

Young Will,

11.6.11

I wonder if you noticed "Haven" is between "Have" and "Have not" in the dictionary?

So are you a Papa yet? Are congratulations in order? How's Moma? Congratulations you two!!
Welcome to earth lil Haven.

Well I received three messages from you a few days ago — "Posted 1 week, 1 day ago", it sez on my Oct. 31 relay. So let's see, that would make it about Oct 23 you posted 'em ... then the blog master relayed them to me snail-mail ... for me to receive 'em Nov. 4. This is how it's gunna be unless you write me directly @ Wm Goehler, # K77832 / P.O. Box 409020, Al-213 / Lone, CA. 95640.

You asked how to send me pictures of the kids? There's the address? I have no idea if there's any way to send me pic's onto my blog-site "comments" section. That would be a great feature! Check into it and give it a try. Otherwise you'll have to mail 'em to me. I'm also wondering if there's a way for you (or anybody) to re-view all the blogs I've posted this year since my first one — or do people only get to see my most recent blogs? Let me know please. Also, you may want to find a way to print-out / or somehow retain a copy of all the blogs - pictures - and artwork I've posted because this Blog-site is a MIT class project at Cambridge University, and I don't expect it will be a site forever.

I did receive your message about Yashua and Destiny — Thank you. I've posted letters to them on my site since then ... not expecting a reply just yet, but in hopes that you will assure them that I'm writing and that they'll read for themselves what I've written once they're able ... that is if my site does have that "past blogs" capability. p.1 of 4

Oh yea, before I forget; Calif. Dept. of Alcohol & Drug Programs Resource Center, has a lot of free publications available which may prove useful. http://www.adp.ca.gov/rc/pc_main.asp. They've got Fact Sheets, Booklets, Pamphlets, Posters, Directories, etc. all for free.

Okay, back to your queries now: How did I get my first MC? Don Lasik got it from Gary Whitely, then gave it to me. Now... hind-sight being what it is; Don doesn't give away MC's, so... Gary must have made that happen. Why, ye ask? Aye! Why was Gary's wife and newborn strollering around our house on Catalpa, when they lived so many blocks away from us? I ask.

Gary has always been a "Protector" of your Mom, long before he was ever married or had kids. I expect that your brother Justice is Gary's, from the stories I've pieced together — and the fact he looks more like Gary than Allen. So why the bike... and the strollering wife in '95? Do you know anything about a Trojan Horse? And how 'bout the walls of Jericho? Hebrews 11:30, explains the strollering around the house (and why they never came inside), and as for the Trojan Horse (the MC), well, sometimes a "gift-horse" can be loaded with dangers.

At the time of the above events, after attending Leonard's church for a year or two, we stopped going and I started slinging ink and gettin' spun with outlaw biker folk. After several years of domestic bliss — and the first time your Mom was ever clean and sober — I abandoned the shelter of the church life after the WACO holocaust (4/19/93) woke me up to the war.

Why did we go up to Montana, was another query; and goes to explain: "what war"? Look up the word: "deماغogue". In my youthful search for "Truth", they fed me a diet of Christian-Identity/Aryan Nation type dogma, along with plenty of conspiracy propaganda. So when Montana Freeman were surrounded by ATF/FBI agents, after being traumatized by WACO several spun-out years

earlier, I had to go and try to provoke people to stand against "tyranny".

Well that, and the fact your mom - prego with David, promised to stop doing dope if I only left her alone. You see, we were arguing like cats and dogs all hours of the night. (I recall that you came out once, ~~3 or 4~~ yrs old, musta been past midnight when you came out and fearlessly told us both to stop it so you kids could get some sleep).

I was up there in Montana alone for several months getting in the news with my inverted flag... but after learning that mom hadn't stopped, I returned in a friends truck and packed you all into it to take you out to the middle of nowhere Montana, to give David half a chance of being born without a fried brain. I was too damned angry by this time tho - threatening to kill your mom, and so she split with you guys to North Dakota.

I chased you all down at the Sturgis Bike Rally (where you remember Mt. Rushmore from), and damn it dude - she is such a beautiful soul when she's not on dope! She convinced me to take you all back to Cali, promising to stay clean. What could I do?

Um... this is traumatic shit that I wonder if maybe is better left in the dark (unknown). "What doesn't kill us makes us stronger", is only true to a point young man. Sometimes; what doesn't kill us - ruins us forever!

I am a lot wiser from the experiences that didn't kill me, but I am far from "stronger".

I miss our family so much too, and I feel like such a "damned" failure. But realistically son, an addict and an alcoholic together never had very good odds of successfully raising a family and staying together to begin with. And an addict alone, with 9 kids? Her greatest expression of love was to surrender you all to be raised by responsible adults. You know that, don't you? Do you forgive us - or - Do you understand?

Look, I live a "damned" existence, exiled from all that is worth living for. You can not imagine the hell of failing my most important duty to family, but I am a ruthless keeper of those memories — they torment me daily. Listen son, if you truly wish to: "hear more about you pop" then ask whatever you have a mind to learn more about.

You see already what I've exposed about Justine ... and more about your Mom, you probably didn't know ... so Understand that our lives are linked in many ways and many more questions may arise from one answered. I sincerely respect an inquiring mind tho, so shoot as you will. Only first determine WHY you ask (before you pull a trigger just to see if its loaded). Do you want just the wholesome stories, or all the raw truths to be told. Do you want to read about how you would run down the street after your mom when she would run away from home ... or keep it at how you and yash played like puppies? Do you want to see when I mangled that guys face in Montana, or remember when I knocked out the tattooist I worked with? Do you remember riding on my mc? Our mountain drives in the van? Our cross-country trip in the truck? Do you recall the tranquil time when your mom home-schooled your bro's? (HAHAHA ~~is~~ she didn't think they were tranquil times back then when I would get everyone on task and then leave her alone with you four boys). Do you remember poking Justine's eye with a bone? Yashua's front teeth folded back from you guys jumping on the bed — and his faceplant? These are all the best memories of my life — of living. They consequently torment me now because I sacrificed that life for my quixotic crusades — and lost it all. Not only lost it all ... but threw you all into a whirlpool of chaos for years to follow. I regret that the most and I am truly sorry. I love and miss you all more than you'll ever know. I wish you all the best.
Be Blessed.