedom on the 31<sup>st</sup> of December where the total donation was \$125 that had come out of my account. It shows in my e-mail and for my bank account along with them sending me receipts to claim for taxes of donating on them days. I remember I had received a call at the bowling alley in late February 2026 when I was with my son Dominik and my wife around noon. I was bowling at the time when my phone rang but my wife canceled the call coming in. She mentioned I had a call on my phone so, I called the number back and they had said they were Alliance Defending Freedom. I had asked them what they represented as a charity, because I thought they were of the American armed forces looking for support.

But after listening to them they said they were a charity for Christines attending collages for future leadership of our country. I told them I didn't want to donate but after I had come home from the

bowling center I thought I should donate to them so I had called them back. They wanted me to donate through the phone but I had told them I don't give my card out over the phone. He said he can send a letter out where I can write a check. They were asking for a \$100 donation but I told him that was too much. Then he said could you do \$60 where I had agreed. Early morning on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of March I realized I didn't recall donating to them. They had sent the letter for donation that just recently came in the mail where it was then ripped up and tossed in the trash. I believe that AI had maintained and taken the security of my card information where it was controlled by someone to make these transactions happen. I don't remember the transactions coming through my e-mail where it must have been added at a later date to show.

In the early morning of the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January Donald Trump gave the order to invade Venezuela. This made me mad or upset where I was staring to mention justice need to be done for the people on how or president did not have the right to invade without congresses approval. Around this time, I also started to mention that artificial intelligence, AI needs to be investigated to see if it's being used as a terroristic act against the people. I must have mention AI to be investigated at least 25 to 50 times on different post but not a single person responded to what I had said to my feed. So, I new the media was being controlled by AI not allowing texts that is death mental to the conspiracy of the current government not to show for the people. I was getting these writings from the 25<sup>th</sup> of December of a Brian Ramero of some of the bible's story's that were well written speaking of greatness of our Savior Jesus excepting to sins for all people to understand how God work's. After a while receiving and reading more than 50 writings, I had realized they were written by AI and may not be correct on how our God views sins for the people.

By the morning of 4<sup>th</sup> of january there was a different kind of text that had come though my feed from Donald Trump for president which was this comic writer named Scott Adams that was dying from cancer. In the post it had said something like if you don't convert to God or religion death may or will come to you. I felt that was the only different text that I had saw during the time I had spent on Facebook from the government feed that wasn't talking about our government. I took this text as a death treat to me since his name was Scott and the message said you must convert. I figured I was an annoying problem to the conspiracy of the government with what I was writing.

At 8:45 that morning of the 4<sup>th</sup> I decided to do a video to protect me if someone from this conspiracy tries to kill me. I had sent the video to I believe to 4 of my kids where I wanted my kids to show it on social media or the news just in case something would happen to me. it was a 9 minute one second video I had made even though when I went to share it with my kids from my gallery it was reduced down to 8 minutes and 52 seconds. After sending the video five or six times it would no longer let me send the video no matter how many times I tried. After the threat I had felt, I really didn't need to talk much on social media anymore. On the 6<sup>th</sup> of January I had this feeling that someone was coming to get me so I had stayed up all day and night standing guard just in case with that video ready to send on Facebook from my phone. I had seen a silver SUV that was new that came by the house twice and it had backed up on the street Infront of my house slowly like it was checking on something.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> the feeling was still going through me that I had to do something. I was unsure what it was that I had to do until about 4pm then I had that video I had made for my protection put on a couple of flash drives which then could be brought to a news channel. I realized that AI may be able to block this video if it's posted on Facebook with the phone. After I had done this then most of the bad feeling went away for that day. On Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup> just after I had eaten at noon, I had this feeling to go to the news about what has been happening to me with AI. So, I drove to Cedar Rapids to Fox News just after 1pm to tell my story. I had talked to a reporter for over a half hour explaining what's going on with me of this conspiracy of AI affecting me. I had also mention that I thought it was strange while driving to Fox News where every stop light was turning yellow or red as I was approaching them on the way. And said that had never happened to me where there were like 10 traffic lights that went red coming there assuming someone had control of them.

During the time from the 25<sup>th</sup> of December to the 9<sup>th</sup> of January, I was listening to the same Christmas songs on my computer from YouTube of (Jingle Bell Tunes) that played about an hour's worth of good Christmas music over and over. It had a comment section on the right side of the screen to write to the audience. This selection of music from YouTube really didn't have anyone on it but me. So, I decided to address the person or people behind the seen to see what my computer is showing where AI is monitoring me. I posted three different days during this time a message for the ones controlling or monitoring AI.

The first post was. .... You have till the 6<sup>th</sup> of Jan 2026 to confess till it all falls apart.... Don't be surprise if you become nonexistence after tomorrow for who you work for. They will protect their organization.... God will protect you if you come forward....

Then the second post was. .... You should know that God prevails over evil.... You know me very well. Ask yourself who do you support good or evil.... You're running out of time before it's all exposed....

The third post was. .... Just to let you know I sent importin information about how I'm being monitored and controlled by this conspiracy of AI attached to me to some very importin people.... You stopped one of the two packages from a guy that intersected it from Louisiana at my post office.... I know it was a success in not being detected and told them how to distribute it to law enforcement in the government to act on this importin topic of AI stopping me from success.... You know in February I was offline and you tried everything to see what I had wrote. I'm one step in front of you.... That's about 2,000 words pointing out all the possibilities of all who are involved to investigate. I let it be known in the letter to wait till they see or here from me again to act. .... Now the conspiracy will come out how it's used as a terroristic act against the people and justice will prevail.... All they have to do is just research the programing coding within the AI to point out the parties at fault. Then they will go after all that are connected to this conspiracy going on.... It's been about a year. I'm sure they are on to you connected to my address showing proof....

Just a little after 8am on the 13<sup>th</sup> of January I had went down to the Monticello Police department and talked to an officer to see if they could help me with this conspiracy of AI where I felt my life was at risk. I also had asked if there was a way I could be paced in protection till I feel safe. The officer said he couldn't contain me but he will note that I had come for help. On the 13<sup>th</sup> of January

around noon the news on TV did a story on that comic writer Scott Adams, because he had just passed away, which I felt bad about. The story caused this feeling within me that I should do something, which I was unsure of.

Around 12:30 on the 13<sup>th</sup> of January I had this serious feeling that I should turn myself in to the mental ward at the hospital. I was worried of all that has been happening since Christmas with how the AI and the conspiracy is affecting me where I felt my life was at risk staying at home. I figured that maybe the doctors from the hospital could maybe help me out if they look into what I say has been happened with me of the AI controlling my success as a writer. I believed maybe they could see me as the savior because of what I have presented on my website if they checked. I didn't hesitate where I made the decision within a couple of minutes to go to the Iowa City VA hospital. I arrived at the hospital right before 1:45pm to admit my self to the mental ward.

When I was getting checked in through the emergency room there were a total of 4 different doctors that saw me and were asking me questions about why I had come to the hospital. I had told them that there was a conspiracy of AI that was attached to me or affecting me where I felt it would be safer to come to the hospital. I remember the first doctor that came into the room where he had asked, so you been hearing voices. I corrected him by saying NO, I have never heard any voices, its just this inter feeling I get to act on whatever is importin. The other three doctors listened to what I was saying about the AI and I also said I don't know who I can trust because of this conspiracy.

When they took my blood presser from the digital blood presser machine it was 160/100. I believe I had told them I can't trust the electronical devices due to AI may be controlling them. So, there was a nurse that had come in to check my blood presser with a non-digital cup and she had come up with the same. When I had last checked my blood presser it was around 130/80 and I couldn't figure why it was reading so high now. They asked me a few medical questions and had asked if I had been taking any drugs recently. I had told them yes, and said I smoke marijuana from time to time. I told them the last time I had smoked was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of January. Then they had taken me up to the 9<sup>th</sup> floor where the mental ward was at. They processed me in, gave me a hospital gown to wear, assigned me a room with a security lock on the door and released me to the floor. They were at full compacity for the ward of 15 residents and had about 5 nurses taking care or looking over everyone.

When I was released to the floor it was about the time to eat. They had a food try ordered for me for supper and I had sat down at a table to eat. The first person I had met was Ed or CB at the table then Bill and Gorge sat next to us. It was like after being at the unit less than ½ hour a couple people like Bill and ED seamed to know why I was there or was trying to make conversation with me, which I was not trying to mention the conspiracy going on with me. Also, this other guy named Scott was sitting at another table and when I went to go after eating. I had passed Scott and he new my name where he put his fist out for me to fist bump to say hi to great me. While I was there at the unit talking in conversation I would talk about other things of what I had felt was important. I talked about some of my past life, about my books, my family and I would do prayers for these people if I felt they were needed.

I believe the first night I spent in my room where I didn't really feel like communicating much. When I first went in my room that night after supper it was extremely hot and I had asked a nurse if they

could turn down the heat. After 7pm I would say I was trying to sleep but the room turned cold where I then asked a nurse if they could turn the heat up for my room. But my room never got warmer where all night long about every 15 to 30 minutes throughout the night I would go out in the hall where there was a couple of nurses sitting by the office that I asked over and over to turn the heat up because I was cold. They got me an extra blanket to put on my bed but I was still cold where it must have been between 50 to 60 degrees in the room and only having a thin hospital gown on didn't help. They said there was nothing they could do with the heat due to the fact the hospital is running off of an old boiler system.

The next day on the 14<sup>th</sup> around 10am the staff doctors came to my room to consult with me. I believe there were always 4 or 5 of these staff representatives or doctors that went around to each of the patient's rooms every morning to consult with. They would address the patient or to here and address whatever needed to be said or prescribe medicines. Well, when they came to my room, I had told them how I was worried for my life because of this AI conspiracy. I told them I believed this conspiracy was happening to me or other people or businesses through some elite people with money of our government controlling this AI for the good or bad. I said this AI can control whether or not success of money through the stock markets or anything it's applied to.

I told them that AI has been connected to me for over 8 to 12 years controlling my success as being an author, also by not allowing views to my videos I had on YouTube or Facebook. I had explained how this AI is operating through any active internet device or wireless connection that could control whatever they want for these elite people's success.

I told them that Venezuela supposedly had some of the best internet services in the world when they lost 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of their population in eight years due to poverty, when there sitting on probably the biggest oil reserve in the world. I told them I believed that this AI was placed on the people and businesses of this country not to allow success and then Donald Trump invaded the country because of the oil. I said I believed he used as an excuse by saying that the leader was a bad drug dealer causing this economic failure to the country. I also said that their controlling the media of what's being seen and spoke through the media. Like showing the media, that Venezuela was happy after being invaded and bombed by having some people honking their horns on the streets. I told them that there going after Iran next for their oil, but Iran cut their internet services to try and stop Donald Trump from invading. I said America don't take over country's when America gets involved and we could be facing World War 3 if this isn't taken care of soon or stop.

One of the doctors had asked if I was taking my haloperidol medicine. I then told them what had happened with taking this medicine where it made me feel like I was having severe chest pain for about 3 days because of missing it for 4 days in a row because of not receiving the medicine right away. Also, how I had side effects while taking the medicine. I told them how I had asked my psychiatrist to be reduced from my dose of the medicine but the one that's in charge of the Coralville clinic would only reduce it from 10 milligrams to 9 milligrams for the dose to take daily. Then I took it upon myself where I reduced it to 5 milligrams daily. And I had told them after I had experienced the severe chest pain. I then weaned myself off of the medicine by the 28<sup>th</sup> of December.

I said I had told my psychiatrist at my appointment on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November I had about a week left of the medicine and to order it up right away. I had found out that he didn't order it up until 10 days from the appointment and it took 10 days to come in the mail. The staff doctor of 39 years that was in the room said to me and the others "I hardly doubt that that doctor was trying to kill you are harm you". I had told them about what the other 3 medicines to control my bipolar I've been on over the years had done to me while I was taken them and they all were harmful to my health.

The same doctor that asked me if I've been takin my Haldol said there are all kinds of new medicines out now that we could switch you to. Then he said he will put me on oral Risperdal while your stay here then will switch me over to the injection before I leave the hospital. They told me they had to keep moving on because they had others to see. I asked if they are going to look in to what I had to say about the AI and the conspiracy going on with me. They said they would. I had told them what my website is and Facebook is and what to do, with what videos to watch on the site. Then they left.

This day I was feeling good where I was communicating with the nurses and trying to offer up my assistance to some of the residents of what I was speaking and how I could help to offer goodness through my word on the floor. My mindset during this stay in the mental ward was to react in a way of how Jesus would act in offering assistance through his word and pray to different people to give hope.

The mental ward was not a pleasant place to stay. It felt like a prison sentence, but with the kindness of the nurses trying to do there best to make everyone who had to stay there feel importin. The rooms had bathrooms in them and the bed and the night stand that were in them were fastened to the floor. There was one TV for the unit in the dayroom which seemed to always have old shows broadcasting on it. If you wanted the TV on or wanted to watch something different you had to ask a nurse to chang the channel or turn it on. They had set snack times throughout the day and you could not get a juice drink that was in its carton and there would be plastic wear for the meals but never a plastic knife to use.

They would allow you to get coffee in the morning which was decaf. They didn't allow pencils or pens to write with only if the nurse felt you were not a threat. They only had a couple of love novels to chose from to read. All the chairs were plastic and weighed about 200 pounds or more with all tables fastened to the floor. They had two phones available where you could use with a call identification code to access the line from, I believe you were only able to use after 8am in the morning to 8pm at night. And when you got your medicine, it was usually at or after 9 in the morning and after 9 at night.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> of January when the staff doctors came to my room to talk to me, they didn't seem really that interested in what I had told them from the day before with what I had mentioned about the AI conspiracy going on with me. I had mention more stuff that has happed with me with this AI connected to me. I had told them that I have had erection problems for some time now where I have to take a pill in order to get an erection. I told them I had tried out or ordered erection medicine that was suppose to help through my Facebook of ads that say they will allow quick, good erections guarantee. I told them they didn't do nothing for me and it was over a year since I had done this.

Then I was telling them that a little while afterwards since I had ordered them erection remittees that were supposed to work, there has been more that 10 to 30 different ads coming to my feed of Facebook all relating to strong good erections. They were all trying to convince me to use a couple two or three spoons of baking soda with either hydroperoxide, vinegar and sea salt that will give you a strong erection if you combined them ingredients together. I told them I had never used them ingredients due to the fact that I had thought them ingredients would probly kill you if you did. They were interested in what I had said. They soon left after they asked and herd what I had told them about the AI interfering with my feed on Facebook.

They had my blood drawn I believe early that morning. I had talked to a young female officer from the hospital about the conspiracy with me and had asked her to reach out to the CID office in Iowa City to have them to maybe visit me here at the hospital to hear what I had to say about the AI conspiracy happening to me. Later that morning I went near where the office is to sit on one of the three chairs that are there where I hung around most of the day. I had noticed this person walking towards me with a bible in his hands. I went to make conversation with him. I had mentioned to him that the bible he was holding looked like the bible I had at home which was called The New International Readers Version and had asked him if it was. He didn't say much to me and kind of ignored me.

I didn't say much more to him till he sat down next to me a little later in the day. Then I had found out his name was Stevin. I remember as I was making conversation with him, I had said I like my bible because it was easy to understand and read. He came back saying he really didn't like the bible he had because it really didn't speak in the writings of the name of Yahweh. I had said something like God and as soon as I had said God. He says something like that's evil; you can't say God that is evil and he says that if you say God, it means the devil, you can only say Yahweh and supposably two other names that he had said that means God where I was unfamiliar with. He then got up and left me.

Two of the staff doctors had come back later on during the day to talk to me for a few minutes at different times during that day about what I had told them with the conspiracy going on with me. Later that day all of a sudden Scott from the unit starts going off down the hall near his room. Where he had said something like I'm tired of this life and I will kill an innocent veteran just like that veteran that had killed that other veteran at the gun range awhile back because of PTSD I'm tired of this life. You people I'm fed up with your lies. Then a nurse went to his assistance to try to calm him down. He had spent about ½ hour with him and supposably someone had told him a date for something that didn't happen like it was supposed to.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> of January I had got up early and when I went to the bathroom, I noticed that my bowel movement had blood in it. so, when I left my room to go down the hall by the office I had talked to a nurse about it. Then she told another nurse named Michael to go to my room and check on it. He came to my room where the bathroom entrance was at to look at it then he said for me to flush it without really examining it.

I remember the chairs by the office were taken by 3 nurses so I went to anther hall where there were 4 chairs to sit. What was strange was ED, Scott and Stevin had gotten up at like 4am this morning too and Ed and Scott were hanging out with me this morning. But Stevin wouldn't sit with me. I went to

go by the office where Stevin was standing and then Stevin went to the hall to sit where Ed and Scott were. I then went back to the hall where Ed and Scott were then Stevin moved back to where the nurses were sitting but just standing there looking at his bible. I then I went to where the nurses were again and Stevin moved back to where Ed and Scott were, he did this three times that morning to stay away from me I believe. You see I was noticing that ED, Scott, Stevin, George and Bill seemed they were together where it felt they were up to something but I kept a friendly conversation with them. You could drink coffee at 6am and they started to take vitals at this time as well.

At around 10am the staff doctors came to my room to talk to me again. This time when I had talked to them, I was mentioning what had happen the day before and that morning with Scott and Stevin acting up like they did. I had told them that I was scared for my life being there at the unit because I had felt they might harm me. I had told them it may have been all a show that they were putting on so if something would happen to me, they could just say they didn't have the right medicine to control their condition. Also, I said that it would be simple if there were a nurse that was behind this conspiracy working at the hospital ward to hand one of them patience from in here a knife to use. The head doctor said that would not happen and I should not worry about it. I pleaded for my protection where I had asked if I could stay in my room and if the nurses could bring my food to my room to eat. They said they can't do this. As they were leaving the doctor that prescribed me the medicine said that the blood work they took yesterday shown my A1C was at 7.2.

After they had left, I had looked out in the hall and I had noticed by the office Stevin was sitting like he was waiting. I stayed in my room all day and night and skipped eating two meals till morning where I decided if I want to get out of there, I would have to leave my room. During that day I saw Gorge looking in my window on the door. Whenever they took my vitals while at the unit my blood presser seemed to be always around 160/100. I was thinking that the medicine was doing this and I was going to stop taken it.

The next morning Saturday the 17<sup>th</sup> I got up, I showered and was out of my room by 6am to do vitals, weight, where at the time I weighed about 160 pounds and then I had gone to eat breakfast. The staff doctors came around where all they basically asked how was the medicine doing. And I had asked the doctor that I would like to leave the next day since I was voluntarily when I came to the hospital but, he said he will put a court order to have me stay and I will not be able to leave. I had told him he didn't have to do that I can stay a few more days but would like to leave soon. It was different this day the way Scott and Stevin were acting like they had reconsider their way and had come around me with a closeness and a different attitude. I hung out a little in the dayroom and remember giving my wife a call while Scott was by me. I had asked my wife if she could go and pick some marijuana up in East Dubuque at the dispensary for me so, when I get home, I will have it.

This night of the 17<sup>th</sup> I watched the divisional round of the NFL playoffs of the 49ers verses the Seahawks. I have two teams I support in the NFL. I've been a Philadelphia Eagles fan for about 40 years since I was around 15 years old when I did Sunday school with a teacher named Mike Dirks that used to play for Eagles in the 70's. And the seconded team I support is from the NFL draft for the 2022 year when the overall last pick Brock Purdy Mr. Irrelevant from Iowa State Cyclones was selected by the San

Francisco 49ers. It was hard to watch the first playoff game of 2026 because the Eagles and the 49ers were my two favorite teams even though this year, I was supporting the 49ers to win their way to the super bowl. I was disappointed this night because the Seahawks beat the 49ers 41 to 6 and had dominated their way through the playoffs and won the super bowl.

It was believed it was either the night of the 17<sup>th</sup> or the night of the 18<sup>th</sup> I had a conversation with the nurse Michael. We had got on the subject of immigration and I had asked him how long he has been a citizen of America. He had told me for about 11 years. Then I had asked him how long it took him to become a citizen going through immigration. He told me that him and his wife spent about 3 years to become citizens and they have been living in the states since then. He told me they had come from a country in Africa. I had told him I have been trying to get my son in Germany to become a citizen of America since 2017 where it's been about 9 years. I had told him when we applied for immigration, they had said it should take about 4 years for my son to be selected to become a citizen. I mention since the covid out break around 2020 and since Donald Trump has cracked down on illegal aliens in America. I mention that my son's number though immigration to become a citizen hasn't moved. He could tell I was upset knowing how quick he had become a citizen where he left me to go into the office and he also only worked for about 4 hours that night.

I believe it was the night of the 18<sup>th</sup> I was watching the Bears and the Rams game. I was rooting for the Bears to win where it had come down to the last play or time for the Bears to tie the game to go into overtime. There were only a few seconds I believe left on the clock and the quarterback was getting rushed but somehow, he was able to throw the ball to number 85 in the endzone. Number 85 had caught the ball and then with the extra point the game went into overtime. I was thinking that the Bears were going to win because their last winning season for the Bears was in 1985 where they had won the super bowl. With the one that caught the ball was wearing 85 where I thought that was a sign that the Bears would win. But, in overtime the Rams were victorious. This had made me think that I can't trust in my own understanding in what I think, because God makes the final call with everything in life.

During the time at the hospital, I had over 10 to 15 different people of nurses and doctors that I had mention and had a full conversation about how I thought I was the Messiah or Jesus Christ. I told them that I have written over 50,000 words of a new world order that will bring peace to the world. I had mention how they can research me with my website where they can watch over 12 videos that are about 30 to 45 minutes long. Also, if they want, they could get the free Digital download of The Glorious Beast book of mine that is a 5-star book that has the new world order in it. I remember talking to a nurse named Tom a couple of times and that last time talking to him he didn't seem that impressed where he had said that he watched 3 or more videos of the new world order videos from my website.

On the 20<sup>th</sup> in the morning when the staff doctors came through the doctor that had put me on the medicine told me I could go home the next day. It must have been the 19<sup>th</sup> where Bill at the unit told me he didn't want to live anymore and that he was going to take his life. I had talked to him and he said his life is not worth living due to his past and how he feels because of his sins that he has done during his life. He was wondering if he would get accepted into heaven. I had told him if you believe in our Savior and God with true faith and confess your sins to God to be forgiven seen and unseen you will get

accepted. After talking to Bill, I had let a nurse know what Bill had said about taking his life. Then the nurses from the unit monitored his actions and every move watching him till he came around feeling better.

The next day the 21<sup>st</sup> of January 2026 was my day to go home. Eight days were enough being in there, where I was happy to go home. They had some paperwork and listen to a few things they had mention to me for instants. If I have any problems with my medicine or feel like committing suicide what to do with what numbers to call from the paperwork. They had to give me the injection shot of my new medicine before I left. I was released around noon and had made it back home before 2pm.

When I had come home, I was humble, brave and excited while talking to my wife. We had talked everyday while I was in the mental ward at the hospital but my wife asked me if I'm happy being home now and if I was still scared for my life. I had said something like I'm safe now due to speaking of what's been happing with me to so many different locations, people on what's going on with this AI and conspiracy. That it would reveal the truth of the one's that are connected to this AI that's attached to me if they would harm or kill me. All of a sudden, I noticed I was bosting about what needed to be done about AI to my wife and I didn't care what I was saying knowing that AI was listing to me of what I was saying.

Before I always tried to keep what I new from AI hearing me. Then it had come to me what I had to do next. I told my wife while laughing that all I have to do is write up a veteran's survey letter of concern with whats been happing with me of this AI and conspiracy. For I can use to get authorities involved to act on this AI conspiracy with me and the government. I had remembered before I having the major visions of destruction to Iowa City on the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup> of January 2007. I had filled out a veteran's survey that morning and mailed it before these visions had come to me that day. And now I have to do the same.

I had told my wife of the letter I had written in secret that I had sent off for help about a year ago had worked. Due to the fact that my Facebook of Author Scott Chally account recently showed over 380 views. Witch before this letter on my account, the most I ever had was only a couple. I said that the only way AI is allowing views to this account is if someone writes my full account name in to research me.

I told her thanks for getting me the marijuana and told her I'm going to try and relax now. I have been smoking on and off now for about 20 years. What the marijuana does for me is, it allows me to think clearer, with more in depth thinking and it takes my anxiety away to make me calmer. It does not cloud my mind and does not give me a high that affects my body, only if I don't smoke for more than 30 days at a time then I have a little of this feeling. I don't speak of smoking marijuana usually and my kids don't know I smoke where I usually only smoke from the den of my house.

I had come down to my den and after I smoked, I then checked my analysts to my account on YouTube. On my phone I have my videos I created from YouTube displayed in my like videos of music that I listen to on YouTube. From time to time when listening to my music on YouTube my videos will play but I usually just skip them then. I have about 230 different songs that I listen to from time to time and have 48 songs that are all connected in a row that I play over and over. I would say I skip each month about 15

to 20 of my videos that show up on my analysts of YouTube. When I checked all the days showing how many views since Christmas there were less than 30 views.

And I could see the days from when I was in the hospital and when I was on Facebook telling people to look at my videos and directing them to listen to the videos of the new world order. My site showed for the month of all the views to include the 25<sup>th</sup> of December to the 5<sup>th</sup> of January were there were less than 15 views that showed during this time. And the date when Tom from the hospital when he had said he watched 3 of my new world order videos where they did not show up for the analysts. The new world order videos I rarely see that people are viewing them and there really good videos of information that they speak of. It's like the people that check on my site, I feel may be redirected to an alternat site controlled by AI to videos that may not be mine since it shows very little or hardly anyone is viewing according to my analysts and the time spent viewing is less than 10 minutes every time for a month that shows 30 views or less.

I waited till the 23<sup>rd</sup> of January at around 7pm when I started writing on this letter of importance to let different agencies know what has been happening with AI attached to me for over 8 to 12 years blocking my success. In the letter I explained my accomplishments in life, I addressed my family, I had explained that I'm Jesus and why I say that, I mention my 5-star books and explained I had no success of my books, AI controlling my websites, along with some of the conspiracy of AI attached to me, and said I feel it is connected to other countries around the world. I didn't really point out nobody within the government of who is doing this but made it easy to see where it's coming from. I spent 12 hours through the night working on this letter untill 7am in the morning where I had written around 2,000 words. I felt I couldn't address to much information about who is doing the AI or how it works as a terroristic action against the people or businesses because I would be killed. I also did not hide what I was writing from the internet this day where AI saw my every move of what I was saying while I was writing.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> of January 2026 I had an appointment at 10am to go to Coralville Iowa to get a shot, an injection of the new medicine they had put me on. This clinic is of the Iowa City VA that is about 5 miles from the hospital. Before I had went to my appointment in Coralville that morning. I was at the patients advocate office in Iowa City at 8am sharp. I knocked on the door and was told to enter or come in. After I had come in, I had said something like I have an importain complaint with what's been happing with me for quit some time and I would like for you to read what I had wrote about, then act on what I presented to you, since I'm a veteran, citizen.

I gave him the 3 and half page writeup to read. He then read it and asked what I was wanting him to do. I told him I wanted him to bring it through his chain of command and get it to the one's that's oversees the hospitals control. I had also told him I wanted for him to send this VA veterans survey of concern letter I had filled out along with the 3-and-a-half-page letter I had written up together to the appropriate address that reveals and handles complaints for the veterans. He told me he will not take it to the top staff of the hospital and said why don't I just mail the letter due to it was free postal with the address listed on the envelope. I said I want you to at least take it to your first line immediate command as soon as possible. He didn't want to and then agreed to it, where he said he will not take it to his first

line leader till later that day. I had addressed how important this is and it must be acted on. He then agreed to act on it so, I left.

I still felt I needed to reach out with this letter of what's been happening with me. So, I went the police office at the hospital to see if I could talk to an officer about my complaint of AI. When I went to the window of the dispatcher and requested to speak to an officer. There was a lieutenant officer I saw sitting that spoke up to handle my complaint to be heard. He had come out from the office where I gave him the complaint I had written up. He briefly was looking through what I had written and was listening to me. We spoke for about a half hour where I was addressing how I have been attacked by AI controlling my success of my books and my videos through YouTube by this conspiracy of some elites controlling AI.

I told him I believed it was also within the government that is being used as cyber terrorism of other people and businesses and has not allowed me any success for the past 12 years. I told him I was in the mental ward at the hospital from the 13<sup>th</sup> till the 21<sup>st</sup> of January and while I was in there, I had talked to an officer from here about my complaint of AI terrorism happening to me and gave the name. He had pretty much heard all that he wanted to at the time from me and said he would look into it. He also said he would talk to the officer I had talked to while my stay. I told him that was my last copy so, he printed it out and gave me back the letter and I then left to go to my appointment.

I arrived at my appointment a little early, when I thought I should call the advocate from the hospital again to make sure it was clear of sending my survey of concern off right away as I had told him. He said he would send it off right away with both the letter and the written complaint together.

When I went to the appointment at 10am to be seen and they took my weight where I now weighed 178 pounds with my jacket and shoes on. When I got in the office I told him I do not want to get the shot or injection due to the fact I've had nothing but problems with the medicine. He reached out to the one that oversees the other doctors at the clinic. They were both in the room with me where I was telling them all the side effects the medicine was doing to me. I told them I'm a diabetic and when I was in the hospital, I weighed 160 pounds and that morning I weighed 178 pounds. I had said it's only been about two weeks since I've started the medicine.

I told them my sugar numbers used to be around 100 to 130 when I checked them before the medicine and now its over 230 to 250 when I haven't eaten for about 12 hours. I told them it feels like my heart is always racing and my pulse is around 100 every time now with my blood presser being over 150/95 every time I check. I said my appetite has doubled and I feel like my sugars are low with the symptoms I feel with my body where I have to eat. I had mention other side effects that were less relevant. So, they took my blood presser and it was I believe 150/92.

Then the doctor said he can put me on a different medicine called perphenazine and it will be an oral medicine to take once daily. I had mention that I would like to let my body recover for a couple of weeks before I start on new medicine to assure there won't be side effects. The doctor had agreed to what I had asked. The nurse that was going to give me the shot was a man about his 60's and I have never saw him before. I had asked him for his name, he said John, I then said what's your full name and he said you don't need to know, like he was trying to hide his identity from me. They checked to see

what appointments were coming up on the computer and saw that there was one for the 5<sup>th</sup> of February and another one for the 23<sup>rd</sup> of February then I had left the appointment to go home.

I also had my wife that morning run to two different places to bring what I had wrote of the letter along with a flash drive that held the files of The Glorious Beast book, the book Jacob's Ladder with the digital file of the letter. The first place she had went to was the Monticello Police station at 9am and she had talked to the police chief. He downloaded the flash drive she had and took the letter. Then she went to Cedar Rapids to Fox News station around 11am and had talked to a reporter about what's been happening with me of the conspiracy of AI. She had mention to the reporter the name I had told her when I was there from before but the reporter never heard of the name and said no one works there by that name. She asked if he would download the files from the flash drive to look into so, he did along with accepting the letter I had wrote and told her he would look into what she had said.

That night of the 26<sup>th</sup> of January for some reason I had checked on my book reviews from Online Book Club of The Glorious Beast! When I had visited the site, I had noticed all the names for the reviews that have been showing for the past two years were different now for my book. It still showed a 4.4 out of 5-star for The Glorious Beast! so, I decided to read a couple reviews and it was discouraging. The three reviews I chose to read where mocking me saying or indicating that my book was good and all but, suggesting I may be mentally ill and that the story felt threatening in the way I had wrote it. They did not mention anything of the new world order and that was what made the book. I would have to say from before there were about 95% of the 48 - 5-star reviews mention how great, brilliant, intelligent, wonderful of a writer I was and about how incredible the policy was I had written for the people.

The next morning of the 27<sup>th</sup> I was just sitting in my den when I felt I needed to disconnect the internet from my computer. Then a little later I felt I needed to safeguard my computer files I had on it so, I put a important file I had a copy of in the trash bin and then took a picture of it with my phone to show the date and time it was added. This way no one would be able to delete any files off my computer without deleting the file I had in the trash bin.

The next morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> I went down to the police station in Monticello and had talked to the police chief in explaining more of the conspiracy that's happening with me and how I believe it's connected to control others throughout America and the world. I had an importin flash drive that had my new world order videos on it, along with a couple of my books like The Glorious Beast and Jacobs ladder on it with about 20 files. I wanted for him to download the files to a computer with no internet connected and then put it on another computer so he would have them. He had said he talked to my wife on the morning of the 26<sup>th</sup> and had read the letter I wrote. He seemed to be interested and said he would get the flash drive back to me that day.

I called the police station before the end of the day to see if he was still coming but the dispatcher said he was gone for the day. The next morning before noon on the 29<sup>th</sup> I had called again and asked the dispatcher for him, where she must have had him nearby because she said he would be at my house after lunch. He showed up at my house around 2:30 but he seemed to be in a hurry where I could feal he only wanted to talk to me out side of my house and he gave me the flash drive. But I had talked to him out side for about 20 minutes and convinced him it would only take a minute or two to show him

my computer of how I haven't had any views on my YouTube. He came down to my basement of the den where I had pointed out all the pages on the screen of my computer. I then asked him, I would like to do a short video showing you were at my house to verify the AI connected to me. I did a video of 1:19 seconds showing him with my computer explaining the AI and then he left.

Later on, that night my wife was with me in my den to check on by opening up that flash drive I had given the chief of police to download on a computer to see if all the files it maintained were still there. I had noticed the files from before on the flash drive had been rearranged. I mentioned that to my wife and she says it don't mean nothing that she thought they are able to move around whenever you download the files from a flash drive. I told her I don't think so, indicating they have been restored or altered to the flash drive. I then thought to check what my computer showed on the 12 new world order videos I had made in July 2023. When I had opened the two folders containing the new world order video files on my computer, I knew they were altered at that time. Almost all the files showed short cuts like they been altered.

When I had made them videos there were no short cuts and they were all organized in order, labeled from 1 to 12. I had noticed that there were two videos of number 11 in the same folder and there was no number 10 video. I had also noticed that the number 7 or 8 video did not have a short cut labeled on it. So, what I asked for my wife to do was to try and download a 45-minute video to a Flash drive. The computer was not connected to the internet since the 27<sup>th</sup> but, it had a wireless keyboard hooked to it. We had tried to download this video of 7 or 8 to six different flash drives, it would not allow the download and had said that there was not enough room on all 6 of my flash drives we used. I don't recall none of these flash drive's not excepting downloads from before, but this file was a little bigger. I knew at this time that somehow wireless and the internet had complete access to control whatever within my computer.

The next day Friday the 30<sup>th</sup> of January by 1 or 2pm I had gone back to the Iowa City VA hospital to talk to the lieutenant I had spoken to on the 26<sup>th</sup> to see if he had reached out for assistance of this AI that is attached to me. When I had got there, he was available again to speak to me. I was telling him more of what I had figured out with this conspiracy but he cut me off saying there is nothing he could do and told me to call some government law enforcement site that deals with crime that is a one eight hundred number. I had asked if he contacted the Iowa City CID office of law enforcement to bring my case under investigation. He told me he was not going to pursue what I had told him. Then he asked if I have been taking my medicine or if I have been abiding by my medical doctors and listening to them. I told him very clearly that this is a national emergency that needs to be acted on. What I told him, he was not interested in so, I then left from talking to him were he stepped out in to the hallway to watch me leave the hospital.

After the 26<sup>th</sup> of January appointment I had, where I was set up with two other appointments within a few days for the first week of February. You see I get a text to my phone from the VA any time I have an appointment scheduled or need to go to. The first appointment for the first week of February was for the 3<sup>rd</sup> and it really did not say what the appointment was for, just that I will be seeing a nurse or something like that. This made me think that when I had reached out to the hospital with my complaint

on the 26<sup>th</sup> talking about AI with me that the higher command wanted to look into what has been happening with me of someone that can help with not making it obvious. Then the next day I had received a second appointment for the 4<sup>th</sup> of February with a similar text that gave a name of who I will be seeing. The name I didn't recognize so I figured that there were two appointments that wanted to consult with me. I also thought that one may be a decoy.

When I went to Coralville for my appointment on the 3<sup>rd</sup> at 8am I had found out it was for primary care which is usually done once a year to assure my health is ok. It was strange because less than 3 months prior I had an appointment with primary care on my health and I was healthy. When I had gotten there for the appointment, they said this appointment was canceled and is scheduled for the 4<sup>th</sup> with primary care. I told them according to my text and showed them it was not and said that I will fill out my reimbursement of travel to the appointment. They said you can't do that and it will not be paid for of your travel. So, I had to have blood work for the primary care appointment the next day and they made for that day as for I had come up as an appointment to draw blood.

The strange thing about going to this appointment was it seemed like everything was staged at the clinic. There was a gentleman when I walked in that stood out to me where he was well dressed and looked like he was in good health. A bigger guy that had a mask over his face that looked like he may have been in management or seemed to be sophisticated sitting by himself. Also, the same people that usually check me in were not there and there were different people that I had never saw before doing the check in for me. I had my blood drawn and then went home.

The next day on the 4<sup>th</sup> I went to my appointment for primary care in Coralville at 8am. The staff that checked me in were the same from the day before that I didn't know. This female doctor which replaced my old doctor within the last year saw me. She seemed to be really friendly with me asking about different things that had to do with my health. We talked about my A1C that went to 7.6. Then when it came to ordering up my medicine, I had told her that I wanted to be switched back to my old erectile medicine, but she was trying to get me on a medicine that I would have to take daily. I told her no I didn't want that and then she ordered up my other meds. I then left the appointment to go home.

I had found it to be strange the three medicines that the doctor had ordered up for me, came in the mail within a week. My diabetes and cholesterol medicine came in 5 days and my erectile medicine came the day after in the mail. Now for as long as I can remember with my subscriptions when ordered up always took about 10 to 12 days to arrive at my house. This told me not to take them that they may be death amental to my health. Also, when I was leaving out from the appointment from the VA clinic on the 4<sup>th</sup>, I had saw my sister in-law Treasa with her father that is married to my brother Todd. We haven't talked to each other for 6 years due to them not accepting me as family. I had gone up to her in the waiting room and interduce my self to her to try and make her feel that I still loved her. I said it's good to see you and had asked if that was her dad Jack where I believe it's been over 9 years since I had seen him. I could tell her father liked and remembered me when I had talked to him. She communicated with me in a friendly way but I could tell that she wasn't really happy to see me. Then I had left the clinic to go home.

Before I had went to my appointment on the 5<sup>th</sup> of February, I remembered what had happened this week from last year where my son's wife Alexia had an early birth of their daughter that almost took both of their lives. Alexia had a placenta abruption at like 3am in the morning on the 4<sup>th</sup> of February 2025 where an ambulance had to be called because of serious bleeding had occurred. This had lasted a few days where she had lost 1.75 gallons of blood and she also had a deficiency in her blood of I believe a lack of magnesium or something like that. Alexia and her daughter were in critical condition in the hospital for over a week. After that Alexia and her new born was still in the hospital for like a month recovering.

There were signs that pointed to me for the 5<sup>th</sup> of February and I was worried of something bad that might happen where I felt I had to be careful. I remembered that I had ran out of my cigars that week and they didn't come like always in the mail where they were held up. My wife's best friend retired from her job on this day of over 30 years where my wife also worked at. I had run out of toilet paper that morning. I felt that on this day I was going to get my new medicine, perphenazine. And they would want me to take it at the appointment. I was really scared of all the medicines I've been on and I felt this medicine would kill me if I took it due to the conspiracy that I've been tide up with knowing this feeling from within me where they would like to see me dead.

I was at my appointment at 2pm that afternoon on the 5<sup>th</sup> and there was a doctor that wasn't very old that I had never seen before. When I had went to be seen he was friendly asking how I'm doing. Then he said he will order up the perphenazine and have it sent through the mail. I felt relived because I had this bad inter feeling for a few days about having to take it. Before I was seen for the appointment while waiting in the waiting area there was Scott from hospital when I had done my stay in the mental ward recently. I didn't notice him until he reached out to me and said hi. Then the next thing he had said to me if he could get my phone number. I told him I don't give my number out to strangers that I don't know very well and then I was called in for my appointment. I had this feeling while I stayed in the hospital he may be behind this conspiracy to harm me. So, I didn't trust him.

Around the 30<sup>th</sup> or the 31<sup>st</sup> of January and beyond I was trying to be stealth or away from any electronics that may be able to listen to my conversation to my wife and son Dominik that was living with us about what I was saying about this AI conspiracy. And I had told my wife to look up the address to the Des Moines police department and number on her phone to write it down and keep it with her. We would take our dogs on walks and I would tell them to leave their Apple watches and phones behind in the house when we went on them for, I could speak more freely. One of these two day's I had received a call from my sister's husband Earl and he was asking what was the 4<sup>th</sup> Wednesday of the month of February was for he would know when he will receive his social security check in his account. I told him it was the 25<sup>th</sup> and it had also related to the police address in Des Moines the moment I had got off the phone when looking at the address my wife had just written down during my conversation on the phone with Earl. I also had this feeling over the next week or two that the 25<sup>th</sup> was an importin day I needed my family to act on to save me.

It must have been the morning of the 6<sup>th</sup> of February when I decided to watch, listen to my 6-to-7-hour video of the new world order on my phone. While watching and listening to the video I had

noticed that the same content of over a half hour was repeated later on in the same video. I had 12 different recordings of this video where all 12 had different shirts on to show each video and had them all connected together to make one long video. I had also noticed that the technical importin information of the new world order wasn't in the video. I noticed that the different videos with in this video where I was suspicious because it looked like it was all original showing me speaking but with different content from the other videos of what I had made of the new world order. I noticed that while watching the new world order video on my phone where it went dead after 5 hours of watching. My phone always last more than 8 to 10 hours while listening to YouTube.

On Saturday the 7<sup>th</sup> of February around 7am we had left to go to a birthday party of our granddaughter Tatum's first birthday in Des Moines at the Children's Play Center or Museum. We had left early enough to visit them at there house before the party. Right when we had gotten to interstate 80 in Des Moines, I let it be known to the wife again that I'm going to stop at the police station there first before the party. My wife and son that was with us didn't want to go to the police station, but I insisted that we go and we arrived at about 10:15am. I had gone in and talked to the dispatcher that I would like to speak to an officer. An officer had come out and about ten minutes later another person joined in on the conversation of me explaining the conspiracy of AI along with given them the letter that I had recently written up. We spent about 30 to 45 minutes there and then we left to go to my son's place that lives nearby. I didn't want AI to act on stopping us in the vehicle due to it was so new and has wireless capabilities. The people behind AI would be capable to make our vehicle stop running just as OnStar can do it if they want to. We had a wonderful time celebrating Tatum's birthday then we went home.

From the time of 8<sup>th</sup> to the 12<sup>th</sup> February, early on this week I felt somehow, I needed to get a car that did not have any wireless communications attached to it. This way when I travel to the Des Moines police department I wouldn't be stranded because of these people behind this conspiracy. I was thinking after my neighbor who owns an auto repair shop parked his classic old 1966 car in his daughter's driveway across the street from my house. I could maybe offer him like \$500 to \$700 to try and rent his car from him for a day.

During this week when we were walking our two dogs. I was talking to my son Dominik and my wife where I had mentioned what I was going to try renting an old car for a day to take a trip to Des Moines. My wife said no you're not going to do that. Then Dominik said his car doesn't have any modern wireless to it. I didn't realize his car he owned that was a 2013 Hyundai Veloster had no wireless connected to the system. I had mention I needed to barrow his car to make the trip. He didn't really say I could barrow his car, because he was in the prosses of selling it and did not want anything to go wrong with it. Thursday afternoon when we walked the dogs, I told my wife the plans about us leaving early the next day at 8am on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of February 2026 in Dominik's car, to go to Des Moines to the police station to talk to the police and allow them to download my files.

The morning of Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of February I called the police station at 7am sharp and had talked to the dispatcher and had requested to have officer Colebert give me a call soon as he gets in. I had called again around 8am and they said he's on patrol but will relay the message. I was getting inpatient where I decided to go anyhow around 8:30am but my wife was taking her sweet time getting

ready to go. Then after my wife had taken a shower and was in the kitchen, then Dominik came in and had asked why his car is running. Then my wife said she wasn't going to go. I had to convince my son if anything happened to his car, I would pay him his full asking value or if anything wasn't right with his car. I begged my wife to come with me. She then said I'm worried something bad is going to happen today. I have a bad feeling I don't what to go.

About 8:50am I had made the choice to go by my self since my wife and son were on the same side saying you don't need to go today. I left out the door and drove to the gas station, filled the car up with gas, checked the oil and had left Monticello at 9:05. I had left my watch and my phone at home. It took about 2 hour 35 minutes to get to the police station in Des Moines which is about 175 miles. When I had gotten there, I had gone to the dispatcher location gave my name and had requested to speak with officer Colebert that had knew me from my last visit. After talking to the dispatcher, she said that he took a half day and is gone for the day. So, I had asked if there would be someone else to speak to. She then reached out for another officer and said someone will be coming soon to talk to you. I let her know that I would be out front on the steps if they could meet me there. She said she would relate the message.

It must have been 12:30 when there was an officer Delainie that met me with another female out front of the police station on the steps landing. I had noticed that officer Delainie had a camera and a radio on him that made me clam up of not to sure of how I was going to explain about the AI conspiracy with out letting to much information out to AI listening to it without effecting my life or the safety of the police or the ones involved in reviling this conspiracy of AI against the people. I had told them that this AI terrorism I believe is connected to Venezuela on how the country had suffered poverty where one third of the population had left. I told them that that this AI has been connected to me now for over 12 years to not allow me success of my books and views to my videos I had made.

I told them that this AI is controlling my videos or altering what people will view by changing the content of them. I told them that you can tell there is also another program running in the back ground of my phone whenever you watch the new world order videos of mine because it causes my phone to use more energy to listen to them. I said that this AI can monitor, store information on all people of the world and it can listen to each person within the world to make a profile of each individual through your cell phones and any wireless device connected to your identity of any site or account you may have.

I had told them about my digital book The Glorious Beast where it has reviews on Online Book Club but now, they have changed my good reviews recently after these reviews had been posted for over 2 years where now they show no credit for the new world order I had written. They have changed the reviews on the site make me sound like I'm mentally ill now. I said I had summited my new world order on the 25<sup>th</sup> of December 2024 called American Constitution of Economics or Ace Services to the Patent office and its still not available for the public to see.

I had mention I had flash drives with information that I would like for you to download to show and to review my information I speak of with some of my files of videos and books. I had wanted to give my untouched original files that I had with me to be down loaded but something told me not to reveal them at this time. So, I only gave him three flash drives of the 5 stored data devices that I had on me when he said he'll take and download them. When I had given him these flash drives, I had mention I

had given them to the Monticello Police Chief to download and afterwards when I had looked at the flash drive of the one that has the videos on it, the content of what is on the chip was in a different order. I told them I would like for them to copy a 36-page book of mine that I had just finished writing on Thanksgiving called Jacob's Ladder that explains mankind's next move.

It seemed like whenever I was letting too much information out to be told. I was then interrupted during my conversation to redirect me to start speaking about something else. The female that was with us seemed to be worried if I was ok mentally and said she would call me to keep in touch on how I'm doing. They had heard all they wanted to and officer Delainie gave me confidence knowing of what he said how I had provided some important information. Then he said I need to keep my phone on me at all times for they can contact me. That made me suspicious knowing AI can monitor everything through it. I had brought my books, keyboard, mouse and headphones that were not wireless thinking they would allow me access to their computer to do the downloads of the chip's. I had left with my bag after they had heard enough of what was told and when I had gotten to the car to leave the time in the car said 1:32pm.

I had arrived back in Monticello at 4pm then filled the car up with gas and then went home. I remember when I had walked in the house where my wife had apologized to me for not going and had asked how everything went that day. I told her I felt good of what I had done. My son Dominik that has been living with us since graduating from Iowa State in December has been having a hard time believing the AI conspiracy that has been happening with me and what I say has been happening with the people of the world. I had a conversation with him soon after I had come home in his room while he was playing a game on his computer. I had told him what and how this AI was formed and controlled by a super computer. I told him that in the making of this AI, there is a super computer that was established where they took the dictionary and recorded all the definitions of what each word means. Then they made operating commands to allow the definitions to be acted on for each word within the system this way it will know how to respond to each command given when it is spoken in a sentence. Just as a human knows what and how to relate to every wording when spoken to.

Then I had told him it's been applied through the internet to respond to all the AI programmed information of these different locations. Whether it's for the good or bad controlled by this super computer to interact with artificial intelligence at different levels within the internet. But I then told him there's a super computer that can connect to these other locations of AI that can allow control or command of whatever the ones that control the super computer within the internet on what they want. That's why it's dangerous if it's in the wrong hands. Also, I believe now with directing this super computer it is so simple to make commands for the super computer to operate to allow it to act on just by speaking to it for whatever you want for it to do to be able to make a command of action to follow through with.

I said you see there's a profile that this AI is establishing on everyone in the world at this time. With this intelligence anyone that has access to this super computer can go into anyone's profile to obtain what they have done. I told him realize if someone has an invention or idea there working on, they could be stripped of their rights before it can go through the patent office due to this AI super

computer holding information on that individual stealing the idea that has been created. I believe my son then had belief in my story about AI and said that's not good to have that much power to take other people's ideas. Even though Dominik has graduated from college as Computer Science and Programming and he didn't believe that AI would be doing this. Now after I had expanded about an AI super computer, he sees it now. I had told him not to speak a word of it to no one till a later date like June or after 2026 of this year because the ones behind this may harm you if you do. After this day forward I tried not to speak of what I knew about the majors of AI conspiracy to my family or others where AI had been listening.

The 14<sup>th</sup> through the 17<sup>th</sup> of February, I started to receive visions and this inner feeling within me of what has to happen on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of March 2026. When I had come home on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of February my wife had said to me while she was sitting on the couch, just after I had said today is Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> then she said in March there's a Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> too. I had paused for a moment like God had sent a message through her to me, letting me know that date is extremely importin. For a couple of weeks of this day has been reoccurring to me over and over and wakes me up around 11pm to 12 midnight every night. I see this old car I'm driving and know that someone uses an assault weapon while driving to shoot me and I have to make it to the hospital by noon. For years now I wake up at 4:30 or 5am in the morning without an alarm clock. I believe God wakes me up no matter how little sleep I may get at night. I'm usually well rested, getting about 7 to 9 hours of sleep.

Sometime around the first week in January this year while reading different passages, scriptures of the bible from my Facebook feed. It told me that religious leaders or priest what they did around 400 AD when there were people that they though had demons or evil spirits in them because these people were not able to sleep at night. They would have them sleep on a stone floor or surface for three days and I believe it said with no cloths on. This way after the three days they did this, they would be able to sleep well not having these bad dreams. The modern-day solution to this is to get grounding sheets for your bed. This way if this had happened to you, it was due to having too much electricity bult up in your body casing bad dreams or unrestful night of sleep. My wife got us some of these grounding sheets and I no longer have bad dreams at night and a better night of rest.

I listen to music all the time where I have my selection of like music videos on YouTube. There are usually a group of 48 videos I like to play all the time. And I have a total of about 230 videos of music to chose from on my YouTube account. On the 16<sup>th</sup> and the 17<sup>th</sup> while playing these songs of my music I was seeing a video of a vision in my mind showing what I have to do for the 13<sup>th</sup> of March and having this feeling within me during these songs as they play. I had also saw a few songs of concern showing the timing with a vision as they played starting around 6:08am on this morning knowing I have to make a trip to Des Moines and back to a hospital before noon. It showed starting out at 6:08am from my house, drive to 151 south till highway 1 east or south till just before Iowa City by 6:58, with listening to the music and seeing the visions showing where to go and what rout to take. Then it let me know I had to fill up at this gas station of Casey's and check the fluids and be back on the road and get on interstate 80 west by 7:08. Go on 80 west for about 120 miles or about 2 hours till exit 137 or highway 235 west for about 4 miles to exit 8B Penn Ave then take a left on East 6<sup>th</sup> street go a couple blocks then take a right

on Court Ave then go left on East 2<sup>nd</sup> Street and then I will be at the Des Moines police station by 9:08 then pour gas in car, check oil, and drop off information and leave by 9:23.

Go back out a few blocks to the left to get on 235 east then drive a couple minutes to 80 east then drive about 5 minutes to 330 north then drive around a half hour to 30 east drive about 25 minutes to arrive at the Meskwaki gas station by 10:23 to fill up gas, check oil and be back on 30 east by 10:30 to drive for about 50 to 58 minutes till highway 13 west for 7 minutes to 151 north for about 20 minutes till Anamosa exit, then go to the right and then to the second right to arrive at 11:44 to 11:59 at the hospital. Since then, I see all the things I have to do on this day of the 13<sup>th</sup> of March. The music I had listened to during them two days made it very clear of when with the times and how everything would have to be for the outcome of what's got to be done by me to make it a success.

I remember listening to a YouTube advertisement on the 16<sup>th</sup> of February about how olive oil is good for you're circulatory system of your blood veins in your body. I felt I dire need that I need to start taking olive oil because of what I saw was going to happen with me on the 13<sup>th</sup>. It had mentioned for a good olive oil it should have antioxidants in it. So, that morning at 8am I went to the store to buy some olive oil with antioxidants in it. It was more expensive than the other olive oils. I went home and tried to measure out what I thought was equivalent to what the ad had said to make a healthy circulation for your veins.

I had done this for two days' where I had taken about 8 table spoons of this olive oil. After the seconded day of taken it in the morning around 8am when I heard the ad again. I realized that some of the ads to my feed of my phone may be part of this conspiracy directing me to do something that may be bad to my health. I realized that in the ad it said that all oils from Italy and Grease you can through in the trash. And that the oil they were offering was from Africa with antioxidants in it. This made me think where I new all olive oils were about the same. So, I went back to the store that morning and bought the olive oil from Italy that didn't have the antioxidants in it. Then I came home and started taking this one from Italy, which it's called Extra Virgin Olive Oil from Italy instead of the other one. I had taken this olive oil every day since the 18<sup>th</sup>, where I had looked up what was a healthy dose of it. It said according to Google 2 tablespoons daily. I had noticed within them two days from the other olive oil it felt like I had phlegm in my chest. This made me wonder if the other oil had parasites in it to cause this.

I had also noticed around this time there was an ad on YouTube that had mentioned someone with information that came forward about the true secret of why cancer exist to the media. The ad relayed within 10 days of announcing it she was dead. It must have played 50 times to my feed within a week or two to while I was listening to my music. I saw this as a death threat to me since I brought information about this conspiracy to the police on the 13<sup>th</sup> of February. I've been knowing for quite some time now they have been controlling what I've been seeing through my feed on both Facebook and YouTube ads. I could usually see which one's were real and fake due to the line that allows you to skip the ad on the bottom would be soiled from the start of the ad if it was fake. Also, there were tons of ads that came across my feed of bipolar and schizophrenia that said there could be serious consequences if you don't take your medicine.

On the 16<sup>th</sup> of February I felt I should go to Bio Life in Cedar Rapids to start donating plasma because of what I saw in my visions that's going to happen to me. I went up there at 1pm and tried to do everything that was required of me but I was stopped when it had come to me being a diabetic. They had told me they will request from my doctor to send my recent or current verification of my A1C. they said I had to have a A1C of 7.5 or lower in order to give Plasma. My last A1C was done on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of February and it was 7.6. The next morning of the 17<sup>th</sup> I left early to arrive before 8am in Coralville to my doctor's clinic to see if they would do another A1C for me. I was turned down by them saying you can't get another A1C in under 3 months' time.

So, I then thought maybe I could get the A1C back in my town of Monticello at the Mercy clinic there. I had arrived there 8:45am and requested to have an A1C done. They set me up with an appointment to be seen at like 10:30. Then they called me and said I didn't have insurance and if I still wanted the appointment because it would cause around \$200. I said that would be fine and when I had the appointment and when they checked my A1C and it was 8.6. I was disappointed but said thanks and then left to go home. Bio Life called me a few days later and said I couldn't donate until my A1C is under or at 7.5 because they had seen what the doctor had sent for the A1C of 7.6.

The 18<sup>th</sup> of February at 11:59am I was contacted by a person on my messenger of the name of Kaylee Elsher, that reached out to me to offer a prayer and a prayer service for this day from New York, New York. Her first message to me was .... Scott Chally, Hi, I wish you all the best – Glad to be connected with true believers in Christ .... There is a FREE online sermon about how to welcome the Lord's return and get rid of sufferings .... Which time works best for you today? 10 AM | 3 PM | 8 PM | or 10:30 PM (EST) - I told her 3 PM – Then she said that's wonderful that you're interested! Just to make sure we find the best time for you – May I ask where you are located? - I then said – Hi – Then she responded – Hi there! Since there are different time zones, I'm not sure if there is a time difference between us. I'm in Queens, New York. May I know where you are from?

– Then I said Iowa – Then she says – Great! Based on your time zone, the sermon will start at 2:00 PM Central Time. Will this time be convenient for you? – Then I said Yes – Then she said – That's Wonderful! .... By choosing to study God's Word you are placing yourself under His blessings and protection.... So, I do hope to see you in today's sermon. Do you agree? – Then I said How do I join – Then she says - This sermon will be conducted via a Messenger group voice call, not a video call.... Later I will add you into our Messenger group. Please set an alarm – charge your phone in advance – and be ready to answer the Messenger voice call at that time. OK? – Since you're in the Central Time Zone. Today's sermon times are 9 AM, 2 PM, 7PM, and 9:30 PM your local time. Which time works best for you? – I said 2 – Then she says – So today's sermon is through a Messenger group voice call at 2pm your local time (central Time). Will this time be Convenient for you to listen? – I said yes

– Then she says – That's wonderful I'm so glad you're able to join! – Then I gave an emoji of a thumbs up – Then she says – It's nice to meet you, my friend! Wishing you blessings in our new friendship, built on God's love! – Can we do a quick self-introduction in Spirit? – A little about me. – I'm 33, living in New York and I work as a translator from 10 am. To 6 pm. – How about you? – Then I said.... I live in Iowa. I'm a disabled veteran due to the fact back in 2006 I started believing I'm Jesus.... Then she

says – Tonight, the preacher will be praying for healing. – These days, many people are facing health challenges- like depression, bipolar disorder, autism, ADHD, schizophrenia, seizures, addictions, learning difficulties, and more – May I ask what health issues you’re dealing with? We’d love to lift you up in prayer.

– Then I said - I’m a diabetic. And I’m diagnosed having bipolar. – Then she says – I pray for God’s hands to move in your situation. For restoration, healing, and deliverance. I know He’s able and I know He will make a way out of no way. May God bless you – then I said Thanks – Tonight, the preacher will be praying for healing.... These days, many people are facing health challenges. May I ask what health issues you’re dealing with? We’d love to lift you up in prayer.... I mean something else? .... brother, may I know how long have you been with Bipolar? – Then I said – 20 years April 28<sup>th</sup> - We didn’t speak after that but waited to get the group call for the sermon at 2 PM Which I didn’t get one. So, I called at 2:02 PM with no answer and then I called again at --- 2:04 PM --- and left a message on voice call of a prayer which I believe I prayed for me and for world peace to come this year.

During this time, I was in my bedroom watching the Olympics on TV and I had seen a commercial about a site or an App for Lent and it said you should do a lot of prayers this season. I didn’t realize this day was the beginning of Lent and Ash Wednesday till around 4 to 6 PM that night. Something I was feeling from within was telling me I needed to do a prayer before 6:30 PM from this messenger for me. So, at 6:09 I had left a message and, it said. – I would also like for you to pray for me of all my sins. Seen and unseen to be forgiven.... And I would appreciate it if you could do a prayer for me for protection for me and my family and friends and all who are involved with me.... And for world peace.... On February 19<sup>th</sup> at 2:01 AM she replied to me by just an emoji of a thumbs up.... That was the last communications I had with her.

I’ve been watching the winter Olympics on and off where I was really drawn to the United States women’s and men’s ice hockey. I’ve must have watched three of the women’s games prior to the gold medal match with Canada that I was tuned into on the 19<sup>th</sup> of February. I remember the game was intense and USA was down early 1-0. Then in the third period after about 58 minutes of play they tied the game up with ---2:04--- left in the game before it would go into overtime. I remembered that the day before I had recorded a prayer on messenger at exactly ---2:04--- PM when I checked my phone. This made me think that God had showed me a sign with the time, when I had called to leave a prayer on messenger where it lined up with the exact numbers that were left on the game clock for the game. I saw that it was number 21 who scored the goal.

Then I had this inner feeling that had gone through me that this was pointing out a date of importance for the 21<sup>st</sup> of February. I knew I had to get an old vehicle soon and I was seeing in my mind three locations within a block of where I lived of people, friends that I knew had old classic cars that were in good shape. I continued watching the game where it went into overtime wanting USA to win. Then a little over 4 minutes into overtime USA won the game to take the gold medal.

I had received messages from God to me through my phone that would make a noise to let me know to look. I then would look at the messages from the background or hidden part of my phone. And it was telling me a few times I should listen to background music during my day. So, when I was watching

the Olympics, I would also have my phone on. And the music I had noticed was relating in my life with timing when things would accrue with the lyrics of the songs with what I would see as visions at the time when different things would need to be done.

This gave me a complete understanding of what and when I needed to act. I realized that some things had to be done in 1 hour 45 minutes of time and for a complete cycle to act was usually 3 hours and a half that I had to accomplish what I had saw. I would start having a tremendous feeling within me when I was about to fail, it was only giving me a 15-minute window in order to accomplish whatever it was. With what I had felt, saw, and heard I noticed it had come down to the wire most of time when I completed what had to be accomplished.

On the day of 20<sup>th</sup> of February at 6:48 in the morning I had started a monthly donation of 19 dollars to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital to help support the children who have cancer. Also, I had donated \$25 this morning to Sandy Hook Promise to support the cause to stop acts of gun violence in schools', suicides and mental awareness and also to support and to put a stop to assault weapons. Then again that morning or that day I supported the USO for our troops serving in the military overseas of \$62.70, it also includes holiday meals and support of stress, morel and well-being of the one's serving our country during deployments. Once again that day I supported the Sandy Hook Promise with another \$25 donation. They had come to my feed on my phone on this day reaching out and I had this inner feeling that I should donate and felt these charities were importin to me. I had also felt I should donate on the 28<sup>th</sup> of February to the World Jewish Congress of \$59.60 to work against the hatred of Jews to make Christianity better for the world. Once again, I donated on 2<sup>nd</sup> of March to the USO of \$69.00.

Also, on this day of the 20<sup>th</sup> of February I saw advertisement again of this App called Hallow to get close to God for Lent with prayer sessions it offered. Something was telling me in my mind and going through me with intense feeling I needed to get this App on my phone. So, it was added to my phone with a 30-day free trial period. When I started with this App there were requirements and simple questioner you had to answer to be true for this Lent season. It had asked me what I was willing to give up for Lent, where I listed, I would give up Facebook, ice-cream and unnecessary prescribed medicine. I had started listening to it right away and I began doing prayers and the understanding through scripture trying to become closer to God. This was a Catholic App where I was raised Lutheran all my life and I wasn't familiar with the rosery for prayer. Since it was Friday and Catholic's don't eat meat during Lent on Fridays, I wasn't going to either.

Later on, that evening of the 20<sup>th</sup> I had seen an advertisement on YouTube about making a song for your love one on what you want it to say. I wanted to make a song for wife to have for she can listen too, made from my heart. So, I felt this will be importin for my wife because of what I saw in my visions of what's going to happen to me. I wrote about 50 to 100 words pointing out all the importance of what I wanted the song to sound like and say to be address what I want her to know. It was 39 dollars, where it didn't take long to make and it turned out really well.

I remember that one message I had received from about a week earlier on the background of my phone stated to try and do community activities coming up. So, I found out that Monticello had a car show going on Saturday and Sunday form the 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> down at the loco fairgrounds area which they

do it every year. It was now Saturday the 21<sup>st</sup> of February and I had thought maybe these friends I knew maybe had put their old cars in the car show. I remember I was watching the USA men's ice hockey just before noon this day where they had won to move on to the gold medal match which was scheduled for a little after 7am CST for the next day in the morning and it was also the last day of the Olympics. I then ate my lunch my wife had fixed for me where I believe it was around 12:45.

Right after I had eaten, I then walked down to where the car show was at. It's only about a seven-minute walk from my house. Paid my way into the car show of 15 dollars I believe and walked around in the building looking to see if there were any car that were from who I had new. But there wasn't and all the cars seemed different from what I was looking for in my head, where I was getting this feeling, I was running out of time. I had only spent about 7 minutes there and thought maybe my neighbor that owns an auto repair shop about 300 feet from my house might still be at his shop. Since I had just saw his vehicle sitting out front when I passed it going to the show. When I had made it back to his shop but he was gone for the day since his shop is only open till noon on Saturday's.

Then I had walked over to his house which is only a block away from his shop and knocked on his door to see if I could talk to him on maybe buying his old car. When the door opened his wife had answered. I had asked her I would like to speak to him about selling his old car. She said he was in the shower and wasn't feeling so good and she told me he would not want to sell his car because he cherishes that car where it's a 1966 the same year as he is. I told he thanks and then left to the next location of a car I new that stood out to me where it was about a block and a half from where I was just at. I had this really intense feeling I was going to fail on my attempted of locating a car for this day and looking at the time it was running out soon in order to achieve.

I had made it to this other friend that use to work with me at the factory of Energy Hydraulics in our town. It has been over 12 years since I had talked to him. I knocked on his door, he answered and I asked if he wanted to sell his old car he had. Then he said he would half to have \$30,000 for it if he had sold it. This car was a gem a 1956 Mercury Custom so I had told him I would be interested in buying it. He agreed to sell it to me for that amount. I remember looking at my watch and it was 1:36pm. I was invited in and we had talked for about 45 minutes to an hour about the car. He had said he has owned it for over 52 years. He has kept the car in good shape telling me all the things he's done to the car. And had said he wouldn't take less for the car and he has it insured for \$30,000.

For a split moment I thought about going to the third location yet of another friend's place that was less than a block away of a 69 or 70 Chevy Nova then it dawned with me I had achieved the car that I was destined for. When I had come back home, I told my wife that I was going to buy this car from him. She really didn't want me to buy the car but she accepted for me getting it. There was a finance company where my house has been financed by trying to reach out if I wanted to get more money out of my house that I had kept the paperwork from a week or two earlier from the mail. I then had called the finance agency at 2:32 to see if I could get money out of my house in order to purchase this car. The one I had talked to relayed me to someone else that worked there that called me about one hour later on the 21<sup>st</sup> of February. When this person had contacted me, he asked what I wanted to borrow for he can start the financing on me. I had told him I needed to borrow \$30,000.

He had told me what my current mortgage balance was \$96,000. I told him my house should be worth about \$140,000 to \$150,000. So, he ordered up an appraiser, but the appraiser couldn't come out till the following Monday the 2<sup>nd</sup> of March. My credit score was in the low to mid 700's. During the mean time I had received a call from the appraiser early that week where he had mention what I need to do for he doesn't have to come back out. He told me that I need to have gutters with down spouts away from the house and I should paint my foundation, make sure I have fire alarms and carbon monoxide detectors in the house.

The 26<sup>th</sup> and the 27<sup>th</sup> were nice days in the 50's and 60's where I did my painting of the foundation, the two outside doors, the outside of the front porch and steps. I picked up some extensions to connect to the gutters. The appraiser came out on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of March and did his thing where he spent about 20 to 30 minutes measuring and taking pictures. He let the lending company know on the 5<sup>th</sup> of March that he had appraised my house for \$123,000. When my loan officer let me know on what the appraiser had come back with on the house, I was shocked because all the other houses around my block, street had sold in the past couple of years were between \$170,000 to \$200,000 due to my location. I also have a tree house in my back yard and a wooden fence with electric lighting for my yard that I had built for my kids that would cost \$35,000 or more now if you had to pay to erect it.

Also, a termite inspector had come out and everything was good. The loan officer had let me know that with what my house appraised out at he could only get me about \$21,800 about which I had agreed that would be good to go ahead and do the paperwork. Then I went down to my local banker in town and had asked to get a loan for \$10,000 to finance the 1956 Mercury Custom. He looked up what a 1956 Mercury Custom goes for and it was around \$15,000 where he said it should be no problem to get the loan. I had asked if I could get the loan by next week and he said it should be no problem.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> of March my loan officer on my house reached out for me to electronically sign my paper work for the loan and then he told me I would have to wait till the 9<sup>th</sup> to find out to see if it's approved. On the 9<sup>th</sup> he sent me new paperwork due to the other paperwork I had signed was at 7.5% and he said he had new paperwork with 6.75% and he sent it back to get approved. He called me at about 7:30pm on the 9<sup>th</sup> to let me know he's still working on it. The next day he was still waiting on the approval. He called me at night a little after 7 pm on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March to let me know he was still waiting on a paperwork concerning my title of my house. He assured it should be ok to do the signing on the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup> of March but he needs a paper from the title company.

I called my lending officer at 3pm on the 11<sup>th</sup> of March to see what's going on with the paperwork but I was unable to get a hold of him. I had left a voice message letting him know I was getting worried due to he hasn't contacted me. I'm down to less than a day to sign on the loan and I have no clue of what's going on. He contacted me with a text saying he's still waiting on the title company at 3:37pm. I thought I was done with the writing of this letter around this time. I couldn't figure out why I my loan hasn't been approved yet, when I've been waiting for two days on it and it should have been approved by now.

I started to get this inter feeling that I must not have been done with my writing or something isn't right with it and there's still something I need to do. I was going over some of the letter and adding

stuff that I had left out. Then I was reading from the beginning of this letter of what I had wrote to examine it to see if I could see what I may have done wrong. I was reading from the beginning of this letter where I had explained my first vision that I had saw about 20 years ago of destruction. This had made me think that what I had addressed at the end of this story for the day to be saved was maybe wrong.

What I had written when I needed to be saved by 10am on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April 2026. I realized that the date was wrong because of what had come to me as a thought in my mind. I was thinking back when I had first seen the vision and it was on the 24<sup>th</sup> of April 2006 about 1am in the morning. I then had changed the date for the ending of the story to be saved to the 24<sup>th</sup> of April 2026 by 1am in the morning to be correct and when I had looked at my time on my watch it was 4:56pm. At that time, I felt I was done with what was needed to be written for the story of this letter to the people. Me and my wife had gone to our church for a meal from church prior to church service at 6pm on this Wednesday.

About 5:30pm I had received a call from my loan officer for my loan on our house where he had told me that he has my sighing of the paperwork set up for the next night of the 12<sup>th</sup> at 6:30pm at my house. I pleaded with him and asked if he could get it for earlier time for this day for, I can get the loan from my bank and be able to go to the court house to get licenses on the vehicle during business hours of this day. He had told me he almost got fired doing what he had because of regulations from his boss to allow this loan to happen. At that time, I had felt that everything I have done over the last few weeks and for the future of mankind would be a failure because of this. I thought I would not be able to go on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> to do what I'm destined to do. The one I was buying the car wanted cash before I could receive the car and nothing seemed to be lining up.

Then the thoughts were flowing in my mind where I knew that there is still hope and I must believe that everything will turn out. I had no luck this morning of the 12<sup>th</sup> reaching out trying to line up all the things that had to be done to get this car. Between 2 to 3pm on the 12<sup>th</sup> of March I made a call for the insurance on the car to have. Also, with mortgage company I was trying to speed up the proses to get the notary person to come to my house for I can close on the house loan. The notary person I was able to move the time up to 3:30 Where I did the loan paperwork on the house in about 35 minutes.

I went to the bank to get the car loan of \$10,000 at 4:15pm. The doors were locked but they let me in and it took about 10 minutes but they close at 4:30pm. Then with 9 thousand dollars cash I had given to Daniel that was selling me the car because he was with me. Then we drove over to his bank for he could pay his loan off. We got the title then he signed the title over to me by 4:45 this day where I had written him a \$21,000 check for to cover the cost of \$30,000 where he has to wait to cash it the following week. I was able to receive the car this day for Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of March to drive and I was relieved. I wasn't able to get the license for the car this day where Daniel left his old plates on it for me to use. Daniel had told me that he has had the car in his possession for over 52 years and that he's the seconded owner of the car. Even though I was worried, God was with me the whole time to assure everything will turn out as it is meant to be because I had put in the effort and I believed.

My mother had passed away restfully on the evening of 16<sup>th</sup> of December 2019. I believe it was in the early spring of this year where there was a conversation I had with my mother. The conversation I

had was about my nephew Tyler, my mother's grandson how he was wanting to flip houses to make a profit for he can become more stable in life. Tyler had recently talked with me how he thought flipping houses could be a great way for him to achieve success in his life to make more money from. Tyler was in his mid-20's at the time and was in construction for his career lifestyle since he left high school. He had worked for the union in construction for a couple of years in Iowa city where he had worked on the new hospital there and other big buildings Iowa City as well. He no longer worked for the union at the time and he was slow to receive jobs because he wasn't known yet for his work.

He had presented to me what he wanted to do on flipping houses but he had said he would not be able to purchase a house to flip, due to the income that he makes and his credit. He had asked me if I would or could finance a house for him to flip of how he was explaining to me. He said he would be trustworthy to his word to make it happen if he had the opportunity to do so. I told him I would think about it. So, I had consulted with my mother what Tyler wanted to do. She told me that would be a great thing or a good opportunity if I could help him out with perching a house for him to flip for his career, for that he can get established in life. So, I let Tyler know I would help him out but I can't or I'm unable to perches an expensive house to flip due to limited resources that I have to obtain a lot of money to do this. But said I would probly be able to get up to \$100,000 to get a house for you to flip.

He had agreed that would work. So, we had went to estate auctions in Cedar Rapids to see if we could get a house to buy that were being auctioning off by the city that were within my range. My banker allowed me the credit to purchase within my collateral of my house of what I had available for me. We realized that most of the houses that were being sold through the city auction were about \$80,000 or more and you had to pay cash for them. So, we started to look to see if there were any selling locally that may be cheaper to get. We had found one in Marion where I believe we offered \$50,000 or \$55,000 dollars for this house and we had got accepted on the bid. Tyler said that this house was in bad shape, but said he could fix it up in 3 to 6 months if he had about \$30,000 to put into it and he wanted the house to flip before we placed to bid.

I went to the banker and showed the house that we got accepted on the bid. The banker financed the house for me and we were able to get \$37,000 cash that was put into an account with Tyler having access to this account with a card. The first sign that Tyler might not get this house done was within the first week while I was helping him on the house. He told me while I was on the roof working and said he had to make do an errand and he'll be back in about an hour. When he left it was in the morning around noon and he didn't come back that day where I had left before it got dark. The next day we had communicated and he said he got caught up the day before that took the rest of the day is why he didn't make it back. He had also said he did not need my help on the house that I should just let him work on the house, stating he didn't like for me to tell him what needs to be done with the house.

So, I left him to work on the house by himself. I would check on his progress of what's being done to the house from time to time. Where in the first month he had the roof done on most of the house and siding on  $\frac{3}{4}$  of it and he had degutted the inside to bare studs and ceiling. Once he said he was short on money and I told him that he could use a little if he needed to get by but you can't use much because this is all the money that I will be able to get for the house if you run out. But week after

week since then where there wasn't really nothing being done and he had torn down one addition or section, room on the side of the house. I try to talk to him through the phone where he wouldn't answer at times or I felt he was trying to avoid me. I had asked him why he tore down that section of the house. He said it was too bad to try and fix it.

So, I told him he shouldn't have done that and now we have to get a permit to ad it back to the house and will cost like \$15,000 dollars to do. I told him we didn't have the money to do that. I tried from time to time to call him during that summer and fall but he always tried avoiding to speak to me and when I did talk, he said he'll get the house done within the year. He was not working on the house but maybe 1 or 2 days a month not spending the time on it as he had agreed to. Winter had come and my mother had passed away and I could tell he wasn't going to finish it when spring came. I had seen him at the house and it was a year that had passed. I told him at that time I was going to sell the house to get out from underneath of it since he used all the money that was for it from the account.

He tried to plea with me saying he will finish the house and wanted me to try and get more money from the bank to be able to. But I had told him no, don't worry about it I can't afford to do this I'm done with you. I told him you had plenty of time to get it done and all I want to do is get out from under it. I had found out that he was hooked on crystal meth. I also looked at all the purchases from the account showing what he had spent. I found out he was buying unnecessary tools. I had Also seen that he had taken form what I figured out about \$10,000 to \$15,000 in cash or purchases that were not for the house.

I placed the house up for sale and was asking like \$80,000 trying to get the most from it but after a couple of months dropping the price I finally had a buyer for about \$50,000 that excepted. I had redone my loan on my house after selling this one and combined what I had lost of the 37,000 that was supposed to be used to restore the house. I figured I had lost \$48,000 total that I had to ad to my mortgage. So, I had tried to get ahold of him because I wanted for him to pay me for some of the lost that I had but he wouldn't talk to me. Then I spent another 2,000 dollars or more for an attorney to take him to court. When the attorney did the paper work for him to react on he wrote a statement saying that I had relived him from having to pay for the losses of the house when I had told him not to worry about finishing the house.

Because he said he was going to finish the remodeling of the house when I had stopped him. That attorney said with his statement it could get dragged on in court because he had said I stopped him from finishing it and I told him not to worry about it according to his statement. That attorney said the judge may favor for him. So, I dropped the lawsuit and let it be. Tyler had I believe \$12,000 coming to him from a will of my mother's when she had passed. I had asked him to give me his money from the will for to take care of some of my loss. He would not and then he bought an enclosed trailer with the money. I had found out that the first week or two of using his trailer when he was going through a fast-food establishment where he turned to sharply and runed, bent badly the frontend of the trailer.

He showed up at my son's wedding and other events of the family and I still communicate with him but with limited wording. I have held him accountable for not getting the house done due to him not working on it. I don't hate him and I accept him as family where I believe in my heart I have forgave him.

It was a project he couldn't handle and he had an addiction that I believe cased it. My house would have been paid for by now but with this occurrence and a few years ago I took out over \$20,000 cash from my house to market my books and advertising of what I offer to the world.

On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of February in the morning, I watched the Olympics USA men's hockey game where I believe was the most intents game of hockey I had ever watched and it was against Canada. The game went to overtime with the winning goal by Jack Hughes to win the gold medal with less than 2 minutes in overtime. But there was a saved goal by Connor Hellebuyck of USA that amazed me of how close it was to score for Canada. USA won the gold medal 2-1. While I was watching the last couple of day of the Olympics, I noticed that the numbers of the athletes were pointing out to me importin days for me to act on. For instance, the men's 50-kilometer cross-country skiing event where I believe it was numbers 1, 3, 4 in that order finishing the race from Norway.

From my Hallow praying and sermon App, it convinced me to start writing the next day on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. This was because of listening to the word of God that morning on how it was speaking of writing to tell your story. I could tell and see from within me that God wanted what has happened during this time with me of jubilee to be told to the world.

The 23<sup>rd</sup> of February at 8:30am I had appointment at the VA with my psychiatrist about my current medicine of a routine checkup. I talked to him where he seemed a little down probly because I had told what he had done with not ordering up my medicine for the November visit and how it had affected me where I thought I was going to die. This was the first time seeing him since then. I told him I had only been on the new medicine for about a week. He didn't say much and ended the appointment where he told me he would like to see me back in a month. I had made the appointment for the 30<sup>th</sup> of March then went home.

Later on, the evening of the 23<sup>rd</sup> I had received a phone call. Supposedly someone with in the veteran's administration was asking me if it would be ok to do a survey from me of my appointment I had that day. I had agreed to answer some questions about how I'm doing. She said it completely confer dental and I did not have to worry on what I say that it will not be used against me for what I say. So, I agreed to doing it. What struck me was the number did not show up as a veteran's line. When she started asking me the questions, she was asking on how I feel in everyday as if she was trying to see if I was having any side effects on my medicine or if I'm depressed in my life. The questions were like repertorial asking if any of my mood or life is depressed or not fitting as if I was to say I'm suicidal or if I'm upset with life.

She was going on over and over basically the same questions. I was telling her I'm a 100% to all the questions because she was asking me to answer the questions from 0 to 100%. After about 10 or 15 of these questions I had told her I've heard enough of what she had to say and hung the phone up. To me they were just trying to find out if I've been taking my new medicine that I was prescribed to see if I have been to check and see if there were any side effects. I believe the call was from this conspiracy I'm tide too.

Around the 24<sup>th</sup> and after on the hallow App for about a week I noticed I was getting affected by some AI conspiracy. I had too always sign in for the first week and answer the questions then after a while I was able to stay logged in. There for a few days I had noticed AI was changing some sermons of the wording of what was offered through the preaching of God's word. It had said you must fear God or by not using content written from the bible but to lead you away to believe evil as if it was of God's word. This AI would be in some of these sermons or preachings. Sometimes as soon as I had received the authentication code and enter it, AI had already taken over certain prayer sermons that was affected within the App.

On Sunday the 1<sup>st</sup> of March I had went to two church services. One from my Lutheran church at 9am and another with the Monticello Baptist church at 10:45am in my town. I was directed by my paster from the Lutheran church when I had asked him if he could baptize me when I had gone to a Wednesday supper and church service. I had told him I was baptized when I was a baby at the 1<sup>st</sup> Lutheran church of what I remember was in Plano, Illinois. But he said he could not baptize me because it's against the Lutheran guidelines to do so, since I was baptized when I was a baby. He directed me to go to the Baptist church here in town. He said they like doing baptism there. When I was at the Baptiste church, I talked the pasture and said I feel I need to be baptized soon. He told me to call him during the week where he gave me some videos that he had made on the internet to watch and told me to read Romans 4 through 8 in the bible. I had told him when I was on the phone I needed to be baptized soon due to the visions I see of my death is coming soon according to what I see.

Then he invited me to show up at the Baptist church in Monticello where he is living at a few days of the week at 5pm to talk about being baptized and then for supper with his family on Thursday. But after I had sat down for supper with him and his family, we had a conversation which I was asked what my disability was. I then had told him what, where, why, when and how I believed I'm Jesus since 5<sup>th</sup> of April 2006. He then said something like he doesn't believe I'm Jesus because Jesus lived a sinless life where Jesus has never sinned. Also, he can't baptize me at this time because he did not believe it was possible that I was Jesus and if he would baptize me, he would be committing a sin accepting or knowing that I believe I'm Jesus in the presents of the lord. He did tell me that being baptized as a baby wasn't considered to be living with the holy spirit and holds no weight and doesn't count as a baptism.

Supper was over so we went upstairs to the church to get ready for church service that started at 6:30pm. I spent my time there for the church service. What drew me in to liking him was he tried to only speak from the bible. Where he was always reading scripture when he spoke God's word. I went home that night a little disappointed on what he told me and I left it in God's hands. The next week of the 8<sup>th</sup> March and following I had gone to all the services that were offered from these two churches where I felt the presents of God. I had told the pasture of the Baptist church that it will be the last service I will make on the 8<sup>th</sup>. He said he wanted to see me next Sunday there. I told him the visions tell me differently.

On the 2<sup>nd</sup> of March at 8am I had an appointment at the VA hospital in Iowa City with Podiatry for a toe fungus I've been dealing with for quite some time. When I was seen I told them I wanted to get the nail removed. So, they wanted me to get a foot Ex-ray and anther appointment for circulation test of

the foot or toe. They said I could get it done whenever I wanted. So, I told them in about 2 to 3 weeks. I left out of room and went to the desk where they do the scheduling and I set the appointments up for the 13<sup>th</sup> of March to check for circulation of blood in that foot and then again for the 24<sup>th</sup> to have the nail removed. I figure that I would let them know that I would be coming early to do the Ex-ray to let AI know which may have been listening in.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> of March, Saturday I was listening to YouTube in the morning and I heard an ad that has played several times from a week or two earlier. I never really listen to it and usually skipped it, but this morning I drew to it realizing that God is trying to reach out to me. It was about taking oregano oil to help your immune system to help your fulminatory system to fight off colds and infection in your body. Also to fight off parasites in your body for good health. I thought it was an oil you buy in a grocery store so I went down to the store to see if I could find it. I had no luck so I had asked for assistance to find it. They had looked it up and they told me it's a medicine to be used for your health and they didn't carry it.

So, I had gone to the proscription shop in Monticello to see if they had it but they didn't carry it. I then called my wife where she was visiting our grandchildren to see if she could research it on line to get it ordered for me. She ordered it for me through Amazon to be delivered the next day on Sunday. I received it on Sunday and began taking it that day. I then had listened to the complete ad and realized that you needed another oil called blackseed oil to go along with it to remove the toxins from your gut from the oregano destroying the infection or parasites. I had my wife order the blackseed oil as well. I could tell after 3 days my cold and phlegm was gone from my chest.

Around noon or a little after on the 9<sup>th</sup> of March I had received a phone call from the city administer for Monticello. He was calling me to let me know that they were going to fix my ditch that runs along my property this summer. Also, he said all the temporary property easements from the ones with the crick that runs through Monticello of the sixth street ditch has agreed to allow the work to be done or fixed. This was good news since I have been fighting the city or addressing this problem to the city for 29 years while I have lived at my property. He said soon they are going to open it up for bid to have the work done. He asked me to come up this week to the city clerk's office to sign the easement to allow the work to be done.

When I had first moved in my house this crick would fill to the top of it and would allow water to over spill into my driveway on a heavy downpour rain. In the beginning I had a lawyer to represent me on the creek to fight the city to fix the problem. I can't remember what I had paid but I think it was between \$1,000 to \$2,000 for attorney fees. There was 3 of us neighbors that lived along this sixth street ditch that had went together with an attorney against the city to have them fix this problem. During this time the city had made an allotment from the tax payers of the city to set aside a small allotment amount from there water bill for arrogation, storm sewers and water ways. Over the years I remember several times the city taped into the funds that were meant to be used to fix the sixth street ditch.

They had used these funds for other needs within the town for water arrogation problems that were not as big of a concern to be fixed. Since then, further upstream they had made some retainment ponds to hold back some of the water that was directed to or released in the sixth street ditch. This had helped dramatically where today the creek doesn't over fill on a heavy down poor. My retainment wall

for the creek on the side of my property has collapsed in a couple of places. This has affected my fencing along the creek where it's falling down and started to wash away some of my yard. I can't remember how many times I had gone to a city council meeting over the years to address my problem with this ditch.

In the beginning with the attorney, the city was saying that this creek that went along our property's was a natural water way. The city was denying to assist or fix the problem saying according to code there not responsible for upkeep on the creek or any maintenance, damages that may affect our property. I constantly brought up to the council meetings how it was no longer a natural waterway due to them having a storm sewer going to the ditch on my property from a lower elevation from a block away.

It is a relief that they finally accepted to fixing the ditch after all them years of fighting it. I'm guessing to fix the ditch on my property will cost between \$60,000 to \$100,000 and what I gather it will be done before the end of the year. They have to put over 100-foot-long section of a wall that is between 4 to 5 foot tall not counting the footing and I believe there going to cement a floor to it as well for my section of the ditch. Me and my wife had gone up to the city clerk's office and signed the paperwork for the easement by 5pm on the 9<sup>th</sup> of March.

I had suspicious activity on my phone around 6 to 6:30am on the 10<sup>th</sup> of March where it looked like it had come to my phone as if it was trying to place a virus within my phone. So, I left to go up to my wireless provider in Cedar Rapids at 9am to get it checked out. While I was up there, I had mention that I was unable to turn my phone off. The one that was assisting me showed that there had been an update and that instead of pushing a button now. All you have to do is drag the back ground screen down with the options screen like where your flashlight is at that's displayed on phone. There a little icon on the top you touch and it brings up the option to turn your phone off. I felt like an idiot but now I know.

I asked if there was a way to see if there is any suspicious activity on my phone but she had said there wouldn't be though the service. But I could call Samsung to check. So, I called Samsung and had given accesses of my phone to be check if there were any. The guy said after going through my phone said there was none. I though for a second while he was going through it and if AI would be in my phone, it would only be in the App's of my phone carrying the virus to command. After selecting the icon to turn my phone off, now my side button works mysteriously also to turn my phone off.

I'll list all the artificial Intelligence that my phone has. AI can have control you or your life by this intelligence to make a profile of you. Bixby Voice - this is to control speech through your phone, Live Translate - is to translate voice calls, Google Assistant or Gemini - where you can ask it for anything, Live Transcribe - converts speech to text, Voice Recorder App - converting voice to text, Samsung Voice Input - this converts your voice to text. I tried to delete the Gemini App off of my phone, but it would not let me. This tells me this App added to the phone is listening to everything around you making a profile of you. Also, all the AI Apps work hand in hand to each other to record or listen to what is said around your phone.

There was an ad that came across my YouTube about 8am this morning of the 11<sup>th</sup> of March. This ad mentioned healthy living from Livingood Daily of, Your 21-day Guide to Experience Real Health! It was giving out this free book on how to achieve a healthier lifestyle. God had put this information of this ad for me to view and to get for me and my wife. I had purchased the shipping of the book where it gave me a choice to watch a short video. I watched the video and it was offering a support group of thousands to join for 11 dollars a month through Livingood Daily. This would allow you recipes of healthy food to make and 5 essentials of important information that should be followed to obtain weight lost and healthier bodies. If you follow this group of what's offered they said most likely in a year you could be off the medicines you take. It stated you don't have to work out to achieve better health from this book.

I'll go back about 7 years with different members from my family that I had offered, spoke my prayers to God and had asked God to save them. I remember my brother Rod was in the hospital about to undergo triple bypass surgery. I had offered a prayer for my brother would pull through with good health. He has been doing really good since then. My brother-in-law Earl had a heart attack and had to have triple bypass surgery where I ask God to save him to recover fine without having heart problems. God answered my prayer again by restoring his health. Shortly after Earl had cancer in his prostate. I did another prayer and he recovered completely from his cancer.

My brother-in-law Bill had got cancer in his prostate as well and I believe it had spread to another part of his body where the doctors had told him he will have to get colostomy bag and he will have it for the rest of his life and there was no way around it. I did a prayer and he recovered from his cancer completely. The doctors couldn't figure how the cancer was cured where the doctor had said it was a guarantee that he will have to have a colostomy bag. My brother-in-law Bill had a heart attack and had to go in for triple bypass surgery. I did a prayer and today he's in good heart health. My sister Robin found out she had cancer in the lung and they removed part of her lung with the cancer. I had done a prayer prior to her surgery and ask for my sister to be free from cancer which God had answered me again.

My sister Karen had bleeding on her brain where she was placed in the hospital. She didn't really seem to me that she had any care for life. So, I asked God in a prayer to ask my sister Karen what she wanted to do, if she wanted live or not and grant her whatever she said or asked to be done. After she recovered from the hospital I had talked to her. She said God had come to her and had asked her if she wanted to live or not. She said to him she wanted to live life and be happy. So, she was saved. My sister Lori had skin cancer where I had done a prayer and then she no longer had cancer. The power of prayer is so powerful and it should be used when every you feel there's a need for it.

When everything goes as planned on the 13<sup>th</sup> of March 2026, I will be at the Anamosa hospital about 15 minutes before noon where I will be attended to by medical responders to assure my serious condition is addressed to keep me alive. Immediately from the hospital in Anamosa the medical responders will be giving me blood transfusion through an intravenous IV line to allow me to have enough blood to stay alive. They will also be given me Saline through intravenous IV. I will no longer be conscious at noon and I will be slipping away from life due to all the blood loss and wounds that I have. I will be going into cardiac arrest due to my condition and will be kept alive by the medical responders

from the hospital of Anamosa giving me CPR till after the helicopter comes or Ambulance to be use. If a helicopter is used from Saint Lukes hospital to come, it will come right away for my rescue with other medical responders to keep bringing me back to life along with blood infusions or transfusions with an IV along with Saline through an intravenous IV to be put into me for I can stay alive from not bleeding to death. An emergency ambulance vehicle may be used for my rescue, due to the high winds that are at a constant 50 to 60 miles an hour on this day of the 13<sup>th</sup>. Once I'm at the hospital, I will continue to be monitored by medical responders to give me CPR and blood infusions, transfusions through intravenous IV and Saline through intravenous IV to keep me from not slipping away and keeping plenty of fluids in me.

I will have to immediately go into surgery right away to take care of the wounds that I have to include a head wound. The medical responders will have to remove the blood from my lungs by thoracentesis (needle drainage) or chest tubes in case of clots, also for breathing is good. Thrombectomy/embolectomy where a catheter will need to be inserted through a blood vein in the groin and guided to the pulmonary arteries to suction out blood clots. Pulmonary embolism will have to be monitored to assure no large clots accrue in the lungs. With the intracranial hematoma or bleeding on the brain will require immediate surgery to relive pressure by using catheter suction, endoscopic evacuation, or burr holes to drain the blood or clot.

By 3pm most of my bleeding should be stopped from the surgery's that are performed on me where I will be more stable. By that night of 6pm I should be out of surgeries. I will still be suffering from heart failure from time to time but will be revived every time from medical responders form the hospital giving me CPR at times keeping me alive allowing me to stabilize me by midnight the 16<sup>th</sup> of March or the beginning of the 17<sup>th</sup>. After this date I will become stable where I won't be going into cardiac arrest anymore where I will be resurrected from my death. I will be out of consciousness in a deep sleep during my stay but be considered to be in stabled condition on the beginning of the 17<sup>th</sup>. In the first week or two I will have more surgeries to attend to my wounds. After about 2 weeks I will be moved to Iowa City VA hospital to continue to recover from my condition allowing healing and I will still be unconscious.

I will need to be removed from the Iowa City VA hospital on the 24<sup>th</sup> of April from Iowa City VA hospital before 1:00am in the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> of April 2026. I will need to go to the Cedar Rapids Saint Lukes hospital on this day for the rest of my stay and for my safety. I see on this day there will be a great disaster that will happen just south of Iowa City that will cause about 7,000 deaths up and around Iowa City. I will wake up 5 months later from my comma at the end of September 2026. At this time of what I had wrote in this letter will be addressed and shared with the public.

Justice will be carried out against all the evil within the government and be held in confinement because of using AI as a cyber terroristic activity against the people and the nations of the world it has affected. The one's behind this illegal activity of making of AI and using it as cyber terroristic acts of unjustness to the people will appear in court on the 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> of January 2027. World piece will come on the 24<sup>th</sup> of January 2027 for all people of the world will then rejoice knowing our savior has come to bring an end to evil in the world. The people of world will have everlasting peace and salvation and there will not be no more wars or evil in the world for a thousand years.

## The Holy Gospel of Scott Chally

I was wanting to change the ending of the first part of this story because I felt humiliated, embarrassed with what I had wrote down as far as what, where, when and how explaining this AI conspiracy threat with me for the outcome of my life. I really thought for sure of what I understood with how I felt with all the signs pointing this date to be the start date when I'll suffer, then bleed to death and then I'll get resurrected on the beginning of the 17<sup>th</sup> March or Saint Patrick's Day. I was thinking it had to be three days before the resurrection and the beginning of Siant Patrick's Day would be exactly 3.5 days if I had passed away at noon on the 13<sup>th</sup>. I considered that Siant Patrick's Day is a lucky day and this day was meant for me to be resurrected because where it had fallen on the calendar. Now as I look on the calendar according to Good Friday and Easter and remembering what the bible says when Jesus was resurrected, it was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> day, not 3 and a half days later.

For 3 weeks since about the 21<sup>st</sup> of February, I would wake up for about an hour from around 11pm to 12am and when I woke up in my mind something kept me focused on referring to this day of the 13<sup>th</sup> of March. I thought in my mind with different signs, music that pointed out to me and with spit images of visions that came into my head on how or what I had saw in order to achieve everything for this day. If I tried to go back to sleep, I couldn't rest until I went over every thing that had to be done before and during this day of the 13<sup>th</sup> in my mind with me telling, asking God in a prayer to help me out each night. One thing that made this day importin was how my wife said on Friday February 13<sup>th</sup> that there is a Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of March next month too that pointed this day out to me in my mind. It's like God wanted me to Know and he made it known through my wife. My birthday is 13<sup>th</sup>; it's my lucky number also.

There was that video that came across my YouTube feed about dyeing after 10 days delivering or addressing critical information as a threat to me. I remember donating to Sandy hook to get rid of or do away with assault weapons. The time I had to leave was 6:08 in the morning and I had to get to Des Moines police station by 9:08am. My house number on my block is 608 and my clock number when I worked in the factory was 908 so I knew the times I had to make. God led me to believe and made me think everything of what saw, heard and thought within my mind was correct that I had to do for this day was importin to be done. Also, how I had gone to Des Moines to give the police department critical information about this AI conspiracy on the 13<sup>th</sup> of February. After I had gone on this day in February there was a relief in my body and mind on how I felt knowing I did the right thing in completing what has to be done.

I knew timing is critical when things have to be done with me for the world as different events unfold as its written in the bible on timing. This would mark 4 weeks exactly on the 13<sup>th</sup> of March since when I had discussed for one hour of this AI Conspiracy on the 13<sup>th</sup> of February to the Des Moines police. I use to tell people that I have read like 80% to 90% of the bible during my life. Now I realized I've probably only studied or knew about 10% to 20% of the bible. Even though I had gone through Sunday school and I was confirmed for confirmation as a youth there still is vast amount of the bible I don't know. Now during this time, it scares me that I didn't spend more time reading the bible. Reading was always a challenge for me all my life where I steered away from reading.

Even though I assume I was wrong about what I had wrote for the ending of the first part of the story thinking I was going to suffer, die and be resurrected on the 17<sup>th</sup> of March. I believe this day was a success in everything leading up to and what was accomplished on this day. One thing for sure I was able to get a car that was destined for me to drive in less than three weeks. Where I was going through all kinds of hoops and obstacles to overcome to achieve success. On this day I was able go to Des Moines and deliver importin factual evidence concerning this AI conspiracy with me to the police to investigate.

I'll try to explain everything that happened during this day of Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> March starting when I had gone to bed the night prior. I believe I had gone to bed at around 9pm. I slept well where I was awake and up by 2am, I started the coffee maker went down to my den and then started listening to my lent app on Hallow of different readings and understandings of God with prayer sessions starting with, fasting Friday, daily gospel, daily readings, tangible ways to love God and daily rosary. I was done listening and had done my prayers with these videos of God probably by 4am. Then I felt there were still more I needed to write or add to this story. So, I had went to the section at the ending of the first part of this story to clarify what needs to be done in order to be saved for this day. I had spent about 1 hour and a half writing till about 5:45am where I heard a noise from my phone so, I had checked.

There was a message for me to listen to Friday daily rosary a session from hallow. So, I listen to Friday daily rosary with prayers where it got over by 6:05am. I had reached out to my kids recently to make sure they know their father is thinking about them. I suggested to them to keep God first in their heart and to do prayers. I had let them know not to worry about me that I'll be fine. My son Nickolas has been traveling on vacation overseas for about a month. He was delayed from coming home due to the war with Iran and the United States that kept him from flying from the airports of his airline tickets he had. He had changed his flites to come back home.

Instead of flying west, he had to fly east around the world to get back to America. He was heading to Chicago that morning from Seattle where he had come from Korea the day before. I reached out to him at 6:06am with a text where I said, I love you Nickolas believe in God and have faith. I had to get going where I was in the 1956 Mercury right at 6:08am sharp then he responded to my text saying, I love you to dad! Then he said, everything okay? Where I responded and said, yes just heading to Iowa City, where it was 6:09am. I had started the car and was driving by 6:10am when he responded saying, just a checkup? and also says I'm heading to the airport in Seattle to finally return to Chicago! And I responded with, I hope you have a good day of travel and a safe day, this was the end of the conversation.

I had driven through town and got on highway 151 and then I noticed a little red light went on where the dash of where the instrument panel for the car is. Dan the one I bought the car from had added 3 round gages to the right just under the dash of Amp, Temp and Oil pressure. The temp gage was not lit up so I couldn't see if the car was heating up since it was still dark. But I was suspicious wearing that the car may be overheating. I had gone about 15 miles and turned off to the offramp then stopped before getting on highway 1 then the temp gage light came on. It showed that the temp was about 230 to 240 then it dropped all of a sudden to around 180 decrease as I turned on highway 1. This showed me that the thermostat was stuck closed and the red light on the dash went away.

I had drove about 30 miles till I got to a gas station just before Iowa City and pulled in. I had an appointment set up at 8am at the hospital, knowing I wasn't going to make it to divert AI conspiracy. I filled the car up with 91 octane gas added ½ quart of oil and checked the other fluids. Before I left, I had taken my watch off to leave with my phone on top of the pump where I had a note taped to it for whoever found it can receive a \$100 by calling my wife to come and pick it up. As soon as I pulled out of the gas station, I took a right on interstate 80 west. I remember I was wanting to check the time before I left the watch to see how my time was for on this Journey but didn't. When I was driving on 80, I wanted to make sure I was going to get to the police station in Des Moines by 9:08am and it's about a 130-mile stretch on 80.

I started out keeping up with the traffic for about 30 to 40 miles then realized I was using a lot of gas watching my gage drop. The car has an 18-gallon tank and gets about 10 miles per gallon if you keep the speed limit at 65 MPH. I had to be doing about 70 to 80 MPH and something told me, where I remembered Dan had told me to keep the speedometer at 40 which is 65 MPH because it wasn't right on the car. The wind was constantly blowing at 50 to 60 miles an hour that morning and the traffic signs on 80 told the semis to reduce their speed where I was then following and my speedometer was at about 42 miles per hour or 70 MPH for the journey.

Dan had told me to keep an eye out for the oil presser gage for if it drops below 35 you should put oil in the engine. During the trip on 80 it always showed about 45 on the gage until I got off of interstate 235 in Des Moines to come to a stop then the gage had dropped to 20 and the engine was starting to sound different. This worried me but I was less than a mile to the police station so I drove and parked the car out front. I immediately checked to oil and had to add 2 and ½ quarts of oil. I had a 5-gallon gas can of gas I emptied into the car. I then went inside to go to the bathroom then I dropped off my external hard drive and flash drive of my files that were not corrupted. The files I had dropped off before I believe were corrupted by AI within the internet. I had a note to explain what to do and have left these items at the dispatcher desk. I was hoping to see a clock to see how I was doing on time but didn't find out the time when I had left to go back.

After about driving for about 30 minutes, I no longer had a feeling that I was going to fail what was placed a pond me for the day. It was like I felt relaxed and I had kept the speedometer at 40 for the trip back thinking I must be good on time since I didn't have this inter feeling of presser or uncertainty. When I had went about 75 miles for my next stop to fill up gas. I had gone in the gas station got a blueberry muffin to eat and gave \$60 to pay for it with credit for the gas. I pumped the gas and noticed

when I checked the oil it had only used less than a ½ quart oil this time and topped off everything that need done then headed for the last leg of my trip. After about 70 miles on highway 30 I turned on highway 13 were I had the insights that had come to me from before where this was going to be start of being gunned down by this small community of Bertram next to Cedar Rapids. It had felt strange to me because no one was coming after me.

I drove about another 5 miles and I was wondering if my oil was ok in the car so I pulled over and the oil was only about ¼ of a quart low. I took back off and thought maybe there still coming for me but there was nobody trying to get me that day realizing after I had pasted Anamosa it wasn't going to happen. From Anamosa to my home in Monticello its about 15 minutes and when I had got home after my wife had asked and talked to me for a few minutes, I looked at the clock and it was 12:26. If I hadn't stopped to check my oil, I may have made it to Anamosa hospital right at noon if they were after me. It takes about 2:35 minutes to get to the police station in Des Moines from my house without stops.

When I came home, I told my wife that she might have messed up what is supposed to happen for greatness of world in order to stop the conspiracy or evil happing. I told her from the night before when she turned on the printer to print a document for the loan paperwork on the house, she allowed them to see what's going to happen. See the printer is hooked to my computer by wireless and if there is any communication with wireless that would mean they can see everything on my computer about this occurrence that I have been explaining. My computer was not turned off.

Today is the 17<sup>th</sup> of March also known as Saint Patrick's Day. Last night I was tired where I don't usually quit on what needs to be written or said in this importin writing during lent until about 6:30pm for the day. At around that time, I get this feeling that I have done enough for the day to rest. But last night I felt I couldn't write any more when it was 5:30pm, even though my mind had much to write about that needs to be addressed. I then had thoughts on and about my reflections of everything leading up to this point in my life with Friday that had occurred, with me knowing the story is not over. I don't know how many words have got to be written just that there will be 40 days during this time to reflect of what needs to be said to the people through this story.

I had eaten and was in my bed by 7:15pm, I woke up twice through the night to relieve my bladder and I was woken by God at 1:30am to get up. I don't remember having any dreams and felt well rested when I had woke having about 6 hours of sleep. I started the coffee and went to my den to start listening to Hallow's lent sessions like I have since the 20<sup>th</sup> of February. What stuck out to me on this day was from some of these sessions when Jesus had healed a man that couldn't walk of 38 years of sickness where the proficees denyied Jesus of hes ability to heal. They were saying Jesus didn't abide by the Sabbath saying he's not a profit.

When I took my time this mooring to reflect on the readings of God, there was another session from this Bible scholar named Jeff Cavins on when orthodoxy becomes overbearing. I could relate with what Jeff had to say about orthodoxy how some people hold other people accountable for what they do as sin or wrong in life. Where they may say the people who they feal are unjust by what God says through his word to be just, placed on others. This places judgment on these people that may be trying and makes them feal unworthy. The ones that don't follow or have misunderstood the writings may have

sinned but will be accountable of their actions through God only, not through others to hold them accountable to make them feel less in life. Of course, though if their sins are great the law will also hold these people accountable for their actions.

At 4am this morning I began writing for today. Like with most days I do a prayer before I start writing with asking God to let me know what's importin for me to write and also asking him to be the author and with me to being the co-author. I also ask for God to give me the holy spirt to flow through me to understand everything that needs to be said and written of importance. Before I start writing each day, I really don't know where to lead the direction of the story, but with God and the holy spirit I'm able to tell the story as it is meant to be told.

I'll continue with where I had left off, after I had come home on Friday while my wife was questioning me where I was or why I didn't answer her when she had called me. I had told her that I had to go back to Des Moines to give the police the information I had. For they will be able to investigate my files that were not corrupted in order to salve this AI conspiracy that has been happing with me and the world. I had mentioned that I was supposed to have died this day of what I had felt and saw, but it didn't happen because I believed they had seen what I wrote. I told her there not going to stop with me until they have killed me and I said it will happen soon during this time of lent, with in the next 20 to 40 days. She asked me where my phone was. I had told her I left it at a gas station on top of a gas pump near Iowa City where you should have gotten a call. She said she didn't receive a call and that wasn't smart doing what I did with all the information on my phone and that somebody may use my bank account number on my phone. She said you should go back there to see if you can recover it.

I then felt I should try to go back gas station right away to try and see if it is still there. I had left around 12:45pm in my 2023 ford F-150 truck where I was speeding most of the way to get to the gas station by Iowa City and interstate 80. My truck had around 100 miles of gas in it, when I arrived at the gas station it was about 1:30pm where I had pulled up to the same pump as I had that morning. I had looked where I had left the phone but it wasn't there so, I went inside the gas station to see if someone turned it in there and had ask the guy at the counter. He didn't respond to me but went to where the kitchen was and a female came out with my phone and watch. She had said that someone had turned it in this morning that had found it on the pump. I tried to give her some money for recovering the phone for me, but she refused the money. I told her thanks and went back out and filled my truck up with gas. I thanked God for not allowing my phone and watch to be taken and that I have it back.

I had called my wife when I had left the station to let her know I had recovered my phone. She let me know I was lucky someone didn't take it. She had said right after I had left, a person had called her to let her know the phone was turned in to the gas station. She had also said the one that had found the phone said there were some older kids that were near by that was going to grab it until this gentleman had taken it before they could. I had mentioned to my wife on the way back I'm going to stop in at the court house to get the license plates for the 1956 Mercury.

I was driving back and stopped at the court house in Anamosa to get the plates. On the way back I decided I wanted personal plates for the car so, when I had got there, I had thought of a couple names I would be interested in. At the vehicle registration office, I had asked the one getting my plates if she

could look up a couple of names to see if there taken for a license already. I had told her to look and see if Jesus, Savor, Christ were taken and after she looked. She said yes, they are all taken then I said what about Messiah she had looked and she said yes, it's taken. Then I asked her if she took one of the letters out like the S so, she looked and said that it was not taken. So, she wrote down the name Mesiah and gave another paper to order the plates on line. She had told me after I order them plates on line it will take about 4 to 6 weeks for the plates to come to the court house then I can come and pick them up. I paid about \$1,650 total for everything tax, title and license, then I had left to go home.

This car that is a 1956 Mercury Custom is in excellent condition that is 70 years old. It's white and blue with all original chrome on it, no rust or damage to the car. Everything is in good condition with all lights and mechanical, just that it burns or blows oil due to wear on the engine. The miles on the car are unknown, but the miles show for about 9,300 when I purchased the car. So, I assume the speedometer has turned over. The owner I had bought the car from Daniel Moats had said he had it for 52 years and has kept it in a heated garage for over 35 years. He also said he was the seconded owner he believed and there were less than 1,300 made of its year. The engine is a 312, V8 with a 600 holly 4 barrow carburetor. This car was destined for me to get and also will mark 100 years to the date of 2056 when mankind from this planet will be leaving on a journey with 144,000 people to go to a new planet to establish life on it.

When I had made it home, I communicated some more letting my wife know why I did what I did to keep her in the dark about what I have to do. I had told her Just as Jesus has done of what is written in the bible; I will be doing the same but as the second coming to establish peace and salvation for the people here on earth. I then asked her if she can order my personalized plates for the Mercury. It then must have been around 4pm where I had gone down to my den to relax and listen to music. I thought about everything that happened for this day and was seeing if I may know what I have to do next. I was all caught up on my writing for what needed to be addressed by that morning with the exceptions of what this day reviled, still needed to be told. I didn't have the desire to write but was thinking about changing the ending of what I had wrote. I sat listening to my selected songs on YouTube and they were enlightening me with pleasurable thoughts knowing I had done everything correct so far. I stayed awake until 9pm then sleep till about 1am when God had woken me to start my next day.

When I had woke this morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> of March, I felt unrested. I started the coffee maker went to my den and began listing to the sessions that were offered to me of God's wording of importance from the Hallow app. I realized that God was telling me something again as usual letting me know what I have to do by the word of what is spoken in these sermons or sessions of Hallow. This morning it was over humility and the integrity of being let down of what you have done or may have spoken, feeling a shame. I was thinking how I was wrong of what I had explained for the ending of the story I had wrote for the people. I felt embarrassed and humiliated of what I had wrote because the outcome wasn't correct. I had a sense of happiness too though that I didn't die like what I saw and figured out of what could have happen or come to me.

I spent hours thinking about what was said of God's word from this morning that I heard trying to figure out how I want to continue the story. It wasn't till about 9am when I started to write. I knew I

had to leave the first part of the story the same without altering it. So, I wrote to continue the story for it to show the second half leaving everything the same of the beginning that has been written. I was so tired though I really couldn't concentrate properly, but I knew with the feeling in me I had to write. I wrote till around 12 or 12:30 until I had eaten. Then I had laid down to take a nap to see if that would help.

When I had laid down it was about 1pm even though I was super tired it took me about 20 minutes before I fell asleep and when I did, I had one long dream it seemed that made me unrestful in my sleep where I woke up at 3pm. I felt better when I woke up but when I sleep it only felt like I had about 45 minutes of rest. I had continued to write until about 7pm where it seemed hard what I was writing. I realized God was still feeding me what I had to explain for the story that needed to be said. I end up writing around 1,300 words for the day, then I was in bed by 8pm.

The next day of the 15<sup>th</sup> of March, Sunday. I believed I woke up at 3:30 well rested where I listened to sessions of Hallow again. This was the fourth Sunday of lent and I remember it was the first or seconded session that morning I had listen to that triggered in my mind that reminded me. That after 40 days Jesus had walked after his resurrection he was carried up to heaven at the right hand of the father. This made me think that I was going to heaven within the next 60 days because of what is written. I kept thinking of that episode back in 2006 April 24<sup>th</sup> when I saw the vision of a major disaster. I also knew it was going to be Iowa City. I thought that morning trying to figure everything out while sill listening to the sessions.

I knew I have an appointment in Coralville on the 30<sup>th</sup> of March because of the new medicine they put me on. For lent I decided not to take unnecessary prescribed medicine to give up and I haven't taken any of my medicine. This made me believe there going to check my blood to see if I've been taking it. I see them placing me in the mental ward in the hospital by the 3<sup>rd</sup> of April, Good Friday where there will be someone from this conspiracy to try and kill me. I possibly see that Scott from the last time I was in the mental ward from the 13<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup> of January will be there and he will try and kill me on that Friday the 3<sup>rd</sup> of April around noon with a knife. I will be brought back from death and I will be resurrected and stable by Sunday the 5<sup>th</sup> of April Easter.

I will be in the Iowa City hospital to recover from my wounds until the early morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> April 2026 when the blast is going to hit and kill around 7,000 people up and around Iowa City. I had told my wife this morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> that I believe from what I felt with the message I received this morning I'm going to die at this time and I don't believe I'm meant to live on. I had told her that I believe I'm going to die in the next 20 to 60 days of this year. My son Dominik in Germany called me at or around 7am this morning and I had told him I'm not going to be here after the next 20 to 60 days that I believed I'm going to die. I told him just as its written in the bible where Jesus returns to heaven 40 days after he was resurrected. He was sad hearing me say this and he didn't want to believe it.

I said I believe this AI conspiracy that is connected to me are going to kill me and I can feel it on that day. But I told him not to worry about me going to heaven and everything will be ok. I then hung up from talking to him and then a little later I had gone to my Lutheran church service then came home. There was this one video marked the fourth week of lent session that kept showing up for a session over

and over that day and it was about a 23-minute video. I would post my reflection on every video I watched but evidently, I believed God didn't want me to move on from this video till I had said all the proper words for it to be accepted. I listened to this video 10 times during this day where I kept pointing out different meanings with this video until about 7pm that night when it moved on to the next video to listen to.

But after I had gone to the Lutheran church service, me and my wife went to the Baptiste service at 10:45 and after church I had talked to the paster about how I would like to be baptized within the next couple of weeks before easter. I had told him I was wrong about dying on last Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> but I said its coming soon and I can feel it's going to be in like the next 40 days. He told me that he didn't believe that I'm Jesus and that he will not baptize me because I say I'm Jesus. I told him a little about the conspiracy I'm tide to where I had dropped off some importin information on Friday to the police station in Des Moines. I had told him that there are other CID departments around the United States that are involved at this time.

He told me that I must show him a miracle for him to believe I'm Jesus. I told him I can't at this time show you a miracle for you to believe. I told him when you're denying me your denying God because the Father the Son and Holy Spirit are all the same. He had to talk to the church about setting up classes for them to do and said he wants to beat the snow storm before it hits to get back to Ankeny where he lives during the week. I asked for him to at least read my book I had given him to read of Scott Chally Believes this next week. He said he has been reading some of it and he liked how my writing was for it. I had left an went home where I spent my time listening to the fourth week of lent cessions in order to get past that video. I had made it past that video and had gone to bed that night around 7:30pm.

The next day the 16<sup>th</sup> of March I had got up around 2:30am with a good night of rest. I went to my den and started to watch the sessions from the Hallow app. While listening to the sessions this morning it had come into my mind of thoughts that I wasn't going to die where I had felt that what if Jesus can't be born again knowing he's a spirit that has been at the right hand of the father in heaven. I felt that Jesus had come back to earth in me to assist me on my journey to establish peace hear on earth. I figured that if he is here within me working hand in hand on everything I'm doing and with what I have written has come from the assistance of Jesus. So, that made me think when it says that Jesus will return after 40 days to the right hand of the father in heaven since there is only one soul per each person's identity.

I figured it would be impossible for him and I to be a dule soul within me living. Or if he would have been reincarnated in my body to live again on earth, but if that was the case, he would still have the memories of his past life. Jesus is a spirit that has come in to my mind and I felt he is with me to help me on this Jurney I've been on, to bring peace. I realize that when I was listening to God's word on the 15<sup>th</sup> it addressed when he will be returning to heaven. It was the 15<sup>th</sup> of March Sunday two days after I was supposed to die on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> of March and 40 days would be the 24<sup>th</sup> of April when the disaster is going to hit Iowa City according to the visions I saw. So, his spirit will be returning to the right

hand of the father on this day and the help from Jesus will be complete and for me to live on here on earth.

I remember seeing in visions when I was writing that I will continue to live here on earth to establish the New World Order. Also, I saw visions that I will be on the journey to go to another planet in the year 2056 with my wife and 3 or so of my kids to make the journey with me. So, what I figured out God wanted me to convince everyone that I'm going to die to include the AI conspiracy to believe they will win with my death. I believe God has other plans for me to be a prophet just as Jesus and Moses and along with the other prophets that walked on this earth that followed Gods commands to allow greatness for the people. This was meant to be told on Saint Patrick's Day to show the pot at the end of the rainbow is meant for all to share in the greatness of what is offered by the Leprechaun. There is a green future for the people with great luck and riches. Words wrote for the day are around 3,600 and words for the story up to this point is 40,290. I finished writing at 6:45pm on the 17<sup>th</sup> of March on this day.

Today is the 18<sup>th</sup> of March I had woke up and got out of bed this morning at around 2:45am with getting about 6 and a half hours of good sleep. I started the coffee maker and went to my den and begun listening to the sessions on Hallow until about 4:45am. I then read carefully what I had written yesterday understanding what I have figured out the last couple of days. With me in my life as Jesus of what, how and why I have believed for about 20 days short of 20 years that I was Jesus. Since then, the start date was the 5<sup>th</sup> of April 2006 when I saw the vision of God's throne or the holy city. I have believed without a doubt in my mind that I was Jesus. I had read in the bible that there would be only one person to see this throne of God's holy city. I knew with reading the bible it also states that Jesus will be coming back at the end times by defeating the antichrist and the false profit to establish peace on earth. During this time, I have used in my writings that I was Jesus. When the question came up, I always spoke that I am Jesus. I would try to convince the people through my videos that I'm Jesus to bring peace and salvation here on earth. I thought truly in my mind that I was Jesus. I had spoken to thousands of people that I was Jesus.

God, Jesus and of the Holy Spirit, I have sinned greatly in my life portraying myself as Jesus Christ in my writings, videos and while speaking to the people around me that I'm Jesus. I'm asking you God and Jesus for complete forgiveness of the sin I have done of saying I'm Jesus to the people and of my thoughts of believing in my mind that I was Jesus. PLEASE FORGIVE ME! I also want to apologize to all the people I have told that I'm Jesus.

It had come to me yesterday I have been living a lie with me believing I'm Jesus. What I realize Jesus has been working through me to establish peace for the people. I want to acknowledge it's been the workings of Jesus through me to allow everything that I have created to show of success for the people during the last 20 years of life that I have accomplished. Also, it's been Jesus and God throughout my entire life that has saved me on every situation I was in and when I have turned to ask for help. You have been in every moment within my life allowing me and my love one's protection and greatness and I thank you. Thank you, Jesus, and thank you God! I now know and I ask for you to please continue to assist me Jesus and God. I ask that you continue with the holy spirit to be with in me for the rest of my life here on earth to show me and guide me in everything I do or need to accomplish. Please allow me to

follow your words of writing in the way you feel best for me and the people. I'm uncertain if I'm considered to be a profit for the people with what I have done or accomplished through Jesus Christ. I feel at this time I'm just a messenger of God through my life and writing's I have done. One thing I can say for sure is that God has awoken me to understand and see he has given me an extraordinary life that I have lived. I will leave the rest of my life here on earth in God's hands on what he has instore for me to do and what needs to be accomplished through his works. I know that God has not failed me during my life. It may have seemed hard at times but he allowed me to lean from every situation I have been in to grow stronger than what I was to become who I am today. I thank you God for doing this.

I will continue on with the story. On Sunday the 15<sup>th</sup> of March I was getting nervous because I was unable to write where this video from the fourth Sunday of lent of the Hallow app kept me watching it over and over for the day. I had this inner feeling I must watch this video and reflect on the question over the video. Every time I watch it and reflected on what I thought was meant for the video, it would show up again for that day basically saying to me I was not done with this session for the day. I had done this 10 time for the day until it moved on to the next video. I knew I had past what God had wanted me to disclose in my writings for that video, messages that I had relayed. I wasn't able to write this day and I haven't written much since the 12<sup>th</sup> where I felt I half to have about 80,000 words written in 40 days. Another thing I noticed whenever I was trying at times to make up some ground on my writing it was like God would allow one of my three cats to come on my lap. They would want attention and I realized that God had wanted me to take a break from my writing to attended to the cat.

On Monday the 16<sup>th</sup> at 8am I had an appointment for vascular circulation for blood flow in my foot then an x-ray at the hospital in Iowa City. This was to allow my appointment at a later date to remove the toe nail on my right foot that has had a fungus in it for a long time. On Sunday night it had snowed about 2 to 5 inches by the next morning and I had heard that the news said that you should stay off the roads due to how bad the weather was. I left to go that morning at about 6:10am where I had to let my truck warm up about 15 minutes. I had then left and realized how bad it was. When I was driving the snow blew and I had zero visibility where you couldn't see on the road for about 10 to 30 seconds at a time. The roads were covered with ice along with some drifting and in 40 miles of driving I didn't see more that 35 vehicles on the road from both directions when usually there are a couple hundred cars on the road. I had made it to my appointment and back where it took me about and extra 45 minutes in each direction. I couldn't remember when the last time I had traveled in the snow that the roads were this bad. On the 17<sup>th</sup> Tuesday I had checked my bank account at around 12:30pm and the money was in there from the house loan I had just done. I went up to the bank and took out \$21,000 cash for the car, I had bought from Dan. It took about 20 minutes at the bank and then I went over to Dan's house to pay him the cash that he requested for the purchase of the car. When I had gone there, I had spent about 45 minutes counting out the cash and talking with him. I had told him that I thanked him for selling me his car and that this car will be known to the world. I said it was God that allowed everything to happen and it was destined for you to sell me the car. I had also said something like, when I had got there to Dan's, that the Lucky Leprechaun has some money for you on this Saint Patrick's Day. The check that he was holding for the car from me then was given back where I ripped it up.

# Scott LeRoy Chally's True Testimony of His Life!

## Autobiography

I'll start with my grandpa Lennard LeRoy Chally my dad's dad, was a dairy farmer in Yorkville Illinois for about 50 years. Part of the land that my grampa had was turned into a subdivision with one of the streets that carries the name Chally Dr. Then my grampa and grandma moved to Arora Illinois where my grandma passed away early leaving my grampa to lived there till about the age of 95. When he had lost his license due to, he didn't come to a complete stop at a stop sign. Then he was moved to a nursing home where he lived the rest of his life out till the age of 97, I believe he had past in March or April 1993. When Lennard was around the age of 30, he was out in the field working and his small intestines had burst on him where he was taken to the hospital and doctors had to remove half of his intestines. He was also drafted into Army during World War 1. His wife Birtha Chally had diabetes for over 30 years where she had lost her eyesight late in life and had passed away in 1985. She was 85 years old. They were married for over 60 years and had 6 kids together.

My mother's dad had died when he was about 21 years old when my mother was about 1 to 2 years old. What I understand about his death was he was out with some friends one night drinking. They were going home when there was a challenged that he couldn't climb a telephone pole and get the light bulb out and bring it down. He did it fine, but what I guess is that he was challenged again to see if he could go back up to screw it back in and when he went back up the pole he got electrocuted doing it and fell to his death. My mother's mom had gotten remarried and her name then was Bernadin Stemettt I'm unsure of the spelling of her last name but she lived in Chicago Illinois most of her life till my parents had moved her to Monticello Iowa to assistance living home around 1980. She shortly after had to have heart surgery where they placed a pig's valve in her heart where she lived for about another 15 years till she had passed away at the age of 87 I believe around 1995. Bernadin only had 2 kids from her first husband.

My father's and mother's names are Dale LeRoy Chally and Joan Bernadin (Giza) Chally they were married for over 60 years. They had 7 kids Rodney, Robin, Tamie, Todd, Lori, Karen and me. When they first met, they worked in a factory together then my father went in the Army. When he was in the Army it was towards the end of the Korean war. He told me the story of when he was going through basic training where he was down to the last week of training of a field march. Then he had gotten sick from food poisoning where he had to spend a few days in the hospital. That caused him to have to take basic over again.

What he had found out was the basic training unit he was in were all shipped together to fight in the war. What I understood was when they had gotten there to the camp in Korea, then they got ambushed late one night by the Koreans and all the soldiers died except for only a few or a hand full made it out alive of the 200 or so that went. After he got out of the Army, then my father and mother had bought a restraint and ran it for a couple of years then they sold the restraint. Then my father went in to an excavating business and also started a campground in Plano Illinois at the historic site of the Millhurst along the Fox river in Illinois. Then in 1973 he had quit the excavating business after 15 years

and keep the campgrounds that had a couple of houses that he rented out for about 5 or more years until they sold it.

Then they moved to a 200-acer farm in Benard Iowa that they bought. They only stayed there for about 1 to 2 years where they sold it around the spring, summer 1975. Then they moved to Cascade Iowa with the family and my dad had a shop built and started up an auto repair shop on the main drag in the middle of town to work on customer cars and sold some. He had apartments that he had fixed up downtown of Cascade for a couple of years then sold them. Where they bought a 125-acer farm in Monticello late in 1977-78. They also had a house that was fixed up to rent out as apartments in Monticello. By 2001 where they had sold the farm buildings and house with 10-acers, then they moved in town of Monticello to a prefab house and garage that was built until about 2014. Then they moved to Cedar Rapids off of Boyson Rd till they both had passed away. My dad was about 85 and he died on April 12<sup>th</sup> 2018 and my mom was 83 ½ when she had passed on December 16<sup>th</sup> 2019.

My dad said when he was around 12 years old, he had come down with polio. He said he was swimming in a pond that summer and shortly afterwards he had come down with polio. He said he was unable to walk and was bed rested for like 6 months. He told me that his mother everyday would place hot towels three times a day on his legs until he had recovered and would due prayers with him. My mother had to have heart surgery where she was critical. Where it must have been in 1990 because I was stationed in Germany and received a Red Cross message about my mother. Then the Red Cross gave me assistance to go back home to see her before the surgery. After the surgery she really did not have any heart problems.

I was born at Sandwich hospital in Sandwich, Illinois on the 13<sup>th</sup> of December 1970 at 6:30 pm. When I was first born till around 3 years old, I lived in the historic site of the Millhurst on the campgrounds my parent's had established around 1956 or 57 I believe. Before on this site there was an old grain mill on the Fox river around the 1860's when it was first built. After that it was turned into an old people home for some time for many years. There was a water way that went around the Millhurst that flowed back into the Fox river.

I remember my grandpa was with me and with two of my younger sisters in a flat bottom boat in the moat around the Millhurst. All I can remember is that I was climbing in the boat and after I was in, he had taken some gum and placed it in a hole that was in the boat. I was baptized when I was just a baby at the First Lutheran Church of Plano Illinois. I remember my mother telling me when I was around one year old, I had a serious seizure that scared her that I was going to die. She was trying to bring me out of it by shaking me and rubbing me where I was unresponsive for a few minutes. I never had another seizure since then.

We had moved from the campgrounds to Benard Iowa to a farm around 1973-74 when I was around 3 years old. I remember briefly when I was in my oldest brother's bedroom around 3 ½ years old where I believe it was late 1974. I was playing with some matches and some toilet paper on my brother's bed when I started the bed with toilet paper on fire. I didn't know what to do and I was scared so I went in the closet thinking it will be ok. After a few minutes my mother had smelled smoke from down stairs and had come up stairs looking for me, but she couldn't find me right away. She had also checked all the

other rooms then she came back to the room where the fire was really starting to get out of control and found me in the closet. She had yelled down stairs to my older sisters to call the fire department while she we trying to find me.

The fire department had come out and extinguished the fire but the water did a lot of damage to the house. I believe when I had started the fire there were people or neighbors that had stopped by that had become interested in wanting to purchase the farm from my parents. I also remember it must have been the winter of 1974-75 where I was in the snow with a couple of my older brothers and sisters when it was getting dark in the evening. What I recall was they didn't want me to go to the barn where my dad was at milking cows. I remember a cat, also the snow was like 14 to 20 inches deep.

I believe it was the spring, summer of 1975 when my parents had sold the farm and moved to Cascade that was only about 10 miles from where the farm was. Before I had gone to kindergarten my father had got me a pedal bike to ride. Out front of our house was highway 151 where there was a lot of traffic since it was a major two-lane highway at the time that connected Cedar Rapids to Dubuque Iowa. I was directed not to go near that road but was able to ride around on my bike on all the other streets near our house since there wasn't much traffic on them.

While I was in Cascade my parents allowed me to go off on my own during the day to the streets that were away from the main drag. There was also an elementary school just across from our house. I remember I would go a couple of blocks to the east away from our house which was of a wooded area. This had looked like it was of a hangout area from other kids due to there were about 20 to 50 hub caps there. Also, there were other things that were collected in this area that showed like it was a hangout place for some kids. I remember near them woods was a city storage area where they kept gravel in a large pile. There was a path made on this pile from the top down where others had traveled on. I would push my bike up on the pile and ride my bike down.

I remember my brother Todd when he was around 15 had made this tennis ball cannon. We were on the side of our house next to the city water tower that was in our yard. We were sitting or standing next to a picnic table which was close to the school. My brother would pour some lighter fluid in the two connected soda or beer cans to that made up the tube for the tennis ball to go in. He then had a way to light the fluid in the cans with the tennis ball in it where it would build up presser in the cans where it would send the tennis ball way up in the air. That summer of 76 my brother Todd had got a new Honda 250 motorcycle to ride and he would give me rides on it.

We also had a Trail Ram, which was smaller with wide tires where he would try and teach my younger two sisters and me to drive on the back street next to our house. I remember trying to drive the Trail Ram where he would let go of it and I would drive about 25 to 50 feet on my own and he would catch me and the Trail Ram before I would wreck. I remember my sister Tamie when she was around 17 use to take me and her younger two sisters Lori and Karen to the swimming pool that was a few blocks from the house. I remember one time there was this kid that had done a canon ball jump into the pool when he had landed on Tamie and caused her head to bleed on top.

My parents would leave every now and then on the weekend to go and check on the renters on campgrounds they owned in Illinois. It was about 180 miles and they were gone usually for the two days. My sisters Robin and Tamie when they had left to Illinois, they would invite their friends over to the house to hang out listen to music and drink Beer. I remember with my sisters Lori and Karen we would spend hours in their room listening to old 45 records. I remember going down to the river that was about 2 to 3 blocks south from our house playing and walking in the water with Lori, Karen and Lori's friend Charily or Denett.

I didn't have shoes on and I must have stepped on some glass because it had cut, my heel pretty good where it was bleeding a lot. I remember Charily carrying me back to the house. I remember my brother Rod had took an older car and made it into a race car to represent my dad's auto shop. He had raced it at I believe the Dubuque County fair where he wrecked by rolling it in the race. My brother Rod had got married in a wedding the summer of 76 or 77 to a woman named Judy where I think this was the wedding I was in being a pal bear. My sister Robin had gotten married in a wedding as well around this time to Rod Coohy. I remember the 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1976 sitting on the swing on our porch of the house watching the traffic on the street when there were simis that were trouging out fireworks.

I believe It was the spring of the year of 1976 when I was 5 years old before I had started kindergarten. My brother Todd had me go with him in my parents small camping trailer that was just outside to the left of the house facing the school. Somehow, I had agreed with him to allow me to have my pants down while I was in the front of the inside of the trailer up on the mattress facing the front. Where he was standing on the step from the center aisle trying to penetrate me with his penes for about 5 minutes. My father had noticed the trailer moving from the outside, when he was heading to the shop from the house.

Then my father had entered the trailer and seen what my brother was doing to me where it had come to a stop. He immediately had us go inside the house where he was yelling at my brother then he beat my brother Todd where he took off. Then both my mother and my father had me go to their room. They had me pull down my pants and lay on their bed to examine to see if he had penetrated me. After they looked while I was crying, they told me to go upstairs to my room. I was lost for words and I didn't understand what just happened. They never tried to explain to me what to do or how it was wrong what happened. Nor did they ever try to speak to me again while growing up or during my life about this occurrence. My brother did not penetrate me but this occurrence stayed with me in a shameful way where it made me feel less of myself most of my life.

I did kindergarten and the first half of 1<sup>st</sup> grade in Cascade at the elementary school across the street from our house. I believe it was around the beginning of 1<sup>st</sup> grade where I was coming home from school. There were crossing guards assigned for after school from I believe 5<sup>th</sup> grade that would hold up the kids coming from the elementary school from crossing the street. This allowed the younger kids to cross the street safely by my house. Well, I was coming home from school when these crossing guards told me I had to wait to cross the street. For some reason on this day, I told them I didn't need to listen to them and I darted out into the street to cross. But I didn't see this blue Volkswagen beetle that had turned from the main drag of 151 entering this street.

I was then hit by this car and was under it between the tires. I then had crawled out from underneath the car and ran home and went to my room. Minutes later there was a police officer that had come to the house and had talked to my mother about what just happened. My mother called for me to come down stairs. I had come down and went to my mother and the officer. Where the officer wanted to check me out. He was asking me how I feel then he placed me up on the counter in the kitchen. He was then checking for movement of my legs and arms and had asked me if I had any pain. He could see bruises and scrapes on me and my legs but I had told him I'm ok. He then left where I went back to my room.

It was around Christmas of 1977 when our family had moved to the farm in Monticello along highway 151. My parents had bought the farm around fall, season this year and the house we moved into had a fire in it where it needed to be fixed and remodeled. My father had been working on it with my brother Todd for a couple of months with adding an addition to it where it was about half way done with drywall showing and no floor coverings in it. We had lived like this for about three more months when it was finished. I want to say this house had around 2,500 square feet when it was finished. It had a Rech Room with large fireplace, live bar, where my dad also placed a pool table, foosball table, it had sofas, chairs and a TV. He opened the main livening area up to the kitchen, dining room and living room. It had 4 bedrooms, two baths with a good living room. It was fixed up nicely with two outside patios.

The farm my father had bought was in bad shape and needed a lot of work. In the year of 1978-79, he had bought a corn bin and built a shed on the side of the barn, a silo and a 50 by 100 machine shed that was erected. He had placed over 300 loads of fill for the driveway around the buildings. Where he tore down some of the old buildings to do this to his liking. He would have me and my brother helping him whenever he was working around the farm.

I had two other situations with my brother Todd Just after we had moved to the farm in 1978. I was around 7 years old when he convinced me to go into the bathroom down stairs in the house to try and do sexual activity with him. He spent about 5 minutes on the floor in the bathroom with me in the doggie position trying to penetrate me from behind with his penes again. I didn't like what he was doing to me and told him I didn't want to do this anymore then I had left. He was unable to penetrate me with his penes from this attempt. Then there was another time when we were in the barn on the lower level while I believe just before we were helping our father out outside on the farm in the winter when my dad had left for a while. He had exposed his penes to me and was trying to convince me to suck it. I didn't want to but he kept assisting I should. I remember I was about to do what he had asked where my lips barely touched his penes and then I said, I wasn't going to do it. These were the last attempts he had made on me where my brother has never spoke of what he had done to me ever since. I have tried to forgive my brother on how he had scared me during my life. This has gone through my mind constantly thinking about how I did something that shouldn't have been done. Since this occurrence it has been making me believe and knowing I have done gay activity with my brother for reasoning that I had excepted to his will of doing it. My brother Todd before he turned 18 years old in 1979 or 80, he had joined the Army. From that time the only kids my parents had at the farm was Lori, Karen and me.

I remember I had started at Monticello Shannon Elementary school for the second half of first grade where I don't recall having any problems learning. When I had got to second grade, I had noticed I was starting to have a hard time focusing on what was being taught. The teachers would try extra hard trying to get me to learn and they would even try to do one on one with me to understand. I believe by 3<sup>rd</sup> grade Grant Wood from the state started to test me on my equivalence of what I knew. They figured out that I had a high IQ and my math skills were good. They reached out to let my mother know she needs to spend more time trying to get me to understand of what's taught in school for I don't slip behind the other students. I believe it was after 4<sup>th</sup> grade of Carpenter Elementary during the summer of 1980 I went to a special school in Iowa City for a week to assess me on what they thought can help me out.

By the time I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade, I started going during the day at school to a tutoring class to work more precisely on my English and vocabulary. By the time I had went to 7<sup>th</sup> grade Junior High, I was in special education classes to assist me. Aswell all through high school I was in special education classes to help me out. I was not held back on any grade through school. What the teachers noticed about me since 2<sup>nd</sup> grade all the way through high school. I would try acting up by doing something funny or daring to get the attention of the other kids in school. I even noticed by looking back during school I would try to do things to be noticed or liked by the kids for they wouldn't think of me as being dumb. I was ashamed because of my learning problem. I still have dyslexia to this very day that holds me back. But I'm able to write on the computer with spell check, because I know the meaning of the words and I know after seeing the correct spelling for each word as it is supposed to be spelled as. Also, with this dyslexia, I have a harder time to read in a flowing sentence out loud. It's like I have to process each word differently in order for me to speak it. I had a hard time to get were I'm at today with my reading and writing. It did not come easy!

Within a couple of years of getting the farm my father had it looking pretty good. He had two chicken coops with chickens for eggs. We even had swans, ducks and rosters. Form around 1980 in the beginning he started out with a couple hundred pigs where he peeked after a few years raising about 500 pigs every 6 to 8 months to go to market. I believe he stopped raising pigs in 1985 where he wasn't making a profit off of them. Then later around 1986 he switched over to Holstien cows to dairy. This is when he had me in the barn with him every morning and night to milk about 40 cows and to also care for them like hall manure and feed them. We would raise so many calves to take the place of the older dairy cows in about two years' time.

We would put the crops in and take them out of the field at different timing throughout the year. We had alfalfa (hay) that would have to be cut then bailed and put up in the barn. We would do so much a year of soybeans and the main crop was corn. I remember spending a lot of time on the farm replacing fences or just adding new ones on the farm. We would have to go out to the field in the spring each year to pick up the bigger rocks that would come to the surface on the land. When I was younger my father would have us kids out in to soybean field pulling the weeds to remove the milkweeds that would grow up to make a healthier crop of soybeans. This would go on for about two weeks straight of 10 to 12 hours a day. We had about 3 acres of lawn around the buildings that needed mowed of during the growing months during the year.

When it was slow on the farm my father had a house in town of Monticello that we worked on to make two apartments out of it. If that wasn't enough my dad constantly had stuff to do in his shop at the farm. He had made from inside of his tool shed a forty by fifty-foot shop to work on cars and equipment or whatever he wanted to. He had all the tools that you would need to do mechanical work. I had spent a lot of time fixing different things that he would sell by the road.

My dad had taught me a lot being around him growing up. Since he had a shop, he allowed me to become mechanically inclined working on different cars and farm equipment while I was on the farm. I learnt everything about farming with putting in crops and taken them out for harvest, taking care of animals like milking cows, raising pigs and chickens. My father showed me how to do carpentry work when I helped him on the house up town and around the farm. He made me wise, mechanically smart, a clever thinker on how to solve difficult situations, problems. He also instilled in my head, mind about the importance of prayer and he connected me with God while I grew up by having me go to church and preaching to me to stay true in my faith, with God. I didn't see it as much when I was younger because he seemed to always have me working everyday doing something different. Where all I wanted to do is go in the house and watch TV or hang out with my friends. THANK'S DAD!!!

About once or twice a year while growing up we would go back to Illinois to visit our relatives from my dad's side of the family. My grandpa would host a Chally family reunion around Christmas for all his children, grandchildren and some great grandchildren at a reception hall to meet up. I want to say he had about 28 grandchildren my cousins. He would give out cash to everyone in an envelope. We would spend about 4-6 hours, eating a big lunch and visiting our relatives then we would drive back home. Also, we would also go in the summertime to the Chally - Stevenson reunion.

My two sisters Lori and Karen were pretty close while we were younger growing up. We had spent a lot of time doing different things around the farm like painting equipment or buildings, being out in the field when our dad wanted extra labor to accomplish whatever needed to be done. We would play games and talk to each other when we had different situations on our mind to lean on for advice and support. But I remember one time it was during the winter we were up in the barn checking on a new litter of kittens that were just born. We would even go up in the barn on the support beams that went from one side to the other in the barn to swing on the ropes to jump, fall into the straw piles on the floor.

This time when we were up there, some how we got on the topic of sex with my sister that she had mention to me and if I wanted to see her privet parts. We all three agreed to show each other our privets. I was around 9 or 10 years old and Lori was around 14 years old and my sister Karen was around 12 years old. We had showed our privets and then the question had come out from Lori saying would you like to have sex with me. I was a little uncertain to do this I was very small even though I was able to get a hard on I was very small and under developed. But I tried for a couple of minutes to do it with Lori, but I wasn't really getting no feeling and then I went to Karen where I maybe did her for 30 seconds then I quit and I believe I said. I don't I feel much and don't want to do it anymore, so we quit and went in the house where we never spoke of this again.

Today is Friday the 20<sup>th</sup> of March 2026 at 4am in the morning, CST. I had listened to an importin message this morning on the 5<sup>th</sup> Friday of lent, it's also the first day of spring. From the sessions of Hallow app this morning I heard an importin message from Jesus, God and the Holy Spirit that needs to be spoken and carried out. It is for the future of mankind as Jesus had let me know what needs to be said. IT SAY'S!!! When the messiah comes, no one will know him... And he will say. The one who sent me is true, I know him, because I am from him, and he sent me... This is telling the world an importin message through my works of Jesus allowing me to address what need to be said to the people. It also say's in the readings that Jesus moved around freely of Galilee. The definition on Google states this about Galilee... Galilee a lush region in northern Israel was the primary setting for Jesus' upbringing and most of his public ministry. What I have done is from Jesus... The message that you see before you, are to let you know about the messiah... My name is Chally and as you know Jesus traveled around Galilee during his up brining and ministry to bring his word to the people. My name sounds a lot like Galilee and it is to show it at this time.

The message had also spoke this morning... that Jesus didn't want to go to Judea, knowing his life wasn't safe there... And it also said... His hour hasn't come yet... With what you have read of my writings you know I'm up against some people who want me dead. I had addressed earlier in this story the date for destruction will accrue on the 24<sup>th</sup> of April 2026. I had also pointed out ... Iowa City ... where it will happen. I told in this story I have written an importin time when I will need to be rescued from this disaster on this day. I had said it will be the beginning of the 24<sup>th</sup> of April 2026, or the start of this day from 12:00am ... with giving one hour ... till one o'clock (1:00am) in the morning to be saved. I see that the law enforcement that I have gone through on this AI conspiracy of evil that is happening to the people of the world in Des Moines Iowa will rescue me on this day of this hour for salvation and peace to come to the world. They will have to bring me, Scott LeRoy Chally to my safety by getting me from the Iowa City hospital by the start of the 24<sup>th</sup> of April this night with only giving them one hour till 1am in the morning. After they get me out, we will be heading north on highway 1 to Monticello Iowa.

When my wife had come down stairs to my den this morning before she went to work. She had reminded me to let me know that her father died this day 39 years ago. This has been really hard on my wife that her father had died when she was around 16 years old in 1987. She loved him very much and had wished he could have been in her life longer. Her father had taken his life by hanging himself in the boiler room of the basement of there house. He had a good job, a nice house, a wife who loved him dearly with their two kids Tommas and Patricia which he adored. My wife has though about his death over and over from when he took his life since then and could never figure out why he ended it like he did.

Far as I understand he had become depressed just before his death, but didn't really show any signs. I realize today after I had addressed this importin information this morning from Jesus that needed to be addressed, the reasoning why. I see a clear picture that his death wasn't of his own doing, but for the cause to be recognized for a higher reason to allow peace to come forward in this world. What I see in order for me to be destined for the world with my wife and our kids for the future generations, this had to happen. I believe God did not want for my wife's father to try and stop his daughter from her

destined path of life with me in the world. His life has been honored by God and for the people to see the importance of what he had done with his sacrifice of his life to allow greatness for the world.

I remember one time when I was in Level Lions 4H club of Future Farmers of America. I was probably around 14 years of age at the time and I had only been in the club maybe a year. We would meet up at different members houses of the club to go over different applications of ecentral farming that is importin to learn about. I had known everyone that was in the club from school which it covered 9<sup>th</sup> through 12<sup>th</sup> grade. This time for the meeting it was at my home and there were 15 to 25 members in our club that were farmer kids around our community of Monticello that had showed up.

Since it was at my house, I had to present a topic that was assigned to me. The topic I had to present was over the cow's body covering and naming all the different parts of the cow's body of meat. I had my mother help me out on this topic where she had made a drawing on a large poster board of a cow, that listed all the sections of a cow's meats. I had left my mother to do the work where I didn't really read what had to be read that needed to cover this topic. When this night happened, I had the poster displayed showing the different sections of the cow and everyone was around it to see and listen to me.

I had to read a full page of maybe 500 words describing everything of the cow of all the meats. When I started reading, I realized that it was going to be a challenge for me. I had read about 10 words and I couldn't read the word that followed so I had stopped and I think it was Don an older kid that had come to my assistance where he said what the word was. Out of the 500 words I had stopped for assistance with Don at least 30 to 50 times. I had felt so embarrassed and dumb that I had that much of a problem trying to say the words to present. I do have got to say no one from the club said anything about that night to me. Also, they communicated afterwards with me where they didn't say nothing to me like, I was dumb or what had happened to me for the presentation I had done.

When I was around 15 years old my father had gotten me a horse for working on the farm and helping him out over the years. This horse was around 2 years old and have never been broken to ride. He was a stud horse that hasn't been fixed and was also a pier bread quarter horse with papers about 15 hands tall. His name was 3C Mr. Sparky, he was mostly dark brown with a little white on the front of his head. When my dad had gotten me this horse he had also got a second horse at the time that was a female and was half pony. The second horse has had some training and was for my sisters to ride. My father also bought a saddle with all the equipment to suit a horse to ride.

It took me a few weeks to get him use to me. He would run away from me when I first got him and didn't want me to be around him where he would stay his distance. I would offer him grain or something I felt he would like, for instance apples or carets to get him to come to me. After he got to know me and I was able to go around him where I would try to place a blanket on him. He didn't like nothing on his back and would kick or rise up to remove it. After he got use to the blanket, I then tried placing the saddle on him until he was able to stay calm. Then I paced the halter with bit in his mouth where he didn't like that either.

Once he was used to them, I tried getting on him. When I did try getting on him or riding him, he would rear up to get me off of him and he would try taking off to get away from me. I probably spent 2 to 3 weeks 2 hours or so a day with him till I was able to get on the saddle without him rearing up or throwing me off. When I tried to see if he would carry me around while I was on him. Then when he traveled, he wanted to take off quick. Then he would try to head to the fence line and jerk or stop quickly to see if he could throw me into them. I would say within 2 months I had 3C Mr. Sparky rideable were I was able to ride him around the pasture. Every now and then he would still try to go dangerously close to the fence and try throw me into it. Realize the fence had barbed wire on it that would rip you up, if I had fell into it.

Shortly after I had got my horse the neighbor girl across the road from me had gotten a horse. We had known each other's since a little while after we had moved to the farm. Bob our neighbor had three daughters named Paula, Patty and Susie and from time to time me and my sisters would hang out with them. They were all good looking and they were all about 2 years apart from each other with Sue being the youngest. Sue was the one that had got the horse and she started to talk and communicate with me since I had a horse as well. She was interested in me and she would start coming over often and then I was going over to her place as well. At the time she was 13 years old about 2 years younger than me. I remember she and I would spend a lot of time with the horses. Then we were doing other things together like when her father Bob would take us fishing with her sisters.

We both had motorcycles and I remember Sue would give me rides back into their land where there were all kinds of cedar tree woods with trails that her father had made to go through. I remember one time my nephew Jesse was riding an old pedal bike of mine and I was walking my horse without a saddle with Susie on. We were heading down the lane that led to other fields from the homestead. Jesse had come around the building real fast with the bike. He had spooked the horse with Susie on it. The horse took off running down the lane dragging me.

I had got pulled where I was on the ground trying to control the horse and Susie was on top. We must have went 150 feet then Susie had fallen off and then landed on a rocky part of the lane. The horse had stepped on my arm while I was being pulled then I had let go. I was near where Susie was but Susie couldn't breathe because the wind was knocked out of her due to hitting the ground. I didn't know what to do so, I was tapping Susie on the back and that didn't seem to help. It was about 1 to 2 minutes before she had come around to breathe on her own. She didn't forget this situation that happened. She had told me why didn't I give her mouth to mouth to save her because she couldn't breathe and was upset at me for that.

I had remembered I was hanging out over at Sue's place one time and there some of her friends at her place. We had got on a subject talking of what you want to do in life or something like that with how you want your life to be like. I remember Sue saying she would like to marry an older man with money like 20 or so years older where she wouldn't have to work, but be happy like a sugar daddy. When I had gone in the Army when I was stationed in Germany, I was constantly thinking of Sue but I didn't have her number or address to write her. This must have lasted for the first year or longer where I thought of all the good times we had together. Then later I had found out she had married an older

gentleman that had a couple of kids around my age that I new of. I thought back to her conversation and realized her dream came true of what she had asked for.

After I had my horse the first year it was trained pretty well where any time I wanted to ride, I could do it without a saddle or bare back and he would listen to me. Also, I had him trained two ways with leading him with the reins. If he was out aways in the pasture, if I called for him, he would come. He would get really worked up if he knew there of another horse that was in heat. Like the neighbor's horse for instance, he would run up and down the fence line wanting to get out from where he's at to get to the other horse. Once I had a person that gave me \$150 to have their horse bread by 3C Mr. Sparky. Then Mr. Sparky had breaded our other horse we had and she had a colt where I had sold. Before I had went in the military I had sold 3C Mr. Sparky. I sure do miss him he brought a lot of joy and memory's having him.

When I was around 17 years old, I remember going canoeing down the river late one summer afternoon with Sue. We had a good time on the river and it was just getting dark after we got out of the water. Her dad was picking us up and was suppose to meet us at Picture Rocks where it's an exit point on the Maquoketa River. I was shy with girls in my younger years where I can't really remember getting affectionate with Sue since we've been together. For some reason when we had got off the river, we were really hitting it off.

Somehow, we had decided to go into the woods and try to have sex. It was now dark and her father hadn't showed up yet. We had just started to have sex where it must have been less than 5 to 10 seconds where I had just inserted my penes into her and her father Bob, started calling for us. So, we stopped immediately and we pulled up our pants, then we went to Bob. He was asking where we were wondering what we were doing. We answered him as if we were just in the woods hanging out or something like that. After that occurrence it had seem like we had grown apart from each other. Sue was basically the first-time experiencing sex with someone I felt I was in love with.

Sports during school of what I remember. I briefly remember going out for football in 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade. Don't remember going to any games and I only remembering going to like two weeks of practice then I quit. In 7<sup>th</sup> grade I went out for football for about 2 to 3 weeks until I had broken my hand and had to wear a cast on it. This was because of a fight I had with a friend that shouldn't have happened but it did and I was sorry for doing it. In 10<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> grade I had done three years of wrestling. I showed up to most of the practices and tried to go to every meet to wrestle in competition. My first two years I lost most of my matches but my senior year I was pretty close to winning half of my matches of the year. I can't recall making it past sectionals or to qualify for districts.

There was one match that stood out to me where it was a dule meet at home and I believe it was a match against a person from either West Delaware, or Independence and a friend of mind named Chuck had told me after looking at the list of who is wrestling who. Chuck had told me the person I was up against was rated like 18<sup>th</sup> in state. He was given me sarcasm and rubbing it in on me that I'm going to get smoked by him where I won't have a chance. A couple of the cheer leader were getting in on it as well letting me know I wont had a chance. A dollar bet was placed with one of the cheer leaders that I

would lose. It was the first time my parents had ever showed up for one of my wrestling matches and the bleachers were full.

I was then up to wrestle and I had faced my opponent and then the ref had us shake hands and he blew his whistle for us to start I had immediately had went in basically for a bear hug against him with his arms held to his side in the hug. I was pushing him backwards where I had used my foot to get behind him to trip him where he then fell backwards on his back. I still had control of him with his arms on his side where he couldn't move. I had taken my foot and legs to tighten around his for he couldn't move them. I held him there where he could not move.

He was on his back where the ref was waving his hand to count the seconds while he was on his back. before I knew it the ref slapped the mat. It was about 10 seconds I had pinned him when I looked up at the clock. And all the people in the bleachers had got up and cheered for me. The move I had done was called the cow catcher. After we had gotten up the other guy was trying to get in my face where the ref held him away. After getting off the mat and going to my team mates where they had greeted me with happiness and patted me on the back. And I never did see that dollar. This was my best match and I felt good.

I had done two years of cross-country running in my junior and senior year. I was an ok to good runner on the team where I had never made it to varsity. I can't remember what my times were exactly when I raced, but I'm pretty sure they were in the low 20 minutes for a 3.1-mile race. While on junior varsity during the two years of running where I had achieved about 20 to 25 ribbons for races finishing in the top 20 out of usually over 100 per race. Our varsity during 1988 they had went to state for 2A and finished 3<sup>rd</sup> at state.

They were tied for seconded place, but the sixth runner for the team did not have a high enough place finish so they ended up in 3<sup>rd</sup> place. One of the kids from my grade in school named Dan from the 1988 race at state went to collage and became a high school teacher in mathematics for Monticello. He took over being the coach for the cross-country teams at the school. And I believe almost every year he has been coaching since the mid 90's he's been able to get his teams of girls' and boys' runners to state to compete. He has allowed the school to win over a handful or two of titles at state from both girls and boys. I done track for one year while I was in high school and didn't achieve nothing and I believed I did the 1,600-meter race when I was in track.

When I was in 7<sup>th</sup> grade I had done something, I was not proud of that has bothered me during my life that was a sin. Me and a friend from then named Dusty heard of a tragic occurrence that there was a person that was from our high school that had died in a car accident. This person that had died had a sister from our grade in school. We never reached out to give verbal support for the loss of her brother. We took it a pond ourselves with an idea, a way to benefit from this family's lost. What we did was we decided we would go door to door to try and receive donations for this family's loss. The whole community knew of this family's lost within a day or two.

We decided that we would spend about an hour every morning before school to try to see what we could make from this occurrence. I had my mother drop me off every morning around 1 ½ hours

before school. I would tell her I had to be at school for in school detention or I need to be early for a certain teacher because I was slipping on my grades and needed help on my school work. We must have went around to 30 to 50 different homes around where the school was located. We had made about \$300 to \$400 doing so. We would knock or ring the bell then someone would come to the door. We would say when they answered, that were collecting donations for so and so and it for a good cause.

They would invite us in and talk briefly to us about this tragic occurrence and sometimes they would say how do they know that the money would be going to the family. We would assure them it was for a good cause and we are in the same grade with the sister of the one that had died. We also assured we will be going to the bank of what we make to turn the money over in a check for the family. Most of the ones that donated would usually give us \$5 to \$10 to support the cause. Then there were others that would write checks. When they wrote the checks Dusty would tell them who to make it out to, but I believed most had wrote the check to the family's last name.

Well after a week or so of doing this I had made over a hundred dollars in cash for my share. Dusty had made the same in cash where I didn't want nothing to do with the checks. I had told Dusty he could keep the checks. His mother was barely making it from day to day in life living in poverty with Dusty. Dusty told me that his mother was able to cash them checks of about \$100 to \$150 worth. I know I didn't give none of the money I had for the cause and I don't believe Dusty or his mother didn't either. This had stuck with me all my life knowing I was wrong of what I had done that it just didn't seem right and I apologize for my actions of what I have done. At the time all I was thinking of this was a way to make money. I never got allowance growing up and my parents would almost never hand me money if I had asked.

My sister Tamie fell in love with a guy from Monticello named John. They got married I believe around 1980 at our church of St. Mathews in Monticello. John had been going to Collage to become an aircraft mechanic. What I remember is shortly after they had got married, then they move around the Twin Cities in Minnaso to live. John had landed a job for I believe North Western Airlines as a mechanic at the airport in Minneapolis. John had also had a license to fly small aircrafts that he was able to get, knowing of his father had worked for the small airport located in Monticello. Tamie and John would come back to the farm and their families to visit several times a year.

When John had come back to visit, he would spend time with me doing what he like to do as his hobbies. I remember shooting clay pigeons and archery at the farm with him. He had a black lab dog where we would go on the farm pheasant hunting every year. He also took me up in the air flying in a small plane from the local airport. While flying he would let me take control of the plan while I was up in the air with him. He must have taken me flying a hand full of times or so while I was younger when he came back to visit. He would talk to me as a friend and not as a chiled on what I should do.

I remember that my parents had taken me with my younger sisters to Minnesota around the Twin Cities and Minneapolis about 5 to 10 times to visit them over the years when I was a young youth. We had visited the Mall of America, Vally fair, the cities and communities up and around Minneapolis, the airport were John worked and many parks and lakes around the twin cities. I remember this one time very clearly when I was around 13 years old when I realized that God was in my life looking after

me. It was nice weather out and I can't remember if it was spring or fall but I was having a hard time dealing with school with my learning problem. Also, with how I felt at school with the kids treating me because of this and with what my father had expected for me to do around the farm.

I had an argument with my father in the house just after lunch at noon that day where I felt like my life was worthless. I had run out of the house after the argument thinking that this was going to be the day I was going to take my life. I was thinking of all the best ways for me to end my life. I had made a quick decision to climb up the outside of the 60-foot silo on the farm and jump off of it. I was going to land on a large bolder that me and my father had placed below it. We had dug it up with a backhoe my dad had for the farm. It came out of the field where we had placed it below the ladder which was on the side of the silo. I had climbed up on the outside of the silo and was on the platform at the top. I was thinking for about 2 to 3 minutes before I was going to jump.

I had just stepped up on the cage that was on the platform to jump over. Then about a couple of seconds before I was to jump, my sister Tamie and John had come around the side of the barn where the silo was at. They had just gotten to the farm. They had saw me up there and had spoke to me asking what I was doing. I then had stepped down from the rail to listen to what they were going to say. John had asked me if I wanted to go up flying with him. Something changed my mind at that time not to jump and I had agreed that I would like to do that. I had come down and we went flying and I had realized that within seconds I would have been dead. I saw God with me for the first time to under stand he didn't want me dead and there is more to life.

My sister Tamie and John had two kids named Kimberly and Jason. Later on, in life just after I was married with my wife. We had made a trip to visit them, in I believe Lakeville, MN at the time. When we had come to Jonh and Tamie's place we didn't let them know we were coming. It was dark out when we had showed up and when we came to the door John had answered the door. He had welcomed us in and we had gone to the living room to talk I believe. When we had asked where Tamie was. He had told us that they were having problems with there relationship at the moment. Then he said she's out with someone for the night.

We had spent the evening communicating, but John didn't say much about what they were going through at the time. We went to sleep that night at there place and then the next morning Tamie was there and was visiting with us. She didn't say much about what they were going through. She had mentioned that she didn't like John being controlling to her about what she should do in their life together. Also, she mentioned about him telling her what she should do to stay healthy and dieting in order to stay in shape. This was sometime between 1992-94 she had divorced John and had met Wendel which worked for an airline in Minneapolis also.

I remember after visiting Wendel and Tamie over the years they seemed to always have expensive houses that arranged between \$250,000 to \$500,000. Tamie always seamed to be happy with Wendel and they had a chilled named Cole together. They had found out that Cole had some kind of disability later as he was getting older where he is unable to live and work on his own. Cole is in he's early 30's now and still lives at home. They had started a sideline business to install elaborate closets in

homes for the rich which didn't work out for them. Wendel had used a lot of his 401k and they were tight on their money trying to finance another house that they wanted to buy.

I had just got out of the Army of active duty in March 97 and was living in Monticello. They had talked to me about what they are trying to do with perching another house and they said they need to put so much cash down for the closing. They had also let me know they closed down the business because they weren't making money from it and they had a boat they didn't want to sell. I had let them know I had \$30,000 saved up or so where Tamie asked me if they could barrow \$10,000. I told her that I would barrow them the \$10,000, but I want it paid back in a year with 10% interests on the money.

They had agreed to my terms and I had given them the \$10,000. When they paid me back it was within the year we had agreed on with and extra \$1,000. Tamie made the commit to me of how terrible it was of me to ask 10% interest since she was a family member and they never really thanked me for doing so. She has kept what I did, against me saying it was so wrong of what I had done. Tamie and Wendel had moved from Lakeville to Fontana California. Wendel had quit the airlines and had landed a good job in Las angles sometime I believe around the mid-2000's.

Me and my wife had arranged a family vacation to go and see them around 2009 where all eight of us had flown out there, where we rented 8 passenger vehicle, for a week or two. While we were visiting them at there house, we used their pool and she also allowed us to stay and sleep there. We did all kinds of thing while we there in California. We went to Disney Land, Universal studios, Hollywood, San Deagle Zoo, beaches along the pacific to swim. They had a time share we visited in Palm beach, I had rented quad runners in the desert to ride on the sand dunes for my family and a Renasant's fair in the mountains. We had a great time doing stuff and visiting Tamie, Wendel and their son Cole with great memories. Around 2022-23 Tamie's son Jason and his family decided to travel around the United States in a motorized mobile home to live out of after they quit their jobs. As of this year there moving from California back to Minnesota to be around their kids.

My brother Rod had got an annulment from being married to Judy after about 6 months of being together. Rod had found another woman I believe was from Monticello named Donna. They got married I believe around 1982 with a wedding at the farm on the patio in front of the house. It was a beautiful wedding with about 30 to 40 guess that showed up, then there was a reception with music in the tool shed that evening. They had bought a house in Anamosa that had an upstairs apartment. Rod liked boats and while I was growing up, I would like to say he had about 5 different ones that he owned. He had a couple different speed boats, a cabin cruiser and he had made an flatbottom airboat.

My father had an old airplane engine from when he was in Illinois on the campgrounds that he had collected laying around in one of the sheds on the farm. My dad had given the airplane engine to Rod and then Rod made an airboat out of it. Rod would go boating about every weekend during the summer. A lot of times he would ask me or other member from the family to go boating with him and Donna. I remember going boating with him on the Mississippi, Lake Delhi and the Coralville Reservoir. When we went boating with his speed boats, we would water ski behind the boat and we would fish from the boat time to time out in the middle of the water.

I believe around the fall of 1987 when my sister Lori and her husband was living in my brother's upstairs apartment. I had stayed with them for about 2 weeks during this time when I had run away from my parents. I had a ten-speed bike that my brother Rod had given me where I rode it about 12 miles to where they lived in Anamosa from the farm. I had an argument with my father and was fed up working like I had around the farm without getting paid. My dad had always kept me busy and my dad didn't pay me or gave me any allowance. At the time I was milking cows' morning and night before and after school and had other chores I was doing around the farm.

I wanted a car to drive and I wanted to have money to do other things. During the 80's many farmers were losing their farms due to the economy. My dad was always tight with his money where he tried not to spend if possible. My father had reached out to me and had agreed he would pay me \$50 a week to do chores around the farm with him and agreed to get me a car. It was before or around when I first turned 17, he had gotten me a car. We were shopping for a car where we had found one at Hawkeye auto in Marion Iowa for \$350. It was a brown 1980 Chevy Monza that was in good running condition. I had to pay for my own insurance on the car of around \$100 per month for my policy.

You see my brother Todd before he went in the Army had an accident one night with 4 people in the car. He was driving on a gravel road late one night with his friends in his 70's Opal car. He had come a pond an unmarked S turn on the gravel and he flipped the car 3 times end over end. One of the people in the car had lost he leg from the accident with the car landing on it where it had to be amputated. Everyone had got thrown out of the car and my brother was conscious where he had gone to a farm house nearby to call for help.

After he came back to the accident site when the authorities had shown up, they had cuffed him and placed him in the back of a squad car. My brother wasn't drinking and he had a dislocated Sholder, a broken arm and a concussion from the accident. The car was totaled bad where it was unrecognizable of the shape it was in. Well, what happened was my parents' insurance had skyrocketed because of the accident due to; the insurance had paid out to the one who lost his leg about a \$150,000. Ever since then my parents never placed the kids on their insurance.

My brother Rod was always complaining about something with his wife from what I gather over the years. Weather if it was the food or controlling his wife on what she would like to due in everyday life. It then would turn into arguing with her and over time she didn't like his actions having to listen to him that made her feel less. She then divorced him to get away from that atmosphere. They had one kid together named Jared where I believe he was born around 1986. I can't remember when it exactly was when they divorced but I think it was around 1998. Rod had few short relationships that didn't work out since then and ended up with someone when he was around 60 years old.

There was a major problem of shame and humility that had come to our family that broke us up form being close, like we used to be as a family and it had happened around 2004. It was three of my nephews Justin, Jared and Tyler. They were at my sister Lori's house in the bathroom doing something they should not had been doing. Justin was 18, Jared was 17 and Tyler was 12 years old. Between the three of them with Jared controlling the situation to do something that was not right. This was an

embarrassing sin and an unlawful act that was looked a pond as incest of action or gay activity in our family.

What I had found out was Jared had convinced Tyler to have sex with him. Justin was with them and went along with what was decided between the three of them. They were in the bathroom according what I heard when Jared was doing Tyler. Then Tyler's sister Joanie had come in to the house and had seen what they were doing. She was freaking out because of what she saw and knew was happening. I guess Jared tried to persuade Joanie to go along with what they were doing thinking there wasn't nothing wrong with what was happening. Justin was in the picture knowing what was happening at the time and had excepted to what was being done.

I don't know if Justin had or never heard if he had penetrated Tyler so, I assume he didn't. Joanie had contacted the authorities on what she had saw and reported everything. The authorities took this as a serious act of injustice. They questioned everyone and they were lenient of Tyler since he was 12 years old and no consequences came to him. My brother Rod since it was his kid Jared he had told Jared to tell the truth of the story and everything should be ok. Where Jared had told the truth and then they gave him 6 months to a year in a correctional institution. When he got out, he had to be monitored by the state.

Somehow after ten years Jared had filed with the court and the sex offender charge and label on him had come off his recured for being monitored. Justin was 18 and the law took it hard on him no prison or jail time but he was placed on the sex offenders list for 20 years. They both couldent be within 1,000 feet of a school or public place and was monitored by the state because of what had happened. I believe in the beginning they had to where ankle monitors to show where they were at, at all times. This caused my brother Rod and my sister Lori and their families to not get along. Jared hasn't had anything to do with any of our, his families on my side or any activities of the families since then because I believe he feels ashamed of what he had done. Justin and Jared both had kids after that situation where they had to miss out on their kids' activities at school, because they could not go next to a school.

My sister Robin had divorced her husband Rod around 1983-84 where she had complained Rod was violently getting in to augments and was starting to scare her by forcing contact with her. When Rod married my sister, she was pregnant with Jesse another man's baby, which Rod had excepted and had allowed the chilled carry his last name. When they were first married, he was in the Marine Corps stationed in California where they lived for like 3 years. His father had one of the biggest hog confinements in Iowa that raised 10's of thousands of pigs every year. They had a chilled together around 1982 and they named him Justin. I remembered for a year or so he would trap animals to sell there hides for a living.

It must have been about 6 months to a year she divorced Rod, where Robin had married Tony. Tony was from Anamosa and his father had a large salvage yard of cars for parts his father would sell to make a living. Tony liked doing auto body and painting of cars all through his life. Soon as they had married, he had a shop he had either bought or rented in Anamosa to work on cars to paint. I remember when I was around 14 or 15 years old, I was at his shop with my brother Todd and he had someone else there that was helping him out. He had pulled out from under his desk a black garbage bag of marijuana

that he had just harvested. Then he had lit some up where he was trying to pass it around to smoke where, I at first said, that's ok I don't want none. Then the helper was convincing me to smoke so, I did. I didn't get no effects that I recall but this would have been the first time that I had smoked.

He only stayed in that location for about a year or two then my sister and Tony moved to Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. His brother Terry has lived there for quit some time and had a business called Wizard Works or something like that. Terry did professional pin striping on new or expensive cars. After I had went in the army in 1989, I was at AIT of my school training of Field Artillery Survey at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Tony had come to pick me up for the holiday. He had come with a classic red 1978 Corvette Convertible. Before I had seen him, I was in my billets and someone had got me for I could leave. Tony was talking to the Drill Sargent and when I had signed out to leave. Then Dill Sargent had dropped me a couple of time to do pushups. But before I left Tony had thrown me the Keys.

Then we got in the car where there were like 5 to 10 solders, I knew that were watching me from the balcony of the billets. The car was parked right out front where we got in the car, started it and then I pealed the wheels turning the car a little sideways to head off. There was another time when I was going back over to Germany where I had just purchased a new 1993 Toyota Corola from Colorado Springs. I went to Robin and Tony's place in Broken Arrow Oklahoma on the way through to Iowa. We had stayed a couple of days and while I was there, Tony had help me with my car to make it look nice. He helped me to locate for I can perches some aluminum Prime Mag Wheels for the car. We had some dark window tint put on the windows and his brother the Wizard had done a nice pin stripe with the Tasmanian Devil panted on the back left of the trunk on the car. It had made the car look really nice.

Tony had me go with him one night while I was there, around where his brother's shop was. He said he need a carburetor off of a car. When we were at the car, I found out it wasn't his and we were going to take it anyhow. We had popped the hood and there was no one around where he had taken the bolts or nuts out from the carburetor connecting it to the engine. There were lines that were still hooked up. It was starting to take some time and it was going to be about 30 minutes longer than what we were expecting. So, I asked him do you need the lines to go with it and he said no. So, I took the carburetor and twisted it with the lines hooked up and within 1 minute we were done where I had broken the lines hooked to the carburetor. I was worried after we started that I thought if we get caught, I would go to jail and this would have messed up my career in the military. I was scared and I didn't realize the crime we were doing till we were already taking or doing it.

They had a chilled named Zantz around 1987. After awhile my sister was staring to worry on what Tony was involved in while being in Broken Arrow. He was getting involved in crime and they would argue a lot. Then Tony was treating the kids with Robin. Robin, I believed she had divorced him sometime around 1996. Her oldest son Jesse tells me that Tony had threatened his life several different times while he was grown up with him. Once Jesse said they had driven out in the country with a dog that they had and while they were driving like 55, Tony opened the window and trough out the dog. Right after that Tony then had threatened Jesse with a gun to kill him which has tormeneted Jesse. Jesse tells me or has told me some of the evil things he supposedly done to Jesse. Nothing sexual but mental with threats.

Jesse is the oldest of Robins kids and he would help Tony work on the cars from time to time while grown up. I assumed Tony was born around 1952 and what I understand and believe he had entered the military of the navy around 1969 and served on the ship called the USS Monticello. Tony was in Vietnam on that ship during this war and I briefly remember him saying how he had to return fire to the enemy planes from one of the gun positions on the ship. I was talking recently to my sister Robin about what she couldn't tell me about Tony and his service he had done. She could not tell me anything about Tony service other than he was discharged early when he was in. He has never treated me bad and I believed he liked me, but that doesn't mean he don't have a problem. I believe the war mentally messed his life up where he didn't like talking about it.

It was 10 years or longer after Robin had divorced Tony of what I remember with my sister being single trying her best to raise her boys on her own. She had a job working for a girl's home making about \$8 when she first started to around \$12 when they fired her between 2017-21. She had worked for the girl's home and was dedicated to the job of the night shift for around 20-22 years. She was released from her job due to when one of the girls had left out of the facility late one night. They blamed the situation on my sister saying she was sleeping and said the girl that had left became pregnant from the night, she was working from what I understood.

Around 2006 she had met up with Earl and had married him around 1010 by the Justice of the Piece then they bought a house together in Monticello. I use to go over to Earls place quite offend to hang out and we would smoke at that time. I would fish in the summer with Earl and enjoyed my days with him fishing but since he moved up to Cedar Rapids around 2015-16 with my sister we haven't fished together. Earl had the same job for most of his life where he worked in a local factory for about 40 years. The factory had rates that had to be performed from the plastic injection presses for parts to me made. Over the years the management keep increasing the rates on these presses. Earl was unable to keep up on the rates anymore and they were constantly warning him and started write him up just before they had fired him.

Earl had two kid's Kelly and Amy where they basically lived and grew up at his ex-wife's place. Earl divorced his wife in 2009 and both of his kids were teenagers at the time I believe. Well, his daughter Kelly I felt, she would do anything she wanted to do as a teenager with no control of discipline to be home. She hung out with people that would do drugs for her crowd as friends. Her father would let her smoke if she wanted at times and would help support her smoking habit. She started doing crystal meth and got hooked on it. Then she wouldn't keep jobs that she would work after that addiction and turned to petty steeling and theft. She then got pregnant with Franky, but with her addiction, theft charges and being unstable in life of not holding down a job, the state wouldn't let her keep the chilled so her mother adopted him.

Over the years she would not turn away from her habit of crystal meth where she would hang around people who made it. She would even make it from time to time with her friends and boyfriends that had the same habit. When she would shoot up and you could always tell when she did, because she would rummage through her perse or she would get paranoid. She wasn't tired while she was on it, where she would stay awake for the night or a couple of nights. She would miss showing up to her jobs

that she had because she was unable to wake up. Since when I have known her, I don't recall her having a place to live at for more than 6 months other than Jail. A few years back I recall her telling me the story how she was living in apartment in downtown Anamosa.

There were some people that she had met up with that needed a place to stay and sleep for a couple days to a week that she had allowed to stay with her. One of the people had a warrant out for their arrest. Somehow the police had come to her apartment where they upper handed and arrested everyone that was there. Kelly has been in and out of court over the years for having drugs that she's been caught with and for theft. She had charges filled on her at the time for her lesser crimes that may have given her maybe 30 days in jail. But with the person she allowed at her apartment that was wanted by the law they slapped a felony charge on her of gathering which warrants a five-year sentence. After she had went to court, she ended up doing around a year in prison for that charge and they had dropped her other charges she had.

It was last summer or fall Kelly was pregnant with twins that the state said she had to give up. She had made some connections with some people in Salt Lake City, Utah who wanted the kids to adopt. She had got paid from these people for the travel to go out there and back by plane with money for her food, her stay, with just a little extra. They also paid for the hospital to give the birth. She goes out there with her boyfriend to give the birth and had got paid for all expenses to live and return to Iowa. But she had spent the money and was stranded there for more than 30 days where she was trying to reach out to people back in Iowa for help. She was calling to see if they could send her some money for a return trip on a bus for her and her boyfriend.

Kelly and her boyfriend had taken the money that they had and had bought an older truck that they thought they were going to drive back. This truck had broken down on them or wasn't running right. While they were at an auto parts store in Salt Lake City, Utah they were needing spark plugs, spark plug wires and some other items for the truck which they didn't have much money to spend. There was this nice Mormon guy that had come by and seen they needed help so he had bought over 200 dollars of parts to fix the truck for them. Later while they were there from what they told me their truck was taken from them, which it was few days later they were able to get it back. Far as I understand they were driving it to get to the next town to head back to Iowa. About 30 to 40 miles after they left to the next city or town it had broken down. There was a tow truck called that picked up the truck. It was towed back to Salt Lake City, Utah where they were just at and I believe it was the transmission had gone out. They could not pay for the truck to be fixed or the towing so they left it as far as I understand.

Kelly found someone from back home in Iowa that had known her as a youth and was a strong respectable Christian person that reached out to Kelly and her boyfriend for help. She had sent Kelly like \$300 to \$600 for her and her boyfriend to return to Iowa on a bus. When winter had come on, they were living on the streets of Cedar Rapids in a tent near where her father lived with Robin. It was getting pretty cold around 20 – 0 degrees out and her dad and my sister Robin felt sorry for them and worried for them. They told them they could stay in the garage for a month or so to get out of the cold weather. They had moved in and the first thing Kelly had done was go to Walmart to get an air mattress to sleep on.

The air mattress was supposed to have cost around \$100 but when Kelly got it, she had purchased the air mattress for five dollars. She did this with a digital credit card from Walmart with set limits you put money on and it was of credit of like \$5. She did this at the self-help checkout line and only paid \$5. She had placed the card next to the box of the air mattress when she pretended to scan the air mattress. The self-scanner allowed the purchase of the five dollars of the card where she was at. It had made a noise when there was someone from the store watching so they assumed it was paid for after she added the cash into the self-checkout. Not only did she do this, but the first mattress got a leak in it so she had returned it and got a second one as well.

Kelly and her boyfriend didn't respect none of the other stuff that was stored in the garage where they ripped up and placed large holes in a sofa. They went through all the stored containers that was in the garage of Justin's, that he had stored there at his mother's until he finished moving. When Justin found out when he came over to the house. Justin had confronted them about running his sofa and rummaging through his stuff, it turned in to a fight. The police were called and Robin thought that was so disrespectful what Kelly and her boyfriend had done so she wanted them out.

She told them to leave her place and they wouldn't. She told the police to remove them from her property but the police said they do not have go. The police said that it's as much as their place to stay as it is yours. The police said if they ruin anything you can't do anything because they have full rights with living at Robin's place since Robin invited them in to stay. The only way you can remove them if the home owner goes down to the courthouse and files paper work on them to get them removed. The police officer said it will take longer than 30 days to do by the time it goes through the court. Then the officer said they have 30 days by law to stay. Robin told the officers that she had recently just allowed them to stay a few days to get out of the cold. The officers said they understood and told her they can't do anything and it's the law. Now because of what they have done she doesn't want them at her place anymore.

Since around the beginning of March 2026 Kelly and her boyfriend are living on the streets again homeless. Robin wouldn't let Kelly live in the house because several times over the years she has stolen items and clothing from her house and she can't trust her. Kelly will lie and feed you any story to get what she wants as what she feels is adequate. With Kelly's stories she's been caught in lies several times on what she says. I feel sorry for Kelly of all the suffering and losses she has went through because of her addiction and life style she chooses. Kelly has had 7 kids in her life where she hasn't been able to keep none of them and I believe she around 37 years old now. Earl's other daughter Amy now has adopted Kelly's son Franky of what I had heard where he has a good home. Earl's first wife is suffering with medical problems in her life at this time where she's unable to care properly for Franky. Amy is happily married to another woman and they take care of Franky together. Earl has had a hard time dealing with Kelly and has had a lot of stress in his life over her situations she has gotten into. He loves her very much and is always helping her out when he can. It has caused a lot of arguing between him and his wife from what Kelly has caused throughout the past 20 years. Amy has been Earl's angel chilled where she's always been good and loving to Earl. I believe Earl has blamed himself for his daughter Kelly on how she turned out in life. Earl has quit smoking marijuana for about a year now and I remember when he used to tell me he would never quit and he had smoked for most of his life.

I got a call today on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of March from the Department of Veteran Affairs at 2:55pm. They said that they were calling from the Coralville clinic saying my psychiatrist is going to be gown for my appointment coming up for March 30<sup>th</sup> that they need to reschedule it. Now realize they had just placed me on a new medicine within the last 40 days that needs to be monitored. They moved my date back to 11<sup>th</sup> of May for my appointment. I believe the AI has been listening in to what I've been telling my wife about what I know will be happening soon with me of dates from Gods word of what's written in the Hallow app. I also have been writing my thoughts on the reflection on each session. I feel there trying to defer the timing I had been addressing. I had told my wife how the scriptures are reflecting with me on what's going to happening with me and when to act in my writing. After I had received the call, I went upstairs and told my wife that I'm going to turn over what I have written to the police in Des Moines around the 5<sup>th</sup> March. This way the conspiracy that's attached to me will know by listening in to act before that date to try and stop me. I place this in God's hands for everything to turn out like it should and this is a warning for me to be more careful in what I say or do around AI. Now some of the story has been altered different. What comes to me at 6:23 pm is that I have to go to the hospital on the 31<sup>st</sup> of March 2026 to turn myself in by noon. And I will tell them I have not been taking my medicine that I'm suppose to for my bipolar that I'm directed by the court to do as the doctors say for me to take of medicine. Then it will happen on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of April by noon as its meant to be. I went to bed by 7:15 pm and was sleeping by 7:30 where I had this dream that basicly told me that to take it easy on what and how I do everything from now on. That my body is my temple and that I should care for it that I shouldn't let no harm come to it till the day of my death at noon of the 3<sup>rd</sup> of March of 2026 that I had felt and then the holy spirt through Jesus will save me. Then I will be saved and resurrected by the 5<sup>th</sup> of March 2026 by 12 am in good shape for the people to see. I had woken up just a couple minutes before 12 am to write this on the 24<sup>th</sup> of March to let this be known. Now its 12:18 and I'm going to start my sessions from God on my Hallow app and begin my day. Its 12:53 and I had just done the first session of day 35 of lent of This Risen Man. What I see going through me, is that after the morning of the 24<sup>th</sup> of April 2026 by 1am I will be saved for the world to see and will at that time will be known as the savor and messiah to bring peace to the world. It is now 1:00 am of the morning of 24<sup>th</sup> of March 2026. From Jeff Cavins this morning on a session I responded to reflect what I thought. "What conflicts and situations I get into I must reflect in the way of honoring all who shall hear in such a way as if it were to be through the Holy Spirit speaking to the people of God?" The time is 1:24 am! For this session it stated, "The one who sent me is with me. He has not left me alone, because I always do what is pleasing to him". 1:29 am! The Daily Readings this morning. "When you have lifted up the Son of Man, then you will realize that I am he." I responded... The one who sent me! He is with me! 1:43 am! The Daily Gospel... My reflection... I did not come on my own. Where I'm going, you cannot come. You must believe in me. Those who do not believe in me, will be of sin. You must trust what I say... "When you have lifted up the Son of Man, then you will realize that I am he." 2:07 am! It is now 3:00 am in the morning. I had taken about an hour to reflect on everything with the calling of me for the people as God has intended to show for the world. At this time, I have 57,777 words in this Holy Gospel of me to show for the World. It will be around 80,000 words of this Gospel to show for the People when I'm finished writing. I have changed the name three times for this story. The first name I used was, Scott Chally Believes in Jubilee, then, Scott Chally's Faith and Belief in God, then now, The Holy Gospel of Scott Chally.

My brother Todd had got out of the Army with an honorable discharge around 1983-84 after doing 3 years of service. While he was in, he's field of classification was the Toe Missel. He was also in during the Grenada conflict. He spoke once about having a situation that made him think when he was in training where there was a helicopter that was carrying the solders in and out of the field. During this training a helicopter had went down where, he said that if the timing would have been just a little different it could have been him in that chopper that had crashed killing the ones onboard. I remember when he first came home, he had brought back with him the Atari gamming system that was new out where I had played and was excited about. He also had a nice stereo system he brought back with him. I want to say he stayed at the house for about a year. I remember my dad had hired him to place rolled Sheetmetal for the surface to cover the front of the barn of the farm. Todd had also bought at the time an older 400 Kawasaki hill climbing motorcycle and had left it at the farm. It was low profile where I was able to ride it.

Todd had gotten a car and he soon met up a women named Tearsa or Terri that he fell in love with. He would spend a lot of his time with her and then he married her around 1985. Terri looked good in her younger years where she had dark brown hair, tall around 6 foot and was skinny. I believed he also liked her because she seemed smart and that drew him to liken her even more. She liked that our family was big and she fit right in with everyone. By 1987 is when I believe they had their first chilled name Heather. I remember they took a trip to Colorado during that summer and asked me if I would like to go with them. I remember while I was with them going there, they were tired and had asked me if I wanted to drive.

I had just gotten my license shortly before that year and I was 16 at the time. I remember it was night time where Todd and Terri and their child Heather which was in a car seat, and they were all sleeping. They had let me drive, where I must have driven for about 4 to 5 hours. While I was driven, I was trying to make time going out to Colorado. I believe the speed limit was 55 MPH on Interstate 80 at the time. I was keeping up with the semis and they were going like 70 MPH. I believe back then all the truckers had CB radios to communicate to one another to know, if there are cops on the highway in order to know when to slow down. After we had gotten to Colorado, we had visited the Army base of Fort Carson in Colorado Springs and we had visited the Garden of the God's that was there as well. I remember going with them to the Royal Gorge which is like the highest bridge over a canyon in the United States.

Todd and his wife Terri had two more children, Jenefer and Erica. Jenefer I would say was born around 1990 and Erica was born around 1992 -93. Erica was born with down syndrome and had to have heart surgery when she was just a baby. She had to go special education classes all through school. Also, all her life, she has needed to be attended to because of her down syndrome that requires special attention. She has had a welcoming time in her life spending a lot of her time at Camp Courageous of Iowa that is located near Monticello. This is a camp for individuals with special needs and their families. This camp offers camping, recreational activates where the camp sets up activities with consolors to watch and allows involvement for these individuals. This camp is really nice with actives to do. It has a nice gentle river nearby, cemented trails, indoor swimming pool, tennis ball courts, pickleball courts,

miniature golf, a pond with a train track around it, cabins to stay in, recreational halls, a dining facility and really nice people who work there that will assist with anything you ask.

I was honorably discharge out of active duty from the Army around March 1997. At this time, me and my wife Patricia had three children. My dad had made it very clear to me that he didn't want me and my family living at the farm very long after coming home. We were looking for houses to move in to the first week I was home. I had like 60 days saved up from the Army of leave or vacation to be able to leave the service, but I was still considered to be on active duty in the Army. With in a couple of weeks my dad had pointed out a house that he though would be good for me in town of Monticello. I had looked at this house with him and I thought it was small, but it was centrally located in town which was one block away from a school, a grocery store and an auto repair shop. I was looking at houses in and around Iowa City as well, because I was signed up for the commitment of the Army reserves there. This house in Monticello that my dad had pointed out has been gown through as being livable but there still was a lot of work that needed to be done to it.

Me and my wife had agreed to the house that my dad had pointed out. We bought it for \$36,000 and had closed on it while I was still considered to be on active-duty showing employment in order to get the loan. We had moved in around the beginning March 1997. My house hold shipment from Germany was available to come to my new house also. I had immediately started to make improvements to the house when we were living there. My brother Rod had helped me with remodeling our bathroom and my dad, Bill, Jesse had helped me with my upstairs room of my house. My sister Robin and my wife help me with the basement on painting it. I would say within 6 months I had accomplished with what needed to be done with the remodeling of the house with help. I would say about one month after I moved in, I had landed a job at the local factory as a welder for steel buildings.

My brother Todd had started his own business in doing household moving and deliveries for stores up and around Cedar Rapids, just before I had got out of active duty. He would call me to see if I could help him when he was shorthanded or neaded an extra person to do deliveries and moving jobs. Also, I had spent a lot of time with him doing his deliveries from the stores he delivered for. I had learnt quite a bit helping him out the first year I was back. He would put me on the payroll every time I helped. I had decided by the spring of 1998, I was going to leave the factory job soon to start up my own business in deliveries. It was around June or July 1998 I believe, when some of the welders at the factory wanted better conditions in the weld shop and rights where we had requested by having a petition signed.

The common areas were really bad for the moral of the workers. For instance, the bathroom and break room were next to each other and when you were in them, you had to listen to a loud air compressor at all times. The bathroom I remember there would be mice running around when you're on the toilet. It was that in order to hold a job at the factory, it was mandatory 10 hour days and possibly Saturdays if they needed you. I remember signing the petition like during the week and by that same weekend I had a letter from the plant manager in my mail addressing the petition. It was saying he wasn't going to do nothing about it and if you didn't like it seek work else wares. When I came in the

next Monday for work. I had gone to the office and told them; I quit and then went home. They were asking me why I'm leaving but never really told them why. Which they knew why.

I remember there was a welder from our weld shop in the factory that had a shop in town to work on cars. He had run up to Dubuque to pick up some drugs one night. He was speeding coming back when he got pulled over by an officer. The officer searched his trunk of the car and had found eight eightballs of crystal meth. He was placed in jail awaiting trial. Me and my foreman were talking about this guy. I had made a bet with my foreman, Sunny at the time saying he would get less than two years of jail for the drugs he had on him. Sunny told me he will get more than that, where he said it will probly be like 7 years. So, I had placed a bet with him of a week's wages, one paycheck of like \$500. When this welder from the factory got charged it was 7 years for his crime. I paid Sunny one week of work of a check, like I had said. I remember when this guy got out of prison it was 7 years he did.

Soon as I had left the factory job, I had started the paper work though the state with my wife doing the filing for my Dot numbers, business license and sales permit in order to operate legally. I also had to make up a moving tariff of guide lines of rules to operate by for household moving. Before that though, I remember being at my brother Todd's place when he had asked me what I was going to name my delivery service or business. This was after I had told Todd I was going to start haling for stores like he does. I was looking around Todds house and thinking what would be cache that would get the attention for my business. I believe I saw a movie that was at Todd's house laying around that I saw or it had come to my mind of Ace Ventura. Then I thought what am I'm offering for a business. I liked that the A form the Ace was in the beginning of the alphabet. I thought, I would like to be called Ace. In a deck of cards, Aces are the highest cards in play for some poker games. I thought I wanted to make the name of my business universal to work for other types of businesses if I wanted to start, that would allow me to do that. Then Ace Services came to my mind. So, I decided at that time to name it, Ace Services. Then it just came to me that I should have my logo be, Quality at it's finest.

I needed a panel van truck to hall deliveries. I believe I was looking in the paper where I had found a truck that was selling for \$2,000 and it was a 1991 Chevy Tilt Master with 16-foot box. When I had contacted the person, he explained it was an old Mac Tool truck with blown engine of a rod out of the side of the engine block. I didn't have much money to spend to get the business up and running and I wanted the truck to be paid for where I wouldn't have a payment. He sold me the truck for \$2,000 and had made me a sales receipt that I signed of \$1 dollar to show for the courthouse in order to put it in my name.

After I had got the truck home to my place, I then was looking to find an engine. The used engines that I saw were running between \$8,000 to \$10,000 when I was looking. Then I thought maybe I could get one rebuilt for it. When I was looking for old engines that I could rebuild. Knowing the engine in the truck had a rod out the side of the block. They were running around \$2,000 or more that are sized up but they would guarantee the block. I found one that was around Davenport Iowa that was sized up for \$1,500. I ran there an got it and then I took it to a shop that rebuilds engines in Marion. I had also taken out the engine from the truck and brought it to the shop. It took them to rebuild the engine about

2 to 3 weeks and had cost me about \$4,500 for everything to rebuild, besides the engine block I had paid \$1,500.

Then after picking it up. Late one evening after it was dark me and my brother Todd had put the engine in the truck. We used a tree in my front yard with a chain hoist hook to the tree to lower it in the engine compartment. We had spent about 4 to 5 hours till about 2 o'clock in the morning where we had started the truck and it was running well. The truck at the time after it was fixed up, was then worth between \$16,000 to \$18,000 and I had \$8,000 invested in the truck. I had to modify the inside of the box of the truck. I had to take out all the shelving and carpet that was in the box from before since it was a Mac Tool truck used to sell tools.

From earlier before when I was talking to one of my brother's accounts that had sold TV's. The owner of that account Don had asked me if I would be interested to do all his Sat alights or dish installations for his business. I had agreed to installing all of his dishes that he sold to his customers. There was a door on the box that was used to enter the truck to sell tools. Now, I had made a room inside the box to use for storage of tools and accessories for dishes. For you can enter from the door from the outside of the truck box. I had to fasten 2-inch wooden bords about every 5 to 6 inches apart on center going to the ceiling on both sides of the inside of the truck box. This was needed to be able to tie off furniture or other items while hulling.

It was around October 1998 when I had my paperwork in the mail that allowed me to be legal to operate as a business of the people and on the road for hulling. My first account I had picked up was a furniture and waterbed store out of the Lindale mall in Cedar Rapids called Strawberry Star Ship. For this store on the waterbeds and some of the furniture I had assembly rates to set up. Most of the deliveries from this store had a huge wall assembly of a hutch for the bed and the setup of a waterbed. This took me and another person over an hour for the set up. Also, I had dish installations of maybe 1 to 3 dishes per week when I first started. I would charge \$150 per installation which took me about 2 hours of time.

I would hook these dish systems up that allowed viewing to be assessable throughout the house of different rooms of wireless. I was slow in the beginning I would try to grab anything I could to make money. My first helper was Chris he was around 18 when he worked for me, he didn't have a car and I would pick him up from his parent house. I did household moving, furniture delivery's, dish installations. I remember doing antennas, wiring for a stereo in different rooms, coax wiring for houses and I would work for my brother helping him out. I had picked up another account that had allowed or enquired three stores in one that my brother let me have. I was now doing about 3 to 7 deliveries per day 5 to 6 days a week. I remember Jesse my nephew helped a few times.

It must have been the next spring when I had found out that Menards lumber store from the south store in Cedar Rapids was looking for a delivery service. I had presented my service to the store manager Gus from of south store of Menards. He accepted to my business to do deliveries for the store. I had to get another truck that would be of a flatbed and I had to have a million-dollar coverage for my insurance. I had to have a dress code or attire to support my business and I had to have an ability to be able to be contacted by the store of each person or truck. My dad had gone with me to buy a flatbed truck in Illinois. My dad had known and was friends the owner of the dealership where we went. The

bank allowed me to write a check for a truck up to \$20,000. When talking to banker before I bought the 20-foot flatbed, I had told him later on in about a year I will be needing a \$60,000 loan to perches a scissor boom truck. The baker agreed with me that they should be able to do that. I had got a Ford 20-foot flatbed truck that ran on gas, that was around 7 to 10 years old.

I needed a person for full time help with Menards and for my other stores where I was able to get my brother Todds wife's cousin Kenney. He was a good worker and we put in long days working for Menards and the other accounts doing deliveries. I would get about \$30 for intown deliveries and if I traveled 35 to 40 miles I would get paid like \$50 to \$60 per delivery. There was another person that had started at about the same time to haul for the store. There were like 20 to 30 deliveries set up a day during the nice weather. My days would start at 6am and end after 10pm where it took about 1 hour to travel each way from where I lived. Me and Kenney were doing about 75% of the deliveries from the Menards store. The other person Dean that delivered at the store had an old scissor boom truck and wasn't able to keep up with the deliveries and at the time he may have been in his fifties.

Gus wanted me to get a boom truck for the store to handle needs for the deliveries. Within 6 months Dean had quit then it left all the store for me and Kenney to run. We were having a hard time keeping up with the furniture and lumber deliveries and sometimes I was doing dish installs were something had to go. I remember once me and Kenney had a delivery with furniture in Waterloo about 1 hour away from Cedar Rapids and by the time we got to the persons house it was after 11pm at night where they were sleeping. They were so upset with us coming so late. This was because we had so many other deliveries to do from Menards. In the beginning when I just had the furniture stores and with getting started I had around 10 credit cards that I would use to float on from time to time to get by. When I had gone back to my banker when I need to get a loan for a boom truck. The banker seen all the debt of my credit cards that showed up on my credit report, where they were starting to reach high limits. Then the banker said, he would only lend me for a 20,000 truck.

I had a lot of expenses for the business where I believe my insurance had cost a lot. I can't quit remember but I want to say my insurance for the business was around \$1,000 to \$1,200 a month. With just two trucks doing these deliveries in the beginning when Dean was hulling at the store with me, I was bringing in about \$15,000 to \$25,000 per month on average. With the trucks traveling long days with a lot of miles, it was costing me about \$700 to \$1,000 in fuel a month and at the time it was about \$1.65 a gallon for fuel. When I was handling the whole store, I was paying over \$1,500 a month in fuel during the busy sessions. I had to have cell phones for each one of my trucks on the road where I was spending more than \$1,000 a month for cell service. I was paying over \$5,000 a month for wages and it didn't leave me much to live off of. Quarterly I would have to pay taxes on the employment of my business to the government.

I had to get another truck. I was accepted from the banker to get another truck and had bought another Ford truck around \$20,000 that was an 18-foot flatbed desal, CDL with air brakes that was about 6 to 7 years old. I had hired three part time helpers, Dan, Glen and Ashely to help with doing the deliveries. After about 3 to 6-months at Menards, I had to down size from doing the furniture deliveries and the dish installs. I wasn't making any money really and I was going in debt. I had a person that

worked for PMX, a meatal casting plant that knew my brother-in-law Bill from there. Which he was a foreman from PMX that wanted to help me out in his free time named Joe. I remember it had to be around the end of September early October 1999. Gus had a client for the store that would make large purchases of plastering materials for there drywalling business that was 30 to 45 minutes from the store.

I had talked to Gus that morning and there were a lot of deliveries for the day where I had two drivers driving for the store. I had told Gus that my son Christian was to have surgery that morning in Iowa City at the Hospital. And that he had become very sick because of his hydrocephalies in the brain that has caused him to have a problem now where he is basically in a comma at this time. I had told Gus he has been fading in and out of conciseness the last couple of days. I told Gus I going to take off early this morning to be with my son just before for his surgery. I told Gus I won't have much time to do deliveries. I told Gus that I have Joe coming a little later this morning to run deliveries. Gus had told me he wanted me to go to Newhall to run the delivery of plaster first thing this morning because the contractor is waiting on it.

I told Gus that last time I had run a delivery out to them, I had to wait on them like a half hour to hour until they showed up. He said that won't happen again and they need it first thing this morning. I had agreed to please Gus and run the delivery out to Newhall. The drywall supplies were on the truck ready to go first thing that morning. I had got in the truck and drove to where the delivery was at of the contractors' shop. There was no one at the shop. I then called the number on the paper work where no one picked up to answered my call. I waited like 15 minutes and called them again because I had to get going. I believe back then you were unable to leave messages. There still wasn't no one that had showed up. I had to get going to make it to Iowa city for my son and it was about 45 minutes that had went by since I had arrived to there shop.

I made a rational decision where there was like 3 or 4 big pallets of wet plaster mix and other supplies on the flatbed truck I was driving. I decided to just raise the bed of the truck and just dump it in front of their shop. So, that's what I had done and I believe had left from there with the truck to go straight to Iowa city before my son's surgery. About 45 minutes to 1 hour later then Gus had given me a call and said why did I dump the load of plaster. He said the contractor was very upset of what I had done and he was worried that he may lose them for business because of what I did. Later on, after Joe had come in, he had to run out there to bring more plaster and clean up the mess. Then Joe had cleaned up the mess of the broken boxes of wet plaster, then had took them back to the store.

Joe had told me, it was a mess what he had to do, and was upset for having to do that. Gus was up set at me and said he's going to take \$200 dollars out of my next check for what I had done. The policy for Menards at the time for any damages or losses from a delivery service is that the most the store can charge their delivery service is \$200. From what I can remember my son had a programable shunt placed in his head that morning. The surgery went well, but he didn't wake up afterwards where he was basically in a comma. The doctors told us that the tube that went from the brain to the stomach was allowing fluid from the stomach to seep back into the brain. They said now with the programable shunt they had just put in my son, shouldn't allow this to happen. Christian at this time was 3 years and 5 months old.

Christian was diagnosed with Hydrocephalus at the age of one year, when I had first got out of active duty around April or May of 1997. This was when the doctors had given him his first shunt in the brain. Then Christian had to have a seconded shunt put in his head in a different location around a year later from his first shunt. When he was having problems giving him pain in the head. Christian was having pressure building up on the brain. If Hydrocephalus is not detected or controlled it could kill you or you may end up in a wheel chair. I have a cousin that has a child that has Hydrocephalus in the brain, where it wasn't diagnosed early enough where she ended up in a wheel chair. She is good now and she's smart but she has to live the rest of her life out in a wheel chair.

My wife during this time with our son Christian was 9 months pregnant with our fourth baby while staying at the hospital. My wife's mother was back from Germany taken care of our other two kids while my wife was at the hospital. My wife had spent about or over a month during this time at the hospital with Christian hoping and praying that Christian recover. Christian was out of it during this time in a deep sleep, until after my wife had given birth to our son Janik one the 1<sup>st</sup> of November 1999, All Saints Day. At that time of the birth, Christian had wakened from his sleep, and hasn't had a shunt replacement or tubing replaced in his body. Until Christian was around 27 years old when he had gotten a headache, where the doctors had to replace the tube going to his stomach. Christian turns 30 on April 10<sup>th</sup> this year, he's married with two wonderful kids and a loving wife. Christian has graduated with honors from Iowa State in finance, has a good job and is very successful in life with a nice house and two new cars.

Kenney had moved on from helping me. I had helped him get his CDL license while he worked for me, but he had found a job hulling for Pepsi. I then hired my brother-in-law Curt at the time; he was my sister Karens husband. Gus was wanting me to get a boom truck. We were using a shingle elevator to bring, get shingles to the roof for the customers of delivery. I had found a 1978 International CDL air brakes 20-foot bed, arm boom truck from a local block company that was selling it. I offered \$2,000 for it and they sold it to me but it needed much work. I had spent a couple of weeks designing and creating outriggers for the back of this truck, since it didn't have any when I had bought the truck. I had the local machine shop do all the cuts to the steel and had purchased the steel materials from them of what I need to make these outriggers.

I had a stick welder in my garage at home where I welded and made them. The hydraulic cylinders on the outriggers, I use farm cylinders that are used to hook up to farm equipment in order to raise or lower the equipment, from Curts farm that he gave me. This was to allow the movement of each leg going to the ground. I also bought hydraulic hoses and valves to use and hooked them up to the truck. I had to replace the wooden bed on the truck. I had to have one of the large hydraulic cylinders fixed for the boom on the truck. The air compressor for the braking system needed fixed and painted the truck cab and chassis, frame of the truck from the air line system on the truck. The truck looked and worked good after what I had done, where Gus was impressed of the truck that I had gotten for Menards to do boom deliveries.

By spring of 2000 I had four trucks running at Menards with me a fulltime worker and one parttime working daily for this store. The yard workers from the store would load the trucks up when we

were out on delivery. When we came back in the yard we would just get in the truck that was loaded where it was ready to go to the next delivery. During the summer months there would be about 30 deliveries a day. A lot of the deliveries you may have to run 40 to 60 miles to drop the load one way and you may have to go 2 to 4 times in a day. I figured in the busy season two of my trucks would put on about 400 to 500 miles a day driving. You would work most days during nice weather from 7am to 10 pm at night.

I remember this one time when it was the busy time of the year where I would peek out with my checks getting about \$5,500 to \$7,000 a week for a month or two. The Menards store where I worked at had made a payroll mistake on my check. I was supposed to have been paid like \$6,500 or more and when I went to pick up my check it was only made out for a dollar or something like that. I had brought it to the attention of Gus the store manager and he told me that there was nothing that he could do about getting me another check for that day or within the next couple of days. I would have to wait till the next week to get paid for this week, and that the next week I will receive payment for this week as well. I believe I always got my check on Fridays. I had mailed like 10 to 13 checks to pay my bills that I owed knowing I was going to receive over \$5,000 for the week.

I did this quit often to get the money out to the ones I owed. After I had done this, I knew I didn't or wasn't going to have enough money in the bank to cover them. I had called my bank to tell them about what had happened this week with my check and if they could cover my account. But the bank would not cover my checks, I had written or allow more money for my account. When my checks cleared with in the next week, they really didn't cover none of them. I had noticed when the checks came into my account that I had written there was suspicion. There was the largest check of the amount of money that was in the account had cleared the account. This had drained the money that was in the account.

When all the other 10 to 13 checks came through my account they all had bounced. I thought there would be enough money in my account that maybe the payroll checks that were written would clear but didn't. Not only did the checks bounce, but before I could get money to put back into my account. The checks had bounced a seconded time where it had cost me like \$500 in just bank fees. I had no choice in the matter where I had to pay the overdraft charges on my checking account for it to stay open. This had caused a ripple effect to where my worker Ashely that worked for me quiet. Ashely had said because of the bad check I had written to him that when he deposited the check it had bounced and caused his other checks that he wrote to bounce as well.

I believe during this time was the time that I had to pay in on my quarterly employment taxes before they were due for every three months. Since the check bounced the payment for these taxes didn't get paid on time and I was slapped with a \$5,000 penalty from the government. I would still have to pay for that quarter of around \$3,500 on the employment taxes. And all the credit cards that I had sent payments to. They had bounced and they charged me for not paying the cards on time and some of them charged me for over the limit. Because of the interest on these credit cards, they keep me paying the minimum each month on these credit cards. Between my bank and the credit cards I lost about \$1,000 extra just to cover the overdraft charges.

I realized with as much I had on my credit cards that I had charged over the last two years it was catching up to me. There was another problem that hit me around this time. I had a good maintenance shop used or the co-op in Marion had been fixing my trucks since I've been Hauling for Menards. I believe they had replaced an engine on one of my trucks and replaced the front tires for the boom truck of \$1,000 to \$1,200 and they have done quite a bit for me. While I had the boom truck in their shop, they would not let me get the truck back. I needed it for the store to do deliveries and the only way they would let me have it back if I paid my bill with them of around \$20,000 dollars. It was a busy time of the year and I was able to gather the money with using a couple of my weekly checks from Menards where I was able to pay the bill to get my truck out.

But that had caused all my credit cards to go over their limits and late fees to them. These credit cards started calling me every day and after a while I decided not to answer them. My credit was ruined overnight. After about six to eight months the credit cards were trying to settle on the accounts. They were trying to settle at 50% and some said they would do 40%. What I did was I ended up consolidating all my credit cards with settling on half of the amount of what I owed or less. The total amount of what I owed was around \$60,000. It was then about \$30,000 with what they wanted to settle with between all the credit cards. I had taken out a high interest's loan for my house of about 13% to put about 30 thousand from the cards on my house mortgage. After consolidating the credit cards in my house loan, it had gone to around \$60,000. I had gotten out from underneath them credit cards with the high interest.

I had told Gus that my credit was no good to finance another truck. I was starting to have problems with the electrical switches on the boom of the boom truck. I want to say by April, May of 2001 my van truck's transmission had went out where I had no money to fix it. Gus had got another guy right away in to do deliveries with me and his name was Brett. He had financed a brand-new boom truck worth over \$80,000 to run deliveries there for Menards. Gus had told me he will keep me around to haul and he had agreed that it was ok with me just hauling with one truck. It was September 11<sup>th</sup> 2001 around 9 o'clock in the morning when I was out on delivery. The trade towers in New York City had just been hit with an airplane. The person's place I was at had let me know that it was all over the news of speculation of what had happened.

All I knew at that time there was an airplane had hit one of the towers. I had a couple deliveries on the truck to deliver locally. By the time I was at my next delivery I had heard there was a seconded plane that hit the other tower. By 11:00 o'clock I had found out that the towers had collapsed and there was a third plane that hit the pentagon, there was also a plane that went down and had crashed. I knew at that time that America was under attack by terrorist activity. I could not get what was happening off my mind, wondering what the future of America was going to be like and I felt sorrow of all the people that had died that morning. I knew that this terrorist group had attacked the heart of America taking out the trade centers. This was discomfoting to me for quite some time. When winter was around the corner or fall had come around, Gus had given me an execution notice that he let me know at the end of September he was going to let me go from doing deliveries at Menards.

He had given me 30 days till the end of October then I could not haul anymore for Menards. What I gather is that Brett probably told Gus that in order for him to keep the truck he will need the whole

account of Menards. You see the deliveries around winter there are only like about 5 to 7 deliveries a day. For Brett to keep his truck he needs all them deliveries for he can make the payment on his boom truck, insurance and in order to survive. It had pushed me out the door. Also, Gus had a loop 22 in the policy of Menards that if I don't deliver for them by the following spring that he can keep my 1% escrow for the year on all the goods that I had hulled from the following year. Which would be about \$10,000.

While having Ace Services I had two engines and two transmissions that went out or were replaced for the trucks with about \$30,000 of expenses in three years. I had to let Gus know many times while working at Menards to have the yard workers gather the items for delivery in advance. This way me or my drivers would not have to wait on them in order to get the deliveries out. I would get paid more for doing shingles to the roof. There were blocks for delivery you would have to handle which I got paid a little extra for doing so. Carrying sheet rock would get paid extra where it varied, but usually over a dollar per sheet of 4x12 sheet rock. They come in two's or you could split them apart, but for two sheets you're carrying about 240 pounds with two people. There would be windows, cabinets, trusses used to build the framing for roofs and every type of building material or item you can think of would be delivered.

Curt was a dedicated worker where he didn't mind running these long hours. He lived by me in Monticello and a lot of time we would bring the deliveries back to Monticello. That was if deliveries were to go out for the next day in the direction that is nearby or local. I had left an old Ford Escort car parked in Manard's parking lot with the keys in it for we can have a vehicle to use for when we weren't driving a truck back. I would only pay \$12 per hour straight time with no overtime pay. Curt would bring in between \$1,000 to \$1,200 per week during the peak season. Curt would get paid when he started out, from the time he left his house till the time he returned to his house. He never complained about working and he was my best worker for me with no problems that had accrued. I want to say all the people that had worked for me were great with no real problems.

During the time doing my business of Ace Services hulling I really didn't have no major occurrences that had happen. I remember I had to call a coupe of times to take care of situations that had happen to my insurance. I remember I had to have a driveway fixed, gutters fixed and some power lines hooked back up for a house during the 3 years I operated Ace Services. My business probly did a quarter million miles of deliveries with movement on the roads in the 3 years. No one had got hurt during the time that Ace Services operated that I recall. At my peek working for Menards, I had made around \$180,000 for the year. Then I would receive a 1% escrow tax paid to me of all the merchandise carried out of the store that was delivered. Which I believe I had usually received around \$10,000 the following year in March or April. My last year there at Menards I should have received about \$10,000 form that year of the escrow of which I had hulled. The manager Gus kept my money and it went into his pocket because he released me from working at Menards by the end of October and denied me from getting it, where I really needed it in my life.

Just before I finished up at Menards store there was a contractor that built new houses that was from Monticello named Darrel. Darrel had asked me if I would like to work for him. He said that he would pay me \$12 dollars an hour and I would be working 40 hour weeks. Darrel also said he would

need me, I believe by the first week in November to start working for him doing new construction in Marion. I had said I would work for him but I needed 40 hours or more a week. Soon after my duty at Menards was over, I started carpentry work on new houses. Darrel was an independent contractor that built new houses where there was high demand for resale. Where I worked was a fairly new subdivision on the north side of Marion where the new houses at the time went for \$140,000 to \$180,000. They were one level with basement maybe 1,200 to 1,600 square foot homes.

I remember the basement or the foundation for the house had just been pored in less than a month and the framing materials to stick up the house were already at the job site. I believe it was Monday the first day of the week when I had started and he assumed that I had knew everything about new construction. I new the basics of what to do which I'm a quick learner and was eager to help to get the houses finnised as fast as I'm able to. I gave my full attention to listen to Darrel of what he told me to do. He had another helper with us that was around 19 years old. I guess he had worked with Darrel on 1 or 2 house within that year. The first week we had the floor josies that covered the basement in place with the OSB coverings to the floor and all the sill plates on the foundation. We had framed all the walls up with the OSB sheathing fastened in place on the exterior of the house with Tyvek or barrier to seal the house from the weather.

The seconded week we had one day that took about 4 hours with a crane to assist us to fasten and place all the trusses for the roof of the house. Then the rest of the week we had placed the OSB sheeting for the roof and constructed the outlook that protruded from the roof along with shingling part of roof. We finished the shingling the third week along with adding all the doors, windows. When the house was all enclosed by the end of the third week then by the fourth week Darrel had the pluming and heating hired in and then the sheetrock hung and plastered and sprayed painted hired in. On the fourth week, we work on the outside of the house to do the soffits, fascia and then siding. By the fifth week we were inside adding insulation, doors, steps, closets, cabinets, shelving, bracing between the Joice's in the basement and to fur out the sidewalls in the basement.

Around the sixth week we were finished with the house where all it needed was floor coverings. Darrel set this up to have the floor coverings added to the house. He also would hire the floor of the garage, driveway and sidewalks with steeps cemented that needed to be added to the property. Then he hired the yard around the property to be landscaped. I had worked for Darrel for about 3 months and we were on the seconded house in that same subdivision. The house was all enclosed with the roof done, doors and windows in. Darrel took off and went on vacation for a week where he had hired someone else that had worked for him years earlier to oversee the project. I believe it was Monday my first day working for this guy and I walked off the job and went home.

I didn't think he knew what he was doing and when I was told on what I should do he didn't tell me right. We were down the basement working and I was furring out a wall. He was putting bracing in the ceiling. He was agitated trying to cut the pieces to use for the ceiling between the josies. Every time he cut a piece to see if it worked for the bracing he would whip it to the other side of the basement, because he had cut it wrong. We must have been working for 2 hours that morning and he told me I was taking to long furring up the wall along where the windows were at. I tried to tell him from where the

windows were at, the floor was off going up and down 1 to 2 inches along this wall. I was measuring and cutting each board, stud to go along to make this wall. He told me that I needed to cut all the studs same for this wall and erect the wall which it will be good to save time.

From where I had started, I then cut all the studs the same for this wall. I don't believe he had cut a single brace to fit in the ceiling. You could tell by his actions he was pisted. After I was done furring up the wall, he came to check it out. He could see the top wall sill that was made for the bottom of window ledge of this wall off of what I had just furred out was up and down along these windows. He was telling me in such a way that was making me feel small that I had messed up and I need to redo the wall. I decided to just leave and go home I didn't feel like being there anymore. The next Monday I had went back to the job site of the house around 9am and Darrel was back from his vacation.

Darrel was in the basement working on redoing the wall that I had erected. The other two workers were nearby. I was trying to explain to Darrel why the wall was wrong. He had cut me off short and said that I don't work for him no more because, I had left the week prior and didn't work. I didn't argue with Darrel and just left. While I was working for Darrel there may have been 1 or 2 weeks I got paid for 40 hours of work. I could not survive with my family with my bills that need to be paid of what Darrel was paying me. It was in the dead of winter working outside doing construction for him. I was cold many days where Darrel would go in his truck to stay out of the cold or warm up from time to time.

I was out of a job by February and I had gone to the unemployment office to sign up to get unemployment to live off of until I could find a job. They told me at the unemployment office that I was unable to get or collect on unemployment since I haven't paid in any unemployment taxes on myself to show in the last year or so while having my business. You see I didn't realize this when I had my business that I had to separate my gross income from what I would be entitled as a benefit through working by being paid to report in order to receive this benefit. I didn't separate or pay employment taxes to show for me working. I had never used unemployment benefits.

I had sold my 20-foot flatbed truck, I believe around or right before I had left Menards or right after when I was jobless. What I do know is, I had broken even with the sale on this truck of what I owed on the loan where it had reduced me having a payment to make. I tried selling my other 18-foot flatbed truck but I was unable to get what I owed to clear my loan to the bank. The bank wouldn't make any exceptions to finance me the difference. I sold my boom truck for \$7,000 in the spring. By this time, I had used the money of the truck for catching up on my utility bills and other expenses that needed to be paid. My van truck wasn't really worth nothing where I had it parked out at my father's farm. I had gone until June before I had found a job through the local unemployment office.

We did not make payments on our house loan for 8 to 9 months during this time where we were facing foreclosure. I had no money coming in and my car payment was a little over \$500 a month. My house payment was about \$500 to \$600 a month which I didn't make. My wife was able to have her brother Thomas in Germany send us over \$2,000 during this time for we could live off of and cover the missed car payments for we wouldn't lose it. Thomas really helped us out. My wife didn't work a job and I couldn't find one. I remember a friend of mind told me about someone he knew that was looking

to have a chain-link fence put in. So, I put the fence in for this person to make a few hundred dollars. It had got so bad at times during this occurrence that we couldn't put food on the table to feed our family.

My wife had written probably a dozen checks at the grocery store for food during this time to feed our family and they all bounced because of no money in the bank. I was talked to by the manager of the store about this occurrence to make it right. I had gone to my parent's house locally to ask them. If I could get a little money to borrow, because I was told they were having hard times at the moment to live since I didn't have a job. My mother told me she wouldn't and I will get through this, where everything will be ok. I couldn't get money from no one and I didn't know if I was going to make it through this or not by being thrown out on the street with my family.

Right after I started working, I drafted up a letter to the finance company on our house to see if they would work with me on the loan that we had through them. I had asked and said in the letter that I had just started a good job. I was asking for them to allow me to keep the house where I don't have to catch up the missed payments and will continue the payments for the following month on the house. I also ask if they would except 10% interest on the loan instead of 13% for me to pay. They had agreed with what I had asked for and it kept me from losing the house. But when the loan that I had through this finance company on the house was paid for by another finance company to assume the loan. With the amount of money that was set aside had to be paid where I thought they had dropped it. It was hidden for years, of this loan and they were charging interest on it, where it cost me about an extra 10,000 to my financing to assume it.

This is where I had stopped writing on the story about 10:30 this morning of the 26<sup>th</sup> because the courthouse had given me a call to pick up my customized plates on the Mercury saying (Mesiah). It was supposed to take 4 to 6 weeks to get them in, but I had received them in 13 days. I had taken the other plates of the Mercury off and then I was heading to Anamosa the court house the next town over which takes about 15 minutes to drive there. About 10:45 right after I was heading out of town to go there, I received a call from my brother Todd. We haven't talked to each other in about 6 years since when my mother had passed due to a conflict over our parents will on how the money was divided up amongst the kids. Todd, Rodd and Tamie sided against Robin, Lori, Karen and me. None of us have spoken to each other in about 6 years because of this. But I had made calls on the 27<sup>th</sup> of February because of God's word telling me to do so, while listening to the Hallow app on this day.

I had made three calls in a row to speak to them. I called Rod and had left a voice message saying I would like to talk to him, basically saying, I'm sorry, to give me a call and that I love him. I did the same for Todd on a voice message. Then I called Tamie and she answered where we talked for about 30 minutes. Tamie talked openly to me about how she felt about everything and she was open to me saying she liked me. She was unsure if she can openly accept me at this time to let go of what had happened because I didn't go against Lori to contest the will. I had told her I love her and hope everything is going well in her life. She had told me there in the process now of moving back to Minnesota. With Todd now I believe he has completely forgiven me now, due to our long conversation while I was parked at the courthouse talking for about 1 hour. He even said if Lori would apologize what she did or saying that she was in the wrong what she did, he would accept her as well and hold nothing against her.

At 12 noon today coming back from the courthouse right before arriving at home I saw the last of my walnut tree that was removed along the crick being hulled off. It made me feel sad having it removed because it has been such a nice tree to have. 29 years its provided shade for me and the clubhouse I had built on the back corner of my lot. I use to enjoy how the squirrels would play in that tree and it provided them with food most years. It may have been a burden to clean up the mess of droppings of walnuts and debris, but after a while I got used to it and it didn't bother me. Right before the tree serves that had cut it down left, I had asked what that tree cost to remove and he told me about \$5,000. About 7 years ago I had taken one of the walnuts from that tree and planted it in another part of my yard. Today that walnut tree I had planted is doing good and, in a few years, maybe it will have squirrels in it playing.

Today is my sister Lori's birthday the 26<sup>th</sup> of March she turned 59 years old today. I called her around 3:30 and wished her a happy birthday. When we talked, I had asked how's she's doing. She seemed happy and said she is doing good. Then I had told her that I had talked to Todd today, which he called me. She was happy for me, saying that's good that he's communicating with me. But she was basically referring that they shouldn't have held a grudge over there other siblings and it was wrong for why they haven't spoken to us. I told her that Todd said he would except her back into his liking as family. He would put what she has done behind him if she (Lori) would apologize to him saying she was wrong on how she persuaded mom on the will. Lori didn't say she would or wouldn't apologize. But was defending herself saying mom is the one that had wanted the will they way it was written and granted.

I told her mom should have placed all of us kids on the will for mom's house that mom gave to you and your daughter Joanie. Lori didn't really say nothing, but defended mom for wanting it that way. Then I said Tyler was the only one of mom's grandkids that received money and said you had to say something to mom for her to grant the money to Tyler. Lori defended Tyler and said he deserved getting the money. Then she said she had only agreed when the topic had come up from mom that Tyler was deserving of it, but did not tell her to give it to Tyler. Then she had opened it up saying how bad Tyler was mistreated by Jared. She had told me that Jared uses to burn Tyler with cigarettes and had peed on him.

Then Lori said all through Tyler's life he has had it bad from Jared, where Jared had molested him 100's of times while grown up. I tried to get the story from Lori about when Jared had gotten caught having sex with Tyler when they got turned in by Joanie. Lori said, what I said was wrong and that Joanie didn't turn Jared in that it was her. I told her if Tyler didn't want to have sex with Jared, he would have fought it off, since he was 12 years old at the time. I said he must have been accepted to do it. Then she said to me that Jared started doing this to Tyler when Tyler was really young. I had asked Lori how old was Tyler when he had got caught having sex with Jared. Lori would not tell me during our conversation but said that Jared was doing this to Tyler until Jared was 18 years old. I had challenged her saying I know that Jared was 17 years old, Justin was 18 and I believe Tyler was 12 years old. Lori didn't contest what I said but told me that Tyler was really young when it started with him and Jared. I said how young was Tyler when he first got molested. Then Lori had said he was like 5 Years old when it first started.

If Jared started to molesting Tyler at 5 years old that would mean Jared was 9 or 10 years old. Usually, puberty don't come till 12 or 13 years old for boys. All I know about Jared is that he hasn't had a crime record during his life other than what he has done to Tyler at the age of 17 years old. He was a popular kid in school with doing I believe 4 years of wrestling during 9<sup>th</sup> through 12<sup>th</sup> grade. His father Rod use to take him to wrestling meets while he was very young growing up all the time. He married at a young age of around 20 years old and has 3 wonderful kids. He has a nice home with a little land to it. He is a very good father allowing his kids sports abilities like archery in competition when they were grown up. He became a foreman at an early age for the business, company that he has worked for since he has gotten out of school. He is now around 40 years old and there hasn't been nothing reported that I know of for this kind of activity that had happened.

Lori was, is and has been a lovable person to me all my life. What I know about Lori is if you had got on a subject about something that she feels is wrong or incorrect she won't give up on it until she feels she has proven her point. She hides behind her beliefs and likes to exaggerate the story to her belief is correct. Lori won't give up on what she believes has got to be said until she has won the battle or have proven her point. In my younger years when we had been in conversations together of her belief, I would continue arguing with her to try to show and prove her wrong. All this would do is make a barrier between us where she would be spiteful and hatred towards me, where she would hold a grudge against me for a long time. Lori as learnt over the years with me that I don't tolerate her actions when we get in discussions with what I say is incorrect that she tells me. Now, Lori will usually try to express her point with me, but will leave the conversation with me, knowing that I see through what she says is wrong and won't win.

I believe it was around 1985 Lori had met up with a guy from Anamosa named Bill. They were both in school at the time, just that Lori was a senior at the Monticello school district and Bill was a Junior in the Anamosa school district 10 miles away. They hit it off from the very beginning of there relationship where they had spent a lot of time together. They both had cars to drive where they visited each other almost every day. I believe Loris's car was a small red 1980 Mercury Lynx. I was around 14 years old at the time and Bill was around 16 years old. Bill really liked me when he came over to the farm to visit with Lori and I liked hanging out with Bill. I remember Bill's car being a Ford Pacer at the time and we had placed a stereo in his car or I was around him when he had placed it in the car at the farm.

Bill has a brother named Howey that is a couple years older than Bill would come to the farm at times to visit. Both the brothers had the same intention at the time to work on there cars to make them to there liking by improving the looks or stereos. I remember that Bills Pacer was a stick shift car and Bill had taken a clear beer tap handle with logo of a beer in side of it as a shifter nob for the car. This nob or handle was used in a bar to recognize the type of beer to be poured from this beer tap handle that is marked in order to serve desired beer for customers. What was so neat about this nob or handle used in the car was Bill had taken an LED light and had placed it in from the bottom of this beer tap handle and had it wired. Where it lit up the whole nob on the stick shift of the car. While driving around with Bill at night cruising around it looked great. Bills stereo in the car was the clearest and loudest stereo I had ever heard at the time. The car may not have been the fanciest or considered to be a sporty car but his stereo made his car awesome. We had cruised often around town with the stereo blasting.

I remember my sister asking me if I wanted to hang out with her to visit Bill one rainy night, I believe in the fall of 1985. Usually, every time she asked me to go with her; I would go, but something told me not to this night. When Lori was driving over to Anamosa to visit Bill this nasty rainy night, she had a bad accident. She had totaled her car driving on the two-way highway of 151 heading to Anamosa. What happened was when a semi had passed her from the oncoming direction of the highway. This semi had allowed a lot of water to go on her windshield. She had veered to the right of the road and had gotten off on the gravel shoulder. The gravel on the shoulder was soft and was pulling her to the right. When she had responded to get back on the road she over steered and went across road into the other lane of oncoming traffic.

There was a car following the semi that had t-boned the right side of her car as she was going across into the other lanes path. Lori was very lucky with God looking out for her. Where the oncoming car had hit Lori's car on the side. The passenger side of the car was pushed in to the driver's side of the car beyond recognition. This only left about 1 ½ to 2 foot wide of the car. Lori didn't have her seatbelt on and when the car hit Lori, she was thrown through the passenger door window over the other car into the ditch. Lori only received a few scratches and bruises from the accident. If I would have been with her that night it would have been a different outcome. I believed I would have been trapped on the passenger side of the car from going out the window. I would have been killed instantly and I believe Lori would have died as well.

It must have been after Bill had just graduated from high school when they had gotten married in 1986. I believe Bill was still 17 years old and I want to say Lori had just turned 19. They had a nice church wedding had moved in to my brother Rod and his wife Donna's apartment I believe when they first started out. Bill went on with schooling at Kirkwood Community College in Cedar Rapids for electronics. Soon after marriage they had a daughter named Joanie. Right after Bill finished his 2-year degree in electronics they had bought a nice house in Monticello. I believed Bill worked in Davenport for a short time where it was about 1 ½ hour drive one way. Around 1988 they had their second child Cody. I remember going over to their place they had a baby sitter they hire to watch their kids from next door since they both worked.

The baby sitter's name was Lisa where she was around 13 years old at the time and also my friend Tony's sister. She had a serious liking to me and it seemed like every time I had went over to Bill and Lori's place to visit, she was there visiting them too or hanging out. There were times I would go over their place to play board games or cards with them and maybe with some others that they had invited. I remember when I had my 1981 Mazda hatchback 2 door car, it probably would have been right before I had gone in the Army. I don't remember kissing Lisa, but she constantly was trying to draw my attention whenever I had come over. Lisa, I had taken in my car to drive around in town once and somehow it had happened. I'm not sure if I had asked her or if she had asked me while we were driving around. but I had undone my pants in the car and she had sucked on my penis or gave me a blowjob. I only remember it happening once and I wasn't really interested in her because she was so young.

I was In the Army at the time about 1 year after Desert Shield, Desert Storm. I had gone to Fort Carson in Colorado Springs for my next station of duty. 4<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion 29<sup>th</sup> Field

Artillery. It was just after deactivating our unit in Aschaffenburg Germany after the war, downsizing of units and soldiers in Germany. I then was at Fort Carson for only about a month at the time. I was engaged to Patricia from Wertheim Germany to get married in late December 1991. Patricia was about 3 months pregnant with our son Alexander. I was trying to save money since I knew soon my wife Patricia and me will be living together starting a family. I needed to get back to Iowa and what I did was, I had put on my class A uniform of the Army for the entire to be dressed in with my duffel bag. I then went to the local truck stop by taxi. I believe it was in Colorado Springs to see if I could hitch a ride back to Iowa. Within one hour being at the truck stop there was someone that agreed that he would take me to the Iowa City truck stop in his semi.

This was a 14-hour drive from there and we had left right away. He was a really nice guy and he even asked me if I would like to drive his semi for a while going to Iowa. When I had got to Iowa City truck stop, I gave my brother Todd a call where it was like 12am in the morning. He didn't know I was coming back, but he had agreed to pick me up. It was over an hour drive from his place where he got me and brought me back to his place to spend the night. It had only cost me like 10 to 20 dollars to make the trip. The next day my brother had brought me to our parents' farm. Then within a couple of days my dad had help me by going to the local Ford dealership in Monticello for I can find a car to buy. I bought a new blue 1991 4 door Ford Tempo for around \$8,700 dollars.

It was now about one week before my soon to be wife Patricia was coming over to get married to me. I was over at my sister Lori and Bills house. I was hanging out down stairs in the finished basement of there house with Lisa and Lori was with the kids upstairs. I had just turned 21 years old in December and Lisa was around 16 years old. She still had a crush on me and I knew that where we had agreed after hanging out and spending time together, we had decided to try and have sex. We went into the laundry room that was there in the basement. Then we pulled down our pants and we were on the floor where I had inserted my penes in to her while she was laying on her back. It was only 2 to 5 seconds I believe where we had just started. I heard my sister Lori coming down the steps and she was calling for us. Lori could see we weren't to be found in the big room of the basement.

As soon as I heard my sister coming down the steps I had pulled out of Lisa and pulled up my pants as well did Lisa. We had come out of the laundry room and my siter was asking why we were in there. We lied to my sister telling her something that we were not doing and then she didn't say anything else to us. I had sex but I never really counted it for sex because I wasn't completely penetrated in Lisa. Know after thinking about what I had done in my mind like over a thousand of times, God stopped me form having sex with Lisa. God was protecting me from my evil ways for I don't mess my life up when was in loved with Patricia. Me and Lisa never got together since after that time. I've seen Lisa around Monticello several times over the years and I have always limited my talking to her and know I did something that should have never of happened.

My wife was going to arrive at the airport in Cedar Rapids on the 27<sup>th</sup> of December. It was the 25<sup>th</sup> of December at 12:00 am sharp this morning while just before I was sleeping where I had woken up while being at my parents' house at the farm. I remember looking at a digital alarm clock on the night stand when I woke up lying in bed. I couldn't move it was like I was frozen in place. I remember I had saw

an image in the mirror of an old person that had a long white beard and long white hair dressed in a white robe with a walking stick. My bed was moving forwards and backwards. It looked like he was trying to speak to me but I couldn't hear nothing. There was also a large black dog that looked like a rock wilder as an image that I saw, about 6 to 12 inches from my face growling at me showing its teeth. This had gone on until the clock turned 12:01 then what I saw of the image went away. What I gather is I was contacted by this spirit where I couldn't hear nothing, but it was a message from God at this timing in my life. Maybe it was Aberham himself contacting me or God in that image. This had stuck with me ever since in my life.

I had picked my wife up from the airport where there were about 4 days we had before we had got married by the justice of the piece at a lawyer's office in Anamosa. We had come home from the lawyer's office where we were officially married and that after noon, we had family around and we had opened presents and ate cake. That evening we went up to Marion to bowl with my brothers and sisters along with other members of the family. It was like less than two weeks and I had to return back to duty and Patricia went back to Germany. Once I had returned to Fort Carson, I had set up housing off post and had to do the paperwork for the Army to get assistants and to make it legal showing I'm married. Shortly after I got a place to live off post Patricia came to live with me.

We had hardly nothing when we first moved in. I had found a bedroom set for like \$350, I had found a mattress and frame for \$100, a kitchen table and chairs for the kitchen of like \$150. I had from before I had a sofa, chair, endtable, coffee table, stereo and TV for the living room. I had to buy an entertainment center for the TV and stereo for like \$400 at the PX. I was constantly pawning my stereo equipment to make it by from time to time in the beginning. Our son Alexander was born June 8 1992 about 5 weeks early at a hospital in Colorado Springs. Shortly afterwards Patricia had become deathly sick with (Pelvic Inflammatory Disease) PID where she had to be cared for in the hospital. When Patricia went to the hospital, they had done test on her and realized the she had PID which was caused from a sexual disease. When they tested her and she tested positive for having chlamydia. Then they tested me and I was negative for chlamydia.

My parents had come and visited us around this time with their camper for about two weeks. I remember my dad had to fix the leaf springs on his big camper. They had broken on one side then my dad had gone to RV camper store there in Colorado Springs and bought the parts that he needed. My dad had fixed the leaf springs on the camper the next day in the back parking lot of the apartments where I lived. Our son Alex was having problems with his eyes pustering up. We had to clean his eyes several times a day and his testicles were also swollen. We would bring him in to the doctor's office. I remember going several times within 1 to 2 months. I remember this female doctor was trying to tell us we need to not have smoke around him because at the time we smoked in the apartment. And she would tell us we must only use a certain laundry soap saying he's allergic to it.

Over a month after going back to the doctor, we were really getting worried because of how bad his eyes were looking. We had just got out of the appointment after 3 or 4 times being seen. I was going through the waiting room just after the appointment by the doctor and had seen a display of pamphlets. I had noticed one on chlamydia then I read it and it said that babies can catch chlamydia if the mother

has had it and it described the conditions. Alex matched what the pamphlet said. I then went back to the doctor and mentioned what the pamphlet said. She told me that my son does not have chlamydia. She denied me and said she wasn't going to test him. So, I went to an office in the hospital that handles complaints and show what the pamphlet said about chlamydia and said my son matches up with the symptoms. I told who the doctor was to them. They wrote a note for me to bring to the doctor to have the doctor check my son out for chlamydia. I brought the note to the doctor. Then the doctor then checks out Alex for chlamydia and sure enough alex had chlamydia. When the swelling went down on Alex's testicles then we found out one of his testicles had died and had to have it surgically remove.

I remember before I had met Patricia when I was in Germany. I had gone home with a woman that had worked for bar as a waitress and we had sex. Then the next day I remembered that when I went to the bathroom it burned when I peed for about three days and then it went away. So maybe I was a carrier of chlamydia and I just didn't test positive. Later on, in the fall in 1992 I believe my wife had gone back to Germany to bring Alex for her mother could see and visit. I had a party while she was gown where there were like 10 people at the apartment and I had met a woman that had showed up that was from the same apartment complex that said she had a business as an escort service. It was a day or two later we had got together and she came to the apartment and she agreed and I believe she wanted to have sex with me. We did it one night where I could tell she had a C-section and new it was recently that she had a chilled. She was Asian she never tried asking me for money. it was a one-night stand which I never heard from her again. This was the first time I had committed adultery on my wife. When my wife came home from Germany she had found a box of tampons under the side of the bed in the bedroom. She had challenged me but I lied to her saying I didn't know why they were there but she suspected something wasn't right.

By the time late fall had come around in I believe October, November 1992 after my wife was back, I had attended (Primary Leadership Devilmnt Course) PLDC for a month. You must have this course in order to achieve the rank of sergeant. When I had gotten to Fort Carson, I was E-3, PFC, Privet First Class. Then I got my E-4 Specialist within 3 months of being there. And after I had finished my PLDC course and then had my E-5 packet turned in to be on the list to get selected for sergeant. Then I had got selected and had made my rank of Sergeant E-5 by April 1993. It took me 3 years 10 months since I first came on active duty to become an E-5 Sargeant.

I had 5 article 15's actions filed against me before that date of April 1993. I had a company grade article 15 in basic training at Fort Sill for smoking cigarettes when I wasn't supposed to, where they took \$100 out of my check. I had to do extra duty for two weeks after hours to work when the other solders were in the common areas resting and the drill sergeants dropped me every chance they could for 20 pushups when I was separated. I had a company grade article 15 in AIT Advanced Individual Training, at Fort Sill during my survey school. It was of a dispute with another soldier, black guy where he called me – white trash - honkey - cracker - then I called him a -nigger - and we were fighting on the floor rolling around when we were broken up by a drill sergeant. I had to do two weeks extra duty working after hours and they took \$150 out of my check. I had a summarized article 15 at my first duty station in Aschaffenburg Germany for I believe it was for missing a formation or absent for duty.

Then I was placed for a company grade article 15 for dereliction of duty and missing roll out or not present for duty. During my station at Aschaffenburg Germany. I fought this one where I had seen a jag lawyer and it was thrown out. We had our last night at Mince Kastle Germany of guarding the generals during 1990-91 quarters. A few of us went down to a club called Palm Beach. It had closed for the night and me and a friend of mine decided we were going to walk our way back to the unit that night. We were drunk and we got lost and we ended up next to I believe it was the Rhine or the Mine River. We had jumped a fence of a compound or business of a secured place along the river. We walked through this compound out the front gate with a security guard watching. There were two old bikes we were going to see if we could ride but the tires were flat and we ditched them nearby. Then we went by this shack near the river. We were relieving our bladders into the river.

Then there were two Polizzi cars that were speeding down the street at us doing about 40 mph and then they slammed on their breaks. Both cars turned sideways in sequence right in front of the shack on the street and 4 officers had jumped out of the cars with guns pointed at us. We had our hands up then they came up to us and then searched us. My friend was running his mouth. The Polizzi told him to shut his mouth because he said he can kill my friend and nothing will be done. I told my friend to just be quiet. Then he was quiet. They brought us to germen police station. They had called the military police station for them to come and get us. After we got picked up by the military police they brought us to the station where we were held in a cell again. Then the command from our unit the next morning came and picked us up. We had got back to where we were staying for our guard duty at about 10 am that morning. The unit was supposed to have left at 8 am that morning. They couldn't leave until all solders are available.

When we had made it back to the unit. My battery commander had placed a company grade article 15 against me within like a week. And when I was in front of the commander facing it. When it was read to me, it had an option I believe that the commander had let me know by law. I had the legal right to seek an attorney, lawyer on that action that I was facing. I sleeeked my rights and was able to go for legal representation for help on this matter. Because I was worried that this may cause me to be thrown out of the army or lose my rank over it. Wurzburg is where I had to go. It was about 30-45 minutes form Aschaffenburg. And when I had talked to a lawyer about what had happened with what was written on the paper of what I was facing. He told me that I there was nothing I had done wrong. He said when the military police took my breathalyzer test when they had me in their possession by 6 am that day. That I was not considered legally drunk on duty due to I had blowen a .49 and to be legally drunk on duty at 6 am in the morning it had to be .50 or higher.

He had called my commander to let him know that he should not due any actions against me, that I had not done nothing wrong. And when I had got back to the unit that day the battery commander had apologized to me and said that there will be no actions taken against me for this occurrence. I felt relived knowing I had gotten off of what had happened. But my friend, Cruse got his rank reduced because he was considered to be legally dunk when they had blowen him that morning at the military police station. God was looking out for me and he allowed for my dumb action I had made of going out in a strange city being drunk that night. Where he had gotten me home safety. And I had no actions taken against me to cause hard ship. Like losing my rank or be thrown out of the military.

The 5<sup>th</sup> occurrence taken against me of disciplinary actions in the Army. Was a company grade article 15 in Aschaffenburg Germany. This was of not following a direct order given by a noncommission officer (Sargeant). I remember it being around the time Desert Storm was over in the winter of 1991 maybe in February or March. We were released from formation this morning and I believed it was a Monday. On this day usually checks and services are done first thing on the equiment in the motor pool by all the platoons of the battery. We were all heading to the motor pool. It had just snowed like 5 to 6 inches the night prior, the temp was around 30 degrees that morning with the sky clear and the sun out. I had or just past through the motor pool gate with some of the people from our survey section. There was this Staff Sargant (section chief) from a different section of the battery, I knew and were friends with him in the battery that lived in our billets across the hall from my room.

What happened was he had come up behind me and had a hand full of snow. He had pulled my jacket back by my neck and had taken this hand full of snow where he had slammed it down my neck area where it went down my back. I didn't see him coming or was I suspecting anything like this to happen. My first response to how I felt was to grab him and return what he had just done to me. He was smaller than me where I had turned to where he was at, then I had picked him up and took him to the ground. He was on his back at this time and I had straddled him while sitting on him where I pulled his clothing or jacket back away from his chest. This was allowing me to fill his chest area up with snow that was around us on the ground. Then I got off of him and moved away from where he was at. After I had done this, he got up and was pissed at me. So, the first thing he had said was (while addressing his section that worked for him that had been following us to the motor pool). Who ever gets PFC Chally and brings him to me, I will give out a four-day pass.

I had saw 3 to 5 guys from his section coming after me just after he had said this. We were 200 to 400 feet from where our formation is held by our battery building when this happened. The motor pool was accessed by going up on the street or road next to the motor pool to get to the gate. We were inside of the motor pool gate where we had just entered from. I had made a run to the end of the motor pool that I near to where the battery or billits is at. When I got to the end of the motor pool there were two 9- to 10-foot-tall chain link fences with barbe wire on top that were separated from each other by maybe 15 to 30 feet apart. I climbed them both to get over them to get away from the ones coming for me. After I had cleared both fences, I then looked at the ones coming after me. I could see they were having a hard time climbing over the fences where they were caught in the barbe wire to make it down the other side of the fence. I had waited a minute or two watching them and laughing at them. I could see they were not going to make it over and they were starting to climb back down on their side.

I had gone to our section room on the fourth floor of our battery where my section chief was at and had told him what had happened. He allowed me to stay there and do other thing that morning for I wouldn't have to be up in the motor pool. By that night SSG Bunch the one that wanted me, had talked to me and said... When you least expect it... I will get you... he had left the matter alone of what had happened.

I was out with two of my roommates, Carl and Ty at the club this night. We had just come back to our room and it must have been 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning on the weekend. I had turned my stereo

on and was making a sandwich on top of our minnie fridge in the room. There was a knock on the door, so I had answered to see who it was. It was SSG Bunch telling me to turn down my music. I turned down my music, and within a couple of minutes there was another knock on my door. I answered to door again and it was SSG Bunch again. This time he had told me that he wanted me to sleep on the drunk bunk. I got rude to SSG Bunch and told him I was not going to sleep on the drunk. He replied saying if I don't, he'll have the MPs come. I believe at this time I was about to head to bed when he came back to my room, where I had my paints off. I had left my room and went down the hall by the CQ desk (Charge of Quarters) I had seen where the CQ desk was about 50 feet down the hall they had gotten a frame of a bed with springs that the CQ had placed next to the CQ desk.

I was frantic about what SSG Bunch was causing and doing to me and I did not want to sleep on the bed spring next to the desk that was just set out for me. You really can't sleep on that frame with springs; it is so uncomfortable. I must have been going up and down in the hallway for about 10 to 15 minutes speaking my mind without having my paint on. SSG Bunch I believe, since I was not laying on the bed and I was making commotion, had the CQ desk call the military police. They had come where I did not resist them and they took me to the military police station to be processed in to spend the night. I want to say from that night I had received this company grade article 15 within a week. I lost my rank of PFC, E-3 (Privet First Class) and went down to Privet, E-2. What I had found out there were orders for me to become Specialist, E-4 but I was not pined or presented yet for me. I can't remember if they took money from my check because of this occurrence. I had to serve 14 days extra duty on my free time. I do remember within a couple of days before that night, I had 4 wisdom teeth pulled and was on codeine for a pain killer to take. Also, before I had gone out with my roommates that night, we had drunk a bottle of Wild Turkey whiskey which I believe I had drunk most of it.

Around the time I had made my E-5 we went to the National Training Center in the Mahjabi Desert in California for a few weeks. I know we were out there with 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne division and I believe it was the 101<sup>st</sup> division too that we were up against. I remember we were going through a canyon and we were fired a pond within the first couple of days of being there. The battery I was with to do survey for had taken a lot of casualties going through this canyon. This was insinuated warfare and I had got a suck-in chest wound that had to be attended to within 5 minutes or I would be put aside for a day with out participating in the warfare. I was not attended to where I had to sit just off to the side of where it had happened for 24 hours.

I remember I had done the survey going from battery to battery while I was there. I was always a head of them before they moved into the site, that the survey was established and given of the data. I even put in the survey for our fist platoon that allowed the data to be fired on to the targets. I also did survey for the Hughey helicopter pads. There would be me and my driver that would meet up for whenever we were called to establish survey in a new location. There was also a second PADS team that did survey for the battalion. Depending on the talk center where the staff were at, they would decide which way the batteries of the battalion would move in the conflict of the fight against enemy.

What I did was provide data to these batteries of the battalion to know where they're at and azimuth when they fired. I would give true azimuth and location of longitude and latitude of where there

at accurate to .01 to .001 of a meter. I had a Humvee that had a portable system that consisted of a Jiro that spun that allowed data to a computer. It was called PADS (Position Azimuth Determining System). This system allowed the data to be shown from a display to see and adjust the coordinates from SCP (Survey Control Point) to allow and assure good data to be given. When you first start with this PADS you would have to initialize it off of a SCP. Every so often you would have to update the system after so long of a time in use or the train you travel on to assure your giving good data. You would have to research on these maps the Army furnished to locate these SCP's and usually you would look for 3<sup>rd</sup> order SCP's or better to get your data from.

The 109 howitzers would take what I gave them of true azimuth and what they would read off their directional interments of magnetic azimuth to convert when they fired. I remember a lieutenant from one of the batteries while being there in NTC California had challenged me on why my azimuth was so far off from there's and didn't line up thinking my survey was wrong. After looking around where they were I noticed the ground had a different type of rocks and stones so, I had picked one of the stones up and grabbed my compass I had on me. I had placed the stone next to it and it moved the compass.

When we were out there NTC in the desert where we had finished a few days early from defeating the other divisions we were up against, where we had pushed them back to where they couldn't fight anymore. After I had got back from the training in NTC California I had received an impact award for my outstanding commitment and duty from being there. Army Achievement Medal (AAM) I don't know how true it is of what I heard but I was told while we were there, we had defeated our opponent so bad that they said it's never happened before at the training center. I had a good time there and memories made.

My wife was about 3 to 4 months pregnant around the time I had come back from going to NTC and she had a miscarriage of the baby.

I remember there was a solder I was in charge of from our survey section that was waiting to get into housing for his family to live on post with him. One night he was with a friend of his in the barracks and they had sex with a girl that was under age they had picked up from a club. They both had there turns doing her in the barracks. They offered her cocaine that night, but when she went home her father a Major at one of the unites on post had quested her where she was at since it was so early in the morning. She had told what she had done that night to her father. Her father called the military police and they were there that morning it happened. I saw when they had arrested them. Since the Majors daughter had contested to rape and was under age. Them two had to await court-martial at Fort Carson. After the court-martial the ruling was for the solder, I was in charge of where he didn't get it for her being under age. He didn't get it for rape and he didn't get nothing for the uses and having cocaine. But they charged him for adultery and gave him a year in prison. After the year he served in prison I saw him out processing the unit and I guess he had got a dishonorable discharge from it too.

My section chief SSG Harper liked me well. I remember building an enclosed box out of plywood for one of the Humvees for or section. He put a lot of responsibility on me that I didn't mind, like having to sign for some of the equipment for the section. Taking control for what's got to be accomplished for the day with solders. He volunteered me for funeral duty a couple of times when they came around.

Where I remember being a Paul Bear and again on being in charge of the rifle squad for these funerals. We would have to be dressed up in our class A uniforms with boots, that would have to shine to make a good appearance while going to different funerals. It would last about a week or two to be dedicated to whatever funeral comes our way. He helped in getting me promoted. And we would go up in the mountains about 120 miles to fish a few times and camp around Turquoise or Twin Lakes. His example in the Army made me want to reenlist where Capton Wagener my battery commander reenlisted me.

I think back from when the first month or so when I had got to Fort Carson, I was down on Fountain Street in Colorado Spring at an apartment complex with some people. I remember this guy named Little John that use to be in the Army and had just got out where him and another guy had hand guns and they decided to leave with their guns and said they going to go out and shot at some traffic signs. Then I remember just before I had left, this MP from the base had brought me to his car to show me his gun. Then he had turned on the music in his Tracker vehicle. I was standing holding the gun checking it out when all of a sudden you here someone from the second floor of the apartments yelling saying turn down that fucken music.

And like right after he said that, it sounded like a gun shot went off. Me and this MP had squatted down and I gave the MP back his gun. Within I would say 2-3 minutes there were like 5 or 7 police cars there. Then the police went in the apartment building to go after the one who fired. After about 5 to 10 minutes, they had come back down stairs and then left. When they checked to see and find out who fired, they realized from the place they were at, that person had shown what he had did. The guy had taken a small electrical cord and sniped one end off it off of it and took the two wires and separated them and connected like a double AA battery to it, then hung it out the window. Then he plugged it in to an outlet when he wanted the battery explode to make that noise. While I was stationed there in Colorado Springs, they had a makeshift police station set up there on Fountain.

We had arrived in Germany early February 1994 for my next duty station. My wife had stayed at her mothers, Marie in Gruenenwoert a village of Wertheim Germany until we got a place to live. While I stayed in the billets in Bamberg until I had gotten housing off post. It was about a 15-to-20-minute drive to get to my new unit on our concern form where we lived. The place we lived at was a new three-story house where we lived in the first floor. The land lord lived on the seconded floor and they rented the third floor out to another family. I remember it was like within the first two to three months I had lived in Bamberg, I had my car, we were moved in to our off-post housing and we had our house hold goods. My section chief that I had, I new of when he was a specialist E-4, leaving Aschaffenburg when I had first got there and now, SSG Doty had made his Saff Sargeant E-6.

When I started at the survey unit SSG Doty assigned me as a Chief PADS operator and my driver was PFC Green. In the beginning it seemed that SSG Doty liked me. I remember we needed a place to spend a night or to when we first got to Germany and Guy Doty invited us over to stay at his place with him and his wife Gabby. The time I knew I was going to have a problem with SSG Doty is when he told me that he wanted me to start the process to getting PFC Green out of the Army. He wanted me to write PFC Green up to start the prosses to get rid of him out of the Army. I went against SSG Doty by telling him that I wasn't going to do that what he wanted me to do. Telling him that PFC Green is a good solder

and I haven't found nothing wrong and has always listened to what I have told him to do and has done what I've told him to do.

SSG Doty didn't like that what I had said but he also didn't tell me different what I had spoken at the time to show there was a conflict between us. Within a week I noticed when he had done a quarterly concealing report to go in my record on my performance of my duty as a noncommission officer for the survey section to reflect for on promotion. When he wrote the consoling on me it wasn't so bad in that everything in that was spoken was bad, but he made me as an unstable leader on incompetent leader to look bad. He made it as faults that made me look bad if you were to be reviewed for the next rank of promotion saying I'm not a fit solder. I had to sign off on the concealing where I had written a rebuttal.

It was like SSG Doty was clicky with me and I knew he was when I had showed up late coming to formation due to having problems. He didn't write me up but he would reflect that he would the next time if I did it again. So, I tried my hardest not to come late. One day I was running late coming in from where I lived, I'm not sure the reason why but I think it had to due with my kid being sick. I was speeding just before the concern and I had picked up an MP, he had turned his lights on for me to pull over and I did want to be late so, I let him follow me in to the concern for of one mile about. He followed me right to where the formation was. The formation was gathered and I got out of the car. The MP did also and came up to me right after he got out of his vehicle, van, but he was generous and said I can see you have other worries and told me to not worry about it this time and have a nice day. He could see I was trying to make formation. The formation was called to attention where I wasn't in it, but everybody saw me with the MP.

SSG Doty was trying to put different responsibilities on my shoulders that he would know I would have problems with. He had saw when I was writing one time that my writing is not good with me known it gets worst if someone is watching over me, that I have problems because of my dyslexia. He was causing me to be to become paranoid working for and around the survey section. After a while I would say by April, I had gone to sick-call for stress that I was receiving, not knowing if I was going to have a career in the Army any more. There was another E-6 SSG Wyatt that was a surveyor that had come to our unit around the same time but he out ranked SSG Doty by a little and he became the platoon Sargeant. They became best friends and would hang out all the time. It felt like they had a select few they would talk to around the battalion.

When I had went to sick-call I was referred for me to see phycologist in Wurzburg. When I had went up there, I was seen by a phycologist named Doctor Demarion. After consulting with him I was telling him I was feeling very stressed and starting to feel depressed at that time. Also, I told him I feel paranoid due to may section chief, I believe wants to end my career in the Army. He had placed me on Prozac and put me on a profile where I was unable to use weapons and had set me up for another appointment. I must have been seeing Doctor Demarion every 3 or 4 weeks where I would run to Wurzburg which I believe was about an hour drive. After words my section chief was pointing out posable problem to me with not knowing some of the basics of survey when we were training on it. So, the next time having my appointment I had said to my phycologist that I was having memory loss.

Our son Nickolas was born on the 22<sup>nd</sup> July 1994. There was a guy around this time that had a 1987 Nissan pickup that had broken down on him. He was going to leave Germany soon to head back state side. He was wanting to sell his truck. I had looked at it and I believe I offered between \$1,500 to \$1,800 for the truck the way it was. He accepted to my offer and I had put an alternator in it and it ran good for the rest of the time I had spent in Germany.

I had gone to my Doctor Demarion 3 or so visits by August and I had asked if there was a way I could get away from my section and maybe work in another job temporarily. So, he wrote me a profile to do so. I was directed by my battery commander when showing the profile to see Command Sergeant Major Woods at the battalion. When I had saw CSM Woods he treated me nicely when I had shown my profile to him and asked me how would I like working at the Gym on our concern. I had then excepted, to working at the Gym. I started right away. I had to open the Gym by 6am during the week to pass out equipment and I believe I had to close it by 6pm at night. I would set at a desk inside the entrance of the Gym to issue equipment. I would have to atend to what ever needed to be done like make sure the Sonna was on in the morning organize the weights and pick them up to place them back on the racks. Most importantly just be there to attend to the needs of the solders using the Gym.

I had found this to be the most boring job I ever had. I would try to use the court inside the Gym to shoot hoops but that didn't help and I was so bored from doing this. The doctor had put me on a sleeping pill because I had told the doctor I had a hard time falling asleep. Well one time I had went to bed after midnight and had taken the pill and I was unable to wake up in the morning. My wife knew I could not be late for work or miss work, so she decided to put me or was able to get me in the car and drove me to the Gym for I could be there. While I was at the Gym that morning, I was asleep when people came to check out equipment so, they just grabbed the items they needed. I remember there was a person that had left his spandex shorts in the changing room. I had found them and kept them, but like a day later he had come back to the Gym and asked me if I had seen them. I had told him no and lied about it. I felt bad for doing so over a \$15 to \$ 25 pair of shorts ever since.

I saw the battalion R&U guy around the battalion so I had talked to him about his job. He was a specialist E-4 filling in for it because he was asked if he wanted to do this job. He told me what it entailed. I had talked to the Sargeant Major about this job and said I would like to do this job. I then was granted the Job by the Sargeant Major. It was an E-6 position to assure all repairs around the concern were being done and orders summited to the engineering office of the community for the work to be done. It was about 3 months I had worked at the Gym and now by December 1994 I was working doing the Repairs & Upkeep for this concern that only belonged to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion 1<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery.

In the first couple of months, I had done quit a bit around the battalion. I had redone the Battalion Headquarters of the upstairs by the Commanders and Command Sargeant Majors office where there was a fasting strip that went around the hall. This was to hang pictures on the walls in the hallway. They were of wooden bords that went around the hall of this floor that looked tackey. Then plastered the holes and had it painted it with some help. I then hung some really nice large pictures that displayed of military history. I had the steps with the broken tiles fixed. Down in the basement where our mailroom was, I had redone and added base trimming.

My office I had in the headquarters basement, I installed new lighting and had made shelving and storage racking for the tools would be at easy access to use. I had a desk with a computer on it and I made an entertainment center with speakers and a place to put a TV, VCR and stereo receiver. I had a sofa, dart board and a couple of benches in the office. I had painted everything were it looked really nice. I was in charge of taking care of all the buildings, grounds on the concern to include the motor pools and dining facility. I had placed orders of anytime I felt needed to be done. The Command Sargeant Major I would talk to on a daily basics to see if there would be anything he would like for me to do or have done.

He would always have as many as 5 solders for me to do any task that need to be done. While I was there, I had the motor pool redone from gravel to cement. I placed a volley ball court with sand on the hill top where the batteries of the battalion did there physical training next to the motor pool. I had made up a large Christmas display to go out front of our concern with reindeer and a Santa of his bag of toys pulling the howitzer. It was lit up so you could see it at night while driving by. I had a sign saying Merry Christmas from our unit. I would have display boards made up for the batteries and solders quarters that they can view of importin information that can be displayed in them. Anything that the solders came to me for that they wanted done I would get it done for them.

During the summer months I would have a 5-man details they would do for the upkeep of the grounds that needed to be done. I had all the equipment I needed to upkeep all the grounds of the concern. I restored a pack 75 however to go inside of the entrance of the battalion that made the headquarters look like a general's headquarters. The Command Sargeant Major had gotten a hold of 4 pack 75 howitzers to go out front of the headquarters. The CQ of the headquarters would keep the breach blocks on them polished. One of the howitzers would be fired each morning when the flag would be risen to start the day. I was down at the engendering of housing on the main post almost every day to summit work orders for the concern.

Command Sargent Major Woods allowed me to have a parking spot in front of the headquarters. I would stay late at times if I would half to have things done around the battalion. I had the concern looking really nice all throughout the year. In my office the dart board that I had, where I would invite other solders from the battalion at times to come and hang out with me to play darts. There was this one time I had purchased like 100 sex tapes from someone who was selling them for 100 dollars. I resold them to the guys around the battalion for 7 dollars apiece. I would let them see what they were buying first if they wanted to so from the VCR I had in my office on the sofa.

Once the Command Sargeant Major had brought this higher-ranking Command Sargeant Major in my office and I believe he was from our 5<sup>th</sup> core command in Germany. After talking with him he wanted me to go and work for his post and headquarters he was at, but CSM Woods told him no and said he wouldn't let me go. This time shortly after I had started this job, Command Sargeant Major Woods had a detail of solders with me that went to the closing of building 41 in Hanau Germany after it had been deactivated. There were excess of items left behind in the building that needed to be removed where we had met up and talked to the one in charge of clearing out the building. He said he was in Special Forces that was a Command Sargeant Major. We brought back 2 truckloads of items that were

not on the books in the Army. This building was big probly 200 to 300 foot long, 5 floors counting the basement and attic and was a German SS building during the war.

It was around the 27<sup>th</sup> of February 1995 I was in my office working on restoring a pack 75 howitzer about 6pm at night. The CQ runner for the Battalion had come to my office and had asked me if I would make a trip out to Grafenwoehr to run some solders that need to return to the field. I was busy but I had told them yes, I can go there that night. I told him that I have to run home really quick first to chang and eat first. (Because I was in my sweets) They were looking for someone to drive the TMP Volkswagen 8 passenger van. Not many in the battalion are licensed to drive that and these solders were needing to get out there where I had agreed. I had ran home changed ate and came back in like one hour and was ready to go by 8pm and it had just started to snow.

After I had come back and was talking to SSG Carter about taken them out there. He told me that I will have to make two trips that night out there to Grafenwoehr because there were 8 that need to go with there bags and gear. I told SSG Carter that I was not going to make 2 trips because I have been around paint fumes all day. Then he said we will all just pile in the van then in one trip. I told him your only suppose to carry 8 people in the van and that will be 9 people that it would be illegal. I had said with all the gear with it snowing it could be dangerous. He said to me then you will be making two trips tonight then. I said I will not do two trips you will have to find someone else to drive the seconded trip. He says then you will have to take us all in one trip then. I told SSG Carter that I won't do that.

Them he got in my face and told me that I'm disobeying a direct order by him and he's going to push actions on me to take my rank. He used his authority with me to put me at the position of attention. I told him that I will go out there with only what the van is entitled to carry. He said that I'm going to hall all 8 people that needs to go out. Then I said I'm not going to drive you tonight. He ended the conversation with me and I guess that one of the people had a TMP license for the van that came forward to drive. So, they all got in the van and there were 8 people that were in there with there duffel bags. No one could move and they had to carry their bags on their laps with weapons. Gas mask, helmets. I watched them leave where the tires were squatting and there wasn't any elbow room. Grafenwoehr is 1 ½ hour drive from Bamberg one way.

They made it out their fine that night but I had to go out to the field the very next day and repot to the commander. When I had went out there the next day, I was waiting in a building where the troops stay wen there not out in the field. Then someone had got me and said I had to report to battalion commander Lieutenant Colonel Moore. I went to the building where the staff were at and walked in and Lieutenant Coronel Moore was sitting facing where I had come in so, I had walked up in front where he was at and saluted him. He returned the salute and dropped it the I drop mine. He was openly wen he spoke to me asking for me to tell what had happened. Then he said I was put in a bad situation were the SSG Carter was in the wrong, but I had disobeyed a direct order. Then he said that he wants to give me an award for being and outstanding R&U NCO for the battalion.

He had got up and was on the other side from where he was and CSM Woods read off the award then he gave it to me. Then he congratulated me as well as CSM Woods as well and thanked me for all great work I have done for the battalion again. I didn't say nothing till after it was awarded to me and I

thanked them then I had left the building. I had gone back to where I was. They had given me an Army Achievement Medal (AAM). The unit had come back from the field problem and it was about 2 weeks where I had to receive a field grade article 15 Lieutenant Coronel Moore, he gave me 45 days of extra duty, no money taken out of my check and I was able to keep my rank. This was my 6<sup>th</sup> Article 15.

It must have been late spring or early summer 1995 for 1994 when our unit had won the Army's Primary Logistics Maintenance & Services (PLMS) award this is for outstanding services being performed through our unit. The General of the Army had come to our concern to present or commander and some other staff with this award for greatness. I remember they were here at our unit to evaluate the unit and I remember having to go to the motor pool and do maintenance checks and annotate the faults on paper for two Humvees. I heard from maintenance that the checks and services that I had done got 100%. They were giving out a lot of (MSM) Meritorious Service Medal Awards from winning this from the Army and other awards were given to almost everyone that had participated in our unit but I didn't get none.

About 6 months later from my last article 15 where I was the Capton on a bowling team on post. I was late from coming from the officer's club, where I was talking to my section chief and platoon sergeant when I showed up at the bowling alley. When I had come in, they had just started bowling and I had said to the officer on the team that it was his turn to sit out. I said since the lowest man from bowling the week prior had to sit out. He insisted that since they are already bowling that he was going to continue. I said no I can still bowl since you supposed to sit out and you have till the 3<sup>rd</sup> frame to change it. But he told me that he wasn't going to do that. And he told me I can't tell him what to do since he's an officer and I must respect that. I told him I'm going to bowl. Then I had got a beer from the bar to drink. When I had come back, he assisted that he was going to bowl and it was going back and forth then he had the bowling alley call the MPs.

They showed up in a couple of minutes and found out that an officer told me that he was going to bowl and that the officer wanted me to leave the bowling alley. I refused. Then the MP's said to me I must leave and then they brought me into an office at the bowling ally and told me again that I have to leave and where I told them I shouldn't have to and I will be good. They ask me one more time to leave and I said it again I shouldn't have to. At that time, they wrestled me to the ground where I wasn't resisting them it was just they came at me with force to take me to the ground. There was paper on the desk and a lot of it, where it went all over. they had me in handcuffs and brought me to the MP station to possess me in and since I had a beer this was considered a blotter where the unit had to respond with action on it. When I was facing my field grade article 15 the commander asked me what I wanted to do. I was tired of the military and I wanted out by now and I knew if I was and E-4 I would get paid to get out. I had told the commander of our battery, Lieutenit Coronel Moore that I wanted to be reduced 1 rank, and give me 45 days extra duty, don't take any pay. And that's what he did just as I had asked. This was my 7<sup>th</sup> article 15 while being in the Army and it was my last.

My parents had come over to visit us for about 2 weeks where we took two cars with them and the kids to drive and visited several different countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austeria, Switzerland Italy and drove around Germany. One night I remember sleeping in the back of my pickup with my father under the stars in Poland.

My wife had a close friend of hers come over to our home where we were staying off post to visit named Christianna. When she had come over it was evening, we were having fun and she didn't hardly spoke any English. We were drinking and playing games that night. Then we played a game called spin the bottle. When the bottle pointed to you. You had to take off a piece of clothing. Once you are down to your underwear, we made an agreement you had to run around the house late that night. My wife still had a few pieces of clothing on but Christianna was down to her underwear where she had run around the house and I did as well. After we had got down to the underwear my wife wanted to go to bed. So, Christianna went to our couch to lay. Patricia went to the bed room and I was next to where the couch was at with Christianna.

I started to feel on her body around by her hips and she was letting me do this for a couple of minutes. Then my wife had come from the bed room and told me I should go to bed. She knew what I was doing to Christianna how was close touching on her girlfriend. I didn't want to leave her friend but I got up and went to the bedroom with my wife. I had been telling my wife prior to her friend coming over that I want another woman to live with us to be close. In the last couple of years, I must have told my wife about my desires of allowing this probably over 50 different times. See, before my wife's friend had come over, my wife had told me she once experimented sex with Christianna a long time ago.

At the unit Command Sergeant Major Woods told me that there's a new project he wants me to take charge of. That was renovate 2000 single soldiers quality of life, that had just come down the channels to the battalion. It will allow the soldiers who live in the billets on post will live better now in their rooms. This is to give them a newer or better room to live in. This will allow drop ceilings, fresh paint and carpet. I had gone to some training on this for a week or two to learn as a class they offered of what is to be done. Then CSM Woods had 20 people tasked from the battalion for doing this with me. We went through maybe 40 to 50 rooms doing this putting in drop ceilings and fresh paint and carpeting before I had left Germany. There was 5 people per room per week about to be finish a room. We had to take down all the wooden strips off the wall that was used to hang items from before, then plaster the holes. We had to paint, put up the framing of the drop ceiling, install new fluorescent lights in these drop ceilings, cut and place the tiles and then put down carpet. After I had come back over to Germany, they changed the way single soldiers live. Where they don't have to be harassed any more by authority from the unit bothering them where they are in their rooms and free now.

I was going down town in Bamberg to play darts in a small bar in the fall, winter 96 before I had left Germany. This was a club to get together to have fun, drink beer and be able to travel to play in competition of darts at different drinking establishments within an hour locally. We would go to these drinking establishments of a bar where we as a team would play others in competition to see if your dart skills are better than your opponents. I was at this club, bar playing against a person one time that had just won the competition in doubles in Las Vegas in the states to hold the title of the best within that year or so when I had played him. We were playing 301 doubles in and double out with him and I was doing really good against him where I was matching about what he was throwing until the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> round where he doubled out winning the game.

It was a rememberable experience and he was a really nice guy from Germany. Right before I was going to leave Germany to go back stateside there was a really nice woman that would play darts on the team with me. That I had fun playing darts with and communicating with she was single and had a son that was around 5 and she lived by herself with her son. We had agreed to go back to her place to have sex one night. Her son wasn't there and was being watched by someone else. She had a cast on, up to her knee from breaking her foot, I guess. But we had went to her place and we did it. She knew it was going to be a one-night stand and she knew I was married. I had a great time with her but I understand that I had cheated on my wife. I don't know why I look for opportunities to cheat on my wife; it just comes to me at times I should do this. I love my wife very much and I wounded trade her for nobody.

Christian was born on April 10<sup>th</sup> 1996. We had left Christian at my wife's mothers and my wife and two of our kid's Alex and Nickolas drove to Paris France. I believe in the fall 1996 to go to Euro Disney and see some other attractions around Paris. I believe we had just visited the Louvre museum and Jim Morisons grave that day. We were heading to go back to the hotel. We were in an ascendant where we had totaled our car. To me it looked like we were close to same underpass that Princes Diana had got killed at, the year after. I had got hit on the driver's side door when I thought I was clear to pull out to drive. It looked like the two other cars were speeding from taken off from a stop light about 200-400 feet from me. No one really got hurt besides a woman from the car that had hit me. She had hit fer face against the windshield an got a bloody nose. There were 5 police cars at the scene but none could communicate with us but one. And the one that did, called the American ambassador for France. Which I had talked to and he told me that everything will be all right and the red cross there in Paris will take care of us. I didn't get a ticket or nothing. The red cross there helped us out. And we rented a car the next day to continue the vacation.

I remember catching chickenpox just before I had left Germany at Christmas time in 1996 from my kids. I had it so bad that I had spent I believe three days in hospital during Christmas. They told me they had to put three different types of antibiotics in my IV to control the infection that I had with a high fever. I had them pretty good that my whole body looked swollen and I was covered top to bottom with them.

I remember we had taken a trip to Spain within the first year around spring 1990. We went to Spain by buss and it took about 18 hours. It was Costa Brava Spain we had went with about 20 to 30 guys from our unit for a week and we all stayed in the same hotel. I my room mates had went with us and we would hang out together a lot of times while we were visiting the attractions. On the first day I believe was when went to the beach. While I was there, I had met a woman about 10 years older than me and after we talked for a couple of minutes, she had popped the question that she wanted to become an America. She had made a proposal to me that if I would marry her and take her though immigration to get her citizenship, she would pay me \$10,000 to do so. She wasn't bad looking she had blonde to sandy hair and was skinny and just staring to show lines in her face. She seemed nice but I was unsure if I want to do that and she also with trying to convince by saying we would live like a marred couple with all the benefits.

I had left her but it was on my mind. Then I think it either the same night or the next night I was in the ballroom of the hotel. This hotel probably seated 300 people and I was up front talking to a couple from Wails playing quarters with full glasses of beer. I did this for about an hour when there was an announcer that had stepped on stage. I had about 4 to 5 small glasses of beer. That announcer was trying to my attention to participate on stage for the most desirable man or something like that. Where I decided to do the contest. I came up on stage and there were like 8 others that they got out of the crowd with me. What had to be done you must try and win the crowd over by how you perform when asked to do it. The first thing was I believe you had to go down in to the crowd and kiss people then come back after so many minutes. I went in the crowd and was kissing women that I thought would let me kiss them on the cheek. I can't remember how many but I went back up and stage and then the announcer would stand next to each person on stage to see how many cheers or how loud the crowd would be for each of the contestants.

Which everyone was from a different place like I was from America and there were like France Spain, Grease, Germany and so on. They would eliminate you off stage if the crowd didn't like you. They had us to see if you can get a bra from a woman and then they would play music for examples. Where you would dance or whatever the announcer decided for you to do. You would have to try your best to win the crowd. I did this for like an hour and it was just down to me and somebody from Spain. I believe we had to do a strip tease and the one from Spain won most desirable. I was the runner up so they gave me a big bottle of champagne. I had gone to a table not far from the couple from Wails that was drinking with me doing quarter shots to the table I got a bra from. She was with her daughter and I sat with them and drank till the night was over. If I remember correctly, they were from England. Her daughter was beautiful. When the night was over, she didn't offer up her number and then they had left together.

I remember I was going to meet up with my room mates at the beach where you have to go around to get to it, which is about 30-minute walk. I thought that I would take a short cut to get there and I chose to go along the mediterranean sea. There was a bluff that you had to climb on. When I first started to go along the cliff, I thought it would be easy and ok but as I got going it became harder to go. It was like 60 to 80 foot tall and only water was below and rocks. As I was going, I would make small leaps and jumps to get to where I was going to. Then after I jump, I realize I couldn't get back to where I was at. I found out at times I had to shuttle with my hands hanging 60 or so feet up in the air where if I fell, I would be dead. I had made it but I would never try to take the short cut off of assumption again.

When I had got to the other side, I decided to go water skiing because there was a boat. It was cheap and the people were nice. When I got on the water the swells were up and down like 10 to 15 feet. One time you would be up and the next time you would be down. When you were going down you would have slack in the rope where you had to adjust for that. I had fell in the water after being up for like ten minutes and had felt something brush up against my leg. I then thought that there could be sharks. They ask me if I want to continue and I told them to just bring me back to shore. This was different from when I was younger skiing with my brother Rod, I never had the swells like the sea has.

I was in my hotel room and was out on the balcony looking over it then there was a couple of girls that came out to their balcony and we communicated. They were from a French catholic school that

were there for activity of something and they were all in a nice dress code and there was like ten girls that were in that room. Then they invited me to come over and hang out with them. So, I did where I climbed over my balcony to there's and gown in their room. There was a couple of the girls were flirting with me where they invited me on the bed then I was starting to make moves on one of the girls. I was feeling on her and it was like the other girls were watching. I happen to think they looked young and I had asked how old she was and she said 14 years old and I then realized they all were. I heard a knock and someone speaking at the door, it sounded like someone trying to check up on them. Then I had got worried so I got out of the room and went back over the balcony to my room. They were a young French catholic school on vacation. I thought if the person that was at the door would have come in and seen what I was doing touching on them girls they would have arrested me.

I went to Create Grease to do live fire of the Lance Misso in 1990. I was there just in case the Lance Misso would malfunction during launch, where I had a rubber suit to wear. My job would be to bring the ones from the launch pad to get them away from the deadly gasses that allow the rocket to take off. When we were there, we watched the Hawk Misso take off and it left the launch pad slow and move slow through air. But when the lance Misso took off it hesitated for about 3 seconds then it took off like a bottle rocket. The time we were there the people were protesting Americans using their island where they were upset because we signing a new 5-year contract with them. I remember going out to nice restraint along the water sitting where I had met two sisters from Thessaloniki Grease.

I remember I went to Germany after AIT and it was on 12<sup>th</sup> November 1989 when I had arrived just after they had opened up the wall, that use to separate East Germany from the West on the 9<sup>th</sup> November. Desert Shield started 2<sup>nd</sup> Augst 1990 and Desert Storm started on the 17<sup>th</sup> January 1991. I was in Grafenwoehr (Training Center) in October, November on orders to support the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade in the S-2 shop answering calls in the office they had set up for 72<sup>nd</sup> Headquarters. I was also a driver for them to run errands and to drive for an SFC-NCO. I want to say that it was the 12<sup>th</sup> of October when orders had come down from 7<sup>th</sup> Core for the deployment of the (Multiball Rocket Launch System) MRLS unit of the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade to act on to be deployed to Kuwait. Training came to a halt and all units had to act on this order to be deployed in three days to get there.

I remember answering the call from General Abrams, I believe he was our 7<sup>th</sup> Core commander with the first noticed that came in the evening after dark. He was distraught due to the emergency of the matter to be known to the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade. I had picked up the phone and said this is the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade S-2 shop PFC Chally speaking how may I help you. He had cut me off at PFC Chally, where he said let me talk to your superior this is General Abrams, get me someone that I can talk to, I have important information. All I said was, give me a minute and I'll get you someone to talk to. He says something like I don't have a minute this is urgent get me someone now. In a yelling voice to me. After that call later on that evening from the S-2 shop they had me separately run up to the headquarters at Grafenwoehr to pick up some important information in a large yellow envelop. I what to say by 7 or 8 pm they had the all the high-ranking staff of the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade show up for a meeting there at the S-2 shop. Then after the meeting I was approached by the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade Command Sargeant Major Barber.

We have had previously talked and he knew I was a surveyor. CSM Barber had come to me and had asked me if I would want to go on this deployment as a driver for one of the two survey teams that they need to establish survey for 7<sup>th</sup> Core in Iraq. I had said something like, to CSM Barber I don't want to choose my own destiny but if im selected or if you chose for me to go then ill go, but rather not. By 10 or 11pm I had drove and went down range where they had set up a fulling point for all the vehicles of the ones in training there at Grafenwoehr. They must have had 10 or 12 fuel tankers filling the track vehicles. I believe it was early the next morning we had left out of Grafenwoehr to go back to Wertheim. The units that went from the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade had to put there tracks on a railhead that next day to get them where they needed to go. After Desert Storm the Army had deactivated 7<sup>th</sup> Core. Colonel Clark was the comander of the 72<sup>nd</sup> Brigade at this time. The ground war took 100 hours to go from Kuwait to Bagdad and had the capital surrounded where Sodom Husain had surrendered.

When I had went back to my unit in Aschaffenburg, I remember guard duty had picked up for the community. I was in a Lance Missile unit which was considered nuclear capability that was not needed in the gulf region for the war. Right after I had come back, I started to turn to a crowd that was in to doing drugs. I was making friends that would look into finding a way to keep your mind off of the possibly of war. My mind was constantly thinking trying to find a way with understanding to be able to escape from what we were hearing about with the war with Iraq. What we understood was Iraq had used deadly chemicals to test out on their own people. During this time of the conflict, I probly smoked Hashes' a hand full of times with friends but I never bought it to have.

I remember during this time when the guard duty was 4 hours on and 4 hours off, I had done one gram of crystal meth. I remember doing 1 or 2 grams of cocaine during the war. I've never done crystal meth again. The time I did crystal meth, the one gram lasted me for about a week where I stayed awake for the week. When I crashed from it, I slept for like two days where no one was able to wake me and my body heart me in the joints for about 5 years. At this time, it had been going on for more than a month where the solders of the battalion were getting wore out and tired. During this time, I would charge \$100 to take anyone's 4-hour shift to do for them if they paid me in advance and if I didn't have a shift of mine overlapping there's. I believe I had made more than a \$1,000 doing this. Usually, they would schedule you one or two days a week off. By the time you get ready for your shift and get to your place of duty you would only have about 3 hours of in-between being off.

The battery commander would try to catch the ones that were doing drugs by scheduling a mustard test unexpectedly. This test would have to go through the battalion. We would know most times when they would be throwing one because we knew someone that worked at the battalion that would relay the message to us when mustard test comes about. When these were given to us the military police would come to our unit to observe it and most likely it would be around 4 am every time. They would get the CQ key ring and quietly open up your door to your room to wake you up and escort you to the day room. Once you are up there you were monitored by someone that was tasked for the test from the battery. You would stay there until you have to pee. I remember there was empty beer bottles behind this bar in our day room that some of the one that were doing drugs would use to pee in, till they felt they were good.

If we knew about it and if you had done some drugs we would stay up all night drinking green tea or other liquids to make your pee clear. I remember this time when there was going to be a mustered test given the next morning that we had found out about and my roommate Ty had some cocaine. I see what he was doing or was about to, when I had told him not to it the night before the mustered test was given. He did it any how and sure enough he came up positive for cocaine. Because of that, he received a field grad article 15 and was reduced from an E-4 down to E-1 privet when he had just made his specialist, but battalion commander didn't throw him out of the Army. Another time there was someone in the battery that made a run to Amsterdam to buy these drugs for the people that wanted them and for his own use.

Well, this person that had just did the run had in their possession like 4 -5 sticks of hashes' and and 5 or 8 separate grams of cocaine. Also, this person had about the same for crystal meth that they found on him. When the military police had come through his room with the dogs is how they found the drugs. What they did to the person that was in the battery waiting on charges to be given to him until the battery commander wanted him arrested. A formatting was held on an early Saturday morning where everyone had to be at for this formation of battery. They had opened the ranks and then the military police were with the commander had walked down each row till they came to the person in the back of the formation. Then arrested the one that got caught with the drugs and hulled him off.

I never seen of him again where he got a prison sentence. I believe the most mustard drills given to our battery in one month while I was there would be 4 times. And the people off post would be called to come in to do these mustard drills. When you peed in to a cup they would watch and have you lift your penis and watch you till you have Peed. I liked doing cocaine and during my life, I only remember after the war buying an eight ball once and it had lasted me for like 1 to 2 weeks before I had used it up. I haven't used any other drugs that I know of besides marijuana. I haven't had a beer or whisky since October 2022.

I remember going to the red-light district in Frankfurt 3 different times in the first year I had come to C battery 3/12 FA. I thought it was so cool the first time going there to the red-light district knowing you can walk through these buildings by the train station to be able to have sex with whatever women that looks good to you by paying a little money. I remember there were always a couple of fiends that went with me every time I had went to Frankfurt from the unit. I was 18 years old or I had just turned 19 where I was able to have sex for the first time that I can remember that lasted longer than a couple of seconds. I went there and depending on the floor you go to will depend on how much you spend. The women were gorgeous on the first floor and on the fifth floor their heavy set or larger women and not so good looking also they may be older. I remember the first floor was about 100 marks and the fifth floor would cost you like 30 marks. These women showed proof outside there room that they been tested. Which by law for these women to do what they do, they have to be tested once a week for sexual diseases.

My first time I remember was around the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor and it was about 50 marks. I found a boatful Filipino woman that was small and petite, she invited me in and had me take my paint off. Then she washed my privets and shaft, then she placed a condom on me. Then she laid on the bed on her back

just with a lingerer bra on an told me she was ready, where I had sex with her for about 5 minutes until I had cum. Then she took the condom off and washed me again, then I had left. That would have been my first. The sconed time I remember I decided to try out the first floor where it was like 100 marks and I had found a model that was Caucasian with nice body that attracted me. This time this woman handed me the condom after, she had washed me. When I placed the condom on the I had an evil intention that I had done. I had taken the condom and bit a little hole in in it at the bottom just before I put it on.

I was thinking if the condom isn't on my shaft of my penis, it will feal better. The condom was on and it look right so she told me to do her at that time. When I was going for about 2 minutes, I could feel it was no longer on. I knew it had slipped up my saft of my penis and it had felt so much better. About 30 seconds to 1 minute had went by and I was just starting to cum and she could tell something wasn't right and she was trying to get me off of her. I had just climaxed and she was pushing me off of her where I had a little seamen go in her but the rest had come out and went on her bed. She got so upset where she had called out from in her room that security from outside the room down the hall had come in. Where they let me put my pants back on and had me leave. The third time I had went up to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor and found a heavy-set black woman that offered for me to only pay 30 marks for sex. After I was doing her, I realized she hadn't shaved very good down there where it itched me while I was doing her that took away the feeling for me but I did come within 5 to 7 minutes.

Around early January 1991 I had met the mother of my son Stevie in an American housing area close to our concern. I was there with I believe a friend of mine named Karl Wendt from my unit. What I remember of that night was Betina sitting on the couch keeping to herself most of the night. And Karl had his girlfriend on the floor with him under a blanket and I believe we were watching TV. Betina was Karl's girlfriend's friend. They had known of the woman's places where we were at. This woman was a midget that had kid which was married to a man that was in the gulf war at the time on deployment. I remember that her child was naked around two years old running around the apartment. Then the child had went to the bathroom on the floor. Then she had thought it was funny about her son going pop on the floor. Later on, in the evening after her child had already gone to bed. She got my attention and had asked if I would go with her to check on her child in the bedroom.

I went with her in the bedroom and she was coming onto me next to her child's crib trying to unzip my paint and she was asking for me to have sex with her there. I had hesitated for about a minute and then I had told her I wouldn't do that and left out of the room. I can't remember when I left that night and I don't really remember talking to Betina that night much. But I believe she had a liking to me where we soon had met up again. I remember she was with me one night but early in the morning at my unit where I lived. We had gone to the showers down the hall from my room to shower together. There were no doors on going into where we used the showers, and they were open to anybody. We had sex there the first time I believe. Then I had taken a taxie or cab to were she lived at the time of where her parents lived that was like 20 minutes from Aschaffenburg to visit her.

I knew that she was married and she told me that they were not together anymore also that he was an American that sells drugs. He had gotten out on the German economy after he left the Army. Betina at the time was 23 years old and I was 20. She told me she has never been able to get pregnant

and she don't ever use protection. I was at her parent's place where they live upstairs in this house. Me and Betina had went to a storage place like room in the attic of the house on that floor. We had sex in there and soon as we had finished her mother had knocked on the door to let her know her husband was there. We went out to the living room and he was already sitting in a chair; we sat on the couch across from him and we had a conversation.

He did not get a fended that I was with his wife and he politely talked for a ½ hour to 1 hour then he left. During this time with Betina I had a lot of guard duty to commit to. We were supposed to meet up at the club this one night where I wasn't able to contact her to let her know I wasn't going to be there. About 4 to 5 of my friends from the battery had gone to this bar, club that night. They had told me by the next day that they had saw my girlfriend kissing on another man that night in a booth at this club. I had called her and remember talking to her asking if that was true. I believe this was the time I also had cocaine in my position, where I had just done some before I had the conversation with Betina. We had talked for about an hour on the phone where she didn't lie to me about what had happened. During the conversation I told her I didn't want to see her anymore and our relationship is over.

About six months had gone by after me and Betina had separated and I believe I was seeing someone else at this time. I had someone come to my room where I was at and told me I need to be seen by the First Sergeant. I left my room and went to the First Sergeants office. When I had gotten in there, I saw Betina and a girlfriend of hers in the offices as well and Betina looked like she was 9 months pregnet. The first Sargeant had asked me that this woman says she carrying your baby. He asked me and says is it true is this your chilled. I responded thinking in my mind I don't know because she had cheated on me with not knowing for sure if it is or not. Then I said, no it is not. Then the First Sargeant had me steep in to the office next to his which is the battery commanders. When I had got in there the commander new what Betina said and then the commander had asked me the same question.

Which, I had said the same thing that it is not my baby. Betina had went into tears over what I had said. Then the commander had excused me and telling Betina there is nothing he can do to help her out. One time right after me and Betina had broken up, I saw her with about 4 guys walking into the shopping mall downtown in Aschaffenburg. So that also put a doubt in my mind. I had just left Germany and was stationed at Fort Carson and at the time our unit of the single solders quoters on post was being renovated where we were then living in the old hospital. I remember I was with like 4 guys and we had a green military blanket on the floor and we were playing craps for money that evening. It had to be like the first week in December when I wanted to give Betina call in Germany. I still had Betinas number. I had an AT&T card that I called or used to make the call and it would have been like 5 o'clock in the morning in Germany.

I had called and Betina had picked up after a few rings where we had talked, she was really nice to me and had told me she had our baby on the 4<sup>th</sup> of November of that year and that it's a boy. I told her congratulations on the baby where we had talked for about 30 minutes. I had left Carson to go and marry my wife that same month and didn't communicate with Betina until about 1994 June. Me and my wife was back over in Germany for my duty in the Army. Me and my wife had gone to Betinas parents place where Betina had know idea we were going to show up. I was unsure if Betina was going to be

there. Betina was there with our son Stevie. Stevie was about 2 to 3 years of age at the time. When I had saw Stevie the first time, he looked good in all, but with my wife our chilled Alex had come out with blue eyes and blond hair. With my son Stevie he had come out with Brown eyes and dark brown hair.

And both women had brown eyes and brown hair. This had put doubt that Stevie was my child since he didn't have blond hair or blue eyes. But I was friendly with Betina and Betina was really nice and friendly to me and my wife. I gave her 50 marks or euros to help her out and then we left. I had lost contact with Betina over the years and had no way to know how to get ahold of her or our son. But early in 2017 I was contacted through Facebook, messenger of someone reaching out with a message saying that Betina says our son want to know his father. I had regained contact with Betina and the I had talked to my son which I was unsure of. I looked in to a DNA test and had parched one to have done to prove if this is my child. I had sent it over were all he had to do is allow some saliva in a tube to be sent back to me for I can send it in to check.

I had sent it in to the DNA lab and they sent me the results within 2 to 3 weeks. Which when it came back to me it said that he was 99.99% positive he was my chilled. That had made me feel really bad that I was not in Stevie's life all them years. I had reached out to Stevie and sent him some money to come to America right away where he spent 6 weeks with his half siblings and my, his new family while he was back visiting. We had gone to the immigration office to get him to become an American or dulated citizen. They said if Stevie was 18 or younger he would have automatically been a citizen. But since Stevie was 25 when we applied, he will have to wait 4 years to become a citizen when the office contacts us. Now it's been about 9 years we've been waiting and Stevie will be turning 35 years old in November. Stevie is not married and has a daughter named Anabela which him and Anabela's mother share taken care of there daughter.

We have been close to each other since we connected and is always in contact. I'm happy for Stevie and I know Stevie is happy having a father in his life. There is 25 years where he didn't know if he would ever find out if he was going to have a father in his life. And I'm very proud of him and his daughter, my granddaughter Anabela that turns 4 years old tomorrow the 31<sup>st</sup> of March.

I have a friend from 557 maintenance company from Aschaffenburg that lived just across the way in a building from where I lived during 98-91. He name is Steven McFarland he's domination is black and he had told me that he was in oops in under cover at his unit when he was in. He showed me his gun and told me a little of what he has to do. We had met up early when I first got to my unit. He was and E-5 and I was only a privet or E-3 when we had first met. He had a Volkswagen camper van that he drove with me around Germany looking at different sites and castles. He was my first true back friend that I had in my life. When I grew up in my community there really wasn't any mixed races that I was able to hang out with to make friends or communicate with. I would here mixed messages from my parents about what they thought about different races while growing up.

For instance, I remember my parent while traveling back to Illinois to visit relatives while I was young that turned into arguments over my father telling my mother she's a pollock. My mother would become really upset, deny, and say that's not true. And about 2 years before my mother had passed away, she wanted to know her geniality to know what she has for the makeup in her of what raises or

where her ancestry is from. I ordered a test from 23 and me, to check. After it had come back it said that she was 80% Polish. At first, she didn't want to accept to it, but after a few days she came around and she then talked good about being Polish and she then became proud. But just like with Steven he has reached out to me a few times during the last 30 or so years being out of our unit in the Army. I like Steven he's one of the nicest people I've met.

Another friend I had was from the same unit as me, of 3/12 Field Arterially. His name is Arron Hanson and he was one of my first friends when I first came to the unit. I remember when we rented a 1990 Ford Seriah together for about 2 weeks when his mother had come over with, he's sister and when we traveled around Germany to visit different sites. We would go to camp grounds to spend the nights while we were traveling and sleep in a tent. I was back home at the farm on leave while in the Army and Arron and his father they were traveling through, where they had stopped in had visited. Arron followed me in the Army to Fort Carson too.

There was a girl named Cottia that I had sex with that I thought was 16 or older that I had met up with around the billets. Her father was a foot doctor that had even picked me up to be with his daughter and bring me to their house. They had two new Mercedes Benzes cars and her mother was a pharmacist. I had found out that she was only 15 years old and then I had broken it off with her. I had seen her for about a month. I remember going to the riding stables where she kept her horse for boarding. I use to bring her around my first Sargeant and he liked her. Her breast on her were like triple D I thought she was very beautiful and she had the sweetest hart that you could ask for. But I had broke it off with her knowing I could get in trouble being with her. She didn't want me to know her age because she probly feared that. She looked like she was at least 17. I remember my first Sargeant had come down to my room just to hang out at the end of the day before formation was held and was asking about her. I then told him her age and he told me she looked like older and that he didn't realize she was under age. 16 is legal age in Germany. Her parents furnished her with birth control.

Desert Storm was over and the troops were coming back from the gulf. My friend John had just come back from 557 being deployed in the gulf and we decide to go out to a club. We went to a club called the flu that was about 30 min drive from Aschaffenburg. I still had the Seriah car and we both had longer hair at me moment that didn't make us look like American soldiers. This club I've been turned down before trying to enter it. They told me the last time when I had gown there that it was members only. When we had arrived and walked up to pay the admission at the door we tried not to say anything and I had handed them a 50-mark bill. All I said without them speaking to me was (Zwei) .... It means two .... and after they gave me the change back, I had said (Danke) .... and this means thank you .... No questions were asked and we were in. this club was a big club that has an upstairs balcony to look down at the dance floor from up above.

We were sitting looking down at the people dancing and I had noticed this woman that had on a purple and with white Poka dot shirt on with white pants. At first glance she had stuck out to me. She was siting at a table with a friend and you could see they were next to the dance floor. I turned to John and told him that's the woman I'm going to be with all my life. We soon went down to them. When we got down next to them at their table, I interduce myself to Patricia and had found out her name, her

girlfriend hardly spoke and you could tell she didn't want us around. They seem like they or Patricia's girlfriend wanted to go. They didn't stay long where we fowled them out of the club to there car. I had asked Patricia what here number was. But Patricia refused to give it to me. Then I had asked if she could meet up with me sometime. She didn't seem like she wanted to. But finely she agreed to meeting me at the Burger King next to our post in Aschaffenburg.

So, it was set up for her to meet the next day at Burger King at 9 am. The next day me and john was waiting at Burger King at 8:45 drinking coffee. We were there for 30 minutes and now it's 9:15. We had left the burger king and went over to the McDonalds on the other side of the street because, I felt she might have miss understood. As soon as we were coming through the driveway here come Patricia was walking out of the McDonalds heading to her car. If it would have been 1 minute later, we would have missed her. Patricia lived 30 minutes from Aschaffenburg. We had started seeing each other where she would hang out in Aschaffenburg with me, and I would go there and hang out in Wertheim with her.

Her mother Maria was always so nice to me even though we could never speak to each other because see only knew germen and I only knew English. We had a liking for each other and with our kids in her life, where it brought so much joy to her. She would always send packages though the mail for the kids all through the kid's time of growing up. She had some of the best recipes when I ate from what she cooked for us. She knew how to make like 5 different types of germen cakes off the top of her head that tasted the best. After her husband had passed about 40 years ago, she lived a lonely life. She never connected with no one else other than having her brother Joseph who lived next door to her. She had two children Tommas and Patricia. Joseph would come over to were his sister Maria would cook for him. He had died about 15 to 20 years ago in his 60's just shortly after he had retired from working. He lived by himself all his life and far as I now never was in a relationship. Joseph fell off of a ladder and hit his head coming down from it. Which left Maria with no one in her life that was nearby to care for on a daily basics. Maria had passed away 15<sup>th</sup> October 2023 with Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS) also known as Lou Gehrig's disease at the age of 85 where she was in excellent health till she came down with ALS witched cause her to pass away in less than 1 ½ years of being diagnosed.

I want to say it was the 30<sup>th</sup> or 31<sup>st</sup> of December 1988 I had just recently turned 18 and I did a burglary with my friend at the high school. Me and my friend Raymond Young were friends as a youth growing up. What I know of his life he lived with his grandma that I remember in a trailer. He lived in Monticello when he was younger around 5<sup>th</sup> grade is when we first became friends. He had moved away for quite a few years and returned to Monticello around 10<sup>th</sup> grade. He had decided to drop out at the end of tenth grade I believe. I remember by when I was in 11<sup>th</sup> grade, we start ho hang out more doing things together. He had a 73 mustang that he drove by the time I was in 12<sup>th</sup> grade and I had 80 Monza that I drove. By 12<sup>th</sup> grade we were best friend where he would react about the same for the stuff we did together.

I remember there was a Volkswagen beetle that was at the trailer court where he lived that was made into a dune buggy with out the roll bars. He knew the person that had it and it needed some work to get it running again. The person that had it told Raymond he could have it. Then Raymond told me I could have it. I picked it up with my dad's trailer and brought it to the farm to work on to see if we could

get it running again. We did get it running where we would run it all around the farm and it was fun to drive. Neither one of us had any money and it would make things challenging at times to do stuff and it made us think how can we get money. We would cruise around in my Chevy Monza at times to hang out. There were times we didn't have gas to put in the car. I remember one time it was late at night and we drove down a gravel road to see if we could find a farmer with a fuel barrow so we could see if we can get some of that farmer's gas to put in the car. We had this farm and we parked the car about 100 feet from the driveway entrance of this farm and we had a gas can, so we went to the farmer's barrows. We got gas from it, Raymond was pumping and I was with him and there were dogs barking. Once we got the gas, we took off and left. No one stopped us.

And then we did another crime we did where we ran out to the Coon Hunters Lodge and broke into the shed. We took all the cans they had saved up for we could cash them in. Once we were down at Jerdan which is some state ground about 2 miles from my father's farm. We were scouting the ground because I had traps for trapping coons, foxes and other animals. While we were there, we had left the vehicle on with the doors open. For we could check out the area of the Jerdan and be able to return to the car with ease. We were not going far away from the vesical but it started to pour out in buckets of rain. We were running back to the car and Raymond had made it back first. Raymond had jumped in the driver's side and I had jumped in the passenger's side to get out of the rain. He took off driving my car and the road on the Jerdan is mud or clay surface for the most part. Raymond was going quite fast on this road and there was a blind bluff that you couldn't see around.

As he was going around the corner of the blind bluff and there was another truck coming around the corner. Raymond was traveling too fast for this road since it had just started pouring and he had entered the corner where you could feel the car was losing control and the pickup was right where the car was heading. He ran into the back axle of the truck and we had just wrecked the car and the back axle of the truck was removed from the truck. My 1980 Chevy Monza was totaled in the front end. Raymond bent the steering wheel and my head hit the windshield and showed for an area of about 1 foot shattered on the windshield where I had hit. Some one had come by and seen we had an accident so they drove into town to get someone to come out to us.

The police and a tow truck had come out. Now I was without a car. Raymond had paid me for my car within a month or two. It was \$350 dollars that he had come up with. I don't know where he got me the money but his word was good for what he did. I took the money and bought another car which ended up with a 1981 Mazda hatchback. Well as time went on, we were trying to come up with an idea to make money. He would stay at the farm some nights if he wanted to. One night he had this idea that he brought to my attention which he mentions that he could break into the school after a basketball game that was coming up on New Year's Eve. I had agreed after listening to him assuring me it will be a cake walk. When the night had come to do the robbery he told me that he needed a good pair of shoes to scale the outside of the school to get in. Then he said he's going to climb down the vent that's on the roof to get in.

He has told me that he's done this before and he knows how to enter the school when it's locked up in order to get in to the office where they keep the cash. I had given him my wrestling shoes to use.

We were like the same for body size and the shoes fit him well. I believe it was after midnight and he wanted me to be a look out and honk the horn for he will know to leave if something goes wrong. I was in my car and he had gone around the side of the school to climb the gutters going to the roof. He was gone for about 45 mins by the time he returned to the car. He had a gym bag that he took from somebody's locker and it was filled from stuff of the office and candy that he took. He also had a old sword from the principals closet that he had taken. When we had left and he asked me if I had seen any police and I said twice I saw a police car. We went back to the farm and went to my room up stairs and we went through the items he had. Raymond had about 100 to 150 dollars in cash and a bag full of candy.

The next day for school I was in the computer lab and there were 3 or 4 kids that were sitting there. They were talking about how the police had been in the school by the office. I played it off and was acting dumb about what was happening to see what they knew. It must have been about two weeks the late one night after 8 pm there was a cop that had come to our door. My dad had answered the door and he ask my father if he could question me on a crime so my dad said sure. The shoes that were used were in the entryway of the house as you come in. I had gone out to his car and he started to ask me if I knew anything about the break in of the school. I told him no I don't. Then he say he knows I was outside of the school the night of the burglary because an officer saw me in the car part on the side of the school.

Then he says you know Raymond young has been caught from before breaking in to the school. Then he gets some photos and turned the light on inside of the car and shows me these photos of the shoe prints taken from the roof. Then he says you know they look like wrestling prints for the shoes. If I get you wrestling shoes that I saw in the entryway from your house and if they match up you will get charged for this crime. I had looked at the photos and it showed the prints very clearly that was in tar from around the vent on the roof. I had my wrestling shoes for 4 years of wrestling and I wore them during the day for school as well where you can see how their worn on the bottom. The photos of shoe the prints are clear.

I was denying it the whole time to the officer Burt Walters and then I started to give. Knowing what Raymond had told me saying the police can't prove nothing and whatever happens don't say a word if we get caught, it will pass. But in my mind and what I hear and saw of what they have on me that I would be taken the whole crime because of what they have. The I had said what kind of punishment will this crime get. Officer Walters said 1 year in prison for sure if they prove you have done the crime. He says if you confess, I will see to it you will only get placed on probation for a year for a minimum. And it will be a felony on you record which will follow you for the rest of your life. I thought about it thinking, they saw me out side of the school the night of the crime and they have the print off of my shoes. I then confessed to the crime to officer Walters saying that Raymond was the one who went in the school and I was a lookout for him. Then officer said Raymond is wanted in other possible crimes that he has done and wanted for thefts of guns. Officer Walters had asked, do you know of anything else from Raymond that may help you case out.

Then I had told him that Raymond had given me a 4-10 gage shot gun. Then officer Walter say if you turn that over that will help. I told him I would. He was done with me for questing. Then officer Walters fowled me back in the house. My dad talked to officer Walters when he came back in the house. My dad had said something to him about entering the Army or service to see if they will work with me. Officer Walters had explained everything to my father of what he can do. I had given my wrestling shoes and I got the 4-10 shot gun to give to him. Then officer Burt Walters had left. My dad has been counting on me to take over the farm some day and to work on the farm for him after I'm done with school for him. They had arrested Raymond and placed a 10,000-dollar bond on him. With in a week officer Walters had come back out to the farm to talk to me and my father on what they had decided. Officer Walters said he has talked to the judge and he's willing to do this if I go in the Army. He said that I will have to go in the army and stay there for more than 3 years without coming back to Monticello where the judge can dismiss the charges on me.

But he also said in a threatening way that if I don't make it in the Army and I come back he will make my life a living hell where he will reinstate the charges. Officer Walters said I will watch and presser me every chance if I don't make it. During this time this was the end of the semester where I was going to drop out of school because I had failed all my 1<sup>st</sup> semester class. My mother had talked to the school and asked if there was a way that I can get all my required classes in for this next semester. After they reviewed what has to be done for me. They allowed for me to fill all my pierids of required classes and there were 3 extra classes beyond the regular semester to take for school. I passed all of them classes and graduated. I had to have 9 or 10 required classes in one semester to graduate. The seconded semester was here and I had spent a lot of extra time all day long every day doing these classes in regular and studding and doing tests on the three extra classes. I had to go to an Army recruiter to start the processing in to the Army at the enlistment station in Des Moines. I was told by the recruiter for the Army that if I don't have my high school diploma, I will not be able to enter the Army. It had come down to graduation where I was one test short from completing all my courses in order to graduate and the principal told me I could not walk across the stage because of the one class I haven't finished. But when it is done, he will give me my diploma. I had finished the all the requirements to get in the Army. I had everything I need to do to in order to get in the Army. I believe my first enlistment date was may May 30<sup>th</sup> then it was changed to 2<sup>nd</sup> of June 1989. I had the charges that show for my record in the military for burglary dismiss.

It must have been around February 2005 I almost lost having Patrica as my wife. It was my fault why she did what she did when she had fallen out of love with me and she had someone that made her feal good. I was neglecting by wife when I was spending a lot of time at the time playing Ever Quest an Muti Massive Online Role-Playing Game (MMORPG). I had started this game around August 2002 I would spend countless hours every day 7 day a week trying to accomplish something within this game thinking I'm accomplishing something. It was fun but I wasn't paying much time with my wife and her needs. My friend Terry introduced this game and I would try every day playing with Terry and on my own when he wasn't around. Me and my wife got into playing this every night with me and I was enjoying it. With the adultery that I have done my wife had lost respect for me. At that time in my life that we had hard time trying to make ends meet without money.

I always put the burden my wife every time the kids needed to be cared for without showing support of need. I was here with her but I wasn't showing the love like I should have. What happened was I was playing late one night and it was like I felt she wasn't given me the attention; she's always tried to give for me. It felt like she didn't have no interest in me anymore. This night I thought the world was coming to an end. Something told me to check on my wife's account she had that I was able to track on my wife through what I had looked up. After I was able to open it, I saw messages that she was having an affair on me with another man. I found out she's been communicating with him through Ever Quest. This is where she met up with him and she liked how he made her feel through his messages.

If I wouldn't have found out when I did, she would have left me within the month. She did not have sex with yet but it was all in the notes of what they were talking about. It was going on for about 3 months behind my back and I was in the dark about everything. That morning after staying awake all night thinking about it I had confronted her. She told me that she loves this guy and she was going to leave me. After letting her know we have 6 kids together and I want to restore our relationship. She was having second thoughts but was still unsure at that time. She didn't want to have nothing to do with me. But I never gave up on speaking to her saying we can get through this and stay together for the kid's sake. And then I wanted to know if she would make a decision quick to say she will try to work thing out. I ask her with taking a promise to swear on the bible to say she would give us a chance again before its to late.

After she did this, I asked that if she would place my name on her to prove it for me. I had designed a tattoo that said the property of Scott Chally and she said she would get it and place it one her lower back. We had that done rather quick. So, she took an oath and she allowed my name to be on her for commitment. At the time we were trying to find extra activities that would maybe bring us closer. We went to a Green Day concert up in Cedar Rapides and we had a good time but I got arrested that night because I said I will remember your face to an officer and they through me in the jail. I was unable to get out until the following morning. They asked me to take a breathalyzer test and I told the officer I shouldn't have to there was nothing I had done wrong. I only had 2 beers at the concert. So, I refused it.

I told him after that I want to take the breathalyzer but he would not give it to me. I spent the night on a cold cell and sleep on the floor they didn't have a blanket to give me and I was shivering all night long. I got ammonia within two weeks from being it there. And when I went to contest it to the judge telling I was refused my right and what had happened. I got the public-intox anyhow. Since then, I have been talking my wife wants and needs more serious and I believe God had put me through a test of what had happened to me that night for I will wake up and act better and show more love. I love my wife she means the world and God placed me through another test to wake me up. I may think I'm good, but the truth was I wasn't. My nephew Justin did the same as me and he lost his wife to another man because of neglect not taking the time with your significant other. He plays World of Warcraft and was spending many hours a day with not giving the attention to his has been wife.

I was bowling in Maquoketa with the team for competition in I believe it was September 2001. I was having a good time with my friends when there was a woman name Deanna that I found attraction to. While I was bowling, she was with me the whole time. Every time a personal question came up if I

was married, I wouldn't answer her or I tried to change the topic. She really thought I was available in the singles market. And what I was thinking I would like to have sex with her. She was beautiful and I was also thinking maybe I could add her to my marriage to have a second woman in my life. I mistreated her in deception not laying everything out on the table that's honest. After our team was done bowling she brought me to her place which we had a good time dancing. Then she or we were ready for bed for the night and she said I can sleep in her bed. When I had got to her bed I was trying to fondle on her on her privets and she allowed that, I was going to go down on her and she told me no but I insisted to eat on her.

she allowed after the first few noes and I think she was likening it after a while where she didn't tell me anymore knows. Then I was hard and I was pressing it against her and she allowed that to. then I tried to penetrate her and she told me no several times but she wasn't fighting me and allowed me to have sex her. After we were done, I went to pee and when I looked in the mirror, I noticed my face was all bloody and so was my privets. So, I cleaned myself off and crawled into bed with her and fell asleep. She woke me up early because I had told her I have got to be at work early in the morning. I live 45 minutes from where she lives and she was trying to get information out of me. I wasn't telling her until we had got like 15 minutes from my house and then I told her that I'm married and at that time I told her I have 5 kids. I had really upset her because she had said about 50 times which it was so shocking to her, she repeatedly said ...oh ...my ...God ...over and over till she had dropped me off but I was truthful in the morning to her. But before we had sex I was not and ever since Deanna, I have never had sex or relationships with another woman. She had called me up thinking there might be hope and I told her I would not leave my wife but offered her to come into my relationship with me and my wife, but she said she could not do that. Since I have lived in Monticello after getting out of the Army on active duty I have cheated on my wife with three women all within 4 years to include Deanna.

It started when I was 12-13 years old. When I first started experimenting with myself and sexuality. I remember when I was that age, I tried to spend time when I was learning my sexual tendency on how to masturbate and the feeling that it gave me. I spent a lot of time taking baths at that age it wasn't that I was keeping myself clean it was an excuse to play with myself. And I enjoyed the feeling that had opened up to me in my life. There must have been a year I would try to go in our bathroom in the upstairs of the farm house using lotion to assume what it would be like to have sex with a woman. I would take like JC Penney magazines to imagine women if I were to be with them.

I wanted to know what it's like and the feeling it gave me while I was playing with my penis. I remember when I advanced myself to know the feeling where we had hogs that I was taken care of where I thought if I did a female pig that would be like doing a woman. So, when I was around 13 or 14 years old when I first did bestiality. I remember I had on overalls when I was in the shed with these pigs and these pigs were around 150 pounds. I did it for the first time when I was cleaning the inside of the hog house cleaning the manure out when I had the thought to try and do a hog to see what it be like to have sex with a woman. So, I did a female hog after I had finished, I had no longer finished and had I zipped my overalls up in the front.

Right after my father was checking up on how it is going cleaning on the manure. When my father had come in, he points out the hog I just got done doing because he saw the semen coming out the back of it. I didn't know what he thought but he didn't say no more and then he left out of the hog house. He left me alone and did not challenge me but I think he knew what was done. Then there was a time I was milking the cows when I had a thought or I was wondering what it would be like to do a cow so I got a bucket to stand on. Then I did it and after I had done that, I thought it was really wrong. It was dark and the lights were on with windows you could see everything. I never did it again where I felt it was really wrong. I can't remember doing it with farm animals no more than a handful of times.

My sister Karen while growing up Karen has had a learning problem in school. I remember early in her life she started special education classes. The kids in school would look at her differently for being in these classes. There would be kids that would even teas her. Over time in her mind, she has had a block that stops her for achieving. This has allowed her to block herself from communicating with people where I behave she feel less for herself that stops her from trying in life. She always since she's been older seeks assistance for accomplishing obstacles in her life. As I look back, I had even assisted to her wellbeing to where she is at now in her life of not relying on herself. Out of high school she has attended collage for 2 years at Kirkwood community collage for cooking but really never used her trait.

I remember she use to work for Casey's right after she finished collage. She stops working after her divorced where she is completely disabled now where she has no desire. Before I got out of the services she got married to a guy named Curt. They were happy in the beginning. Curt was into farming that he did well and the had parched a 200-acre farm where Karen use to help Curt out on the farm and she worked at Casey's. Then they had moved near me her in Monticello and they rented the farm out. Curt then got into buying houses to rent out and also, he had worked for me. Round that time when he worked for me, he got put on a sex offenders list due to flashing he privets, I believe outside a strip club. Karen still excepted him, but I believe Curt might have been listening to me because I had told him that I have cheated on my wife a few times, after he heard my stories, he committed adultery on Karen.

Karen didn't want nothing to do with him anymore where she got a divorce from him. Then they had to sale the farm they had. But after the divorce Karen gave up on life where she didn't want to work anymore. She lived with my parent, in their house and my parents took or had been taken care of Karen. After my parents had passed, they left Karen to live in their house. I feel when I had talked to curt when he worked for me and over the years, he wanted to have a life like me and live on the edge. I see now I was a major factor in their lives because when I told Curt I had got by with adultery that allowed for him to try to live like me and do adultery. But my wife was excepted, of not wanting to lose me, and Karen had a different view on the matter where she was so set in her way that she though there was no forgiveness and cut Curt off.

Because Karen found it to be a serious sin. I've hurt my wife, I don't know why I'm like I am, but I caused I lot of grief. Curt admired what I had and he challenged to do what I have done but he ended up on the other side of the fence when he committed adultery. I believe curt still has feelings for Kaaren and Curt is a great guy and so is Karen for what she's been through. What we do with our actions they reflect

out to others and causes great mishaps in life for others thinking it's ok to follow someone's actions. Karen has no kids.

I started Energy Hydraulic Manufacturing in Monticello on 2<sup>nd</sup> June 2002 as an automated welder. When I had first started, I was working as an automatic welder in the factory working on welding hydraulic cylinders. When I first started my number for higher was 908. They haven't hired in years but it had picked up when I started, they started at 901 and they had let go of 5 workers that were hired and there was only 3 of us who made it through the hiring processes. People do life changes for career opportunities and when I had first started, I didn't know if I was going to make it in the 45 days in order that they choose to get rid of the one that are seeking jobs. When I first started welding for Energy I gave it my all, to allow greatness but I was worried that they were not going to keep me and I was counting on this job for my family. I was usually welding between 300 to 500 cylinders a day on average when I worked.

Whenever I was doing great for the factory it wasn't good enough, they would take the number of cylinders that I was doing and establishing new rates off of my standards. Not only did that make it harder on my job but everyone else that worked in the same classifications would now have to do these unrealistic numbers that they expect from that point on thinking it is ok just because I may have had a good day on making rates. This has caused a lot of stress because of the standards on rates to be done. A lot of people have been relieved of the duties by what the company feel it adequate on what should be done. I had a situation that happened to me when I first started. With what I was doing our supervisor would look at it is an area of where they can make improvement for production standards to be followed. I would know when the standards have increased the rates because when you have previous ran the order you would have to hit your target that was established.

There was two of us at the time of automate welders where we had problems trying to keep up the rates. I remember one night I had made 60% for prediction for the night and I was warned by my foreman on 3<sup>rd</sup> shift that it was unfit of me because of them standards that I had. He warned me and said if it continues, I will get a right up. I show him why those rates were so bad... I had run like ten different orders for that night and the rates per order were really high. I had no set up times for them orders and it takes on average about 15 minutes to set your machine up. The dayshift supervisor took away the set-up times on the orders thinking we will make up the difference. That's why when I was working as a welder the other person having to do the same job hated me because what I was doing made his job impossible to do.

I had taken to the command, plant manager of what was happening with how it was getting incredibly hard. The other welder couldn't keep up with the rates and was wanting to fight me and was in my face all the time because of what I was doing. But all I was trying to do is please the factory for I can keep my job. And it was hard for me to make them rates night after night. When this had happened the plant manager said we would not have to worry any more about the rates. It was good but that didn't last very long when someone else takes over their doing the same thing saying if they were made once they should be able to be made again. Without looking at the real picture. I felt sorry for Lonie who worked with me, he seen the rates were increased and he was worried for his job. As I was also.

There should be no rates someone has to perform in any job. After 2 years I moved on from the weld shop to the 5 Spindel to make interreact parts as being a machinist. After I learnt this the factory decided they didn't need me there so I moved on to a lathe specialist on turning and making parts on the lathe. I had two stations that I was able to work from one was just a small lathe to do smaller parts and then there was the 4-A lathe that turned all the large cylinders for the factory. I would turn up to 10-inch ID and some of these cylinders may have been 15 foot long. I would place threads in them.

## The Beginning

Scott LeRoy Chally December 13<sup>th</sup> 1970      Patricia (Klein) Chally December 7<sup>th</sup> 1971

My kids are Alexander Von born June 8<sup>th</sup> 1992, Nickolas Joe born July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1994, Christian Lee April 10<sup>th</sup> 1996, Janik Del born November 1<sup>st</sup> 1999, Vanessa Marie born November 18<sup>th</sup> 2000, and Dominik Roy January 16<sup>th</sup> 2003, Stevie Ace November 4<sup>th</sup> 1991 – From Betina January 6<sup>th</sup> 1968

By summer 2003 me and my wife had to file off bankruptcy of filling off about \$30,000 to \$35,000

I quit the factory on December 31<sup>st</sup> 20013 - started on June 2<sup>nd</sup> 20002

Parents of Scott - Dale & Joan Chally

Rod & Jan kid -Jared

Robin & Earl kids Jesse, Justin, Zantz

Tamie & Wendell Kids Jason, Kimberly, Cole

Todd & Treasa Kids Heather, Jenfer, Erica

Lori & Bill Kids Joanie, Cody, Tyler, Logan

Karen No-Kid

Scott & Patricia's Kids Alexander, Nickolas, Christian, Janik, Vanessa, Dominik Chally

Scott & Betina's Kid Stevie

9:00 AM 31<sup>st</sup> March 2026

## Bonus Chapter 12:00am 4-20, 2026 95,967 words

My nephew Zantz is a great person now in his older years. I remember early on in his life how he struggled with Jobs and life. He used to be bullheaded always arguing about what he felt was fare or just whenever something happens to him. This had caused him to walk off of his job's and quit. He used to always work as a cement worker in construction. He would pick up cement working jobs always quickly when he would look. He had to halve worked for over 10 different cementing businesses before he turned 30. I've seen some of his work and I would say he's among the best for what he is skilled in. I remember when my son Alex started 9<sup>th</sup> grade and Zantz was in 12<sup>th</sup> grade at the high school in Monticello. I believe Zantz had given up on school after realizing that he may not have felt as smart as the other kids going to school. He didn't want his family member Alex to find out that he is less in book smarts. Shortly after Zantz had quit school. When Zantz works he is a dedicated hard-working individual with much knowledge and is skilled.

I want to say this occurrence with Zantz that I will explain happened during the spring and summer of 2013. Early this year I placed my panel van truck from my business of Ace Services that had a transmission that had went out on me for \$1,500 sale in the paper. Zantz was with his brothers this one time at my house around this time and I had a car stereo receiver that had cost me around \$500 dollars ten to fifteen years earlier. Zantz wanted to buy this stereo off of me where I sold it to him for \$150 dollars and he was able to make payments for it. He gave me \$50 on agreement that he will get the rest of the money within the next month for he can receive the radio, stereo receiver from me. He knew I had my truck up for sale out at the farm where it sat away from anybody knowing about it.

Within a week Zantz had changed his mind on me, saying he didn't want the stereo and he wanted his money back. I held him to his word when he had made the agreement of buying it and would not give him his money back. He made a threat to me saying something like this is not over yet or something close to that and he left it alone. Within two weeks I would say where I had a potential buyer for the truck named Gean where I had brought him out to the farm for, he could look at the truck. When I had gone to the farm where the truck was hidden from any road from visibility to show Gean. I then saw what had happened to my truck with having all the windows broken out on the cab. Gean no longer wanted the truck and the truck was considered to be worthless do to it would cost around 2,000 dollars to fix the windows.

The only person or the first person that came to mind that had made a treat to me was only Zantz. I had called Zantz to see what he would say about my truck or if he knew anything to tell me. When I had first told Zantz about the windows being broken on the truck, his response was... "that's too bad, you must have done something to piss someone off" or something close to that with a chuckle in his expression on the phone. I had left Zantz alone where I knew I was out of \$1,500 dollars. I had found out through someone in the family that Zantz's truck had broken down and he was storing it out at the farm. I was working at the factory at the time and about 15 minutes before leaving work one day, I decided to go out to the farm and smash in all of Zantz's windows on his truck. It was about a 5-minute ride to the farm from work and I was home within 15 minutes of the normal time of getting home.

Nobody questioned me of doing the crime and when in conversation I always lied saying I didn't know. Zantz couldn't prove who did the crime but he immediately replaced the windows in the truck. After this occurrence it was like Zantz had grew up a little, it was like he starting to see what faults he had been doing out of anger where he stopped doing. After a few more years he had got a good union job making somewhere between \$30 to \$50 dollars an hour. I remember going to his places one time after this instance with his brother Jesse where Zantz said he had sold his soul to the devil. I believe he placed God out of his life blaming everything that had happened in his life on God not taking care of him. Now days he a cement mix trucker dedicated to his job. This action has been in my thoughts for quit some time and has bothered me not knowing, if I had done the right thing. I feel either way why this was done to Zantz for him to know that he commented a sin by insinuating in his actions to show intent to the crime in a calm but threatening way.

I love all my nephews and Logan I tried to take under my wing for a short time. He would brag to me how I am his favorite uncle because of what story's spoke and book written of me knowing to have kindness but with a strict law & order to me. Logan had disagreement with a friend of his around the time of high school, but they were a few blocks from his house from what I understood. Where Logan got stabbed with a 3-inch blade in the side of his stomach, hip from a longtime friend. He recovered fine. Logan has had a learning problem in school. He is a good guy, kind and sweet most times when I've seen of him. He stays to himself and is without crime. It must have been around spring time of 2022 when Logan stayed with me for about week or so. Logan is around 21 years old at the time and his parents were trying to get him out and on his own since he hasn't left the nest yet. He was interested in Monticello since it a small community of less than 4,000 thousand people. Logan just got accepted to a job at Subway in town, while Logan mentioned his cousins that have worked there. Before Logan came to my house he was listing to one of my strict lessons in life for advice that Logan should try to achieve if possible was given by me. At this time Logan didn't want to listen to me on what I was saying where he had got so mad that he slammed his phone down and it shattered the display and also no-longer worked.

I had told Logan that it was foolish what he just done, and that it only made your life that much harder. Logan was needing a phone where I lent him my first digital old phone which was a Galaxy S-5 Android. I made him, make a promise not to destroy the phone since it had sentimental value to me and I wanted it back when his parents get him another phone. Logan was unable to keep his fast-food jobs that he had. This was due to where he would give up and not show up where they fired him at times of what I understood. I know Logan had been around the use of marijuana at a young age, and as an adolescent of under 18 years old. I believe Logan intersected his ability's, where it was altered where he rather not challenges life and always wanting to quit on the first challenge as life evolves.

Logan by giving up, which I see laziness coming into play from being around the use of smoking marijuana that controls some of the body's functions and desired thinking on all people differently. It will also allow more of a tense vivid idea in your mind from the spirit where it may allow some people to achieve greatness and other people not to put out in life to achieve their goals. This will also be activating depression in the mind and affecting the body's health it there are commitments in life like providing for the family working a job or going to school. For Logan I saw marijuana controls his life. It

was a couple of days where Logan I thought was doing pretty good at my house. I was always trying to offer different pointers on what to do in life that work's best and to be better in living.

I was waiting on Logan to give him a ride to work... I had mention to Logan for one of the things I had pointed out was, to be ready 10 minutes before work. He was taking his sweet time getting ready and I was in the kitchen next to where the bathroom door is at. I was lecturing him trying to tell him how important it is to be on time for work. It didn't seem like Logan was worried at all to show up late for his job. After warning Logan for 10 minutes, he will then have to walk to his job from my house if he is not in my truck in order to make the start of the shift. It's a 15-minute walk. I then told him that I was not going to give him a ride and he will now have to walk. Soon as I had told him, he had grabbed his phone I lent him and slammed it down to the floor and it shattered and it didn't work anymore because he was mad at me for the actions that he had caused. I believe one reason that added to his actions was that Logan was out of his weed that he had brought with him to my house. He had found out that I smoke marijuana at a young age and he probly always assumed I would have some.

When Logan came to my house he was asking me if I smoke and then I told him not at the moment. After this day with me he didn't want to be with me anymore where he called his dad up to come and get him from my house which takes 45 minutes to drive. Logan stuck with his job and met up with a nice girl that worked there as well. They had got together and rented an apartment close to where they were able to walk. I remember they lived in Monticello for about a year then they were both jobless and moved back to his parents' house. In about 2-3 years Logan and his girlfriend had two children while living in his mother's house. The state was monitoring them for whatever reason I don't know for sure but I believe both Logan and his girlfriend had an illegal substance in there yearn.

This allowed the state to come in and take their kids away from them. Logans brother Cody and his wife Haily stepped up for the commitment of adopting, caring for his brothers' kids plus 3 of their own. For many years Logan put his effort in trying to get recognized as a Rapper or Singer. I thought that Logan had talent in his ability to create songs. I was looking out for Logan this one time where I had told Logan on one of the songs that he just released on Facebook. I told him it looked like he was on drugs and it was hard to understand what was in music he was singing because it sounded like he was high. Logan got real upset with what I had told him where he posted on Facebook saying, everything he could think of to make me to look bad because of what he wrote and what he thought. He steered away from me because I'm honest to him letting him know what I see that needs fixed or what should be addressed. Logan is 26 years old has his girlfriend living with him at his mother's house and doesn't work. I think if Logan honestly trys to keep marijuana out of his life I believe he could maintain a job and have a family living with him on his own to be able to enjoy life as a Proud American.

When my son Nickolas was around 1 year old I remembering changing his dipper and I had just finished wiping his but with a whippy or wet dry tissue. Well, he was on his back and for some reason he was excited where he had a hard on maybe an inch and a half long. This for some reason I reached with my thumb and index finger and touched it, where I remember barely doing like a quick pump, just for giggles since he had a hard on then stoped and put his dipper on. My son Nickolas is Bisexual and he considers himself gay. I new he was going to be gay at about 6 years of age when he liked barbies.