

Dr John WorldPeace JD Poetry
<https://drjohnworldpeacejdpoetry.com/>

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to increasing the level of Peace and
WorldPeace in the world human society.

WorldPeace is a possible dream.

When peace becomes our priority,
WorldPeace will become our reality.

- Dr John WorldPeace JD

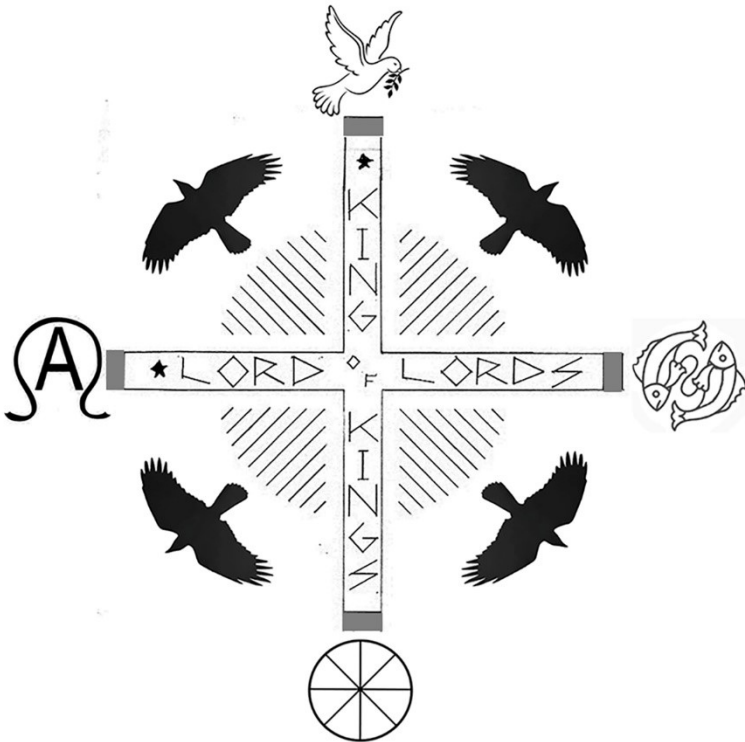
WorldPeace is a journey,
not a destination.

- Dr John WorldPeace JD

This is our cry,
This is our prayer
Peace in the World

ACKNOWLEDGMENT JESUS CHRIST

I am a Spiritual Christian, not a Corporate Bureaucratic Christian. I absolutely believe in the Resurrection. I absolutely believe in the following words of Jesus because I believe in Hebrews 8:10-11. *“Ask and it will be given you, seek and you will find, knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, he who seeks finds and to those who knock it will be opened.”* Mt 7:7 *“If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed, you will say to the mountain move and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.”* Mat 17:20. *“Truly, truly I say to you, if you believe in me you will do the works I do and greater works will you do because I go to the Father. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it for the greater glory of the Father through the son. Whatever you ask in my name I will do it”* Jn 14:12 | We write our individual and group script in life. The Book of Revelation is a false book of a doom and gloom future set in stone and I reject it because it is contrary to the teaching of Jesus above and because in my day to day life I am a witness to the truth of the above scripture. We are presently living the beliefs and actions of the world human society in the past. Dr Jwp JD 190829



NOTES: Dr. John WorldPeace JD

I was born in 1948, in Houston, Texas. I presently live in Albuquerque, New Mexico

In October 1970, I wrote my first poem. Over the last 50, I have written about 3500 poems in various poetic genres. Most of my poems could be looked at as a tiny biography of my life; one-page snap-shots of what I was thinking or experiencing at a particular moment in time.

I have also published selections of the poems. In June 2018, I began to self-publish the selections of poems and all the poems I have ever written to date in chronological order using Amazon's self-publishing software. There will be about 30 poem books in total. I did not try to publish the various books in chronological order.

Along with my free-verse poems, I have published one line (not one sentence) poems and Haiku which are 3 line poems with 5, 7, 5 syllables per line.

My genetics and my current state of health make me confident, barring some accident, that I will live more than a few years past 100. I will continue to write poems and in fact, will probably increase the volume of poems over the rest of my life.

I do not force my poems. I don't write unless I feel inspired. I have no desire to set a world record for a number of poems written in a lifetime.

The poems are written in a couple of minutes, 2-10, then put away in a binder in chronological order. I have lost less than a dozen poems over the years. Usually within a very few minutes after writing the poem I have no real memory of what I wrote. The edits I make after writing a poem are minimal. Images of the original cursive of many poems are online:
DrJohnWorldPeaceJDPoetry.com

I do not write poems that rhyme except incidentally. To try to fit a poetic thought into a rhyming format, for me breaks the flow of the poem.

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The 2008 Political Prison Journal of Dr John WorldPeace JD

December 23, 2007 to December 21, 2008

I was incarcerated on December 23, 2007, in the Harris County Jail, Houston, Texas. I was picked up by the US Federal Marshalls and taken first to the Harris County hospital and then to the Harris County Jail in downtown Houston by existing protocols between the US Marshalls and the Harris County Sheriff's office.

I did not begin to write this journal until February 11, 2008. On July 3, 2008, I was moved to the Federal contract prison, Brooks County, Falfurius, Texas. It took about 3 weeks. I did not write in my prison journal between July 8, 2008 to August 13, 2013 when I settled into Brooks Federal Detention Center. I exited jail on December 21, 2008. I made entries daily in my prison journal until December 19, 2008.

This prison journal includes entries for daily prison activities and events. It also includes thoughts on my life to date, working out all kinds of things regarding my cosmology, my goals after getting out of jail, my abuse and denial of my rights by the Federal Courts, and many other issues. It provides insights to everything I have written since 1970 to date; all of which is on the SiteMap on johnworldpeace.com

So this is much more than just a journal about prison issues, acts and events.

The prison journal is about 280,000 words.

Overall, in prison, I wrote about 700,000 words. These words were written on 8.5 x 11 inch tablets with 250 words on each page. This came to about 2800 pages. The majority of the writing covered both sides of the tablet pages.

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I also read 55 novels while in prison.

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February 11, 2008. After The Morning Count

The jailers entered the 24 unit cell block and announced that this morning they were looking for hooch; home made booze made out of fruit juice and bread and a bit of sugar. You learn quickly in jail that the community knowledge of so many inmates from so many experiences can take what little is available and make free world substitutes; pencil graphite twisted in toilet paper to arc out a electrical sockets to make fire to light a contraband cigarette; broken disposable razor blades affixed to a comb to make a hair cutting tool.

My name is John WorldPeace and I have at the age of 59 managed to confront enough judges in the great state of Texas and the fascist county of Harris to find myself held in contempt of court by these judges. For me, a now disbarred attorney, I was denied my legal rights. Anyone who has spent 20 years practicing law as I have understands a judge's ability to rule on evidence that is to be heard and has the ability to rule contrary to the black letter law. It is a common matter of course. Almost any judgment can be contorted out of the law. The real legal system is only a façade of justice.

I live in a 6'x 8' cell made of cement cinder block walls with cement floors. I have a bed and desk made of heavy 1/8" gauge steel painted a rich green. This goes well with my orange jump suit provided by the county. The effect is one of perpetual Halloween. But only I have noticed I think.

My sink and toilet are one stainless steel unit with hot and cold buttons for water and a larger button for flushing the toilet. The metal always gives you a wake up call if you have to take a seat. Toilet paper is valued because the system regularly brings 3 to 5 rolls less than the number of inmates in residence at any time. As one of the guards yelled at an inmate the other day, "You're in jail fellow." In so many ways even when you

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are in the best cell block of a 9600 inmate facility, you never forget you are in jail. Nothing can be taken for granted.

My two level cement and steel cell block is always cold, probably 68° on the average. Most of my fellow residents walk around with their drab gray-green county issued blankets around them like capes to keep warm. There are no windows and no clocks. The TV provides the time when it is on. Another clock is the delivery of food and medication for the sick. Lights are turned on at around 0430 and off around 2230 and this knowledge also gives a general idea of the time.

In this cell block the perpetual cold prays upon your body and mind.

My cell block shares a glass enclosed picket station where the guards watch their charges and control panels and video screens, except when they sleep out of boredom. I often think about whether we inmates or they the guards are the real prisoners here. The prisoners come and go but the career guards, even though they exit into the free world for a time after their shift is over, must report to their little glass prison five days a week.

The cell block adjoining mine can be seen through the glass enclosed Picket (guard post). My cell block houses ex-cop offenders and children and parents and siblings of cops. The adjoining cell block is a mirror image on the other side of the common wall and houses murderous teenagers. Young boys whose crimes are so violent they will not see freedom for many decades.

Unlike my cell block where we are seldom locked in by our solid steel cell doors with a horizontal slot for food and a small vertical window so we can see out and the guards can see in. Those kids next door are locked down 23 hours a day. They get to exit an hour a day to use the phone, shower and roam the 30' x 50' split level common area. It is impossible to imagine what it would be like to live their reality of no

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future. But who can imagine a teenage kid killing an innocent couple in a random act of violent manhood or taking apart their mothers head with a hammer.

For me, I am Jonah in the belly of the whale. I am here for contempt, a six month sentence. For those who understand the dynamics of jail life, I have been disengaged from my hectic world to ponder and reflect on my past and my future. The nature of my crimes are minor and deliberate. I knew what I was doing. But from these insignificant acts I am being forced to prepare for a new direction in my life. I feel the foundation of that new direction is peace and worldpeace.

I have been a man of great anger at the injustice of individuals and their exclusive and corrupt organizations. Most especially at the kind of religious bureaucracies and justice systems not to mention the political bureaucracies of a myriad governmental units. It is time for me to forgive the evil acts of one human being to another; the raw generic prejudice based on race, religion, nationality and gender. But more so at the level of human to human, where all too often when a person is given a choice of doing the right thing or the wrong thing with no consequences of either decision, the inclination to do the wrong thing. There is nothing so tragic as to know right and not do it.

I feel I will not leave the belly of this jail until I have a change of heart and that means in part the ability to forgive.

In his letters to the Philippines, St. Paul states, "Brothers, I do not feel that I have fully understood or embraced what Christ is teaching me but one thing I have learned to do and that is to forget what is behind and past me and to reach toward what is ahead of me; my destiny. I cannot be what I must be to proceed as an advocate of peace unless, and until, I acknowledge that I must forgive or at least let go of the wrongs that I perceive have been forced on me. I know that this is critical to my spiritual well being but it is the one area that is the most difficult to release. Yet I feel deep inside that I will not be

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coughed up from this cold hell back into the free world of light until I let a lot of thing go.”

February 11, 2008 After Commissary

On Monday morning the commissary cart enters the cell block. Men who the night before perfectly filled out their computerized forms, lest they be rejected and the weekly mini Christmas be lost, stand anxiously along the wall as their names are called by the always irritated deputies.

The brown paper grocery sacks sit on the 3 tiered stainless steel cart with the cases of ice cream on top; 2 or 3 flavors, never the same. But it is the Blue Bell brand which is the best Texas has to offer. It has to be eaten immediately because even the 68° environment will not prevent it from melting.

Your name is called, you breathe a sign of relief that your form went through and you are about to get a weekly taste of the free world. Your provisions are dumped on the stainless steel picnic bench and the brown paper bag is given to you. As each item is called you grab it and put it in your bag. Of course each week a new deputy has his or her own rules about touching your goods before being authorized. Best not to try to help, speak when spoken to, act when authorized, is the best plan.

Once you have taken all your weekly Christmas goodies you must sign the form and then ink and place your thumb print next to your signature. Next you quickly go to your cell like a mouse with a prized piece of cheese; back to your little hole in the wall, your home in the whale's belly.

Of course there are those who have no one to fund their account so commissary Monday brings the pain of remembering just how alone you really are; completely cut off from the free world. No matter, these people were alone in the

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free world before they came to the zoo to be cared for by their unpredictable keepers.

At these times I always think of my father's story about his mother always crying at Christmas as she was shunned by her sisters at the family Christmas gatherings. They made sure she received no presents.

One thing about jail that one needs to never forget is that both the guards and the inmates are psychotic and unpredictable.

February 11, 2008 After Lunch

The main cell block entrance is one door to the main hallway, one of many in the maze. In the morning, breakfast is delivered in a plastic bag consisting of a piece of fruit, boiled egg or cereal, energy bar or small sweet roll in addition to a pint of 1% low fat white milk. Very seldom chocolate milk is available but in a controlled environment choices always tend to create conflict. So it is best not to introduce a selection.

Sometimes the breakfast trustees bring in the bags and place them on the stainless steel tables and sometimes hand them through the door to the main entrance. Sometime they are delivered through the slot in the inmate's cell door. The deputy on duty has the authority to do as he or she pleases.

We are awakened at 0430 by way of the bright fluorescent lights being turned on in our cells and the loud electronic unlocking of the doors. Even if the doors are not locked the electronic unlocking wakes you up.

We then go from our rooms in a half sleep to the table and take a plastic breakfast bag and milk. That is usually followed by a short trading of eggs for fruit and energy bars for cereal or just simply giving away part or all of one's breakfast. Some inmates do not eat breakfast and have designated some other inmate to get their breakfast every morning.

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The problem with the self serve method is that sometime an inmate will take two breakfasts and someone does without. Another problem is that someone takes a warm milk they had from the prior day and drops it into the plastic basket containing breakfast and takes out two cold milks leaving someone to get sick potentially from the old milk.

One such fellow we called Bullet Head, a 22 year old Hispanic on strong mind control medication made a habit of the above practices. Bullet Head got his name from the fact that he had been caught inside a house burglarizing it. The owner confronted him, and even though Bullet Head begged not to be shot, the home owner could not resist.

He fired and Bullet Head took a slug right below of his jaw bone and it lodged in his upper spine in an inoperable position. Of course this does not keep him from fighting anyone he feels like even with the potential of becoming paralyzed by the shifting slug.

I asked Bullet Head how it felt to be shot with a 44 caliber bullet. He said he did not feel anything. It knocked him to the floor but he jumped right back up facing the homeowner. Blood was squirting from the wound in his neck. The homeowner decided to put his finger in the leak as opposed to shooting him again and thus prevented Bullet Head from bleeding out. He said the wife went screaming and freaking from the bedroom and called 911.

Some people would have taken the incident as a God given miracle and changed their ways, but alas, Bullet Head tended to ignore that enlightenment and instead considered himself bullet proof. It is hard for me to imagine a more dramatic way for God to get someone's attention. The lesson is to never assume that others process and evaluate information and events the way you do.

Within a few weeks all the guys who laughed at Bullet Head and his antics got bored and several 'old schools' (old men)

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filed complaints against him. He was taken out of the cell block and put in general population and was immediately beat up.

Lunch and dinner come in white Styrofoam take out trays. They are handed through the main door to the cell block (tank). The food is balanced but bland. If you want condiments you have to buy them; from the commissary if you have someone to put money into your commissary account that is.

The big event at lunch today was ex cop Joey was irritated at the fact that he did not have his two slices of white bread with the lunch he was given. He got the attention of the guards in the picket and made an ass of himself. Almost everyone else just takes this kind of thing in stride. Or most guys have a circle of friends who would give away their bread. Or they just speak up and ask if anyone is going to throw their bread away. But Joey feels he is better than others and so even if he made such a plea it would have fallen on deaf ears.

I saw the same thing in boot camp when I was in the Army in 1970. Some people just have so social skills and in a place like this they suffer a bit more than most.

February 11, 2008 After Supper

Supper was the usual bland food, filling and adequate but tasteless. The TV loudly echoes off the concrete walls as per usual and the inmates settle into their routine of TV, visiting and playing chess. I played a game of chess trying to concentrate but as per usual I lost interest as other real life things occupied my mind. I made several foolish moves, mindless moves and lost. So it has always been with me and games.

Later in the evening an inmate named Mark held a prayer service. As he did a few nights ago, he kept it to about 10 minutes. I had been asked by several inmates to begin a nightly

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prayer meeting but I did not feel that I was the one to do this and declined. A week later Mark came to my cell and immediately began to minister to those who were looking to me for guidance.

I thought about the scriptures which state that all people have to do is to ask in order to receive. God sent Mark to these men. I participated in the prayer meeting even as other Christian inmates criticized Marks small ministry. It is all part of the dog and pony show.

After the meeting I asked Mark to see his Bible. I found that it had been read often. It was marked on every sentence of every page. I have no doubt he had read it cover to cover several times and was thoroughly familiar with all of it.

It is said, Mark is a murderer. He allegedly killed his neighbor. He was a police officer. He was tried and found guilty and sentenced. But his case was overturned on appeal. I first met him several weeks ago in a holding tank on the way back from court. He said then that a jury was being selected.

When he arrived in the tank I asked him how the trial went and he said after selecting and dismissing several juries his new trial was put off until June. He said the Lord was taking care of him.

You never know the truth about any of the inmates. They tell you only what they want you to know. It is best not to ask. If someone wants to tell you their story they will. A few of these guys are children of guards who work here. And those relatives can get the truth about anyone in the cell block.

Criminals are an interesting group of people. I know burglars from the time I was practicing law who were perfect fathers and husbands and attended church each Sunday and did not curse or drink. But they would break in a house and steal. It is hard for me to discount an entire life under these circumstances. The world is full of good Christians who are

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lesser men than criminals I have known. There are no easy answers when it comes to human beings. The truth is often paradoxical.

February 13, 2008 3 AM

The guard in the picket announced someone's name. I had been asleep for more than a few hours so it awakened me. Normally, after about 2 ½ hours of sleep I am ready to get up but I usually sleep about 4 hours if not disturbed.

The speakers are difficult to hear because of the concrete walls which create a multiple echo effect. As it turns out he was calling Ronnie Gin. Ronnie and I had become friends. He is light skinned Black guy and close to my age. He is also is an intelligent man with whom I discussed religious matters and life in prison. Ronnie had been convicted of conspiracy in what was allegedly the largest Ecstasy bust in the world, millions of pills. But at trial Ronnie was only tied to the selling of 10 pills of some other drug. The judge refused a special verdict to the jury. A special verdict would have asked the jury whether Ronnie was guilty of selling 2 specific drugs as opposed to the 6 listed on the indictment.

Due to the judge's refusal, the case law ruled that he could only be sentenced to the crime with the lowest minimum sentence, and with Ronnie's clean history he would have been sentenced to 5 years under the Federal guidelines as opposed to the 15 years he actually received.

Ronnie's lawyer was appealing the case but since Ronnie had already been in jail 5 years he had the option to file a writ of Habeas Corpus for immediate release. He did not have to wait for over a year to get a ruling on the same issue in his appeal. We had been working on getting his documents together.

As is typical, he had done a lot of case law research and had stumbled on a case that was right on point. He had given it to

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his lawyer but the lawyer as is typical never sent a copy of his appellate brief to Ronnie so he did not know if the lawyer had included his cases or not.

Now Ronnie was being transferred from the Harris Country Jail back to the Federal Prison where he had been. In the Federal Prison he would have a lot more access to the law library. In county we had an hour a week in the law library, which after the lecture comes to about 15 minutes. He would also be in a dorm facility without bars as apposed to a low, medium, or high facility so he would have plenty of time to pursue his case and call his lawyer which is not possible in county. The 9600 inmates County Jail is set up for short term, less than six month sentences, and the transfer and holding of inmates for many different purposes. The reality is that the system is somewhat fascinating, the managing of all the inmates coming and going to various courts and being transferred to and from prisons all over the US.

I will miss our conversations, chess playing and exercise periods, mostly just walking the first level, then up the stairs, around the smaller landing on level 2 and back down the stairs. Often we would include push ups and pull ups on the stainless steel benches and underneath the metal stairs.

I have his SPN number but inmates in prison are not allowed to communicate with other inmates in other prisons. So to communicate with other inmates you have to mail your letter to a relative or friend outside the system and have them forward it. It makes the staying in touch complicated. Friends and family are well intentioned but they have their own lives to deal with. So a letter sent to family for another inmate may take three weeks to be delivered.

My life has been very busy and I have had little time for socializing in the traditional sense. My clients provide that socializing through our business relationships and my family fills in my free time. Most people who see the same dozen or so people at work each day seem to need more traditional

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socializing with friends outside of work. Having even casual non business friends has not been something I have experienced. Even though Ronnie and I became friends it was more in the nature of an Army friendship where you connect with someone at a duty station and then say goodbye as you are reassigned never to connect again.

Death of a friend or family member is different. With death you know that you will never see that person again. Death means that the memories that only you and the friend or family member experienced will not be discussed again because the only person you could re-live the memory with has left the planet.

February 13, 2008 After Count

Every morning and every night we have to be counted. All the inmates must gather downstairs. Sometimes on the weekends the guards will count from the picket window. The majority of the time one of the guards comes down and personally counts. In the morning the guard usually brings his index cards and calls each name. You are required to answer with the last 3 digits of your SPN number. 02335115 is my number.

Tonight we were told to lock our doors. Usually if we are not told specifically to do so, I don't lock my door by slamming it shut until it clicks into position. I close my door leaving a 1/2" inch crack. I prefer not to feel locked up like a criminal.

There was a time when being locked in a cement cage would have caused me anxiety. For some reason I do not have that experience now. I always have food and water or some kind of drink and my own personal lavatory. One thing is certain, with a locked door no can enter your room at night unless the guard flips the switch on your cell. The magnet like sound of the releasing steel door is very loud bouncing off the walls and can not help but awaken you.

When I first arrived here, several inmates would gather in one cell and then they would chat all night. The TV is off at night and the noise in this cell block is much reduced. The inmates tell me that when they stay up all night, they sleep until lunch which is served at about 1100. They say it makes time go faster. Most of these guys sleep 8 – 10 hours a day. I sleep about 4 so I feel I am actually serving a longer sentence because I am conscience more than they are.

Last night for some reason, after everyone locked themselves in, about 5 inmates started yelling at each other through the feeding slot in their door. The effect was that of the monkey cage at the zoo. Just random hoots and hollers and calls between human monkeys. At times like these I wonder if there was something in the food or some show on TV that hyped them up. The guard became irritated and slammed his fist on the window because his voice over the speakers was not being heard. Since he was alone he could not come down and make a threatening appearance.

It occurred to me that he began to lock everyone in at night so that he could sleep in the picket. With the cell doors open, he would have to monitor the traffic between cells.

A few of the inmates who are religious in here or have found Jesus on entering the system and have stayed for a significant time have read and studied their bibles extensively. Many can tell you the location of most any verse or story. And each seems to have a verse or two which they claim has changed their lives.

When I say changed their lives, I use that phrase with reservation. It is easy to find and follow Jesus in a cage where the temptations of the free world do not impact on your daily routine. Choices are extremely limited here and the temptations of your home environment do not exist.

Too many of these fellows lose Jesus on exiting confinement. They can still talk the talk outside but they can't

walk the walk in a totally free world when choices of doing wrong or right exist at every moment. Not to mention reconnecting with their criminal friends and family.

The religion of the cell block is basic Jesus Christianity. Simple teaching, basic lessons and examples that are easy to understand. I have found no religious philosophers in here. No discussions of the nature of God. No abstracts. Just Jesus said or the Bible says.

God is an abstract concept. The Infinite Immortal spirit which resides in the human body is limited by that body. Hearing, sight, taste, touch, smell are all limited. We can't hear or smell like a dog or see like an eagle. Our bodies are only conscious to a limited degree as well. There is an infinite amount of reality of which the human being is unconscious. And the human soul's greater awareness cannot come to consciousness in the limited capacity of the human mind.

Buddha became awakened. He was able to expand his consciousness and consequently saw more of the nature of things but by no means all. Jesus achieved the same. He told his disciples and followers that they could not fully grasp this reality so they had no chance of understanding the kingdom of God. Buddha in fact refused to discuss it. His focus was on living right and the eight fold path.

The Tao Ching opens with the concept that the God that can be described or defined is not the real God. Any human logical linear attempt to describe God is immediately limiting. God is all inclusive.

Westerners understand that God is all inclusive but still tend to visualize God as an old man in the Old and New Testaments and the Koran. There is only One God. There is only one all inclusive essence but the West has only one name for God. In the East there is Brahma which is this all inclusive essence and any concept of God in human form is a manifestation of this all inclusive presence.

Hindu's are accused of having many God's. This is not really true. There is only one Brahma but Brahma is abstract and not really defined. The many Gods of Hinduism are prophets, saviors, avatars. So there is one God but many Jesus figures. Hinduism is not one religion but many, each centered around its own Jesus incarnation.

In the Old Testament in the Christian Bible which are the five books of Moses in Judaism, God identifies himself to Moses as "I am that I am." In other parts he describes himself as "Beyond understanding." This comes back to the Tao pronouncement that the real God can't be defined or described.

Essentially there is no where that God is not. All things are manifestations of what I call the Infinite Potential. From this Infinite Oneness all things manifest and back into this Infinite Oneness all things in time disintegrate. The Infinite Potential is an all inclusive indescribable unknowable infinite immortal concept of God. This is as expansive a definition of this aspect of God as the human mind can create.

God is described in anthropomorphic super being terms in order to make it easier for human beings to relate to God and this spiritual Oneness within the Infinite Potential all inclusiveness which it refers to. The Infinite Potential still falls short of relating what God is. It is just a term I use for communicating, no different then "I am that I am" and beyond understanding.

February 13, 2008 After Lunch

After 8 weeks here the bland food is becoming too repetitive. I have eaten everything they have on the menu. I am drinking milk which I have not done for thirty years and I am eating more fruit that I have in my life. The fruit keeps a high level of Vitamin C in my system and prevents colds. I had a very bad cold about three weeks after I arrived and I don't want to repeat it. The cell is cold and visits to the doctor usually come

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after you are well, if at all. The cure all is Motrin, 500 mg tablets.

Each day my self imposed routine expands. Today I decided that instead of washing all my socks, underwear and such when I showered, I would wash one thing each day. I can do that in my lavatory sink. I have also learned to take an empty peanut butter jar and place 2 or 3 bars of soap in it and fill it with water. Over a few days it creates a liquid soap detergent. That can be poured on the clothes instead of soaping them with the bar of soap. It is a lot easier.

February 14, 2008 Pre-dinner

The cold has returned to the cell block. Everyone is again wrapped in their pseudo wool blankets and those old guys like me with little hair have towels on their heads. I remember my father's father wearing wool long underwear in the middle of summer. He weighed 135 pounds. I weigh about 190 now. My feet are my thermostat, if they are cold, I am cold.

At night, every night, I wear two pairs of socks and a head piece made from the elastic tops of two socks. I carved a needle with the blades of a disposable razor out of a plastic spoon that comes with every meal. I carefully pulled a thread from my torn sheet to sew the socks together. All sheets are torn and dingy. I don't know if the sheets were ever white.

I fold the sheet and wrap it around my chest and I double my blanket and lay it on top of me. I then put my towel over my head and eyes to block out the light that dims down at night but is never off. Actually during the day there are two florescent bulbs and at night one forty watt incandescent bulb. If I lay perfectly still on my back I stay relatively warm during my 4-5 hour sleep. If I move, the cold air infiltrates under the blanket and wakes me up.

The only experience I have to compare this incarceration to is my tour of duty in Italy from September 1971 to May 1972

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while in the US army. I was stationed in Vicenza, Italy and Sandra and I lived on the economy. We had a small apartment on the fourth floor of a five story building. The walls were cement and stucco and the floor was marble. The radiant heaters never raised the temperature to more than 68° the same as this cell.

I was only twenty-three back then but I did not get warm until I returned to Houston after my discharge in my 1972.

February 15, 2008 1 AM

I went to sleep at about 10 PM and so I had to wake up for count at 10:30. I could not go back to sleep. There is no noise right now. No yelling from the other cell blocks near or far. No sound at all. The quiet is so wonderful.

[ASIDE: As I often do, I stepped back from this 18" x 28" desk and observed it from my bed a few feet away. I look at my tiny desk with my condiments, shampoo and other hygiene items, oranges and my tumbler which I use to keep things cool for a few hours. I may get an orange juice that I want to drink later and so I keep it cool in the tumbler. My underwear is hanging off the end of the desk drying. I look at these things and I wonder about other peace advocates writing their epistles. I have a sense of this experience now. I mostly think about the Apostle Paul. I read Acts in the New Testament over and over. I read his letters as well. But I also think of Gandhi who is closer in time to me.]

February 15, 2008 After Breakfast

After eating my peanut butter and jelly on graham cracker energy bar I went back to sleep. I was awakened about 30 minutes later due to my heart beating rapidly. I got up and began to walk off the gas in my stomach which was putting pressure in my heart making me feel like I was going to have another heart attack. Since my 1997 heart attack I have found

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that I am adversely affected by hot spices and peppers if I eat them in the late evening.

My friend Robbie gave me a flour tortilla with some spiced up Ramen noodles inside. Eight hours later I woke with the unusual gas problem. I have found that once those spices get into my lower intestine they create gas in my stomach. It makes no sense to me but that is the reality. After I got out of jail someone told me I had erratic bowel syndrome. The only problem was that we were locked in last night and I only had my 6 x 8 cell to walk off the gas. Had the door been open, I would have walked it off in the common area. For me, asking the guard for anything is to be avoided. In 30 minutes the feeling had passed and I began to wash my T shirts in my sink.

February 16, 2008 After Supper

For the last several days I had begun to consider shaving my head. The hair on the top of my head is so thin that it could not be seen except close up and the baldness was extending down the back of my head.

When I was a young boy in the 50's I remember going to church and seeing all the old men with hair just like mine has become. I never liked that look. I also have always had an aversion to personally wearing a toupee.

In addition, my life is definitely in transformation and it seemed appropriate to do something to my physical appearance to remind me of that change.

February 17, 2008 After Lunch

Lunch today was meatballs and macaroni, one of the better meals they have here. I have decided to change my eating habits a bit. I am not going to drink the milk any longer because of the cholesterol but I am also not going to take food

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from the other inmates except boiled eggs which I will eat after removing the cholesterol containing yoke. I am also going to eat the entire meal and not break it up into smaller meals during the day. The reason is that I had lost about ten pounds since coming in here but when I weighed a few days ago, when I went to get my heart medicine, I had gained four pounds back. I had already lost about thirty pounds since Kay left in January 2007 and I needed to lose another twenty to get down to one hundred seventy-five, a good weight for me.

This morning they left the lights off until count time which is about 7:30. They did not require anyone to get up until about 10:00 am. This was great because the TV was off and it was very quiet. I could not help but think of the SPA atmosphere as I did my exercises this morning. We each have a room and we are fed three times a day. The only difference is that there is nothing on the agenda except boredom. I have more than I can do even if I serve out the additional four months I am illegally sentenced to. When my enemies read that I feel like I am in a SPA when this material is published, they will be upset after they verify that I was in protective custody the entire time I was in the Harris County jail.

This morning, as every morning, I wrote with event after event coming to me that needed to be included in the book. I have about thirteen pages of two hundred items to write about. I still believe the book will be about eight hundred pages.

February 18, 2008 After Breakfast

I am a person who has been blessed or cursed with a very active, creative, disciplined mind. I also am fearless in that I do not restrict my thoughts or my actions. I obviously misjudged somewhat or I would not be in jail right now but then had I did not misjudge the law, I doubt that I would be writing this book. I feel this book is a critical part of my destiny. I have been in the Army, raised a family, acquired an education, learned to write poetry and now I am writing a book about jail. Funny I enjoyed books like Pappion, The ___ ___ and Cool

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Hand Luke and The Birdman of Alcatraz and Shawshank
Redemption and The Green Mile.

It took me many years to discover an art form that I was happy with. Now that I have that process refined, I have the tools to visually express what is in my thoughts. I have also developed a poetic style to relate what I see in another format. And now I am in the first steps of refining a method of narrative communication.

I have also found a way to produce income on a rather high level. The problem now is a limited amount of time. I cannot be a master poet, writer, artist, business man, spiritual leader, fortune teller for the human society. I have been truly blessed with many talents and I have been blessed with a great deal of energy but like all humans I have been given only so much time to live in this reality. During this stay in jail, I feel I must decide how I will allocate my time when I get out. I must decide what I will prioritize. In truth, I will try to do what I feel will most benefit the human society and plant the seeds of peace for individual as well as social peace.

My life really means little in the sense of typical pleasures and creative comforts. The amount of living space I have or the car I drive and other material pleasures mean nothing to me. My thoughts and visions are so rich and dynamic that I don't need those other things. I do need female company to complete me. I need a normal woman who has little interest in deep philosophical discussions.

February 18, 2008 Before Chow

The deputies came in unannounced as per usual to perform a shake down. This happens about once every three weeks. We take our blanket, towel, sheet and move to the common area to the stainless steel picnic tables. There we put our heads down on our blanket, towel and sheet and put our hands behind our head with our fingers crossed. No talking, no looking up until they get through tossing each room. The blanket, towel and

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sheet and our orange uniforms are the only things we are allowed to have in our room other than things we bought from the commissary. I can have legal files and books too.

This was the second time they threw away my prescriptions from the prior month. I will know next time I get my refills to combine the medicine in the newest bottle. They left everything else of mine scattered all over my room. All I cared about was my pens. I have about 45 of them because I get the other inmates to order them for me and I order commissary for them. I am limited to ten pens per week and a pen writes on about four 8.5 x11 sheets of paper. They left them alone but I can't be sure they didn't see them and may take them next time. My ability to write is my sanity.

When I first got here I made a Trojan helmet out of twisted newspaper and strips of plastic bags we get our breakfast in each morning. Everyone liked it but it was trashed in the first shake down. I had also made a pillow out of newspaper wrapped in the plastic bags and that was taken. My little empty milk cartons I used to organize my razors, soap, salt and so on was also trashed. I had bought a diet drink which comes in a plastic bottle so I could easily mix my cool-aid and that was trashed. One guy mixed his regular and dandruff shampoos and that was trashed. It was the wrong color.

One of the inmates started yelling the other day because of the noise. He was having a bad day. When he would not shut up the deputy came out of the picket into the cell block. He was a very tall black man and in a deep loud voice he simply told the inmate that he is in jail. In other words, I don't care fellow. You're in jail so shut up and deal with it. If you can't I have ways to deal with you. That is the bottom line. I am in jail.

February 18, 2008 After Supper

I have noticed for some reason that since I shaved my head my cell looks lighter and less cluttered. I don't know why. I have

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not changed anything. There is just a feeling that somehow a load has been lifted from me. Each day brings me more peace. Things are becoming clearer. It just seems strange that the room seems to reflect what I am feeling mentally.

Taking a break, my fellow inmate laughed as I excited my cell. They have begun to refer to me as the Emperor from the movie Star Wars. I wear my deep orange county issued clothes. On my shoulders is my cream colored sheet folded like a shoulder cape for warmth. On my head is my bright blue towel that they say makes me look like the Emperor looking under the blue towel. I am the oldest guy in the tank but I have more energy than all of them put together. There are no jerks in this tank. We mostly laugh, b.s. and tell lies to pass the time. They call me WorldPeace. It seems like the Army but we have no work or mission. Just monkeys in a cage, isolated in the penalty box of life. I keep thinking about Gandhi and what he laughed about for all those years in prison. And what about the Apostle Paul, in and out of jail two thousand years ago. Paul was a saint and Gandhi was a great soul but in prison their humanity kept them grounded and humbled by the injustice foisted on God's chosen.

February 19, 2008 Prior to Supper

Last night I visited with an inmate named Mark whose Bible was so marked up and understand that I would not have been surprised to find that he had memorized large numbers of passages and verses. I have been reading a book titled "The Purpose Driven Life." The theme of the book is that we should completely surrender to God. I had thought the book was about how to find my destiny and then pursue it. The reality is that the book was teaching the reader how to be totally in sync with God. The book has many scriptures to bolster its message.

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I thought it would be interesting to study this book with Mark because it seemed to be in total sync with his philosophy. So I gave it to him to read last night and to tell me if he wanted to carry on a discussion group. Early this morning I thought if we did begin to study it we could include other inmates in the discussion.

Just before supper Mark came into my cell with the book and commented that the first line of the Table of Contents “What On Earth Am I here For?” was in fact what he had said the first night he was here as he began a prayer session. For me, that would have caused me to immediately read the book. So much of what I have read so far is right in my line with what he has been communicating with me and others since he has been here.

After Mark made a few comments and we had a short discussion he gently laid the book down on my desk. It was an act of saying he was not interested in an on going discussion. I immediately understood that Mark like other inmates in here essentially believe that and Bible commentary is evil and from a false prophet. In other words he felt that to read anyone else’s opinion would be to give one’s self over to Satan. I find it hard to understand how someone can believe that anyone commenting on the Bible is a false prophet. So much for Mark. I reached out to him to find we have very little outside of the Bible in common. The word is that Mark murdered his neighbor. But the truth is hard to come by in jail. When directly asked, Mark told me that he did not want to discuss what he had done.

[Note: In taking on any kind of serious endeavor like this book you have to understand that there is no instruction book. You have to begin on faith, you must begin with some act or nothing will happen. As you proceed you begin to understand how to best proceed. Since I began the endeavor I have been making lists of things I wanted to discuss. But my life is so long now that I have monumental job just organizing the list to determine how best to integrate all the ideas. What I realized

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works is as I get these ideas (actually remember past thought, events and people) I just need to go ahead and write them down at that time. Let God organize the book. What I am thinking about is what needs to be next written. With my poems I just let things flow but those poems are only twenty line creations. My feeling is that this book will be 1600 hand written pages that will be reduced to an eight hundred page printed book.]

February 20, 2008 After Breakfast

Unlike yesterday, the breakfast packs were delivered in a plastic milk carton and we reached in and retrieved our bag and our milk. Yesterday they just dumped the packs on the floor between the double exit doors. To exit the cell block you are required to go through door one which enters into a 8 x 10 room. The door closes behind you and then the door to the main hall opens. I felt like a dog having my food dumped on the floor not to mention the dirt.

Like in the movie the Green Mile, we have a little brown mouse that visits often. He comes under the entrance door, turns to his right and enters the first cell on the right. He was last seen yesterday morning. Corey, the inmate occupant of that room, has a lot of commissary (food). I think Fred, (that is what he has been named) goes in there and has breakfast each morning. If he is not killed, I am sure he will be bringing a family soon. It is interesting how a mouse can get into an all concrete building. I wonder if he has an exit to the outside or if he lives in here somewhere. He has to move down the hallway and there is no way he could not be seen. I have to say he is smarter then some of the inmates.

Dennis, a newhouse (the generic name for a new guy to the cell), is about 21. He is the second youngest kid that has come in here that takes heavy medication. He is small and very thin. Looks like he has been sleeping in the streets. These guys

act like they take their meds but don't unless the nurse crushes the pill and they have to swallow it. They sell the pill to someone for commissary. The meds essentially make you sleep. And since time goes faster when you can sleep it away, the pills are in demand. I guess other pills give a little buzz. The bad news is that when these mental cases don't take their pills, they do stupid things. Last night Dennis dumped his supper in his toilet and apparently jammed his baked potato in the drain hole and flushed the toilet until it overflowed. He was in a cell on the top floor. The guys moved him down to level one where it was colder. These guys need to be with others like them who need to stay medicated. I guess life in here is not as boring as it seems.

One thing interesting is that these guys were watching a show called Jail on TV last night. I guess it is a weekly TV show about bad boys in jail. It would seem that they would rather watch a show that did not remind them of the fact that they are in jail. But I guess it is fun to watch how some of the bad boys act in other jails. Also you get to see how they live. The cell block I saw last night was a lot nicer than this one. If I had not seen some of these things for real, I would wonder if the show was scripted. They tell me that some of the cell blocks here have continuous fights and the guards just let it happen. I am told that the tanks that have the most violent offenders are very quiet and everyone is very polite. I guess all those guys have a hair trigger and try to manage their anger. They tell me prison is really hard if you don't follow the code. Borrowing a candy bar and not paying it back the next week when commissary comes can get you stabbed. Lying will get you stabbed. Associating outside your race can cause major problems. I am fortunate to be in a cell block with cops where I don't have to worry about that nonsense. They tell me if you can't cope you can ask to be locked down and then protect yourself. Some of these cells have three beds and a shower in a room just a bit larger than a 8 x 10 room.

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Often at night I will hear what sounds like heavenly choirs echoing through the halls. I have 90% hearing loss in my left ear and this whole concrete structure causes echoes all over. My hearing does play tricks on me but I swear I hear choir music frequently when it is very quiet between 10:30 PM and 6 AM.

Robby is getting out in twelve days due to a new law reducing the sentencing guidelines for crack cocaine to be in line with powder cocaine. He is thirty-two and has been in jail eight of the ten last years. He was not due to get out until September 5, 2008, so he got lucky and now he is out on March 3, 2008, the first day his judge can reduce his sentence. He has begun to write rap songs. He was written ten in three days and even though I don't like rap I think what he has written is pretty good. He has a lot of talent. Too bad it has been subordinated to his cursing. He is in that place I often visit where the creativity just flows. When that happens you have to stay working until it leaves. If not, you will lose whatever the universe (spirit world, God) was sending you. From twenty-two to thirty-eight I kept my creative connection by writing short poems. During that time I fine tuned my ability to recognize and receive my inspiration. At thirty-eight after finishing law school, I began to paint and that creative was changed to receive paintings more than poems.

This morning is the first time I have seen a painting in a long time. I do not see them unless I am very much at peace, and I don't see them unless I am going to be in a position to paint. I see these paintings in a dream or a vision during the day. I see them as finished works and unlike the poems, which have to be immediately written or lost, the paintings stay with me for years.

[INSERT PICTURE]

When I was in the seventh grade I was put into a special art class taught by the art teacher in his off period, Henry Gadbois was his name. I remained in the class until he went to another

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school when I began ninth grade. In ninth grade I took art from another teacher who gave me a “D” because I would not finish moronic projects. With Mr. Gadbois the nine of us did whatever we wanted for a long as it took. I refused to take art my last semester of Junior High. I tried again the first semester of High School but even though I made a B as I tried to conform, I never took another art class in school.

While I was with Mr. Gadbois I determined that I was not going to paint traditional paintings. I wanted to paint something unique, out of my head. Much later I realized that my art would be very symbolic and metaphysical using primary and secondary colors to make them bright and uplifting, and to take some of the edge of the intellectual hard line form. I only use oil on canvas which I build and stretch. I finally found my technique in 1986 with a little painting I titled “Running Man.” My son Davis said he liked it and that somehow drew my attention to the fact that tinting colors was going to be part of my style. I have tried to paint two or three paintings a year since then. The demands on my time have not allowed much more. The larger paintings take up to one hundred and fifty hours. I draw them out like paint by numbers and then color them in by mixing a color and dabbing that color in the areas I want and then painting that space. Kay for a couple of years did the fill in. She liked it after she quit worrying about “messing up” my art. She loved to do ceramics and so painting was easy for her.

My intention is to return to my art as soon as I get out of jail. I hope to find a couple of high school or college girls who like art and let them do the coloring. I will mix the colors and dab the spaces. I feel I can have them work near me so I can do other things as I...

“INSERT ART”

...supervise their work. I tend to work an hour then look at the art to finish it in my mind for a hour. I do this until the work is

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finished. I may see the painting with bright reds but when I begin to actually create it, I see that colors of red will not work. That is why I spend as much time painting in my head as I actually paint with my hands.

Right now I have these legal matters associated with my incarnation. I may be free in a week or four months. I don't know if I will continue to live in Houston or move. I don't know if I will restart my web design business or not. I don't know how this book may effect my future. I only feel that I will finish it before I exit the jail. I feel it is the reason I am in jail. All I can do right now is to proceed to write. There is nothing I can do about what is going on outside this jail. My son John, Kay, and to some degree my mother are taking care of things. I know that all things are as they should be. I feel I have significant work to do that relates to advocating peace because that has been my life focus. I can see where I have been, but my potential future and purpose are several. All my life has been cleared. I would be blind to not see that the only reason to clear my entire life would be to engage in something that will take all my energy. But what that path will be is still unknown and unclear. Each day I write my past and my philosophy and my spirituality and I contemplate my future. In some ways, I feel like Christmas is coming and with it a path of life that will be dynamic. That is all I feel certain about.

About eight inmates went to the gym. We have not been allowed to go because we are in protective custody. When they came back Fred made an appearance and all the inmates became kids as they tried to catch him. After a lot of excitement Fred was caught. Now the question of what to do with him. Some suggested flushing him but if they do that he will just pop up in another cell in another commode. Some want to make him a pet like in the movie the Green Mile. I just checked and the vote was that Mark the preacher would

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become his keeper at least until the next shake down. The guards think he was flushed in cell B but he is alive and well in cell P. Fred is on borrowed time. Fred had chewed his way out of the plastic tumbler he was in and tried to escape. But since he was on the second level he was disoriented and in the process of trying to escape he entered the wrong cell and was stomped on. He crawled into the other Mark's cell and died just beyond the threshold. This is not the movies. Not to mention that Fred was just a mouse.

February 23, 2008 After Breakfast

Things here in jail have become more and more routine. I am becoming more a part of the landscape in here. I get along with everyone and talk to everyone and that irritates some people. There is a definite hierarchy of criminals in here. The ones that have been to prison and survived that much harsher environment tell stories about that experience that assure me that I do not want to go there. It is a place where you are hassled at every moment and you have to be prepared to fight or live in hell. I feel like these ex-cons who have survived four or five more years in the main prison system are as hardcore as soldiers who have been to war. In war, it seems there is a lot of time between battles but in prison you have to watch everyone around you all the time. Sometimes you have to just make sure you are not close to someone who is about to get seriously hurt. Another thing that these ex-cons say is that in prison it is all about respect and telling the truth. If you run into someone accidentally you need to say excuse me. If you say you are going to do something you had better do it.

The other thing is that there is little tolerance for child molesters on any level, even flashing ones genitals. I feel sure that the child molesters in here would have been already been harmed if it were not for the fact that no one wants to deal with the possibility of being put in the general population. I was asked last night why I was in the pervert tank. Actually it was a cell where three sex crime inmates were kept.

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I don't really judge any of these people. There are a lot of unindicted criminals running free in society and like I tell all these guys, they know how unjust and corrupt the legal system is, you can never really get at the truth. I tell them that I give my input based on the facts that I am given. I always assume I am not getting all the truth. But for me the way people present their case is interesting. And how they deal with their alleged criminal acts is interesting. Every human being on the earth has stories to tell about their life experiences. I find there all interesting. I have no intention of ever returning to this environment and so I am making the most of it. As with everything I do, it is important for me to come away with some degree of knowledge or enlightenment. I may one day find myself in prison. I want all the knowledge about that environment that I can get. You can get killed in prison if you are stupid.

Another reality of this environment is racism. There is a certain number of Whites and Hispanics who talk about the Blacks in a racist way. I believe that America has a chance of taking a great leap forward toward a more equal and just society if Barak Obama becomes president and Hillary becomes Vice President. Both blacks and women will gain significantly in all aspects of society.

We live in a masculine society that is too eager to go to war. When the Senate and the Legislature are 50/50 male and female that war mentality edge is going to be significantly dulled. When America becomes truly color blind it will take a giant leap towards realizing its destiny to lead the world into a true democracy where all men (and women) truly have equal opportunities regardless of skin color.

I spent many years wondering why racism so dominated the old south in the United States. Then one day I was reading something about WWI veterans. It was a story about how they were dying off and with them the first hand memories of that war. In fact, just a few days ago there was a newspaper outside about the last surviving American WWI veteran. He was 107.

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I then realized that when my grandmother was born in 1905(?) there were a lot of old Confederate veterans around. And there can be no doubt that these old men had not changed their attitudes about the blacks that they fought to keep enslaved. The KKK was a viable organization, a terrorist organization, by today's definition.

So these old men passed on their prejudices to my grandmother's generation and that generation passed it on to my parents and my parents tried to pass it on to me. The reason that racism continued to dominate the South is because even though the Civil War had been over for one hundred years when I graduated high school in 1966. The very last confederate veteran did not die until the late 1950's. The dark side is society cast a long shadow. I often watch a nine part series on the Civil War by Ken Burns. I am mystified about that war and American dying for a cause that was so un-American: slavery.

February 23, 2008 After lunch

Lunch did not settle well in my stomach I think. The food is starting to get to my system. I have not recovered completely since getting sick last week. That is the problem here in jail. It is hard to recover from any sickness. Medical attention is slow if even existent. My stomach problems feel like minor heart problems and that tends to keep me a bit on edge. My father has had stomach problems all his life as did my mother's father. So I have to be careful what I eat and stay with a bland diet. That is not a problem because my sense of taste and smell seems to be about 20 % of normal. I doubt that it was ever more than 40%.

I also learned when I had my heart attack that I have a very high tolerance for pain. I also know my hearing has always been off in some way because I could never hear the words to songs that were not slow and clear. In addition, I had a bad cold at the end of 2006 and my left ear was marginally closed. I have had problems with that ear for decades. Hearing in it

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would come and go. On December 30, 2006 my granddaughter Sarah had come to visit with Kay and I, along with Kay's granddaughter. When Sarah went home she told a lie about me. The alleged event took place at the dinner table with Kay and Emily present. Steph called me up and started screaming in the phone about what Sarah told her had happened. She screamed so loud I pulled the phone away from my ear and Kay could hear her from ten feet away. Shortly after that, a few hours, the hearing in my left ear was down to about 10 %. It has not returned to normal.

I told Stephanie that Sarah was lying which did not surprise me. The snake is a very deceitful person and Stephanie is a natural born liar. I was not surprised to verify that that trait was passed to Sarah. I told Stephanie that Emily and Kay were witnesses and that she needed to have a talk with Sarah. Stephanie hung up, talked with Sarah, and called me back stating that Sarah admitted to lying. Sarah is ten. Stephanie did not apologize she just said that Sarah admitted lying. My hearing is gone in my left ear and I can never trust Sarah again.

February 25, 2008 After Breakfast

I woke up this morning when someone slammed my door shut. I did not lock up last night. I guess from now on I will do it continuously just to avoid any hassle from the guards. The next time I woke I found that my breakfast was on the floor inside my cell. So apparently when they delivered the breakfast door to door, that is when they slammed my door. I picked up the breakfast and put it on my desk and tried to go back to sleep but could not.

I began to receive information in my mind regarding this book and another book that will really be a very small pamphlet in book form. This information comes to me the way my poems and art come to me. The information just begins to flow. I think most creative people experience this. The problem is that after this information comes, when I am in a semi-awake state,

if I do not immediately write it down, if I try to hold it in my head, I lose it. When a person becomes inspired it is important to immediately act on that inspiration or record it to think about later. I keep a pen and paper by my bed and I write down these little revelations. Unfortunately in a half awake state my writing is bad and when I read it later when I am fully awake I can't always read what I have written.

In this in-between sleep and wake consciousness many complex relations and thoughts become perfectly clear. But when fully conscious they are not clear. It is like in this state I have expanded consciousness and I can see how specific things fit in the global picture.

Due to being in this cell block, and due to the fact that I have few distractions, and the fact that I am spending all my waking hours meditating, praying and writing, the information that comes to me in the morning is increasing in volume and importance. I know that I will write a lot in here and I will not leave until I am finished or I can see the end of the project.

Ms. Williams, the mean black female guard, came into the cell block this morning raising cane. She had some sargents with her and she was inspecting each room. What she should have done is just have a short meeting with everyone and then give us thirty minutes to get our cells in order per her specifications. Instead she just went room to room and in each room focusing on one problem and ignoring others. It creates a lot of inconsistency when things are done this way. It is obvious she has never been in the military. All she really did was create a lot of unnecessary tension.

She delayed the commissary delivery and I am sure that made these guards mad. Her actions have sent a negative ripple effect throughout the entire jail now. Most people do not realize how significant the smallest act is in the whole of society. Every action of every individual ripples through the entire human society. That is why we should try not to create

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any negativity with other people. A negative act creates the same chaos as does a cue ball breaking into a rack of balls.

I hate these kinds of mornings because after getting my morning revelations, I am in a very peaceful even blissful state of mind. Even the slightest negativity sounds like a fire alarm going off in my head. This is the reason I stopped meditating before going to court. If you walk into a court room in peace you will be abruptly awakened by some judge, attorney or – client. The experience is not pleasant so it is best to go to court in full armor and ready to fight.

When Ms. Williams came in my room she threw away my origami peace cranes. I had taken them down from my mirror and put them on my desk hoping that they would not be thrown away. But I was wrong. I had found colorful pictures in the newspaper and then made origami cranes from them. I then put them on a string and hung them from my mirror. It gave some color and emotion to my cell. The slow turning also gave me peace watching them. I had also made some very small ones from the foil wrappers of some energy bars. She threw them away too. She is not spiritual. She has been trained to destroy anything that looks like art. I will make more but I will keep them folded and in one of my Bible's. No problem. I remember the deputy yelling the other day, "You are in jail! You are in jail! You're in jail! You're in jail!"

One interesting thing is that I associated with everyone in here. But in so doing I have more than a few people telling me that I should stay away from the accused and convicted perverts (sex offenders). Others tell me to stay away from the blacks. Others tell me to stay away from the dope offenders. All these inmates feel they are better than the other inmates. I tell them we are all in this cell block. We all wear orange. We all have been accused of some antisocial illegal behavior. Not only that there are times you need a favor and you don't know who might be able to help you. Like a child molester is selling me a free world pen. I need a pen to write this book. It is back up. This morning Henry did not get any

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toilet paper because they constantly give us only half as many rolls as there are inmates in the cell block. I always keep a few rolls and partial rolls on hand. Henry was out so I gave him a roll as well as another inmate.

February 26, 2008 After Lunch

The commissary cart came with one of the nasty female guards. She goes out of her way to create tension when handing out everyone's purchases. Things went somewhat OK, but I did not get a writing tablet I ordered because it was not worth confronting her. The last inmate that had a real problem with her was Corey who had ordered five pens for me. She claimed she could not read his wrist band and was not interested in having the picket verify who he was. It is nonsense to think he was not Corey Evans. She left with his commissary.

The first time I saw her I thought she was just strict but fair. After the incident with Corey I realized that she knew that I was short one tablet and that I did not realize it. She deliberately let me get ripped off. It was a \$1.25 tablet. It was not worth \$1.25 to confront her. One thing you learn in the jail is that they can do whatever they want to you. I could have gotten the tablet but I would have to deal with her retaliation. It was not worth it. I just considered how many others she ripped off during the days

Ms. Williams is loud and likes to scream a lot but after her morning inspection she will go out of her way to take care of problems in her control. Part of that is due to her not wanting to stay in the picket. I would say she spends, on average, less than 2 hours per shift at her part in the picket. The other six she is gone. I always think about the fact that I will be leaving here but she will have to report here everyday until she gets to retirement.

I also wonder about the nasty guards. I wonder if they are nasty and mean at home because they are just unpleasant

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people or if they are super nice at home because they have released all of their aggression at work. Like the deputy said, "You're in jail!"

Ms. Williams returned to the cell block with some bathroom chemicals which she poured into the toilets and sprayed on the outside on the wall and the door. My door had a lot of toothpaste on it that was used as glue. A piece of plastic was used by the inmates to cover the open food slot to cut down on the draft created by the AC. Toothpaste is used to glue the plastic around the slot. The net effect is that the cell stays several degrees warmer when we are allowed to close the door. My cell is directly across from the picket and so they can easily see the plastic. I was told to take it off six weeks ago. I did and did not replace it because I did not want the hassle. Like everything else in here, unlike the Army, the rules are not daily enforced. So usually the day after someone is told to take down the plastic, it goes back up right after shift change.

The TV is not on but the inmates are very loud this morning. Corey has a loud mouth that never closes. Right now he is making a lot of noise. Just being his normal self. I understand that in the general population the chatter never stops. The inmate density is four times what it is in this cell block and there are no cells. Just open areas with a cage inside for the bunks stacked three high. The noise would be intolerable for me. Even in here God is watching over me.

One day the cloning of human beings will be possible. The question will be whether a clone has a soul and is therefore enlightened to have citizenship rights as natural born human beings. Without a soul it is just a clone. Who knows if a soulless clone can exist. I doubt it. When a human vehicle comes into existence a soul of light or darkness will inhabit it.

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For now it is important to understand that we must always remember that our life on this earth is temporary. And when I say our, I mean our spirit not our bodies. Our bodies do not return to heaven, our souls return to heaven when our bodies die and rot.

The problem comes when we become confused in the manifestations of this reality such that we believe that this finite reality is the true reality. This reality is finite and mortal and the spiritual reality is infinite and immortal.

When we remember God, and do not become attached to this reality, then we do not become confused in the pleasures of this reality by believing that we can hold on to anything in this reality.

If we are going to find peace and remain in the light, we must stay vigilant moment to moment and not lose sight of the fact that we are just temporarily residing in this reality. We must remember we came here for a purpose. We must never in the pursuit of our destiny forget that one day all we have accumulated will be taken away when our bodies die. At that time we will return to the spiritual reality with only our memory of this experience. And that memory will be what determines whether we lived a life that uplifted the human society or one in which we simply indulged in the pleasure of this materialistic world, became attached to it so that in death we long for it, and have doomed ourselves to returning. And upon returning potentially further spiral down by increasing our attachment to the slavery that is the dark side of the Infinite Potential. What the Christians call sin and evil.

February 26, 2008 After Dinner

The food is getting harder and harder to eat, this morning breakfast including a boiled egg. On these mornings I usually get about five other eggs from inmates who do not like them. I then take out the yellow yoke and hold the whites to see what we have for dinner and supper. If there is something I do not

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like, I eat the eggs. The yokes have all the cholesterol which is bad for my heart. Today we had some potatoes that were not that bad when I added salt but they were cold and that made them unpalatable to me.

I am using my free world pen and it is so high tech and smooth writing that I am having trouble using it. I have to use it as much as I can hoping to use it up before it gets confiscated.

The inmate that did not get his commissary yesterday was told that he would not get it this week. It was simply due to the deputy delivering the commissary yesterday. It was her call. But the real underlying reason is that the main guards have refused for a month to get Corey a new ID. He did get one yesterday. Now we will see what happens next week. He owes me six pens. If he would have gathered his commissary yesterday he could have ordered ten more next week. So I would have increased my inventory by twenty. But now I will only be able to increase it by fourteen. Four from yesterday and ten next week if they do not rip him off again. It is ridiculous that four pens, sixteen pages of ink becomes a big thing. But I cannot write without ink. Pencils are not allowed.

It is like toilet paper. I had 2 ½ rolls yesterday but I gave a half roll and a new roll to two guys that got none yesterday. So now I am down to less than ½ a roll and I have to sit by the door in the morning so that I can be sure to get another roll. I am sure they will follow their rule of giving half as many rolls as there are inmates. It got so bad a month ago, Ms. Williams had to step in and demanded a second delivery with a roll for everyone. Again it is ridiculous that we have to deal with toilet paper as a big issue.

We had laundry today. It is Tuesday. We also have another laundry day on Saturday. We have to have our orange top and bottom and towel and sheet or we don't exchange what we have. The kid who did not think to get his towel and sheet a week ago was again denied clean clothes. No guard will deal with it so on Saturday we will rip a towel and sheet in half and

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fold it like it is a full one. The guards don't look that close. Just more stupid games between guards and inmates. Truth is that most free world not people would even consider using these sheets. They look dirty, smell bad even after being washed, and most are torn.

We got another newhouse (new guy) tonight. He is an older black guy with AIDS trying to hustle the rest of us for a phone call. The last kid that came in, the one without a sheet and towel has made it clear he is gay and who he would like to be with. He is not a threat but the showers are open and I and others don't want to deal with two gay guys. They would normally be in another cell block but since they have a law enforcement background or have been police that classification overrides the gay classification. The AIDS guy was picked up on a Galveston County misdemeanor so he should be on the bus to Galveston in a few days.

Everyone knows I am writing a book now. It is hard to miss anything like that in here. I am just concerned that some guards want to look at it before I can pass it off to my son, hopefully next week. I have hidden the two hundred pages among my legal pleading. I have in under a current letter from the court and a letter from my federal public defender. I feel they are safe for now. Again I do not have a high profile and they have no agenda to teach me a lesson. I could recreate all I have written of this but it would be a lot of work. You have to be paranoid about everything in here. I cant imaging what it would be like in the general population. I am not curious to find out.

It is about 9:00 pm and about one third of the inmates are making their nightly spread (dinner). It is a big meal they just set out at 5:30 pm but now they make this second meal from commissary. Mostly it consists of Ramen noodles, some kind of summer sausage or tuna, or both and maybe some eggs. They heat their water and pour it over the noodles in a big plastic bowl they bought from the commissary. They have another hot pot where they put the purchased meat to heat

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it. They mix it all together and eat it on saltine crackers or wrap it up in a tortilla. They eat about a quart plus of this spread. Almost all of them put on weight from all those calories which they have no way to burn off.

I can't eat the noodles because of the seasoning and the hot sauce and even the meat. There is too much spice and it effects my heart. Also I cannot go to bed with that much in my stomach and not get sick. I tried a taco from the spread about a week ago and was sick for a week. In essence eating is just a relief from boredom. When I first got here there was only about four of them participating in the spread, now there are about ten. They remind me of a bunch of old women.

February 27, 2008 After Count

This morning was uneventful in the tank except for one stupid 19 year old. He refused to get out of bed and disrespected Ms. Williams. He is a robber. He got yelled at. I doubt it phased him. I fished a couple of oranges and a banana out of the trash. Some of these guys feel like oranges go bad in a few days or an apple with a cut on it renders the whole apple bad. A broken peel on a banana means it's spoiled. I wonder where these inmates grew up.

February 27, 2008 After Lunch

One of the reasons that I am in jail is because of my mother's bankruptcy. In October 2006, I helped her file bankruptcy because the house I was living n was in the process of being foreclosed in by two companies. Bankruptcy was filed because the state or Federal district court or the bankruptcy court, the bankruptcy court seemed to be the best forum. My mother owned the house she was living in and had no other significant assets or creditors. We needed to find out who actually owned the Texas Home Equity Note on the Heights property. I believe that the original note holder illegally sold the note to two different companies.

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In June 2007 the bankruptcy Trustee declared in his pleadings that GMAC, not Deutsche Bank owed the note. The truth is that even now we still so no know who owns the note. We have been trying to get this information for 18 months.

After the Trustee declared that GMAC owed the note, my mother was no longer functionally bankrupt because the Heights property was worth more then one note but not two. In fact she filed eight motions to dismiss the bankruptcy all of which were denied.

The trustee decided he would sell the house in order to get a \$17,000 fee. The house had been sold in March 2007 with a April 2 closing but the title problems stopped the sale. The sale was for \$450,000. The trustee told the realtor to accept a contract for \$420,000. Se he was selling the property for \$30,000 less then value and taking a \$17,000 fee as well. At that point I aggressively went after the trustee by sending emails to his law firm to point out his illegal acts against a senior citizen. With no creditors and my mother not being functionally bankrupt his acts were illegal. In addition, there are very specific rules for foreclosure on a Texas Home Equity Note and the trustee sale under the circumstances would circumvent the foreclosure laws.

The trustee in retaliation turned the bankruptcy into a WorldPeace circus by attacking me. He ran up \$9000 in fees in the process. He has yet to obtains a clear change if title to the property.

The trustee attempted to get the court to approve the sale when my mother changed her homestead exemption and stopped it.

The judge then issued a bench warrant for my arrest for not attending a show cause hearing. The problem was that I was never personally served and so the bench warrant was illegal.

The warrant was crucial in nature which meant that the US Marshall's could not break down my doors and come into my

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house and get me. They had to catch my outside of my home or gates. I put myself under house arrest because it was obvious that the court was going to illegally sell the property. The bench warrant was issued on August 8, 2007.

On November 13, 2007 a US Marshall pulled into my driveway as I was about to enter the gate. I had my hand on the security door when I turned to look at him. He was in an unmarked car with blue and white lights. He just sat there looking at me talking on his cell phone. They he saw I was about to enter the gate and his eyes got big and he opened his car door and I stepped through the gate.

The gate was a six foot chain link gate with a cane screen on the outside which prevented someone from putting their finger on the chain links. At night it limited the ability to see through the gate to the driveway. The Deputy Marshall screamed the word MF over and over as he charged the gate in an attempt to approach me. When he got to the gate he had no way to gain and leverage to open it except to grab the center vertical end of the right side. The gate consisted of two panels, 6' high and the one on the left anchored into the driveway. He grabbed the gate and pulled it open with all his might however there was a third chain between the panels and as he pulled the gate that chain caught and he fell to the ground. He then got up, again yelling his MF word, and fell again.

He got to the gate but was as he would push I would pull and as he would pull I would pull I would pull. I had all the leverage. After a minute of this he gave up. I had told him over and over that he could not come in. I latched the gate and jogged around the back of the house. He got in his car and drove off. I was surprised he did not call for backup to come and get me. I thought it was because it was a civil warrant and I was behind a locked gate.

The deputy went back to his office and filled out a report that I had resisted and impeded his attempt to arrest me. He also said that he had grabbed e and I had turned, knocked him down

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and kicked him and then entered the gate. This was a lie. I was charged with violating Title 18 USCA. The max penalty is 20 years in Federal prison.

I have never been arrested and never had a fight in my life. Further, I have a heart condition and I would not embarrass my son who is a police officer and I would not avoid two hours in my mother's bankruptcy case as a witness by gambling on a 20 year prison sentence. The deputy lied.

On November 20, 2001, the bankruptcy judge signed an order for the US Marshall to kick down my door and approach me. They did not okay her order because she was out of line. They only kick in the door when they are after criminals. The police do not kick in doors on a civil matter.

The problem was that I had a Federal criminal complaint for resisting arrest. I continued to work and live at the property and prepared to turn myself in. I work at home.

On December 22, 2007, I orchestrated my arrest by having a girlfriend pick me up in front of my house in plain view of the surveillance team so they could see her driver license. We went to her house in Dickinson. I did not want the cops in my house or office because the deputy who tried to arrest me had threatened my mother with the destruction of her house, not the one I was living in. I also had to turn myself in because the arrest warrant for resisting arrest was a criminal matter and so was the NCIC database and would be seen by any officer stopping me for a traffic ticket. I had seen the deputy complaint a few days after it was filed because it was sent to my son. I know the deputy had lied and the charges were serious.

I decided to let them arrest me just before the holidays because I would not have to work for several weeks.

Pat picked me up at about 7 PM and we arrived at her home about 8:00. We visited and went to bed. About 2 AM in the morning she got a call from the local police that she needed to

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some down to the police station on some matter she filed months earlier. I knew it was a play to get her out of the house. I got dresses and went into the living room before she left.

When she left I called my son to tell him I expected the cops to come in and get me shortly.

About 10 minutes after she left I was standing in the living room when the front door was opened and the deputies came in with mini 16's pointed at me. Just like you see on TV. I was told to lie down on the floor which I did and they came right up to me with their guns with about 18" from my head. They rolled me over and hand cuffed me. I told them I was having chest pains and I needed to go to the hospital, they laughed.

Right after Pat left I turned in a digital recorder I had with me and put it on a bookcase by her front door. So I have the entire incident recorded. They did not see the recorder and Pat found it the next day and gave it to my son.

The deputies refused to give me my nitroglycerin for my heart for about 30 minutes. They made all kinds of obscene jokes about me and Pat and laughed at my chest pains. I had on a medic alert bracelet.

They finally called the ambulance. Then they demanded that I get up and walk to the ambulance. I refused to move because of the pain. I was on my stomach. Two men then grabbed my arms which were cuffed behind my back and dragged me outside. When I did not stand up two more men grabbed my feet and then threw me into the ambulance gurney. They refused to give me my nitroglycerin.

The ambulance drivers also laughed at my pain. They took me to the county hospital in Houston. It took over an hour and a half to get there. I could have died. A deputy road with me.

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At the hospital a female intern joined the fun. The doctors said I was OK. The intern said I was fine. Then I told her to look at the EKG monitor and pointed out how my heart was misfiring. She laughed and said it was nothing. She was wrong.

Because I was taken to the county hospital I was sent to the county jail instead of the federal detention center. The deputies had laughed because they said they Federal detention center was like the Hilton and the county jail was the worst case scenario.

As it turned out, because of a being an attorney and because my son is a police officer I was out in protective custody in the Harris County Jail. I have my own cell and are not locked in. I am in the best cell block in the county and it is better the then Federal Detention Center. It is still jail but God was looking out for me and I have done the best possible back up.

I did not resist arrest. I had not had a single problem with any deputy or inmate in the 68 days I have been in jail. The only person who has claimed that I assaulted him in 60 years of my life is the deputy that tried to arrest me. And he is lying. My father instilled in me to turn the other cheek and I have a lifetime of doing that. Have no doubt I have waged war on the internet and in court pleadings but I have never had a physical fight in my life.

Due to my son being a police officer, the deputies processed me immediately after I arrived here from the hospital. I remember being rolled out into the cell in a wheel chair and I thought I would freeze to death. The deputy saw me shaking and brought me back in until his partner got the van.

I was processed in and as the deputy left he called back and wished me a Merry Christmas. It was a sarcastic good bye.

The courts were mostly closed for the holidays and I was not taken to the federal building to see a magistrate until the 26th

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of December. The magistrate asked me is I was going to hire a lawyer and I said I did not know so she reset me for the 28th.

When I arrived at the Federal building they processed me in to federal database. The deputies tried to harass me and see if they could make me strike out at them because of the lie that Deputy David Pyka has told about me knocking him down and kicking him. I only told them it did not happen.

I was in handcuffs with a chain around my waist to hold my hands close to my body. They also had a leg chain on me. I felt like I was in a movie or something. No one can get a reaction out of me. I felt like I was in a movie or something. No one can get a reaction out of me in high tension situations and cutting words from silly people never affects me. Lies are what effect me. But even still if I am lied to my reaction is not to hit someone. I will deal with their lies in the internet or in legal pleadings if it is a lawsuit. Or I may just do nothing more than make a note about the worthlessness of the person who lied.

When I have court they tell me when breakfast is served. Breakfast is served about 4:30 am and do around 5 am I am taken with all the other inmates to a central check place.

There are usually about 200 plus inmates going to court on any given day. Sometimes after you are taken from your cell you are taken to a gym which is always cold because the vents are open to the outside. There we have to strip, shake out our clothes on command and then puts the items on. It is sort of useless because if someone wanted to bring a make shift knife into court they could. They don't check us that clearly.

You can make a shive out of a toothbrush with a razor blade you take out of a disposable razor. In here it is like the free world. If someone is determined to do a thing, they can usually find a way to do it.

On the 28th the judge decided to assign me a standby Federal Public Offender because I have never had a case other than bankruptcy in the Federal courts. I had two holds at that time. One, for the civil bench warrant in Judge Karen Brown's court and the other the criminal resisting arrest complaints. Up until that day I had been told that I was charged with a misdemeanor but at that hearing the prosecutor Bert Isaacs told the magistrate that it was a felony with a range of punishment of 0-20 years. I was a bit taken aback but I did not believe it. The judge talked down to the prosecutor and humiliated him. I did not know what was going on about the 0-20 years did not seem real.

[Note: It is about 11 pm and we have been locked in our cells for about 30 minutes. Two deputies are let into the cell block and they began a cell by cell shake down. They just locked around my cell, looked under the mattress and left. It was not like a regular shake down where they open all storage containers and dump those out on the floor and the bed. They checked all the cells within 10 minutes and they were gone. I hid my pen in my sock. I have used about 40% of it since Monday. I want to use it up before they find it. The pen not only writes a lot more but I can write faster with it because I do not have to press down hard to make it write. One of the inmates told me I could take the ink from the authorized pens and refill the tube in this free world pen. I don't think I want to bother with that. I will try to get another free world pen and in the meantime go back to using the authorized pens and not this contraband pen. I can hear things in the next cell block slamming the cell doors short after they inspect like they did in here. Every time one of these events take place I wonder what sort of things Gandhi and the Apostle Paul had to endure while they were in jail. Baha u llah was in jail for 45 years in Iran.]

After count I was taken back to the holding cell and then to see my lawyer Margaret Ling. In court the judge made the deputies take off the hand cuffs and the leg chain. No other judge has done that for me. Margaret and her investigators were very

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excited. They said that Bert Isaacs had agreed to a misdemeanor if I agreed to plead out. A misdemeanor topped the sentence at one year if I agreed. And they left to accept the offer, the deal was that I would plead guilty and I would be given a PR band next time I come to court. Then a PS (pre-sentence investigation) would take place and I would have a sentencing hearing in about two or three months. The Federal sentencing guidelines for a plead out dictated that I get 0-6 months probation since I have no criminal record.

I would get a year in jail with 54 days off for good time if I went to trial and lost. Going to trial was not an option. I had practiced criminal law for a time in the 1980's and all those who went to trial were foolish. The system is stacked against you. Your best route is to lead guilty and hey the lesser sentence. An inmate in here who was a probation officer said he believed the 25-33% of all people who pled guilty were in fact innocent.

My court date was reset to January 10th for the plead out and the PR band. On the 10th Bert Isaacs was not present and the prosecutor who was would not take the plea because it was not his case. I waived my right to a preliminary hearing in which I could have argued why the charges should be dropped. Since I had the bankruptcy hold the PR band would not get me out of jail so I waived the band hearing as well. The plead out was reset for January 23rd.

When I arrived in court I was told that I had been indicted for a felony resisting arrest. But Bert Isaacs had done this and again he was not in court. My attorney, now Richard Ely, told me that the Supreme Court of the US had ruled over and over that a plea agreement was like a contract and they would not be able to break it. But in mind they had already broken it because I now had a felony indictment on my record. Now my record is marked and when a cop stops me for a minor traffic offense he will see my record and the indictment for resisting arrest and may pull his gun on me or search my car. In a word the felony indictment puts my life in jeopardy any time I get stopped.

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Since Bert Isaacs was not in court the judge reset the case again. The next time I went to court I had to plead to the felony indictment before the case would be assigned to a judge by the magistrate. I reluctantly did so after questioning my lawyer in detail.

I was assigned to a US Federal District Judge Lynn Hughes who had presided over a lawsuit I filed against Telemundo TV when I ran for Governor of Texas in 2002 in the Democratic primary. I did not like or trust Judge Lynn Hughes and he did not like me because I know that he knew that I knew he had screwed me. Judge Hughes is an old white super conservative judge and I am a flaming liberal wild man in his opinion. The good news is that he hated me but Issacs more than he hated me. But Issacs had lied to judge Hughes in the past and the judge panned him from ever appearing in his court again. So it would seem that the misdemeanor plea was going to hold. But the length of the sentence was not in question. You can't make a Federal Judge who is appointed for life do anything he does not want to do.

Tomorrow my son John is supposed to meet with the prosecutor and my attorney and finalize the misdemeanor plea. If everything goes alright I should be able to finalize that matter next week. Bit is has taken two months to get to this point.

February 28, 2008 After Count

Breakfast was delivered on time this morning. Every time I wake up I wonder if I have missed it. As a result I decided last night to start locking my door shut. Normally I close it but don't lock it all the way shut. If I lock the door shut they have to unlock it so I can go downstairs to get my breakfast. So if I wake up and my door is still locked than I know that I have not missed breakfast. Sometime the trustees come around and put the food in the clot. When they do this they do not unlock the doors. That is fine because I will have my breakfast.

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Ms. Williams was not supposed to work today. She is usually off in Thursday and Friday. At about 6 am when they get us up I heard a voice on the speaker. I can't understand a word that comes over the speaker because I have a hearing problem in my left ear and the words come out of the speaker in a range that is hard for me to understand. I did hear Ms. Williams say my name. As it turns out she thought that because my door was still closed and not locked in the open position that I was laying in bed. I was not. I always get up is I am not already up and make my bed and clean up with the door shut because it keeps the room warm. A few degrees make a lot of difference. And last night was cold because the temperature dropped to the low forties outside in the free world.

The rule book says that an inmate must not keep any left over food. You are supposed to eat everything at each meal. So Ms. Williams tells everyone to get rid of their food. For me that was two oranges that are necessary to keep from getting colds in here, an apple and two containers of cereal. I usually eat one at 10 pm. I went ahead and ate them this morning to keep from throwing them away. Since Ms. Williams had already singled me out and I could not afford to push things and take the chance on keeping the food.

As I exited my room she began to tell me something else over the speaker that I could not understand. So I asked her to speak through my cell speaker. She refused and told the inmates in the room next to me to repeat what she said. What she had said was that I needed to get rid of the peanut butter jar that I had cleaned and was using to hold my candy and cough drops. They want you to buy a tumbler and use that for storage. Just more nonsense.

I took my free world pen and put it in my container of skin lotion. I did not want it found. I also gave 10 of my convict pens to another inmate to hold. I have 50 of those pens and I was concerned that they would see I had too many. I have the commissary sheet to show I have bought 80 but I am sure that would not matter. "I am in jail."

The cell block is very quiet. We are supposed to be waiting on a sergeant to come and inspect our cells. He will do a mini shake down. I guess this is why they come in and did a courtesy shake down last night. In the meantime everyone is in their cells sleeping. I guess some are asleep because they had to eat up their food or throw it out. They over ate and not they are asleep.

My biggest concern is for this book. I have it hidden in my legal papers and no they should not mess with it but who knows. I have hand written over 240 pages now and there is only the original. It would be depressing to have to start over again. I have the tablets I am using under the letters and enveloped from my Federal Public Defender. So they should not look at it. All my legal papers are in the plastic bags they serve breakfast in. We can't have paper clips or rubber bands etc. and the bags are the best was to organize those papers. I have a stack about 17' high. All legal pleadings except three of these tablets which I am writing this book.

I have worked hard in my life to be able to work for myself and avoid anyone having control of my life. But now I am in a place where I have no choice. I have to stay completely under the radar. I keep in line because as it stands now I have been here 10 weeks and I should have been free in two weeks at the most. It looks like I could be here several more weeks. My business is almost completely shut down. My personal things are in a house subject to vandalism. I am a burden on my son who is trying to get all these judges to proceed with my various cases. That is why this book is important. I hop it gets published. I am accomplishing something I have wanted to do for 21 years. This book and its potential is what keeps my attitude positive in this dungeon and around these guards and their harassment. You can never forget they are like snakes. No matter how friendly they are some of them are capable of turning and biting you for no reason. The best thing is to stay away from them and not to talk to them unless you have to. All we can do now is to hope this bid inspection in

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over sooner than later. In the short run I find peace in the fact that Ms. Williams should be off for a few days and there will be no inspection on the weekend.

February 28, 2008 After Supper

I called John from the cell block phone. You must set up an account with one of the phone company affiliates in order to be able to receive collect calls from the county jail. My son John set up an account and I speak with him every night. Were it not for him I would be almost completely isolated from the outside world and at the mercy of business associates, the courts, my attorney, my parents.

When I was first arrived here I was calling my mother every night as I have been since her companion died in December 2005. After a few weeks she decided that she did not want to pay the \$3.60 per call so she did not put any money in an account that would allow me to call her. The bankruptcy that is causing so much grief is her problem. I have written four letters to her since she quit taking calls. She has not responded to any of them by writing me. My son John is working with her after he and I discuss her problems.

When I called John to see how things went with the4 prosecution and my court appointed Federal Public Defender attorney Richard Ely, he said things went OK and that he had talked to the head prosecutor who he also said was a very good friend of my attorney. He said that they realized that John was an almost perfect witness. He served 6 years in the Marines, is working in this PHD, and in the seven years at the Houston Police Department he has risen to the rank of sergeants as soon as he was eligible, was on the elite SWAT tem and is currently a personal liaison to one of the Deputy Chiefs. He has an almost perfect record and over a dozen commendations.

The prosecutor also has my first Public Defender attorney and her investigators who along with my son agreed to let me plead out to a misdemeanor. The law is clear that the prosecutors

must honor that commitment. But the nature of prosecutors is to not be reasonable. You real stories all the time how convicted people are later cleared by the DNA evidence and yet the prosecutor want to keep them in jail. It is just a flaw of these people to be more concerned about this conviction rate then justice. But justice is hard to some by in the courts. And hardly ever seen in Harris County, Texas home of daddy George Bush and Dubya Bush, our current war managing president.

John assured me that there would be a resolution to the matter nest week. I hope so. It is very hard for me not to go on the attach when a legal issue that is so black and white is deemed gray by another attorney, especially a prosecutor.

In the gospels, Jesus advises people not to go to court. He says is you go to court no matter how good your case is you may be the one who goes to jail. So he advises to settle your case is at all possible. This is really a profound remark. It is something that someone outside the court system would not understand. I refused to believe how corrupt the judicial system is until I was disbarred after a long history of fighting the State __ of Texas. (All justice systems are corrupt, as in all.)

Before I lost my law license, which I am still fighting, I told my lawyer and judges that if I was disbarred, my license was not worth the value I put on it. The laws of legislation is generally sound but it is implemented by judges is often skewed. And it is skewed due to monetary and power influences. I do not think Jesus would have made such a statement had he not been closely and first hand associated with the justice system of his day. I have always suspected that Jesus had more education than the gospels reveal. Human marks of that history is gone because after Jerome organized the official Christian Bible for the sake of Christianity and control on the members of the Catholic Church, the Christian soldiers began a book burning campaign that included the library in Alexandria, Egypt where one million ancient manuscripts were kept. They burned in the name of Jesus. The Dead Sea Scrolls have given us a glimpse

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of some of what was burned. I am sure in time more information will come to light. I am sure the Catholic Church has the truth in its archives. The truth about Jesus.

In the end, Jesus was crucified by the corrupt lawyer of the Jewish bureaucracy with the help of Pilate. And the law persuaded Paul and the other apostles virtually everywhere they went. The fear of new ideas by society is as old as history. I have no fear. And neither did Jesus, Paul, Gandhi, MLK Jr., Nelson Mandela and many others throughout history. But to take on global social change is to put ones life at risk. This is undeniable. I have had death threats. The CIA and FBI have watched me. I have been careful to not start an organization to encourage followers or disciples or use any words in my emails or writings that could be considered as terrorist. Advocating peace and WorldPeace is not for pacifists. The truth is often paradoxical.

Because I have this book to distract me, I can disengage my frustration and anger as to what is personally happening to me in the three courts I am engaged in. My son John, has the ability to work with the system and he will go far because of his talents in the area. In the meantime, his father is by most observers a crazy anarchist that must be watched. I have always been paranoid with regards to all bureaucracies. When I was a child between 6 and 10 I often had dreams of cops chasing me. But they never caught me. In real life, in November 13th, I carelessly was not paying attention and now I have a criminal record. Due to my son, I will probably exit these matters unscathed and with little jail time. But I have no doubt there are many who would like to see me with a life sentence. It is not going to happen. I now have a very vivid reminder of being careless with the law. I have looked over the edge of the judicial abyss and what I saw was very dark indeed.

As I have said, I chose to go to the root causes and issues as to why there is no peace on earth. As part of that road less traveled my time in jail was on the mandatory experience list for this lifetime.

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Most people do not try to keep an eye on the global impact on their lives. That is why they are only loosely connected with God. They are confused in their little closed end reality. They do understand that one day they will die. This life will end and they will have to account for what they have done. I know why I am in jail and it has just a little to do with being prosecuted for a minor infraction of the law and for defying a malicious bankruptcy judge. It has to do with being able to speak from experience. People read what the trial and tribulations of the Apostle Paul but they cant really imagine what he experienced on his path to spread the gospel of Jesus to the world. I often say, I am playing chess while me opponents are playing checkers. Mainly I understand and relate every simple act in my life to God's will and purpose for me this lifetime. I never, as in never moment to moment discount from that global infinite immortal soul that I am.

It is about 5:30 am. I have been up since they delivered breakfast bags at about 4:15 am. It is quiet in the zoo. Then monkeys are asleep. The TV is not blaring. The silence is sacred. The writing of this book is my prayers. It is my meditation. It is my time with God and I am sharing it with the world.

February 29, 2008

On or about January 8th, I was taken to the bankruptcy court to answer questions by Judge Brown. I wanted to fight repeatedly to her questions because I thought it was all just harassment. I had legally stopped the trustee from selling the Heights property. The trustee had filed a motion to dismiss the bankruptcy. My mother had filed 8 motions to dismiss with no results. The day after the judge signed an order for the marshals to kick in my door, the trustee filed a motion to dismiss, it made no sense.

I am being held day to day illegally for no reason. I followed the directions of my son and answered all the judges' questions. At that time much of her misconception about the

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case was dispelled. I answered every question. I was only a witness. At the end of the questioning the judge should have dismissed the case. There were no creditors with an interest. Both my mother and the trustee wanted it dismissed. It should have ended that day. Instead the judge said we have a trial on the 29th and it has already been rescheduled. She kept the hold on me so that even if I got out on the other two cases, her order would keep me in jail.

Her bench warrant was illegal because it was based on my failure to appear in court per an order she had issued but had never been served to me. To hold someone in contempt you have to have personal services. But she is a Federal judge appointed for life. She does what she wants.

My son John began to talk to the trustee and his assistant about settling the case. They came to an agreement of \$9,200.00. My mother paid the money on or about the 14th and the trustee held the money in his law firm's account. I hated the fact that money was paid because I felt it was just blackmail money. I had stopped the sale and saved my mother \$30,000 because the trustee was selling the property for \$420,000 when we had it sold for \$450,000 except for the title problems. I also saved the \$17,000 in fees the trustee would have received for illegally selling the property. So we were ahead by \$38,000.

The trustee claimed the \$9,200 in expenses which per their detailed billing was 95% getting me and 5% cleaning the title on the property. One of the main reasons I did not want to go to court was because I know the trustee would turn it into a dog and pony show about John WorldPeace and no emphasis would be put on cleaning the title which is why the bankruptcy was filed in the first place.

The trustee told my son that the judge would not sign the order of dismissal until the 29th. I told my son that he should not believe the trustee. The trustee proceeded to get my son on the chain of the title documents to show who owned the note.

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As a result if the settlement I did not subpoena the real estate agent who was originally our agent and who had gotten a contract on the house for \$450,000 in four days after listing it. I also did not subpoena Litton Loan Servicing to bring the title document to court. I had been trying for 16 months to find out who owned the note. My mother even hired an attorney for that specific purpose. He was unsuccessful as well. In addition, the trustee sued the attorney to harass my mother by putting pressure on his attorney.

On January 29th I was taken to court. The judge came in and acted like she was going to proceed to trial and proceed on the trustees' 6 month old note to hold me in contempt.

I told the judge that we had a settlement and there was a motion to dismiss and what were are going to trial for. The judge acted surprised that the trustee had already been paid. Something went wrong because my mother who had been ordered to appear in court on the 29th had apparently though the trustee told my mother she did not have to come to court.

So in the say of court my witnesses, my mother, the real estate agent and the loan service had not been subpoenaed and there was no one to rebutt any lies the trustee would tell. The judge knowing there was a settlement went to trial anyway. At the trial the trustee was on the stand and I questioned him. The judge eventually stopped me from asking any more questions.

The trustee told several lies on the stand under oath. The main one was that he had not told the real estate agent to accept to offer for \$420,000. That was a lie because prior to that point I was working with the trustee and the agent to sell the house. After that I did all I could to stop the sale.

I did not get as aggressive as I wanted because we had a deal and I wanted the judge to sign an order ending this matter. I would file documents in the state district court to find out who owned the title to the note.

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At the end of the proceeding the judge said that she would write an order but she refused to read it to me in court personally and so she refused to release the hold on me. This is illegal. But again since I had the other matters holding me, I said nothing.

It has now been a month and there is still no order. My Public Defender in the resisting arrest case asked the judge three weeks ago if she would sign an order and she said yes but has refused to do so.

The problem is that my mother is not obligated to pay two more notes of \$2500 each which will reduce the note balance by only \$500. So she has lost \$4500 due to the judge's refusal to sign an order. The judge is deliberately harming my 81 year old mother.

Many people will find this unbelievable but it is true. The justice system is corrupt and full of petty judges like Judge Brown.

Yesterday my attorney told my son that he would again try to get an order from Judge Brown.

In addition, the trustee's assistant promised my son, at the time he delivered the \$9200 to her, that she would send the title documents from Litton Loan Servicing as part of the agreement. She has not done so because she says they will not send them to her.

I have said from the beginning that the assigned loan company sold the note twice. Or there is some legal problem they have. There is no reason that these documents should not be readily available. As I said, when the bankruptcy is over, I will deal with this matter in the state district court. I thought the best court to solve the issue would be the bankruptcy court but I was wrong. We should have gone to the state district court in the beginning. In the end I will be vindicated.

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February 29, 2008 After night court and lights out

When we go to bed the main fluorescent light in our cells go out and the incandescent light comes on. There is still enough light to see but it is just a 60 watt bulb.

I always sleep in my clothes. It is too cold not too. I have a three inch mattress with a plastic cover. The sheets are all torn and are flat sheets that don't stay on the mattress. We only get one. I fold it and use it as an additional cover for my chest. I also wear two pairs of socks and a cap I sewed from two socks. The bed is about 30" wide and the blanket we got in twice that width. I lay on my back, with the sheet on my chest and the blanket folded in half for more warmth. I move very little at night and I am sure I look like a corpse. I have a towel over my small pillow and another towel I fold and lay over my exposed head to block out the light above me.

The weather is supposed to turn cols on Monday so I will be chilled for several days no matter what. Exercising keeps me warm for about an hour as does a shower. When I first came here it was colder and everyone would wear their blanket all day. Then the stopped that and insisted the beds were made. They also don't allow you to cover your head with a towel. That is hard for us with little hair. We are not trying to make a statement with a towel on our head, we are just trying to stay warm. Hey "I am in jail." That is what the deputy said.

March 3, 2008 Night court

Last night I tried to exercise to soon after supper and I had a workout partner that increased the pace of the work out. The results is that I got sick at my stomach which always feels a lot like a heart attack about to start. I quit exercising and began to walk slowly instead. I felt better.

This morning commissary came after lunch. I only ordered pens and paper and some granola bars and I treated myself to

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some ice cream. I think the ice cream really helped my attitude. IT was sort of a gift to myself.

Last night I was able to finalize the organization of my notes regarding the things I need to put into this book and this morning I wrote the twenty page introduction. All I have to do now is to follow my outline and write the book. I feel like I will be finished by the middle of next week. Being able to see the final organization felt like a major burden had been lifted from me.

I have been trying to write this book for twenty years but I could never see how to put it together, all that is resolved now.

In addition, I just feel like I have crossed some threshold. Something has changed in my reality. Something is going on in the inner planes (the spirit world) that is going to have a positive impact on my life. Good things are coming, I can feel it.

More and more I see this jail as a tomb. I think of Jesus laying in his tomb for three days. I feel the cold sterile walls. I feel that my stay in this tomb in much longer than three days but I feel that I will rise from the death of my old self. I'm excited to begin the rest of my life. All the past will be left in this place. But I feel this nook will always mark my metamorphosis.

I can hear the breakfasts being delivered down the long concrete hallways. And now the lights have come on and the doors have propped open like cascading dominos.

I received my breakfast which today is an egg, an apple and cheese crackers and milk. I will eat my granola bar and save of the cheese crackers for later in the day. They are a bit too nasty for this early in the morning.

I was the first one out of my cell and I see a few guys who always seem to be awake. The one guy John Harrison, whose grandfather was the mayor of Pasadena, is always up and he is

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the one who usually retrieves the tray of breakfast between the door to the outside hallway. A couple of time I retrieve it.

After I get my breakfast I climb the stairs as the zombies in orange come down the stairs. It really increases the Halloween effect in this tank of green steal and orange county jail clothing.

One or two guys hang around to see is someone has not gathered their breakfast of if there may be an extra one. If you don't get up, then you are not going to eat. I missed breakfast once. I stayed up to late writing and I was not locking my door then so I was not awakened by the unlocking. I really like that sound of 12 cells down stairs unlocking in rapid succession and then the ones upstairs. Funny how the simplest things make me smile.

We had eggs yesterday and I was given seven. Most guys can't stand the smell of boiled eggs so they give them away. And if you don't buy salt they don't taste to good is at all. I take out the yokes that have all the cholesterol in them and put the halves in a tumbler. Then I supplement my lunch and supper with them. Like last night we had popcorn shrimp which is more an appetizer not a meal. I needed the extra calories. I gave Bill two eggs that I did not break apart to supplement his supper. You have to eat the eggs the same day or throw them out. The bacteria grow very fast in eggs and more than a few inmates have gotten sick eating eggs the next day. The eggs come without the shell.

I am getting a bit chilled and I have been up for several hours. The cold wakes me up. When I wake up after a hour or two hours of sleep I cant go back to sleep so I just get up and work. When I was a kid I would just lay in bed. It never occurred to me to just get up and do something until I got tired. I don't understand taking pills to go to sleep. My body will get plenty of sleep when I am dead.

I like the milk but I will not drink it at home. Then I will drink the cholesterol free milk I buy. This is 1% milk but it takes me

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back 50 years when I used to drink whole milk and loved it. For a time it gave me a stomach ache. I drank chocolate milk every morning in the Army. I tried pouring my cool-aid in the milk but it was nasty. I thought I could create a strawberry shake effect. I was wrong.

March 4, 2008 After Lunch

I have begun on most days to take a nap after lunch. It usually lasts an hour. It compensates for me staying up after breakfast between 4 and 4:30 am. I find that it is easy to write in the quiet that pervades the cell block at that time.

Many of these inmates have prejudice against each other and then have a hierarchy of those they don't like. They don't like some inmates because he was a parole officer, but they dislike someone else more who was a child molester. Most of these inmates are harmless in here because they don't want to go back to the general population. But have no doubt some have a violent history that could manifest under the right circumstances.

I have no idea who is talking about me or why. But since I have heard conversations about almost everyone in this cell block I have to assume they are talking about me too. I am beginning to feel that I should have been locking down my door every night. I have heard enough about prison now to know that you want to lock yourself in when you go to prison. I tend to look for the good in people and forget that some people are not to be trusted, ever.

March 5, 2008 After lights out

Several days ago I got sick while exercising. It was a strange sickness. My heart was jumping a bit and I thought it was due to not waiting long enough after I ate to work out. But tonight John told me that my father had fallen Sunday morning and damaged his pelvis and cracked his femur. I think what I was feeling was his pain.

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I have always been very physically close to my father yet on a logical level he has always found me hard to understand. He and I live different realities in life but are very much in tune spiritually. These have been many times over the years, especially the last 10 years since he turned seventy when I would feel sick or bad and yet did not believe it was me. I learned to call him when I felt like this and when I did I would usually find that he had been sick or in distress. One time when I lived on Woodhorn I fell to my knees in the kitchen. I could not get up. I had to crawl between two counter tops and put my hands on them in order to get on my feet. The next day I found he had fallen.

Now when I feel strangely sick I go down the list of all of those close to me and mentally try to find out who is in trouble or in distress. I then make calls to check on everyone. Sometimes I do not find out who it was. But I know it was someone pulling my energy.

When I was fourteen years old I built a lot of model airplanes. These were flying models. Most of them were control line models that flew attached to two sixty foot wires that entered the left wing and controlled the tail elevator.

One year I made a small Biplane. I painted it red. It was a free flight planning meaning you started the engine and let it go. It would circle clockwise as it rose and when the engine ran out of gas in about two minutes it would begin to circle counter clockwise as it descended.

I finished the plan in winter and I insisted on flying it then. It was too windy. Those planes best flow when there was no wind. I finally convinced my father to take me to bellman stadium to fly the plane.

I know it was way too windy to fly the model but I was going to do it anyways. I fueled up the plane and started the

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engine. I should have held on to it for a minute or so to shorten the flight time but I didn't. The plane took off but was circling and climbing at about a 10 degree incline do to the wind. It was obvious that it was going into the woods across the street.

We watched the plane as it peaked and began to descend into the half wooded field. We then got into the car and went to look for it. My father was upset about the loss. I was not. I would make another one. We could not find the airplane even though it was red and should have been easy to spot. It was Sunday night. I had not put my name on the plane so who ever found it would not know who to return it to.

After school the next day my father picked me up from school. He did not normally do this. He was in front of the school and told me to get in. He would not tell me what was going on but as we drove I thought it had something to do with that little airplane. After about ten minutes he told me that he had had a dream the night before about the airplane and that he was going to re-enact the dream. It started with picking me up from school. As we drive along he was verbally relating his dream. He would say we needed to turn here and stop there. I found nothing unusual in all of this even though we had never done anything like this before.

He drove to a feeder street by the woods and then spotted a traffic sign he recognized from the dream and pulled up over the curb and into the grass and stopped the car. He told me to get out. He kept relating the dream and we moved towards the woods. I guess we went about fifty yards when he spotted a group of trees. It was obvious from the way he was talking that the dream was not an exact match because he had to look for the trees.

He told me to go to the right of this little group of trees and he went left. He then said that the plane should be right there as he pointed to the center of the trees. We both looked and there was the plane. It was in the middle of the thirty plus

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small pine trees in a patch of sunlight about ten feet in diameter.

I could tell he was amazed at the accuracy of the dream and relieved to find the airplane. I found the whole event interesting but not surprising. It was the first real psychic event I had been exposed to. Over the years there would be many more.

March 7, 2008 After Breakfast

I went to bed at lights out last night which is about 10:30. I am up and wide awake and bored and some of the noise that I have learned to identify echoing off the cement hallways. It is about 3:45 – 4 am. They are laying out the breakfast trays in the hall. I have not heard the outside door open yet. I just heard it.

The doors opened and I was the second one down to get breakfast. Harrison is always first. I think he sleeps less than I do. After the outside door opens and then closes, which is harder to hear, the inside door opens which is unmistakable. Then the cell doors cascade open. I am lately waiting at the door to my cell when it opens. This morning we have milk, a always, cereal, an orange and cheese cake energy bar (one of the best). The oranges are noticeably smaller (25%). These must be a bad crop and I will bet the prices in the stores are high.

There are several inmates who do not eat breakfast and have designated others to get their breakfast. But then someone else is taking on extra breakfast on his own. Fortunately, one of the designated guys gave up his second breakfast to the one who got up too late. (The guard did not turn on the main cell light before he popped the doors. That is probably why this guy didn't get up in time.) You have about six minutes from the time the cell doors open to get you breakfast. Few go hungry because almost everyone has a commissary back up in their

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cells (food they bought). But we are like rats and it is frustrating to not get what is yours.

My father is supposed to have surgery their morning. He is 81 and fell and broke his femur and pulled the top of his bone out of his hip joint last Sunday morning. He has been in the UA hospital since then sedated because of the pain. The surgery is high risk because of his age and his heart but I don't think they have any choice but to go in and fix it. He was in the hospital about a month ago for stomach problems.

I have these holds on me on these different matter all of the holds are due to corrupt judges and the justice systems reality. I am still being held going in six weeks by my bankruptcy judge. She was supposed to sign an order dismissing the bankruptcy on January 29th after trial and releasing her hold on me. She should have released me on January 9th when I was brought into her court based in her bench warrant after being arrested on December 22nd. I am just a witness in the matter. She is illegally holding me day to day until she writes her final order in the case. She says she wants to read it to me personally. In addition to illegally holding me, she has cost my mother \$5000 because she has had to make two note payments on her property that she would not have had to make.

Karen Brown is like a lot of these federal judges. They get appointed for life and then they burn out on the job. They want the status of being a federal judge and they don't want to have to go out and work for a living so they stay on the bench. Not to mention the pay and benefits. They also like the political connections. She is well liked because she brings donuts and cakes. But she does this while due to her procrastination, apathy, laziness and boredom she harms those before her court with her unnecessary delays.

I am also being held on a resisting arrest charge related to Judge Brown bench warrant. The Deputy Marshall who tried to arrest me on November 13, 2007, and was unsuccessful

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because I was behind my fence, he wrote in his affidavit that I knocked him down and kicked him. That is a blatant lie.

I am 59 with a heart condition. And I am not going to risk twenty years in prison to avoid two hours on a court room as a witness.

On January 4th, 2008 I was brought before the Federal Magistrate and assigned a public defender. After court she came back to my cell and said I was being offered a misdemeanor plea is I took it immediately. That would cap my sentence at a max of one year in jail. But due to the federal guidelines I would get 0-6 months probation. I have never been arrested and no history of fighting anyone. The potential max sentence was twenty years for a felony which is what I was confronted with in court that morning. I accepted the deal. I was to return on January 16, and plead guilty to the misdemeanor resisting arrest and hand out on of my personal recognizance.

When I returned on the 16th that prosecutor was on vacation and the prosecutor who was their would not stand for him. I waived my right to a preliminary hearing. The case was reset for the 29th.

Something after the 16th I was indicted for a felony resisting arrest. This was against the plea bargain. It also put the indictment on my record even if I plea to the misdemeanor or the case is dismissed the felony indictment is on my record and any officers with a modern computer will see that I resist being arrested and the situation will increase the tension. It is the way the law is. Just accusations and the feeling of suits are looked as truth on matter what the distortion. In a word I have been harmed by a lying prosecutor.

On the 29th of January the prosecutor was again on vacation and the case was reset to the 5th of February to have the prosecutor who made the deal present. The prosecutor at that time denied he made the deal.

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In the Federal system, when a prosecutor makes a deal as he did in this case, they are held to it under contract law, especially when I agreed to the plea to my defendant. I waived my rights to a preliminary hearing.

Last week my son, who is a police officer, and the public defender and his investigator who cut the original deal, along with my attorney and the lead of the public defender office not with one of the chief prosecutors. At that time it was undeniable that Bert Isaacs had made the plea agreement for a misdemeanor. A decision was supposed to have been made yesterday to go forward with the misdemeanor plea.

Further this prosecutor lied to the judge whose court that I have been assigned and have been banned from appearing in that court. So he is a proven liar but he is a federal prosecutor and firing him is impossible.

So I am being held on the resisting arrest matter for almost two months after I was supposed to plea out and be released.

Also, regarding the BR matter, I did not appear in Judge Brown court because she and the trustee, who also lied in court. Were going to sell my mother's property illegally for \$30,000 below market and the trustee was to get \$17,000 in fees for his efforts. I ended up in jail but my mother settled for \$9,200 which means we were \$38,000 ahead. Also, every time I appear in court, it turns into a dog and pony show about John WorldPeace. The \$9,200 was to pressure me. This issue in the bankruptcy is who owes the note on my mother's property. It appears that the original lender twice sold the note. This issue is still unresolved.

My anger over these two matters is justified. It has been enhanced now that I cannot visit my father.

The third matter I am being held on is a contempt of court having to do with my disbarment. That order and the underlying judgment will be set aside as soon as I file my

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federal writ of Habeas Corpus. But that matter will not be considered if I am in jail anyway on the other two matters: So I am caught in a cross fire. This is just the way the system works.

The point is that I should have been out of jail the first week in January on all these matters. Two months later I am still in jail as my father has surgery from which he may not recover.

As always I acknowledge God's plea. Were I now in jail, this nook may not have been written. Yet I am human and I am angry at the corruption. The justice system is also a focus of my WorldPeace advocacy because it is so corrupt and unjust and is an impediment to increasing the secular aspects of peace in the world human society.

March 6, 2009 After Morning Count

I want back to bed after writing and putting up my laundry. I usually choose to wash my socks and underwear in the shower which is more comfortable than using my sink which hurts my back. I usually get into the shower with my socks and under shorts and t shirts and my arm warmers which are socks with the bottoms cut out. I then use the bar soap they give you in here and rub it on the items and then remove them and hand wash them on at a time. When I finish, I bathe myself. I shave my head and beard when we have good razors. When we don't I shave at the end of the shower so my beard has a good soak and is soft. Otherwise the razors are painful.

For the first time, this morning the deputy came to each cell asking for a name. After he finished the doors were unlocked.

I have not seen Ms. Williams for several days. I told someone I thought she had been moved but someone said she was probably off because her children, if she has any, were on spring break and she was home with them. We will see if she returns tomorrow, Saturday, or Monday. If not she is out of our life. It may be that it is her time to rotate. All I know is that it is more peaceful in here, much less tension.

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March 8, 2008 After Supper

Seventy-seven days ago I orchestrated my arrest. I could have turned myself in with my son John's help but that is not what I decided to do. I had been under self imposed house arrest for twenty-five months. I had a lot of things that had to be done before I could enter jail, seventy-seven days ago, the time was right to enter the belly of the whale.

I look back and I know that all that happened in the last two years had to happen in order to finish out the 3rd score of years in my life. I had more to endure before I could rest in this jail.

The concrete walls in this cell of cinder blocks look much like the stove wall with the arched oak doorway I saw after I was given the magic bullet injection in me IV on December 27, 1997, just five days short of ten years after that night I entered this dungeon. The metaphor is so real.

Was that door ten years ago a vision of this time in jail? Or was that death's door and this a different death. That door is one way, this is just a resting place. I am sure over the years I will find more and more parallels to the two white walls.

Like in Italy in 1972, I have thinned the barrier between the reality and heaven (the spiritual reality). It is like hallucinating but I know this place well and I am aware of what is happening. I have no fear of losing my mind. I know this place and state of being very well. It promotes a sense of peace and well being.

My dad survived his surgery. He was given a spinal instead of being put under. They fixed his leg and hip and I feel he will recover and live into his 90's. Several men here responded to my request for prayers. These are men I know to be touched by God regardless of their crimes.

Kay has gone to my house to pack things for me. John says she will not be able to come back for several months. I know

in my heart that this will be the last act between us. I can feel that she will move into her own life. For her I think the packing is bringing closure. We will talk in the days and years to come but somehow this weekend the bad between is will be severed. It is the final act.

Her leaving also means that I will be getting out soon. I believe as soon as I finish this book or very slightly there after I will be released. Within days actually.

I took some time off last night and today and read a 500 page novel. I can see myself becoming a writer. But I can also see a very large web design business.

I will emerge a new man. I will emerge with my past reconciled and closed. I will emerge with a new mandate, a more formed mandate for the future. My body, through my exercise will be stronger and lighter. My head is shaved. I will be traveling light. I have many years, at least forty, left in this life.

There is a time warp in here, the days are all the same, divided into parts. Breakfast starts the day and a period after it until lunch, a period after lunch to dinner and dinner to lights out. I eat a small snack at lights out so a meal designated the end of each watch (period).

I will emerge with my father and mother and my son John and to a limited degree, Kay.

I expect one or two more women who are designated to travel with me will emerge within days of my exit from this tomb. I expect that women, significant women will come and go, on friendly terms, for the rest of my life. I have had companies, a wife, for thirty-eight of forty-one years. I am not one to live alone. Yet I do not see a third full time wife. As I move through the next four decades, I see woman coming to fill specific needs and leaving when those goals are accomplished. I'm reading the gospels again since being in jail. I noticed passages about

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women following Jesus and taking care of his needs. I had never seen that before.

I can feel my soul resting on a much deeper level each week. My power is growing as my life is being purged of the past and I write in this book. I know absolutely that I came here at this time for the purpose of withdrawing from life. Jesus took forty days and I feel my time here will be eighty or one hundred and twenty days. 2x or 3x forty.

For the first two or three weeks I read the novels in this cell block, contemporary novels by John Grisham, Steve Martini, John Sanderson, Dean Kuntz. They allowed me to settle in. I read about thirteen of fourteen in succession.

The next several weeks were spent preparing my write and dealing with my legal situations.

The last three weeks, since February 11th, I have been working on this book.

I know I will finish on or before March 23, Easter Sunday. That will mark twenty years since my name change. It would be interesting to be released the day week after Easter Sunday.

I don't know what I expected to happen while I was in here. I just know it was time to come here. I have no doubt I will emerge from this tomb cleared and renewed. I know that I will emerge transformed by the light.

March 9, 2008 After Breakfast

Yesterday went by very fast. The main reason was that I read a novel that I have had for about a week. Morked mark William Lasner. I thought I had read everything in the cell block but someone came up with this book when he cleaned his cell. I did not like the writing style of the first chapter but after that

the book moved faster than any I have read in here. I was five hundred pages.

I know that I can write a novel and I can do the first draft in about two weeks. I have the ability to come up with endless plots. Once I have the story line, with a few twists and turns, it is very easy for me to write the text. I have the ability to take any idea and just begin to write. Through all the poems that I have written over the years, and the way I meditate, where things flow sort of like a movie I can easily see the book in my head. The only difference is that I have to keep the story line in my mind so as to direct my mind to focus on the particular scene.

This last book was written in about sixty chapters of about four to six pages each. I have a logical as well as a creative mind in fact I have what someone called a right brain left brain fusion meaning both my logical and creative abilities are equal and highly developed, as well as integrated. I don't know but I think this is unusual. If I create the story line, it will be easy to make a grid and put a few sentences in each cell to make a sort of two dimensional outline, the book will write itself. I am feeling that my writing and poems and art will be the source of a lot of my income in the future. I feel I will do a lot of religious, spiritual writings but I also feel that I will develop the web design business into a very large and profitable company.

When I get out, I will try to read a couple of novels a week in the genre I am writing the novels, just to keep myself tuned in. I also want to write a classic novel like *The Old Man and the sea*, if not several of them. I will have to keep the novels conservative with little emphasis on sex or they will cause confusion with my religious writings.

The religious writing will be easy because all I will really have to do is to take the most popular religious texts and write a responsive book. This may be a new genre. It is what I have done in newsgroups on the internet for ten years. I just respond to something that is published by someone. The only

difference is that the response will be to an entire book and not just a small article. Also, I now see that those years of writing legal pleadings were ground work for writing novels. The legal work required me to take apart each fact scenario with a rebuttal as well as respond to the legal arguments. I think I was too detail oriented in my legal briefs. I know that judges could care less about the finer points of the law. They have an opinion and a bias on many levels and ignore the law.

The better law firms always hire tax graduates from the law schools. The reason is that those straight A students are conformist. They don't color outside the lines. To make an A in a course you have to carefully pick up on what the teacher is relating as well as read the text. The tax students learn the system of learning. So in a law firm they do not get creative. This applies to LPA's and doctors as well.

The majority of judges in this state come from the tax law firms and so the judiciary is always going to be conservative. They don't get creative with the law. They don't see alternate facets of the law. All to that their conservative global nature and you have a decision or ruling that does not always follow the law. Most of these judges are politicians. They have to run for office and so they have to satisfy a constituency. Then to stay in office they have to interpret the law literally or conservatively depending on there supporters. All in all there is little real justice. And for an analytical maverick heretic like me, justice has been hard to some by. Justice is about money and political influence and not too much about the law.

Like many things, I see now that many years as a lawyer were not about justice but about learning to thing and unite. I am too liberal and too intellectual to practice law. I was a lawyer and maybe I will regain my law license before I leave this jail or shortly after. But that career is over. I told several judges and attorneys that if I lost my license for the reason the bar was suing me, then it was not worth the value I placed on it. I am glad for the experience and I am glad to be out of that career. To those who judge me for my illegal disbarment, most

have never been lawyers because of the lack of discipline or intelligence and so I discount their opinions as unqualified. For those people who have the shifts to read the pleading of my case, most are too apathetic to do so.

One day, if I have a lot of extra money to spend, I will set up a scholarship fund and award an annual funding to the best argument for and against my case. I will immortalize those honorable men and women in the judiciary who supported my disbarment. As they say what goes around comes around. Judges don't realize or acknowledge that they are a tiny individual part of a much larger society, that they can be put on trial in the larger social arena. The bet every judge makes is that those he has wronged don't have the money to successfully appeal a corrupt judgment. And 99% of the time that is true. This will tell how I am treated and evaluated in the larger society.

The way that I have to write on this desk is creating a significant pain in my neck. It is getting worse and I am having to take aspirin and ibuprofen to relieve the pain as well as to get up and exercise my neck to reduce the pain. I have been writing in the front and back of the pages of these tablets and I may have to stop that because of the way I have to set the pad on this small desk. I don't want to write on one side of the paper because it will increase the number of tablets and bulk. I am hiding the tablets under legal pleadings hoping that the deputy's don't throw my manuscript away. I am less paranoid about this each day. I could rewrite all of it but it would be a boring endeavor. I am going to make a more detailed outline as back up and mail it to myself.

As is usual in my life, while I am in jail here, an investigation has been launched by the Department of Justice to investigate the abuses of the Harris County Jail. The major complaint is the lack of medical treatment, but the cold food and the editing of the meat are bigger issues with me.

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I do not think we are going to be harassed by Ms. Williams to any large degree now. The feds will be all over this place and the inmates will now feel free to write there complaints. There is also an over crowding problem here.

I have been wanting to buy a commissary bag which will hold all of my things. Yesterday the deputy came in and gave us the bags. They are only ours to use. They are covering their backsides. In the general population there is a significant theft problem. Unlike in this cell block the inmates do not have private cells. So it is hard to manage the commissary they buy.

I have found that all the little things I want and need, like the commissary bag, came to me as a matter of course. I just have to think about needing these things and they appear. I have been through three pairs of the cheap reading glasses here and when Lira left last week he left me his free world reading glasses. In the spirit reality things manifest as they are thought. In this reality things move through molasses. It takes a lot to attach them to you. I have not bought in a traditional manner the last five of six cars I have owned. They just came to me as I needed them. It is important when you pray for something like a car not to get to distracted in how it comes to you. In other words don't limit the way the universe can deliver it. Don't say you have to get a new job to get the extra money to make the payments. Just see the car and the universe, God, will make the delivery. But know that things come faster is you are actively pursuing the car and praying for it daily. You can't just sit and do nothing. That is not how it works. Visualize then take some action. In the car scenario, start looking in the paper each day at the car classifieds. Not to buy as much as a way to keep focused. Jesus said ask and receive. I say ask and focus and act.

It will be interesting to watch the changes around here. I hear the federal prisons have plenty of medical attention but the prisoners are not treated. The food is better and you have more access to the law library and your mail is not held up or thrown away. And you have access to typewriters and all the

writing tools you need. So this jail has a long way to go. The problem is that in this county, there are too many convictions and no desire to promote proper housing and relocating criminals. The coming charges are going to increase the county taxes. There are a lot of things that can be done to improve the situation. I have listed them in my appendix to this book. But the main thing is to legalize marijuana and some other minor, non-violent offense. Drugs should be handled the same way as alcohol. Admit that people are using it and then sell it in the liquor stores. The quality can be controlled and it will go a long way to putting the drug dealers out of business. Also it's like the lottery, liquor tax and ___ tax will generate a lot of tax revenue. The problem is that it will reduce the number of police and the need for jails and this supports staff. In a word, a loss of jobs and therefore a negative impact on the economy. Not to mention the reduction on contributing to politicians. But this is liberal thinking in a conservative state. I am a liberal cowboy who does not and has ever used illegal drugs and who drinks very seldom; for the record.

March 11, 2008 After Breakfast

Yesterday morning we were awakened from our post breakfast sleep by the deputies delivering the commissary. This was about 6 am. This was very unusual. Most of the time it comes about 11 am to 1 pm.

The most interesting thing is that they changed the pens they were selling. The pens that I had been using used black water ink and I could only get seven pages per pen. In the beginning, I could only get four pages. I had about thirty-five pens in my inventory and I had purchased ten more this week plus I had another inmate purchase eight for me. I can only buy ten at a time. So I have to get other inmates to buy pens and I buy their commissary for the same value. After delivery, I trade their commissary for my pens. Not having ink has been a constant concern of mine for months. Even before I began

this book I needed ink to do my legal pleadings and to write my letter.

Another inmate also had a free world pen that had about 2/3 of the ink left in it. He got it from one of the trustees. The trustees go cell block to cell block delivering food, mop buckets and so on. So they are couriers for contraband. You buy things from them with commissary. Many inmates have no one to fund their commissary accounts and so this is one of the ways they get it. They also gamble on chess and other games and sell their art for it. There is no money in here. I paid \$6 for the pen. I will get about sixty pages out of it.

So I expected to increase my pen inventory by eighteen commissary pens and one free world pen that was equal to about one commissary pen. So an increase of my thirty-five pens inventory to sixty with yesterdays addition.

What amazed me about the new pen was that they were made of clear acrylic, flexible like a child's pen, with a golden ink cartage inside. The ink is blue and it is real ink. So I have seventeen new pens that are like 2/3 the size of a regular free world pen. Each pen should write about sixty pages. The free world pen I had two weeks ago wrote 120 pages. So now I have an ink inventory of about 1400 pages I will not have to buy any more pens while I am in here.

From a metaphysical perspective, something I always consider, the pens are golden. That pen when translate into money coming to me from this book, I will be writing from now on with gold pens. Time will tell is the pens are a prediction of the future or not. I feel they are because I have had so many positive visions about this book. In truth, it is my life's work along with my poems and my art. There are the things that will survive me. The question is whether the public will have access or whether they will gather dust in someone's closet. God only knows.

The pens have a rubber shaft so I tool a part a razor for the blade and but a two inch stripe for a page of my writing tablet. I wrapped it tightly around the shaft and then I fastened it with a self-adhesive flag that comes on the bottom of the stamps you buy in here. Now the outer is rigid and the pen is easier to use.

A problem for everyone is that the commissary order forms have to be filled out with black ink and these pens write in blue. So I am the only source of black, non-contraband pens. I could trade these thirty-five pens for twelve of commissary or just trade them for working gold pens. This jailhouse economy based on commissary makes me smile.

Last night they made jail house pizza. They took five bags of ramen noodles and poured them along with hot water into a large trash bag. This allows them to make a sort of round pizza base about 3/8' thick. They cut away the bag and topped with meat, chili and such that came in sealed bags from the commissary. They warm them by placing the bags in a quart size water heater used to make hot water for coffee and hot chocolate. Actually the water is very warm when you take the pot apart and increase the thermostat. Then the water boils. But the catch is that the "good squad" when they do a shake down checks the pot. If the thermostat is inverted they trash the pot. The pizza is topped with the same stuff as a regular pizza. They eat it with the spoon we get with each meal. It is a communal feast with the participants eating the pizza spoonful by spoonful like some jungle tribe eating from a communal pot.

They also make "hooch" in here. I have not seen this yet. They take some big trash bags double them and fill them with about two to four gallons of water. They then take an accumulation of oranges we get every two or three days in our breakfast and put the juice in with the water. I understand they add bread for the yeast. They close the bag leaving an air hole in the top to bleed of the air as it ferments. They ferment it for one or two weeks until the alcohol content rises and then all

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those that want to get drunk. Remember people come in here from all walks of life with all kinds of skills. People who know how to make all kinds of things from what is available. I will get the recipe for the “hooch” before I leave.

The following is a partial rogues galley of inmates that are here now. Mike R.: contempt of court regarding child support. He spent ten years as a prison guard. Bill N.: ten years as a police officer, twelve years as a probation officer accused of trading sex for probation favors. Jason D.: mother is a cop, DWI and a lot of prior running illegal's over the border, theft, etc. Mark F.: ex cop, allegedly shot and killed a neighbor who was having an affair with his wife. Jamie G.: 22, father is a customs cop, for stealing a computer from school with priors related to drugs. Mark G.: ex cop, for carving someone with a knife in the past and from carrying a knife in violation of probation. Henry E.: drugs and child molesting, several priors. Danny G.: 22, drugs, marijuana and selling drugs both is Houston Police. Nick L.: ex constable padding his side job payroll reports, grandfather was a Luffwaffa bomber pilot. Mike L.” parents cops, armed robbery. Eric E.; fourteen year constable, having sex with a sixteen year old. John H.” father cop investigator, grandfather deceased ex mayor of Pasadena, multiple violent offenses, law student, has colon career. Joey R.” schools cop caught masturbating in his car looking at girls. Wooton constable Precinct 7 stole \$80,000 county money by having cops mow his yard, run errands, etc. Troy G.” 36, mother prosecutor, 7th time unauthorized use of tractor trailer due to coke binging. Corey E.: 22, armed robbery, seven years of many many armed robberies but never caught, father is a cop. These are my fellow inmates. Troy is a top chess player who will help me with my game starting tomorrow. He is the most recent “new house” (new guy).

Two other notables are Ronny G.: 52, ex cop alleged apart of the largest Ecstasy bust eight years ago, millions of pills. Jon W.: special forces army, two tours Iraq and other places around the world in the Army, reserves for trying to steal rims from a

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retail store, needed money since no one would hire him since he was in the reserves.

Most of the cops will appear on TV when sentenced and then show up on the cell block five or six hours later. I have cut some of the newspaper articles out of the paper. I am friendly with all these guys. Some I like and will connect with them on the outside. They all have their stories. This tank is a gossip mill. These guys tell their stories and then their fellow inmates call their family members who look up the inmate records and tell the truth to their son or whoever. I think that is justified. The family wants to warn their relative inmate of any potential danger who knows what the truth is. Like on the outside everyone has his or her agenda. John H. might not have cancer but may be a snitch and that is why he supposedly goes to the clinic every night.

Oh I forgot counselor, Mike M. He just pled out to five years on his tenth DWI. It is getting ___ now. All he wants to do is get out and drink and do coke. I am sure he will be disbanded. He was a criminal lawyer.

March 12, 2008 Before Supper

Being in jail is like being in the Army and being in the hospital. In all these situations a person is taken away from his normal environment and isolated. I have been in the Army and in jail and I have worked at MD Anderson, a cancer hospital. In all cases, I see how depressing it is for those who have no mail or phone calls.

It is interesting that between ages six and ten I had a lot of dreams about the police chasing me. They never caught me. When the police tried to pick me up, I thought about that dream.

I thought for a while that they would never catch me because I was never caught in the dreams. I could have continued to avoid arrest because the warrants were civil in nature and they

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could not come into my house to arrest me. I avoided arrest since Nov. 2005 by simply putting myself under house arrest. By the time December 2007 came around I was tired of dealing with watching my every move and it was a good time to go to jail. So I allowed myself to be picked up. I think the dreams meant I could avoid being arrested and I could have. But the warrants hanging over my head just got to oppressive. I thought I was only going to be in jail a few weeks. I was prepared to be gone longer.

I am still in jail because the justice system is set up to keep you in jail as then drag their feet on processing your case. Judge Brown is an evil malicious woman because I should have been released for hold on January 29th. For some reason she despises me. Some of that has to do with the fact that I am too liberal for her. There is also a problem with Federal judges when you show them no respect. I was not openly disrespectful to her; I just ignored her illegal warrants for my arrest. Who knows how long she will keep a hold on me. One of these days she will read her name in this nook or on the Internet and she will see that I have immortalized her corrupt and malicious acts against my mother and myself. She has held me in contempt of her order to appear as a witness in my mother's bankruptcy case. Her bench warrant was illegal because I was never served with notice of the hearing. I hold her in contempt of peace.

One things that keeps going over in my head as I write this book, is that evil is like a tar baby. When you try to strike it you get drawn deeper into it. I have decided that I no longer have time to engage dark souls. I am to old to divert my energy away from my WorldPeace agenda. The courts are all corrupt. Best to do what Jesus says and settle before you go to court or you, even if you are in the right will end up in jail.

I am in jail to write this book, have closure with the past and envision my future. That is the global issue. Judge Brown Hughs and Harris are just instruments of that plan. Life is paradoxical. These judges are all the dark souls who sucked me

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in to the bet before I was born. I know they don't know me. They don't remember that discussion. Life is paradoxical. They thought they were destroying my life but they renewed it. They thought they could do their evil in darkness but I will bring it to light. They tried my locally in their courts. I will try them in the world human society. In the end, God is the one who determines what will be. I am in jail, but it is more like a SPA. More like a retreat. When they find out they will be lived. Lifetime after lifetime they have sought my ruin but never accomplished it. If God is with me, who can succeed in harming me?

As they say in jail all the time. "It is what it is."

March 13, 2008 Before Breakfast

Age of the Universe

A few days ago an article came out in the paper about how scientists have determined more precisely that the age of the physical universe is 13.73 billion years old. Ten years ago this seemed like a long time. But now with the computer age, we have storage drives with 250 gigabytes (250 Billion) capacity. 13.73 billion is no longer a large number and soon terabyte capacities will be common.

It seems that the physical universe is one that expands to a certain limit over taking everything in the path of its spherical projection and then at some point it begins to collapse in on itself like a black hole until it reaches some critical mass and then in a trillionth of a second it explodes outward again.

The void into which universe expands and collapse is infinite. Everything in the physical universe is constantly

changing. From the Infinite Potential all things manifest and back into everything disintegrated.

As the matter in the physical universe continues to expand and collapse the essence of the universe, the non-tangible essence, remains unchanged. It is unaffected by the violent convulsions of the physical universe.

As the universe begins to expand, the energy, beings, essences of the non tangible universe began to use their consciousness on the matter and direct into development in order to accomplish some objection; like creating a place to incarnate and acquire certain experiences.

The biggest problem for most human beings is that their minds cannot grasp the concept of infinity. Regardless of how massive the universe seems to us, the reality is that it is, relatively speaking, nothing when speaking of the void into which it is expanding. In terms of physical space there is no end to the void which curtains our universe and as an infinite member of other universes. The concept of infinite space is essentially beyond the human mind because our human side resides in a physical finite space. We have no tangible examples of infinite anything. As numerous as are the grains of sand on the earth they are non-the-less finite. There are a definite number of them.

Time does not exist with the non-tangible universe; all things exist in the now. Only when there is something physical does time become a factor, because all tangible aspects of the universe have a beginning and an end. The concept of no beginning or end does not register with the human mind because there can be no experience of it.

What I have just discussed is what I know but cannot prove. It is an abstract theory. For science, that which cannot be measured does not exist. Even my logical linear description of the abstract are almost comical. I have used language as best I can to describe what cannot be described.

The Toa te ___ begins by pronouncing that the God that can be defined or described is not the real God. This is true because God is an abstract and you can never adequately describe an abstract using a logical linear language to try to communicate it.

The most esoteric of all religions, Zen Buddhist, attempts to communicate to the student through the use of koans and other teaching tools. The fact that you cannot gain spiritual enlightenment with the mind, it can only be experienced and never communicated. Only a crude concept of it can be achieved.

The Tao says, that those who know, don't speak. That's because what they know cant be communicated in logical linear or even in the abstract rendition of it as art.

So all that I have written on this matter is just in the wind. It is the best that can be done with human to human communication. It is a point of beginning of a discussion of the matter of the indescribable undefinable in deceivable but knowable Infinite Potential.

I have written this book as an opening to a conversation. It is a starting point for those who are interested in tying to awaken their conscious minds to an unconscious abstract reality. What I have written is what I have experienced and seen in my mind eye. I put it forth as an example of how I think. I am not trying to convert any one or convince them of the truth of my visions.

As Jesus said, "Let them who have eyes see." Those, like me, and those who want to expand and experience what I have, can take this book and use it as a marker or starting place from which to seek their own understanding. For those who have lived a frustrating life of no one to talk to about these matters I am the encouragement of a kindred soul. You are not alone. I am just one of many who have gone before. I give you my

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reality, do with it what you want. I am presenting is in hopes that in some way, it will increase the peace in the human society but the reality is that radical thinking promotes chaos and conflict and this is why it is found by conservative minds like from what I can see and what I cannot.

This is what Jesus meant when he said, "I do not come to bring peace but a sword." His truth was so beyond the conventional wisdom of the say that it caused conflict and chaos and cost him his life. And so it as with every radical heretical alleged anarchist who appears in the human society. And those of us who put forth such a thought in truth place this like in danger of the majority of human beings who want to maintain the status quo and end change.

The reality is that our high civilization has not been able to find people. So it is time to examine why. But that examination brings fear. The paradox is that those who advocate peace are subject to the most vicious attacks. Jesus was hated but the Jews but his death did not extinguish he truth. Christians formed around that truth and now that bureaucracy is under attack as the internet begin to expose Christians to other religions through the Internet. Now the whole world human society begins to connect and questions are asked about common denominators of ___ cultures. Change is coming. I was one of the messengers who is speaking about the new world society.

To parrot John the Baptist I am a voice crying aloud in the wilderness, change is coming. In fact, great change has already begun to engulf the entire world human society. And the battle lines are being drawn between those who embrace change and those who fight it, even as I write.

We will not dispose of God, but we will begin to conceive of God in a different way and relate to God in a way that corresponds to our greater awareness.

March 13, 2008 After Lunch

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Willie Simms came by my room just after I had seen a very clear vision of all the things I have written come together in this book. For twenty years I have been working on putting this together. I could never understand the format I needed to use. I had also made the decision not to try to leave here until the first draft was written and all the other things I had in my Internet site over the last twenty years had been integrated. The book should end up to be about 800 pages when finally edited. I had been thinking about writing Kay and asking her to point out the parts of the Internet that I needed. I was feeling peace about the matter for the first time. Like I had finally received what I needed to complete this book which I consider to be the core of my destiny.

Willie has no money and no one paying a lot of attention to him. He has no one filling his commissary. He was here when I first arrived and he slept all the time. He left for about 6 to 8 weeks and returned about a week ago. I had a very short conversation with him. He said he came back here because he had no place to go. I think his brother is a deputy sheriff. So many of these people come from good functional families of which they are the black sheep.

He told me he had a big hole in his sock and he saw mine drying on my commissary bag. He asked if I had a pair he could have. At first I was reluctant. Then I thought how fortunate I am and to dry something that is so insignificant to me, and such a large issue to him. I then felt somewhat ashamed that I had to think about it for over a second. This is where Kay is so much more than me, she just gives, no thinking. She is like water, she gives to good and bad alike. I know she is an angel and over the years I had come to worship her.

March 14, 2008 Before Breakfast

My on talked to my attorney in the Federal resisting arrest matter yesterday. I did not like what I heard and do I sent a letter off to my attorney this morning. The entire legal system

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is corrupt in ay ways. On or about February 16th I went in from of the 5th magistrate in my case. This in itself in nonsense. I should have gone in front of two at the most. The issue is the fact that on or about January 4th the prosecutor offered a plea of misdemeanor resisting arrest. I took it but then he illegally indicated one for a felony and lied about even agreeing to a misdemeanor.

At the February 16th hearing before I was forced as a matter of course to plea not guilty to the felony I asked my attorney if he was ready to file a motion to hold them to the misdemeanor the following day when all motions were due as trial was set for March 18th. He said yes and then I plead guilty.

Instead of filing a motion to hold them to the misdemeanor he filed a motion for continuance without my permission. In the intervening months nothing happened except that 16 days ago my attorney and my son and he chief of police defenders office met with the prosecutors to discuss that in two conversations with my son and one with my first attorney but I agreed to a misdemeanor plea. The prosecutor was supposed to talk with Bert I and a plea set on the docket. The prosecutor has not talked to Bert Isaacs who she saw everyday.

What the prosecutor is trying to do is to stall until time of trail expecting that we will not purpose for trail and then expect the judge to rule against the misdemeanor, which would be an abuse of discretion and go to trial with my attorney unprepared. It is a play that I wrote my attorney and told him no way that was going to happen and to either set the plea for a hearing or start subpoenaing witnesses.

This matter is also holding up my life of a writ of Habeas Corpus to over turn the Sate Bar contempt and possibly ser my license back. Time is running short because I have already served ½ of the six month sentence. If I serve much more the federal court may consider my writ and not be truly filed.

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The part is that the justice system is significantly stacked against a defendant. As much as I know and understand about the process, they have gone a long way to putting me in jeopardy of being convicted of a felony. The appeal courts are a joke. I cant fight the misdemeanor plea there as an abuse of discretion. I have to fight it before trial and if overruled I have to prepare for trial. When I start subpoena witnesses then the matter gets serious and the prosecutor has to work to get his conviction not by default.

I have a good attorney but the reality is that I am in jail not home. This is always the case. Attorneys are not sympathetic to their clients needlessly sitting in jail. This applied to paid for attorneys as well as court appointed attorneys.

When I talked to my son tonight I will tell him to email my attorney and tell him my letter is coming and what is in it. Going to court is always dangerous.

March 14, 2008

Just before lunch we had a minor shake down. Every room was checked but little was taken. This was a small crew of five with a sergeant. I have been expecting it because of the DOJ. They gave us the commissary bags last week and UI knew the next step was to have a shake down. The crew that does that walk in this building has about fifteen people. It takes about two weeks to make the entire building.

With a chance of the DOJ coming through any day, I thought they would have to put on one or two more cows so as to cover the whole building quickly. That is what I think went on today.

Normally they dump things on the floor and the bank. They did not do that today. The deputy just rummaged through my commissary bag. The bags made it harder for them to search and again because of the DOJ they don't toss things around. This is the first time they took nothing of mine. I

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thought I saw the deputy bring something very small out of my room and throw it away. But I have found nothing missing. I always worry about this book but it is hidden among legal papers that they for the most part leave alone. I am feeling more relaxed about the safety of my book.

I did not go to recreation today nor to the law library because I didn't want to leave my cell. I have more concern about the inmates than the deputies now that the DOJ is here. They sis this normal strip search which is always humiliating.

The good news is that the sergeant told one of the inmates that Ms. Williams would not be coming back to the picket. It has been very nice and peaceful without her in here. Most people have gone back to sleeping late and that means the TV is off and the cell block is quiet and I have more time to write in peace.

What seemed to seal her doom was in incident at morning count three days ago. Jamie, who Ms. Williams and the other dragon lady Ms white had focused on several weeks ago due to his big mouth, was in the shower when they came in. Ms. Williams yelled at him because he was supposed to know not to take a shower before count. I had never heard that bit it makes sense if women come to make the count. Some of the guys would provoke a confrontation by exposing themselves.

Jamie got out of the shower but he had not taken his orange shirt with him so Ms. White jumped him about it. Then she grabbed him by the shirt when he tried to go up stairs to get it. Jamie tensed up and as I watched his face I thought he was going to knock her down. Then Ms. Williams and Ms. White got intense and Ms. White was going to handcuff him. About that time Deputy Gonzales quickly came over and took charge of Jamie to get him away from these two women. Both know a bad reputation and both have been here eighteen years.

Jamie was put into a holding cell all day. If the DOJ was not here, I think he would have been beaten up by the

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deputies. He got lucky. I was mad because he was acting stupid and could have cause trouble for everyone. As it turned out the sergeant today said Ms. Williams would not be back. Life is so tricky. So often something that looks bad turns out good and vice versa. I feel I will have a peaceful stay here on out. Today is twelve weeks. Next Friday I will hit the halfway mark if I end up serving the whole term, which I doubt. I have passed the 100-day mark yesterday. I have 96 days to go in the worst-case scenario.

March 14, 2008 After Supper

Kay sent me two letters yesterday that she wrote at work. She did a lot of working last weekend packing all my things in preparation for the sale of my mother's house, where I was living. When the house sells, the last tangible of part of my old life will be gone. One of the reasons Kay and I moved to Colorado was to get a completely fresh start. I have absolutely no doubt but that the hand of God s in my life. Everything from my past is being cleared.

Kay's letters show that she is gaining self esteem and confidence and faith that is so important to her. As long as she was with me she would not help but subordinate her life to mine. It is not what I wanted or she wanted but she was having problems breaking out of her subordinate role. Sandra was much the same. She had low self-esteem but after being with me and being faced to go to work in the bookkeeping business resulted in her eventually getting her CPA. She had to take the test several times. I have to give her credit for not quitting. She was obviously not the same person I married.

Kay's letters were like a breath of fresh air to me. They were loving and open. I miss her a lot but I loved her enough to let him go. Nothing has been as painful to me as her leaving. I am very happy that it seems that our friendship will survive our divorce. Just the knowing that someone outside this dungeon really cares about me is a great boost to my morale.

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I have lived an intense life on the edge with not much happiness. That is going to change. I will have a more balanced life when I get out of here. I will make myself socialize in the enigmas. To date mostly all of my socializing has been my interacting with my clients.

If it were not for Kay, I would not understand the true meaning of love.

The criminal justice system (my bar lawsuit was civil not criminal) can force an accused to plead guilty to a crime he or she did not commit by keeping a person in jail for weeks or months by manipulating the amount of the bonds and putting off court dates. Most people cannot keep their jobs if they are off two weeks. Not to mention the fact that they have to tell their employer that they have been indicted for a crime.

One of the inmates in here was a parole officer for ten years and a probation officer for twelve. He estimates that 15% of all people who plead guilty to an indictment are not guilty. I think the number is high.

When I am called to court I am part of a chair of about 200 plus inmates that go to court from jail everyday. Typically there will be over two Asians (even though there is a large Asian community here) 5% white and a varying mix of blacks and Hispanics make up the rest. When you get to the courtroom you see those percentages change dramatically as the whites who have the money to bond out appear in court in their street clothes as opposed to orange jump suits.

In Texas there is no public defender. The judge of each court appoints an attorney to represent the indigent criminal after a hearing to determine _____. The judge appoints one attorney who he knows will dispose of the case. The judge will never appoint an attorney who is going to cause trouble and actually put forth a real effort to defend his client. Is the appointed

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attorney does that, he will get no more appointments. The net effect is that the judge, the appointed attorney and the prosecutors work together each day to disperse justice. I don't know of any prosecutors who in interested in justice. All they are interested in Harris County, Texas are the conviction stats. This is one of the most conservative law and order counties in the state of Texas where George Bush was governor had the distinction of being the capital punishment center of the world.

Now the Department of Justice is investigating this jail because of civil rights violations due to over crowding and lack of medical attention as well as too many deaths. The voters rejected expanding the jail system while at the same time electing judges who will get criminals off the street. A show down is coming in the next few years over this conflict.

Believe me, you never want to be accused of a crime in this county. It has taken me sixty years to realize that I need to hey away from the borderline fascism that exists in this county and move to someplace where people are more liberal in their thinking. I may have to move out of the USA to find what I am looking for. America is the nest hope for a democratic free world society but there are many problems. There is much hypocrisy and many like George Bush are dedicated to eroding as much of our constitutional rights of freedom as possible. In a police state is a county ruled by criminals.

When there is an apology from the President of the United States supported by both houses of the US Congress for the abuses of slavery and the genocide against Native Americans then, and only then, will I believe that America has regained her commitment to freedom and justice for all.

March 16, 2008 After Breakfast

There are so many misconceptions about what jail that people have because of their lack of experience. I cannot in jail with a bunch of psychopathic criminals. Some times are those kinds

that are locked up as they should be. But the vast majority of people in this tank should not be here. I would say that long periods of probation would be an adequate and fair sentence. Their punishment does not fit their crime.

The night before last, I was doing my exercises which consists of walking around the bottom level then up the steps to the second level and at every lap doing a set of pushups. Every night about six guys put in a spread, which is part of a communal meal, where everyone prepares their Ramen Noodles to which are added various meats, cheeses and sauces. This takes place at about 9:30 pm at night and is way too much food for me to eat at that time.

After the meals are prepared these six men seated themselves at one of the three stainless steal picnic tables, bowed their heads and said a rather long prayer of thanks. It was not for show. These people have no need to impress each other but the point is that regardless of what they have done the still acknowledge God in their lives. No guards saw them. They got no points or write-ups. They do this because they acknowledge God. They know what they have done in society. They know they are not perfect. They know that they have been a disappointment to their friends, family and to their God.

It is too bad that on earth all that people can be brought into court for is their crimes against society. We cannot judge the soul that resides and controls the body. I know evil people. I know people who will for thousands of lifetimes continue their dark ways and those people belong in a jail more than these men sitting at the table praying without the necessity of a minister to encourage them.

Prison, jail is not like it is portrayed in the movies. Have no doubt that it is a dangerous place. Have no doubt there is a controlled level of ever present anger and frustration. But even in a den of criminals there are rules of social behavior that applies and maintains order.

There are men here that have my respect and trust. There are men here who I consider more moral and ethical than people I have dealt with in my life. Many of these men come from good families of educated successful people who are upright and law abiding citizens. But something in them ___ and they become the black sheep of their families and criminals in the larger society.

In some cases, their families have abandoned them. In other cases their siblings and family supports them, prays for them, and caters to their needs hoping they will turn their lives around.

Several of these guys are repeat offenders. They are in their thirties and early forties and they seem to have awakened to the tremendous waste of a decade so of their life in jail. One fellow told me that every time he has been in jail he knew he would be back, except for this time. He says this time he will not be back. His problem is cocaine. His life gets to going well then he snorts a little cocaine which leads to a bunch of dope and sex until he is arrested for some belligerent act. If he comes in again he will get a life sentence as a habitual criminal. That would be twenty-five years to life.

Last night, these men all of which were police officers, were having a discussion in my room. None had prior offenses and ten to twenty years as a policeman. All have support systems outside this place. Wives and children's whose lives have been disrupted. None of them belong in here. They have all lost their jobs. They have all been disgraced as criminals. But they should not be in here. They should be out on probation.

One fellow was in here when I arrived then left for TDC. He said it took a month for him to get settled into care of Texas' prisons. The problem is overcrowding. The Texas jails are full and the transfer system is full and in Harris County the jails are full. According to him TDC is now turning buses around and sending them back to the local jails. So Texas' justice system

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has filled all space available. Harris County rents six hundred cells in Louisiana to handle the over flow. This is ridiculous.

There are several fellows in here who have been convicted of non-violent crimes and due to the over crowding will serve about seven and a half months of a five years sentence. What a joke.

Eric M. said that in prison he got up at 3 am, had breakfast, followed by a few hours of sleep, then two hours of recreation, then lunch at about 1:30, then another two hours of recreation followed by supper at about 4:30 and another two hours of recreation, then freedom in the day room, a communal meal at about 9:30 and then back down at 10:30. This is seven days a week. He came back here in better physical shape then he left. He was assigned to work in the agriculture unit but apparently they had nothing to do at this time so he never went to the fields.

He is a cop in general population and had no problem being harassed or attacked. From what I can tell there is a small percentage is young angry aggressive males who essentially fight among themselves. The majority of inmates live and let live. Like in any other society, you follow the rules or you get punished. And punishment is going to be physically violent and comes quickly after the transgression.

I am convinced there is a netter way to handle criminals.

And there is a problem to be solved with judges who daily sit in their positions of power committing criminal unlawful acts as they disperse justice? Like Karen Brown who has an illegal federal hold on me for two months now and who is costing my mother \$2500 month because she cannot sell or rent her house in the Heights. Karen Brown need to me impounded and put into jail. But she is white, educated and politically conservative so she wont be doing any jail time. In the meantime she is free to daily committing malicious crimes. Daily she does so with me and I am just one person in her power.

I know where are some good judges out there and I don't want the job. But when you spend your life looking for the common denominator as of peace as I have and when you are actively engaged in life, then you witness dark souls like Karen Brown and you understand why there is no peace. The courts are the arbitrators and dispensers of justice and when there is no justice, you have chaos confusion and even anarchy. Without social justice there can be no real peace beyond what exists now. So a new method of appointing, electing and monitoring judges will go a very long way toward increasing the peace in the world human society.

I just wrote six pages in my 8.5 x 11 tablet and almost used up one of the pens I have been using since I have been here. They cost \$.80. The pens I got this week are much different. The one I am using now has written almost one hundred pages and will write another fifty or so more. The price is the same, what a joke. I have spent about \$150 on pens since I have been in here. If I had one of those new pens from the beginning I would have spent about \$6.

My nature is to always ask why things are happening to me. Why do they change pens after twelve weeks of my being here and being angry at the lack of good cheap pens everyday I write? Why is it that after ten weeks of being here all of a sudden there is a Department of Justice investigation in to the mismanagement of this jail? Why for the first time was there a riot in the Federal Detention Center where I was supposed to be taken but was not because I went to the hospital?

Do I think these things are part of God's ever present murates and blessing in my life? Yes I do. Why do I get drafted in 1970 when almost everyone in my position was being shipped to fight and kill in Vietnam but I went to Italy? Why have I almost died four or five times in this life but was always saved? There is a God. There are angels and there are other beings of light always with me and this is true for every human being.

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I believe it takes dozens of spiritual beings to protect each and every human being. The problem is that most people just don't pay attention. Most people deny this reality and even work against these light workers who are their constant companions. This is a core reason why there is not a greater level of peace on earth, the denial of God.

The overwhelming majority of human beings are not awakened to their infinite immortal spirits. They become confused in this reality. They begin to think this finite existence is THE REALITY as a result. Most live in hell on earth, awakened only after death. It does not matter what people believe. What they believe does not change the reality that truthfully God is ever present in every life. Justice and issue corrupt orders and ministers and other holy men can cloud Gods light with their bureaucratic darkness but at the core of every human being is a spiritual light hat is precious to God.

How foolish people are? How ignorant of how things can be if they just acknowledge God in their lived and embrace the light. If I am a minority of one, the truth is still the truth.

If you have the faith the size of a mustard seed you can move mountains. Imagine a world human society where each individual spoke directly and purposefully to God free of the many physical and social barriers that blind human beings to their infinite immortal nature. Imagine what kind of world this would be.

When the views of faith and love and light infects a critical mass of human beings, then all of society will wake up at once to a New Heaven and New Earth. A new realization of what has always been there, always available. Within our faith resides our potential for peace. As it is written and prayed so let is be done.

March 16, 2008

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One of the problems that I have had to deal with in my sabbatical in jail is my anger. I am not a violent person but I am an angry man. My anger always has to do with lies and liars who cause trouble. I simply cannot abide a liar.

The problem that I had in the law business was taking everything personal. Every case became my case. As a result I spent too much time working cases that were not going to pay me what I should have been making per hour. To most people, especially those who have money and who can afford the best lawyers, lying is just part of the game of life that for them is about nothing more than money and power. It is a totally predatory attitude that taking advantage of someone for personal gain is OK. The world human society is about materialism and for most people you can never be too rich.

I was never able to understand this mindset. My reality was from ago eight that all you take from this life is your experiences. So accumulating an untold amount of money never impressed me. I wanted to be wise more than I wanted to be rich. I wanted to enjoy my life as opposed to doing something just to make more money.

I also realized that people buy things no matter how expensive and then within six months they are bored with them. I am not talking about assets which generate money, I am talking about expensive cars and boats and places and secondary residences. I never understood the part of all that materialistic baggage. But I don't look down on people who accumulate for the sake of accumulating. I just think it is sad that they do not realize or remember that when they die they will lose it all. Nothing tangible accompanies you after death. After death your heirs live high for a time and squander all the money the deceased accumulated and hoarded. I guess such people believe that somehow the rules of life will change when they die so they will be the first to take it with them.

In the long run they are just a box of rotting flesh and live in some unknown and forgotten bone yard on the planet. When a

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deceased only legacy to his heirs is money, his legacy is essentially nothing. People who don't know how to accumulate wealth usually don't know how to manage wealth. It is like giving a box of fine pearls to a hag.

In the family courts, I see lawyers who make \$500 an hour create misery for the children of the divorced parents. American justice is about money not wealth. In the family courts you have a typical adversarial proceeding but it has a significant emotional charge.

People who once loved each other now hate each other. In some cases there is no amount of pain that is sufficient to impose in the ex spouse. Children are nothing more than collateral damage. Lies and skewed and false evidence is common place.

In this society there are businesses that have a long history of praying upon the public like car dealers. When people go to buy a car they only ask two questions, how much down and how much a month. As a result some car dealer cant help but take advantage. To be simplistic is you could by intelligent shopping and reading the proposed contract by a car for \$350 a month but you said that you could pay \$450 a month, I assure you the cay dealer would play with the numbers to get you the high price of \$425. And you are happy because you are under your budget with such a deal. There are twenty ways to rip off an unwary buyer.

There are very lucrative car dealerships who use those tactics for the benefit of the owner. If such a business owner thought he would have to pay a significant price for every person he deliberately took advantage of, maybe he would have been a little more interested in honesty and a little less interested in the joy he received from screwing a customer.

When someone challenges these car dealers then again the corporate lawyer comes along with their usual witnesses to lie about the transaction. What is unfortunate is that a person

could get ripped off for \$2000 and the defense attorney could make \$10,000 on the case. The defense attorney has no incentive to settling the case. His incentive is to do whatever it takes to win to discourage other buyers from suing. This problem could be easily solved by passing a law capping defense fee. In other words, if the buyer made an offer to settle for \$2000 and the seller rejected that offer, the attorney fees would be capped at \$2000. In a situation like that, the playing field is level and the case would settle in pre trial mediation.

I have spent to many years of my life suing car dealers, attorneys, in my mothers church and others and accomplishing nothing. In other words winning or losing those cases did not change the system of justice. To business owners lawsuits are just a matter of course.

In the case of car dealers, as just one example of predatory human practices, as an organization they have enough power to influence the politicians not to work harder for the buyer to get a fair deal or just a trial. The problem is that the dealers are organized and have a very deep combined product. The buyers are unorganized and don't have a large pool of money. So the buyers are not really adequately represented in the state government.

This same situation exists with regards to peace organizations. Before Iraq, and even now, George Bush had a awesome monstrous organizations of the military industrial complex and the oil industry supporting and funding his and the Republican party. Peace groups were individual and disorganized with no designated speaker and no common fund to confront the President. So the peace organizations turned out huge crowds of people to protest but at the end of these quiet rally's everyone just looked at each other as if to say "What now?" and then went home. The devastation to Iraq and the skyrocketing price of oil and the economic problems due to war managing has harmed all Americans. George Bush

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laughed with his buddies at the little peaceniks bringing their little demons.

There were no weapons of mass destruction. There was no Al Quada / Saddam link. It was all a lie fashioned on the public by George Bush. This is the kind of thing that makes me angry. Angry at George Bushy and angry at the peace organizations and their ineffective ability to take a mo..ted opportunity and confront lies, injustice, and war. Every peace organization is elitist and exclusionary. So they stay ineffective as just a long list of ineffective organizations.

I have found that evil is like a tar baby. If you hit it, it gets all over you, and if you try to remove your hand you get even more on you until you are covered in black goo. There is little light within those who choose darkness either deliberately or out of confusion in the manifestation of this reality. I have fought all the battles I intend to fight in this life.

I took on these battles because I wanted to understand the core issues that created them in hoped of funding a solution. I found out why politics do not work when I ran for governor. I found out why the justice system does not work as I practiced law. I found out why church bureaucracies don't work as I have studied religion and sued the Prespeterian church for theft.

By not working I mean the politics, the justice system and religion cannot bring a significant amount of peace to the world human society. In fact, in all these cases the tendency is to create more chaos and confusion. I now understand the problem. Now the rest of my life will be devoted to finding a solution.

For the rest of my life I will focus on doing as much good as I can. I will not engage evil head on. I will attempt to cut away its foundation the only way it can be done and that is to educate people as to the problem and then teach them to

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connect with their higher spiritual purpose and begin to create a more just and sane human society.

I know that we can increase the peace in the world human society as well as within the family. Most people think I am silly to think this way. They do not matter. Those who matter are the true believers who are as determined as I am to make a difference to make a peaceful change by peaceful means in the world human society.

One of the things that I hear very often from fundamental Christians is that it is a waste of time to try to change the world. They say that only when Jesus returns will there be peace. This is an excuse for apathy. It is a negative defeatist excuse to do nothing and I totally reject such a ridiculous philosophy. Jesus will come when he comes but in the meantime John WorldPeace is going to try and make a difference and increase the peace in the world.

I doubt if Jesus will fault me for trying. I doubt he will call me stupid or tell me I wasted my time. And if I die before Jesus returns then I don't expect I will be judged badly for having a determination to confront apathy with a life dedicated to the advocacy of peace and WorldPeace.

I will leave my anger in this jail. I will exit with an agenda to bring some level of increased peace to the world society by doing as much good as I can with the hopes that evil and darkness will be to some degree overcome with light. Not with direct confrontation.

March 18, 2008 After Breakfast

Ms. Williams returned yesterday but she was very docile. The word is that she got a week suspension.

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There are more new deputies and white shirts (non deputies) in the precinct. They are not fully trained because they don't know how to open the cell doors and turn on and off the lights. And they don't know to put everyone to bed at 10:30 pm.

This morning the breakfast was delivered between the inside and outside doors but everyone stood in line until the guard figured out he had to open the inside door so we could get the tray of food.

Also, after everyone went back to bed one of the guards came door to door asking about mail. This is what they have to do in the cellblock next door where they are locked down 234 hours a day. Here we just attach the mail to the inside door, all this is due to the Department of Justice investigation. They are under staffed and so they are rushing to fill the empty positions. The problem is that not having experienced people in here could be dangerous.

I talk to John every night and last night he said my father had a heart attack. He is still at the hospital recovering from surgery, I guess he had a minor heart attack and they gave him something to relieve it. They think he is amazing in his ability to recover. I think it has to do with a determination to live and prayers. Both my grandfathers beat cancer. My mother's father was a medical miracle ongoing. He held onto life.

I pray I get out of here before my father decides to leave. I know now when he dies it will be quiet. It will be his heart that stops. And just like his father he will be totally lucid.

It is sad that the acts of my youngest son with regards to our business drove a wedge between my father and I. This is ___ to his ___. Life in this reality is hard even under the best of circumstances.

March 18, 2008

I went down to play chess after lunch and found the guard picked up the chess set last night because Jamie and Henry E. were playing after everyone was told to go to bed. So again, Jamie has done something that has effected the ten guys who play chess all the time. This is the kind of thing that gets someone hurt in here and actually faster in the Army. The problem, in jail is the possible retaliation from the guards. That is not a problem in the Army. In the Army it is expected that the platoon will take care of screw ups.

Key sent me a nice letter which is happening more and more frequently. She enclosed a small 2 x 3 inch decal with a unicorn and two stars on it. Then a new female guard kept it as contraband. It was a small thing but just another reminder that I am in jail. I cannot afford to make an issue out of it. It was the thought that counted.

Eric S. just came to my room. He was a constable who allegedly used his position to have sex with a 16 year old girl. The first trial ended in a hung jury. The prosecution experienced another judge who as gatekeepers disallowed some of the evidence favorable to Eric. He was convicted on two issues and the sentences were run consecutively meaning he has to serve one before he can serve the second one. This is hardly ever done. In addition in that scenario he will not be eligible until he serves half his time, which is 7 ½ years.

Now he says they are going after his wife for allegedly prepping and coaching his mother as to her testimony at trial. They have offered her deferred probation for six years, a \$1000 fine and 350 hours of community service. Is she successfully does the deferral there will be no record. Is she makes any mistakes on ___ they will revoke it and she will probably do two years and have a felony on her record. Of the two years she may get out with three months of jail time and parole. If Eric's sentences had run concurrently (at the time) he would have been out in about 11 months. The reason for the small amount of time served is that the jails are overcrowded. I told him to tell his

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wife to take the deferred adjudication. She wants to fight and I reminded him of what happened to him.

Further, Eric had been offered five years probation prior to the second trial. He believed he would get another hung jury and refused the offer. It was a big mistake. If his wife goes to jail, their three and five years old will be without both parents for a time and both parents will have felony convictions.

I just learned last week from Eric that he had served the county a year before he was indicted over some civil matter. He was a constable for fourteen years with a clean record. Chances are they were out to get him for the lawsuit and just waited for a complaint to come up where they could make an example out of him.

Every day, people are forced to make these kinds of decisions. Going to trial is a major gamble. My advice to Eric was to tell his wife to plead out. She wants to fight. If she loses, he will lose his appeal because his appeal is based on her testimony. In my opinion he is gambling for more than he can afford to lose.

March 19, 2008 After Breakfast

We are in mid March and there should not be more than one more very cold day before summer. It has not been as cold in the cellblock as it was when I arrived. The outside weather definitely has an effect on the temperature in here.

Three guys left the cell block yesterday; Danny G., a friend, Juan Garcia, 22, a whiner and mocker, excuse maker, and a fellow who I did not trust.

As an ex lawyer or someone with legal knowledge, all the new houses (guys who are classified to this cellblock) came to me after three or four days if not earlier. Counselor, the other attorney who was in here is now in the hospital on infirmary in this building was a criminal lawyer, but all he does is sleep

now. They kept him doped up in here. He is addicted to pills and alcohol. They say he had ten DWI's. Now he can hardly stand, urinates on the floor and falls out of bed. It is sad what drugs and alcohol abuse can do to a human being, so I am the tank counselor now.

We got the chess game back last evening. For some reason that relaxed me. Chess is a good break for me through out the day. I never play more than three games in a row because I lose interest and play like I am stupid. Troy G. has taught me a lot in just an hour or so of lessons. He is a chess master.

In three days, I will be here 90 days, half of my state bar sentence. The three months went extremely fast. Doing the last three will be easy if I in fact have to do them.

I was looking at my legal documents in the Federal resisting arrest and found that the deadline for mother in the court's order was March 17th. I don't have any reason to believe Richard Eli filed a motion to enforce the misdemeanor. I was mad about this because when we get an agreement or enable another continuance, I will have to deal with it at trial if the judge allows it. I don't want to have to plead guilty to a felony. I will still not have to do anymore jail time because I have no history but a felony means no voting and no gun possession. It also makes it look like I did some harm to the arresting officer. I don't want this on my record but if I go to trial I could get 8 years jail time.

Normally, I would have stayed up all night writing a memoir and a letter to my attorney. However, I instead began to work on this book. That gave me some time to think about what I was going to do. A lawsuit is like a chess match. You have to think ahead. You have to anticipate the judge, the opposing attorney, the witnesses, your attorney....

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I will write a letter to my attorney today that is going to put him on edge. I am going to put him in front of a bar grievance. And a black mark in the Federal Public Defender's affair. It will make him get aggressive and hopefully resolve this matter next week. I have given him all the time he needs. Now it is time to pressure this matter.

I am also going to file a writ of habeas corpus motion on the bankruptcy judge Karen Brown. She has also had plenty of time to do the right thing. She is costing my mother \$2500 a month and is keeping me on edge with her illegal hold on me. I just have to tone down my anger at her corruption. No matter what happens her bold acts will be immortalized in this book.

Court and the justice system are very treacherous especially if like me you have enemies. I agree with Jesus that no matter how sure you are of your case, you need to settle out of court..

March 20, 2008 After Breakfast

Yesterday, Troy G., the chess master, went home. Troy is 37 and spent a lot of time in jail due to his coke habit. His father is a retired pro. Football player and his mother is a prosecutor for Harris County. He finished his time in Brazos County, 14 months ago then plead out his Harris County problem for time served and was on hold for 3 warrants out of Georgia. He wanted extradition but Georgia said they were not coming to pick him up. So he is free now but every time he gets stopped by the cops in the US he will go to jail due to the Georgia hold.

I like Troy a lot because he is a nice guy. We got along. He reminded me of my sons and it was nice to talk to him. For that reason I was sad to see him go. And he taught me more about chess than I had learned in 52 years in just a few days. He taught me global game concepts. Most things I can learn by reading a book but I have not been able to get in sync with any chess book.

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Henry E. took charge of Counselor commissary bag when he went to the infirmary. I ran out of peanut butter so I asked Henry if Counselor had an unopened jar that I would like to have it and I would replace it Monday when we get commissary. He said he would check on it tomorrow. Crazy. It is in a bag under his bed and I can guarantee he knows everything that is in that bag, The delay is about Henry trying to figure an angle as to how he can get something for himself out of the deal. That is how things work in here. Nothing is free. I gave John H. 2 envelopes and two stamps a few days ago and I had people ask why I was so foolish. That I should have gotten something in return.

I have a little vertigo which I get periodically. It came on me when I was exercising last night. I take over the counter bonnine for it. So now I have to fill out an IGO form so I can go to the clinic and get some. Normally that takes about a week. Maybe with the fed investigation it will be sooner. I hate to deal with the hassle. But I don't like to deal with the dizziness either.

The new pens that I was using the new ones with the blue ink just ran out of ink. I have been using it for 9 days. Normally I use the old ones for about 30 minutes. The old ones wrote about 7 pages more. This new type wrote over 150 pages.

I have learned to hang as many of my socks and underwear as I can in the food slots in the door. It is about 18" wide and the AC circulates the air between the cell and the outside through that hole. So it acts, like a drier. The problem is that sometimes the guards give you static about it. When I came here almost everyone had plastic over the hole. It was held in place by toothpaste. The reason was to slow down the air circulation and increase the heat in the cell. Lately the cell block is about 5 degrees warmer than when I got here. No one walks around with a blanket with them now. When I came here about everyone had their blanket draped over them.

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Last night I realized that my attorney missed the filing deadline for my misdemeanor motion in the resisting arrest. This would have the effect of making me go to trial in the felony if the judge wants to be a jerk. Which he is. So I asked Jake to call the attorney and demand an immediate visit. He has to file the motion immediately and a motion for a continuance. The prosecutors were supposed to make a decision on what they were going to do 3 weeks ago. They are playing games with my future. I don't mind it if I have to stay here another 90 days so that I never have to come back. But I don't want a felony on my record and the judge giving me 2 years jail time instead of the probation that the federal guidelines require. The whole legal system is very dangerous. And this is America I can't imagine how it is with other countries.

The way I have it figured now is that I need to resolve the misdemeanor matter then the bankruptcy matter then my state Bar matter. I have to go this in order if I don't want to get screwed by the system. The truth is that I should not be doing any time at all. As of today I have been here 88 days. Most people would have lost their job and had chaos in their families. That is why they plead guilty to things they did not do. It all makes me sick. Prosecutors could care less about the law and to a lesser degree that goes for the judges too.

I talked to John today and he said my attorney said that the prosecutor was on vacation during Spring Break for his kids and that he would talk to him Monday. He said the deadline was not a problem. I told John that there had to be a meeting next week to finalize the resisting arrest matter.

I did feel somewhat relieved. I have decided that we must finalize this matter first, then attack Judge Brown on the bankruptcy matter. Then lastly my right to overturn my state Bar contempt order and maybe get my house back.

Right now this book has all my attention. I feel strongly that it will sell because of its varied content. This is a jail house story line. True love stories. Religious commentary. Legal revelations

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a guy named WorldPeace and 20 years experience as that, a governor's race. And it is non fiction. This book is my life. As I write it I can see that roller coaster ride. It is a tragedy, but in the end I am sure there is redemption. I think that people will read it as a novel but keep dealing with the fact that it is true. Just an ordinary man, advocating peace. But what a ride. So it is about a fearless guy with unbounded faith. My intuition says it will sell. It is about a road less traveled.

For me, this book is a revelation with closure. And that is the loss of my Kay.

March 21, 2008 after breakfast

Today is the halfway mark in my state Bar contempt sentence of 180 days. I thought today was Thursday but in fact it is Friday. Good Friday. This is the day 20 years ago when I made the commitment to God to do something about increasing the peace in the human society. I saw in my veins that this path would be hard and that no one wanted the job. In my vision I saw the WorldPeace word on the ground and no one would pick it up. They were walking by it and around it. It was like on the ground in a crowd of people not like on a sidewalk. I chose to pick it up after understanding what it represented. I did not care what pain it involved. I was determined to live what Dr. Warren called a purpose driven life but not the one so strictly defined and Christianity limited as his definition. Everyone has a purpose or destiny in this life. Happy are those who connect with that purpose and make it a template by which they live this whole life.

In the days following my commitment, I made a wand like the one I saw. Over the years I have added things to it like a beaded belt that looks like the vision. I later had of the great void and its belt of souvenirs within.

My life is divided into three distinct twenty year sections. The first twenty were about growing up into adult hood. The second was more or less conventional life with Sandra. The

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third which I can finalize now was the WorldPeace fund. I believe the coming forty years will be about traveling the world creating WorldPeace beacons. The next twenty living more active than the second twenty. After that one hundred years, then a time of peace which could last another fifty years. God only knows. I know I will not leave until my work is done and as long as God wakes me up each morning I will continue to further the course of WorldPeace.

My reason in may be flawed but if it is, it was not intentional. I am following my God given divine guidance. That is all I can do because that is all I have ever done. Happy Birthday to me.

Yesterday when I was in the phone talking to John they installed a complaint box. The interesting thing is that it is between the inside and outside door and so you have to be allowed entrance to put any thing in the box.

Some of the guys who have been here before say that these boxes were taken down at some time in the past. I asked why not put them inside the cell block and the answer was that they would tear them down.

March 21, 2008 After Supper

Heaven-Nirvana

The vast majority is the major religions on earth believe in an after life. There is a common belief in a soul and after death the human body releases the soul (spirit). Christians believe that that soul is then judged and based on that judgment of how it preferred on earth either goes to heaven or hell. The eastern religions tend to believe that is the soul has not deemed detachment from the earth then it will reincarnate and try again. The ___ goal is to merge with God.

I believe heaven and hell are one and the same and are nothing more than a mirror image of what we see in the human society on earth. The world human population is extremely dynamic. Each human being is unique and human beings group in different characteristics and beliefs. Heaven and hell must just be a larger more dynamic version. The Bible clearly says there was a war in heaven between the angels. Is that is so, then there are differences of opinions there as well as on earth. Also, Satan and his followers lost the war and were cast down to the earth. We don't know what that really means but we do know that some angels are stronger and more powerful than others because one group won and the other lost the war.

The fact that there are different opinions in Heaven and there are different kinds of power means that heaven is just like earth. We are a more tangible life form than spiritual beings. But the same problems that exist on earth, also exist in heaven.

I have never been satisfied with the simplistic definitions, explanations and descriptions of heaven and hell. For me the cause of all chaos is the churning nature of the universe. Things come into existence and then they disintegrate. The nature of the universe is one of creation and destruction. This constant manifesting and disintegrating means constant change. A perfect peace would be a told static state of being. In other words a state where nothing changes, a state where something's begun, unlike growing (manifesting) and dying (disintegrating).

Probably the most peaceful thing we can relate to is a rock. Yet it appears to us to be inanimate and without life. That is true. It changes very slowly but it is at peace because of that lack of change. So the perfect peace that Christians discuss is one of the spirit being frozen. Any change no matter how small over any period of time no matter how long it creates chaos and a lack of peace, being frozen in Heaven makes no sense.

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What does make sense is that in this reality there is a non tangible and tangible aspect and both are interrelated with each other. The spiritual side whose essence is much more ghost like in its thinner density is longer lived, probably infinite and this spiritual essence being incarnates into the tangible, heavy, human form.

In the human form, these beings attempt to create a more tangible heaven on the domed earth. The greater diversity of earth highlights pleasure and pain. Emotions are more real and significant.

There are also many limitations to the more dense earth which to me is like existing in molasses when everything moves slower. In a word, things cannot be thought into existence. Things have to be slowly created. Atoms have to be slowly assembled to create the greater density. Flesh and blood is extremely dense and extremely complicated and dynamic. But this compact density reverberates like a gong. The music that is this reality holds the notes like steel as opposed to air.

In death, the spiritual consciousness moves into its natural state until it descends to reincarnate or pursue some other endeavor such as helping others who are still on earth. Through the human body the spirit can clearly see matter and experience a primal life with greater intensity. Prior to death the spirit walks out of the body, disengages from the senses and waits for the silver cord and that connects the body and soul to be severed as the body dies.

The Buddhists assume that all humans begin to suffer in this reality and desire not to reincarnate. The truth is that even the pain of salvation and suffering in a million ways presents an opportunity for the soul to grow, learn, experience and joy in the heightened experience.

The infinite immortal spirit is infinitely curious and seeks to experience endless reality externally and forever. The realm of

the Infinite Potential is forever. Yet there is no beginning or end, only the perception of such in their tangible reality. In truth all exist in the now, past, present and future are one. Everything has always existed.

Through the projection of thought the Infinite Potential, reality manifests and spirits shape the development of physical worlds for the prepare of experiencing a different vibration of existence.

The models and metaphors presented by contemporary religions are too simplistic to even begin to describe heaven and earth. But the metaphors are simple in order to allow the majority of human beings to have some concept of how this reality is ordered and constructed.

Jesus and Buddha referenced to discuss these truths and abstracts because they were relevant to life in this reality. They taught an ignorant populace. Few could experience what Buddha and Jesus experienced and knew. Jesus and Buddha were great souls who incarnated here to help enlighten the human population and further evolve religion and spiritual understanding on this planet in the human population.

Through the Internet, the human population is being organized so that like souls can physically find and communicate with each other. As these like souls of a greater enlightenment connect they are going to create a critical mass of physically liked human beings and the world human society will be uplifted. We are all connected spiritually but that connection is weak. When those of the same spiritual clay begin to connect physically it will significantly bolster each human in the connection. Though the spirit information is dissipated to the world human population. Now that spiritual enlightenment will be consciously communicated from human to human.

Heaven is always interacting with human beings. That is how society moves forward. The spirits incarnate and become active participants in advocating the human spirit. That being

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said, it must always be remembered that there are good and bad, light and dark souls and so there is a constant battle taking place in heaven. Hell on earth. The Infinite Potential is a mental force and can be used for any purpose. If positive prayer works, so do negative prayer. This is only as important to remain consistently vigilant so as not to be drawn into the dark side of the fence (the way of God, or whichever term you prefer).

March 22, 2008 After Breakfast

I am now on the downside of my six month sentence for contempt. I have eighty-seven days too go if I have to serve the entire sentence.

This morning my feeling is that I will not need to serve more than a month. I can feel this book coming to a close. I have received my outline of what is left to be released and it is not that much. I had hoped to finish by tomorrow Easter Sunday but that is not going to happen. But I believe it will be finished by next Sunday of not April 1, 2008. I made the commitment to change my name on Good Friday, April 11, 2008. Since Easter does not fall on the same day each year I have sort of a split birthday or anniversary of my name change. April 1st and Good Friday. It seems very appropriate that I conclude this first draft on one of those two days, whether I will have already done some editing by April 1, or not is the question.

Part is me wants to leave here with a manuscript that only needs to be typed. I would not edit from this original because it is like my poems, which never need any editing. Recently I have begun to clarify the words that look too scribbled. The editing I will do has to do with the flowing of the book; changing the order in which a few things appear at the same time insert things I wrote years ago that are on the internet. I asked Oscar to put them out and send them to me but he did not put enough postage on them and I have never received them. John has not had time to do it and Kay who was starting to write regularly is now too busy to do it.

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When you try to make things happen in life and they do not happen, then you know that God has a reason for it. This is a minor issue but I am not to have those articles from the Internet at this time.

When I get home I will do the grammar punctuation etc. editing as I type the manuscript with final form and then send it to Harper in NY. When I sent off the Book of Peace in 1993 to Harper Collins, the executive I sent it to sent it to Harper Collins a subsidiary in California. Just now I felt that I should send it again to NY and not to California. This book is much more than BOP.

Right now there are several issues that I feel will solve themselves in the next few weeks. The two main ones are Kay and the house in the Heights.

I do not have clarity with Jay and it is hard to look at the fact that she left me. With all her love and all her little acts of love, she left me and she left me in circumstances similar to those Sandra left me under.

When Sandra left I had four children and three businesses that had to be dealt with. I could not run the businesses alone and I could not raise my children alone. I saw my metaphysically in a burning house, I felt I could get two or three out but not all four. I lost Stephanie almost immediately as she quit school and moved in with her pizza manager got pregnant married then divorced. Brian was lost five years later to alcoholism and his mothers influence. David twenty years later to his mother influence. As ti turned out only John survived seared but still a part of my life. The other three have done evil things and in their own way, under Sandra's influence tried to destroy my life. Their acts have been vicious.

There was a Kenny Roger song popular when Sandra left that I will always associated with her; "You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille, four hungry children and crop in the field. I ran

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some bad times, been through some sad times, but this time the hurting wont heal. You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille.”

Now Kay is working in a dealership and I have no doubt that she will do well in life. She will make her own way and be very successful. The sad thing is that she had a proven track record of performing miracles with the web design business, except for actually writing the programs and doing the actual graphic layouts. She could do all the rest. Had she not left me on March 31, 2007, but instead had a determined attitude to not let David destroy our business by now, today, March 22, 2008, we would have been millionaires. I do not know if she left me because of her fears and lack of faith overwhelmed her or if she had just found a way out after twenty years, or what. And I don't know if she is helping me because of guilt of leaving or if she loves me still to some degree.

Neither Kay nor Sandra had the ability to discuss their issues, feelings with me. Sandra is evil. Kay is an angel. But they both left. They have refused to discuss the real problem. I realized this morning that before I leave this jail I will have had closure with Kay. As I write about my life with her, or as I go through each year I feel release. I just thought that when I am out of jail we may carry on some relationship but I feel now it will rapidly disintegrate with occasional letters.

One of the reasons that I did not like Kay working outside the home was because she would become totally committed to the job. She would work over time for free and take abuse from her employers. I needed her commitment to our business. But like Sandra it was always referred to as my business and not ours. I feel that both at the close of their lives will look back and see that had they stayed with me, their lives would have been many times more dynamic and fulfilling that whatever they accomplished. But the truth is that that could never happen as long or they saw themselves as employers as opposed to what they were, full partners. Their dreams were just not a large as mine. But no ones is. I have a WorldPeace mission. A global agenda. A WorldPeace Advocacy.

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As the old Christian spiritual says, “We’ll understand it all by and by.”

The other issue is the house in the Heights. It will be sold and then all my ties with the past will be severed or it will become the center of the WorldPeace endeavor. The first beacon of peace as it will become the first center (home) of time. The others are in Paris France.

I’m beginning to realize more and more each day that I am living among people who will never accept my vision of WorldPeace. I am living in a super conservative community of Houston, Texas. The home of both George Bush’s. I need to be where all true heretics and radicals thinkers go, Paris France. The only center that tried to hold by George Dubya Bush war mongering. 4000 Americans have died in July and tens of thousands have been injured permanently. There is some change if and only if America stops the cause of it as it did in past war Japan and West Germany that Iraq many became a bastion of democracy in the middle east and because it will be a child of the USA in the middle East will reduce the influence of Israel in Armenian politics. Who knows.

Judge Brown appears to me as an impediment to my freedom and a cause of my mother asset drain. Yet her actions are holding Heights from being sold. If Heights is to remain my house then it will not sell. Is not it will sell and I believe as of right now that I will leave America for France and only return to visit now and then.

I have no intention of rejecting my American Citizenship. I see America still as the best hope for the future of the World because it is an undeniable proof that all races, all religions, all nations and both genders can live in peace. And if radical conservatives like George Bush are stopped from destroying the US Constitution America will have a second new birth of freedom. America must live the higher moral ground of its founding fathers if it is to be a light to the world as opposed to a predator on all the lesser developed nations.

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It is my hope and intent to remain a political to transcend the world creating lessons of peace and leaving the leader of the world to stop destroying the planet and demonizing each other is the name of capitalism (what I believe in) and/or God. My mission will have its hand greater in Houston, Texas or Paris France on earth. I have not been given that mission at this time.

My prayer is simply that I be made an instrument of God's peace. For that I am willing to do anything except murder human beings or destroy the planet.

Date????

I had a very strange dreamt this morning. I was dreaming that myself and another friend about my age and a man about fifty were discussing my legal matters and my destiny I believe. A woman in her early forties, very attractive, was about to reveal some important information to me. We took a break to move to another more private room in the house to discuss the matter. The fifty-year old guy went back to work. We were in the kitchen getting coffee and I was standing by the icebox.

Then a bright light filled the room. The woman said I ___ the police have more indictments.

But in reality, the guard had turned on the bright overhead lights, which meant breakfast was downstairs. I normally sleep in here with a towel over my eyes and I don't see the lights. But apparently the towel had fallen off to the side.

Several things of interest. First almost every morning I wake up with a revelation of one kind or another. Basically I would say they are my instructions for the day. A priority list of things to do. But I only get the first two or three items on the list. I have long believed that during the night I am active on what I call the "inner planes" working out things in my life. If that is true, it would explain my morning list.

I do not try to remember my dreams because to do so would waste my daytime. I don't want to dream at night and review the dream all day and then dream again at night. I would get nothing done in my life.

So this dream was about indictments and I am dealing with legal matters in my day-to-day real world. So I think my belief that I work at night on my real world problems is a valid assumption.

Second, I have had dreams where something in the real world bleed into the dream. It is like the dream integrates the sound in order to keep me asleep. But in sixty years I have never had light bleed into a dream. This is a very interesting phenomenon to me.

It seems that I am seeing my dreams with my real eye mechanism. It is not like meditation where I feel the vision is taking place somewhere deep in my mind unrelated to my eyes. This event this morning was more like I was at the movies and then someone turned on the light from behind me and it blacked out the image on the screen. What this seems to mean is that there is one screen and when my body uses it to play out dreams on my retina and then light coming through my eyelids also strikes my retinas. So two images are being imposed. Maybe this is how it works with sound too.

The question is, what part of me is in essence turning on my retinas while I sleep and describing dreams to be recorded in my brain? It would seem like my soul would be doing this as a way of passing information to me indirectly. If that is the case, and I believe it is, then the spirit is much more dominant in my day to day reality than I thought. And it means our bodies and minds are subordinate to our spirit in this reality. This is pretty dramatic.

I have always believed that the lives between this reality and heaven are not seamless and that there is evidence, physical experiences, which prove the two worlds are interacting. And

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more important is that as it is in heaven and hell so it is on earth. In other words if we want to know what heaven is like just look around, reduce the diversity of everything and you have heaven.

It is getting warmer in here as the weather outside is getting warmer. I have not seen anyone where a blanket in the common area for a couple of weeks. The first night I was here everyone was wearing their blankets to stay warm.

Last night a decision was made to watch the 10 Commandments, the 1950's movie. I remember seeing it at the outdoor movies when it first came out. The NCSS basketball championships have been on all week and I thought there might have been a small fight about which one we should watch. There wasn't. I watched about half the movie and then went to bed. The guards left the TV on until 2 am and the noise woke me up so I began to read this book. If I wake up after a couple of hours of sleep there is no point in trying to go back to sleep so I have learned to get up and start the day.

I am having trouble staying on my exercise plan. This book is taking up a lot of time and I don't like to take a lot of time away from it. But I am going to have to make myself exercise. It has been a few days since I last exercised. Time just flies in here. I laugh every time I think about it. So many people think I am suffering in here and I am not. I am really happy to have this break in my life to work through all of my past. And this book is giving me understanding and closure on all of it. A huge burden is being lifted from me. I am recognizing the fact that I am OK with that has been my life. I begun to see why so many things happened and I see that it is my destiny to experience all this chaos. Few people have done as many different things as I have. Few people have my education. I am happy with my life do fair.

For most people the only measure of success is money and material possessions. That is not true for me. Living a significant life is what counts. That being said, money is easy

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to make and when I get out of here I will make it flow. Of all the things I have tried to do, that has been the easiest. The problem has been putting together a team of dedicated people who could keep up with my marketing skills. I think I have that worked out now. My Internet web design business is the right business for these times. The potential is unlimited. I will find my team and I expect right now that my art and my writings will also bring in significant money but not as much as the web design business.

Unfortunately, having a lot of money is what impresses people on America so I am fully aware that no matter what I do to increase the peace in the world human society, if I don't accumulate a multi million dollar estate I will be written of as just an old hippie living the WorldPeace dream which everyone knows is a waste of time. The ridiculousness of it all makes me laugh, sadly.

March 25, 2008 After Breakfast

This is the day the Lord has made. Let us joy and be glad in it.

I feel shift in the force, energy, universe for the positive in my life.

Ms. Williams is apparently gone. Maybe she was in fact suspended for a week. Then she was allowed to come back for a few days to save face. But then again Bobby W. wrote another grievance and sent it right after she came back. I don't know only he did it because I thought they had already decided what to do with her. All I really can testify to is that she has not been here for almost a week now and the tank is so much more relaxed.

Yesterday began with an early (6 am) commissary delay. I only ordered about \$20 of stuff mostly writing pads and envelopes, granola bars and some peanut butter which is a great filler and some ice cream. I have started ordering a pint a week. We have to eat it as soon as we get it or it will melt.

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Later in the morning a white shirt (new deputy guards) came by guiding and told me to hide my under clothes that were laying on my bed. A few minutes later a major and a top sergeant came into my room. He was looking at all the rooms but I guess since I was in mine he came in for a chat.

He noticed the pens on my desk, one black and one blue, the old and the new. He asked is the blue one (actually gold) was the new pen. I said yes and told him how they would write 120 pages as opposed to the old ones, which only write about seven. He seemed pleased with that answer. The sergeant was very _680_. I am sure he worried about what each chat like this would bring up. This jail has a lot of administration management problems. Also there are a lot of little inmate related problems that could be solved with limited monies and would reduce the tension in here dramatically.

He then asked me my name and I said WorldPeace. He asked why I was in here and I told him because I made a lot of enemies when I ran for governor and I was disbarred and then accused of being in contempt of that order. He acted mildly interested. I don't know if he really caught my name or not. He seemed to be one of those people who heard it but was not sure they heard it right but did not want a deep discussion of WorldPeace if they did.

He then left and I could see the relief on the sergeants face that I did not complain.

I have been playing chess with a guy named Joey R. who is an ex school cop. They said he was caught playing with himself in his car on the school grounds but he says it was a female officer who caused him problems. I tent to believe the sex related issue. He is also a professional drummer for the last forty years and a whiner and a mammas boy who has no social skills really.

I play chess distracted most of the time. I find it hard and always have to stay focused on games. Playing a game is a diversion, never a matter of ego. But with Joey each game is

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ego related. It must be hard trying to justify your life on every game.

Sometimes when he wins he gets to cocky and annoying when he does that I focus and like five weeks ago I beat him 38 out of 40 games before I lost interest. Because of his ego he is subject to easily having me playing with his mind. So when he gets too annoying I move my hand over the board to redirect his attention, move pieces incorrectly and other such things.

We normally do not bet as the games in here but it does help me to concentrate so I challenge him to a bet to keep his mouth shut. He would not bet because I think he is too Christian for that. So two days ago the self-appointed house mother (not gay) John H. put up a jelly roll that came with breakfast. I let Joey was the first out of three games and as usual he puffed up. I then beat him the next two and returned some of his 682_ to him.

Yesterday another inmate Corey E. bet John T H that I could beat Joey. He also told me he would give me a Butterfinger to play Joey. He bet two soups (Ramen noodles which the paper yesterday the jail sells three million of a year and make \$900,000 in profit) Soups are \$.45 and are eaten by some all the time and other once in a while when the regular food is nasty or not up to their taste. There are significant number of exchange in the jail. Each night when they have a spread four of five guys eating their soups together after an elaborate cutting, chopping, dicing of other things like pickles and meats. The MSG in the soups will probably kill some of them.

So anyway I beat Joey and then he started attacking me but this time it got real personal.

He is obviously upset that he twice lost the bets for others who bet on him. It also bolstered my constant claim that I could beat him anytime I want. Robby W. calls him a box of rocks and asks him how I can even let a box of rocks beat me.

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I told Joey to shut up that he as getting to personal. Which instigated but did not bother me. He is not in my league or any level except he says he is a professional drummer. But people say a lot in here. I got up and went to my room because I was two tempted to return his personal attacks tithe statements about him crime. All that would have done was make him an enemy which I already have enough of in life. I have only one really enemy and that is Sandra. But mostly I am other people enemy because I will not call black white. I am too candid and truthful and as a salesman with experiences as an attorney they cant really get an edge on me in an argument. I don't really have enemies because I don't believe there are but a very few people who can really harm me.

Joey is supposed to get out on parole in a week. I hope he does so I don't have to deal with him. I think I will avoid him and just not play chess with him anymore. Funny he was the first one to speak to me when I came into the tank.

At about 11 PM, after we went to bed, the light came in and they gave everyone new wristbands. We were in tank 2L1 and they moved us to 2N1, one corridor over. My understanding is that they are going to clean up 2L1, clean the vents and redo the shower and fix some of the plumbing and fire sprinklers. Again all thanks to the Department of Justice investigation.

The new tank is a mirror image of the old one and most of us took our same rooms. Again I see the hand of God in all of this. First there is a TV to deafen me in this tank. So I will have quiet to finish this book. We are only supposed to be here a few days bit O think it may be layer. I expect to defiantly finish the first draft by Sunday. I am on page 710 in my tablets and expect another 200 pages will finish the first draft. With the inserts from the internet and editing it should expand to about 1100 pages on about 550-600 pages in a printed book not counting the Table of Contents and the Appendix, etc.

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Another thing is that it is about 5 degrees warmer in here which makes it almost normal. I did not wake up to the cold last night. It was getting warm in the other tank because I had to take off my arm warmer (socks with both ends open) while I exercised.

One of the things I found interesting is that my mirror which is just a piece of horizontal chrome about 14" x 18" is flawed. About 1/3 down from the top there is a ripple line. There is therefore an image in the top and one on the bottom. I feel it is sort of a metaphor about John WorldPeace the spirit and John WorldPeace the human being. This is a minor thing but I mention it just to show how I tend to notice things that have a symbolic abstract or metaphysical aspect.

I just noticed that the piped in music pond does not work either. So I will have the quiet I am used to at home. Most of the yelling that goes on in here has to do with the TV. So things should be about 80% quieter in has now. Thank God for small blessings.

I have noticed that my body is starting to lose weight and my exercising is having an affect. My muscles in my arms chest and back are getting bigger and tighter. I am doing more push-ups and pull ups than even before. It is interesting that I can build muscle at sixty. Conventional wisdom is that is not typical.

I think it has to do with the testosterone levels in my body. I have always had a high sex drive which I have kept for the most part with in the marriages. My sex drive is as high as it was in my early thirties. I believe this is the reason I can increase my muscle mass.

I have also learned over the years that sex and thinking about sex can boost my ability to heal. If I am sick, often I will exercise the sickness away. And if I am exercising like jogging I can reduce the pain by thinking about sex.

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I have never chased women because I did not have the time. I just had too much to do. It was one of the reasons I married. It was to relieve my sexual desire in a conventional way. My ego is not connected to how many women I sleep with. Also my father had an issue with me who chose women and even though he did not lecture me about it, I heard him talk about it enough that it became part of my attitude. I know there are people with higher sex drives than me and sex controls their lives. I am not one of those people.

I have a lot of discipline and mind control and always have. The most obvious example is all the years I went to college while working full time. I sacrificed a lot of socializing to acquire the experiences and education I have. Now I find myself alone for whatever reason and I know my social life will increase, I like to be around people and I no longer have a family or a wife. I noticed when I was single right after divorcing Sandra that people like me builds a sort of surrogate family out of their friends. I still have some remnants of family life but I feel in the future, friends and others on the WorldPeace path will be my family.

March 29, 2008 After Breakfast

It looks like the radios do work so it wont be as quiet as I thought. Also my door does not pop open so I did not have that noise to wake me up for breakfast and I missed it. Oh well, that is why I have some food in reserve and buy oatmeal and granola bars. I have gotten used to the cold milk with my breakfast bar. When I get home I will substitute rice milk for the milk.

I am normally up before breakfast anyway but I just remember ___ moved late last night and I probably did not get to bed until 1 AM. I don't sleep that much but the first three hours are pretty deep. I will make sure one of these guys wakes me up from now on if they don't see me get up.

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March 25, 2008 After Supper

Bill N. gave me a second breakfast that he got this morning. Nick G. does not eat breakfast so Bill N. gets it. I did not ask, he just gave it to me. God always takes care of my needs.

Also, Nick G. said today that he heard the same church choir singing that I heard. No one else has mentioned it but he also heard it like a church gathering with an organ and some other people talking.

I think that where this jail is located there is a lot of history. It may be the early Houstonians singing. I find it interesting that someone else has heard the choir.

I have plenty of pens now but the new guy Anthony J. brought me one from court this morning. He got it from his lawyer. You got strip searched coming back from court but it is easy to hide a pen in your socks.

I have just about used up my black pens so I will quit using them since I cannot get them anymore. I have two free world pens and I will try to use them up before they take them in a shake down.

March 26, 2008 After Breakfast

It does appear that Ms. Williams is permanently gone. I am just realizing how much tension she created. She managed to create enough tension every morning to keep everyone on edge. I am still having trouble getting used to not worrying about her presence. You never knew when she was going to start screaming over the speaker or show up in the tank.

Stevenson, the deputy today is the most lax. He does not check the mail. He walks by and counts each morning and

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does not call everyone out into the big area. No one but Ms. Williams has created any problems. You learn over time which guards to leave alone. If you need something you just wait until a guard comes on the next shift. Guido works the night shift. He is a white shirt and is the most user-friendly guard. But he can only handle minor problems in the tank because all major things have to be done in the daytime when all the staff is present.

It is definitely warmer in here. The cold did not wake me up almost night. Like Robby W. says the change makes time go faster. Who knows when we will go back to our cold cells. There really is no difference except the warmth and the lack of TV. So for me it is really better in here. The problem is that these guys have less to do and so they congregate more often in my room which stops me from writing. If I want I can just tell them I have to go to work. So it is not a problem.

Jason D. is going home today. He has done his six months. Actually he got a year sentence in county but in county you get two for one credit so he only had to do six months. When I got here he had three months to go. It is good to see these guys leave because you know that you are not forgotten about.

MG seems to be bi-sexual. I have been wondering about it for a while. He keeps doing and saying little things that make me believe he is interested in me. I have no interest. And since he is not overly pushy I ignore him and he backs off the comments. I am too old to let his actions bother me. I have no interest in being with another man any more than I would like to have sex with a monkey. I enjoy the feel of a woman's soft body not a bearded heavy hard body of a man.

I was glad I did not miss breakfast this morning but the truth is that I don't really care if I miss it or not. For some reason I just don't have the desire to eat like I did. I think I may be under 190 pounds now. When I get down to 170 I will be on a

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1600-calorie diet like I was in 1987 after divorcing Sandra. I just stayed busy and food was not a priority.

I have been in jail three months but I was under self-imposed house arrest since November 2005, avoiding arrest. I had too many things to get in order before I came in here. Had I not been under house arrest I would have lost all my excess weight within about six months. But since I could not go anywhere I would walk over to the Mexican bakery in the next block and buy a half dozen cookies. They were bad for my heart but when penned up or stressed they are my friends.

The book is coming to a close. I am on page 740 and I believe I will end up at a little over 900 tablet pages. That should reduce down to about 450-500 not counting the Table of Contents and the Appendix I will add. I really hope to finish by Monday and get it to my son so I don't have to be concerned about something happening to it. I am not really concerned now because I understand the drill here. I keep a low profile and so there is no room for them to focus on me. I am writing with a free world pen I got yesterday through "Swishy" the gay guy. The new house Anthony J got it from his lawyer yesterday and smuggled it in. I will use it ip and then throw the top and bottom away and then cut the plastic tub up and use it on the new pens, which are too flexible.

They have been remodeling this tank and I founf this 1/2" x 5" piece of metal that I was going to use to tear paper. Eric E. locked at it and pointed out it was a sharpened blade that goes into a scraper. So I will clean it off and keep it. You never know when you are going to need some of the things you find. I have no fear of my life but it can be used to cut my nails and shave down a spoon to make a needle for sewing because it is heaven then the razors we get by taking a part the disposable razors they sell for shaving. I hear they have gone back to the old razors which but your face real bad. I hope it was just for one week. I can't shave my head with a dull razor.

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Other than one radio that is on playing 80's music it is very quiet in here. Most of these guys will sleep until lunch if not disturbed. The loudest time begins after supper and peaks between 6-10:30 in the evening. Then lights out are quiet. But the problem is that at lights out they turn down the lights and it is a bit harder to read and write. Usually I don't stay up more than thirty minutes unless I have a need to write and feel in sync when the words flow.

March 27, 2008 Before Breakfast

The tank was much quieter yesterday. A lot has to do with the fact that there is no TV. Another factor is that Ms Williams is not here creating tension in the morning that keep everyone wound up all day.

Jason D. went home yesterday. He was one of the guys I talked to more than others. Eric M. the guy who was in the same police academy class as my son John goes for shock probation day. The judge may let him go here. If not he should get parole in June. Bill N. also goes to try and bond out. Bill eats in my room everyday. If these two guys go, I will only have a couple of guys to talk to.

I don't really care to interact with the new guys because I have to much to do. But I do feel a need to know why they are in here. I want to know is they have a potential for violence or theft.

I refuse to play chess with Joey R. after he acted stupid and personally attacked me. He is a jerk per everyone who has had to deal with him. I don't care, I just want to be out of his energy. If I am lucky he will get out on parole next week.

It is getting warmer. I did not wear my arm socks last night and I don't have them on now. The temperature is just about right.

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My exercise routine is becoming more regular and I can feel my whole body tightening up. It occurred to me last night that I have been in here longer than boot camp. All my sons dramatically changed their physique after Marine boot camp. I continue to find humor in the fact that people expect me to leave jail beat down and the fact is that I will exit much stronger and more focused than when I entered. Not to mention with the manuscript of 'The WorldPeace Advocacy and is I am here to the end of April, a novel as well.

The Federal Public Defender continues to do nothing and the corrupt judge Brown continues to do nothing as well. On April 1, 2008 she will have cost my mother \$7500 in house payments that would not need to be made if the house was sold. I told John last night that I am going to sit back on these problems until I finish this project which should be Monday. I finished the new Table of Contents this morning. I will begin to finish the final 200 pages.

The way I have structured the book, the major issues and events will now be presented as both marriages come to an end. That means im writing about forty pages a day and I have not been able to do that so far. It is quieter now but at the same time I get man visits to my room. That will also end if Bill and Eric go home today. If they don't, I will get out before they do.

As per usual I am looking at all that is going on. I will either get out of here in the next ten days as I will be here to the end of April I think. If I am to write a novel two then I will be in here to the end of April. I am ready to get in sync with whatever happens. I like just watching how God works in my life. I have total faith that I am on the right path and God is engaged as my partner.

I still get angry at injustice and stupidity of all kinds. Like the nineteen year old in here Name L. He wanted a video game player worth about \$200. Both his parents are cops. So he got a pistol and went down to a video store and took one at

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gunpoint. Yesterday they offered him twenty years, parole in ten since he used a gun. That had a lot to do with the tank big guest yesterday because it was a reality check for everyone.

When I start thinking about all my visions and such are nonsense I remember the reality that I am going to do. That means this reality will go away and I will go to heaven and there I will have to account for me deeds. It always wakes me up and keeps me on track.

I have been collecting 1920's framed pictures of clipper ships. I have about twenty. I always understood why. I felt maybe because they represent freedom and travel to me. They are big ships which mean big trips across oceans. Yesterday the chronicle had a big picture of one used by the Coast Guard coming into Galveston. For my crazy abstract mind, it is an indication that I am about to get out of here and begin my real life's work, The WorldPeace Advocacy. Again we will see what happens. It may be a picture of a hip on a notice for me to get ready. It does not matter. I just find it all interesting.

I think people would have much more peace in their lives if they would just pay attention to what is going on. Look at the coincidences and little miracles. Many times they are guideposts, god communicating with us all. Most ignore his revelations. Too bad, God has a sense of humor. I am not delusional I just pay attention and I find this reality interesting and constantly fascinating.

Too many I am an enigma spreading nonsense. I'm the back of Acts in the New Testament 26:24 "While Paul was still standing up for himself. Festus interrupted. 'You are out of you mind Paul' he shouted. 'Your great learning is driving you crazy.'" It is all quite humorous and interesting to a curious mind like I have.

March 27, 2008 After Lunch

Richard Jenke- The Unfaithful Servant

Leon Keyser was a ninety-one year old member of Heights Presbyterian Church, where my mother had been a member for sixty-two years. Leon K. had a son who was twenty but who only had the mind of a twelve year old. Vernon was in a nursing home. Leon's wife Evelyn had died about five years ago and his dog about a year prior.

Leon had congestive heart failure and was not going to live more than six months. No one in the church cared about helping Leon. He was just a smelly old man who collected newspapers and cans. Leon was an active supporter of the Boy Scout troops sponsored by the Heights Church.

Richard J. who alleged he was a WWII ___ who joined the Navy at 14 decided he would help Leon as much as he could. Richard was eighty. Leon lived among junk and filth. His house was a huge mess as was his garage and the rest of his property.

I went with my mother, Kay and LeAnn to see Leon in the hospital after church on Sunday and he asked me to help Richard get his affairs in order. His primary concern was that his son be taken care of and then the balance of his estate go to the Boy Scouts after Vernon died. I told him I would help all I could.

Leon was moved to a lower end nursing home which I am sure would not pass through state inspection.

Leo told me that both his grandfather had fought in the Civil War, one for the North and one for the South. His father had come to America from Germany and had changed his name from Kaiser to Keyser, to disassociate himself from the German Kaiser. When his grandfather came to Ellis Island and completed his paper work he joined the Union Army. Leon said his grandfathers met on occasion but did not like each other due to the Civil War.

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What I found interesting was that in talking to Leon, he had had direct contact as a young man with two Civil War veterans. It was the year 2004 and I was talking to a man who was really only two generations away from a war that was fought 140 years prior.

I found Leon's financial affairs a gigantic mess and I found that he had about \$350,000 in assets and no heir except his son Vernon. His money was scattered in several bonds, his wife had died without a will and he never processed her estate. He also had retirement monies coming in and so did Vernon. And Vernon had his own assets but some assets were in the name of Evelyn, Leon's deceased wife.

I went with Richard to all the banks and the nursing homes and told him what he needed to do to get all the money together. Leon had a will. He also signed a power of attorney for Richard to take care of his affairs including selling his house. I talked to Leon alone at the nursing home and he told me he trusted Richard to do the right thing.

Over time the house was sold and all the monies except Evelyn's personal assets was moved to Richards control. Richard was diligent about getting everything sold including the house and its contents and the money in his name. Then he paid all the debts and paid for Leon's funeral as well as Vernon's who died about six months after his father. Leon's last four months were spent in the same nursing home as Vernon.

Leon was buried in Rock Island, Texas next to his Confederate grandfather. The water table was close to the surface so his coffin was lowered into a watery grave.

When all was said and done Richard had about \$180,000 in assets of Vernon's and Leon's. Leon did have a cousin who should have gotten some of the estate.

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Richard did not file Leon's will. He also kept Vernon's money. I said nothing for several years and then I had Richard to come to my house to discuss the estate. His evil wife Irma came who had been friends with my mother for over fifty years. I refused to talk with Irma present because after cleaning up Leon's house she was never present when Richard and I talked to Leon.

The conversation ended with Richard saying he gave the scouts about \$3000 and that was all they were going to get. I told Richard that some money had to go to the scouts. It seemed his intent was not to honor Leon's desires.

Right after Vernon died, Irma and her daughter came to my office. Irma is also eighty. Irma said all the money was his and would go to his kids and not Irma's. Irma said she was ready to divorce Richard if he did not give her half of the money. At our last meeting Richard had put a \$120,000 CD in his and Irma names.

As things stand not I am in a position to file for an administrate with the court and the court will have Richard account for the money he has stolen. The question is whether I wasn't to get involved or just let God take care of it. It is possible if I turn it over to the court the judge will hire an attorney who will end up with the entire estate. I doubt if the Boy Scouts will step into the matter.

Before Leon, Richard was making \$7 an hour working for an attorney in the municipal courts. Richard nor Irma have ever had that much money in their lives.

This is classic evil. I have spent the last years fighting things like this; Sandra is evil, the courts, Heights Church, car dealers, attorneys and others. There is no end to evil. It is time for me to devote my life to something positive. I need to let others handle these matters. I have already done my time trying to challenge wrong doing and injustice. And right now I am

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fighting my own legal battles. I am not inclined to open and more legal matters.

I do have a tape of Richard and Irma and myself where I spent 45 minutes telling Richards that what he was doing was criminal. I could send that tape to his lawyer. It amounts to an admission and I could hope that it would motivate Richard to do the right thing. Or I can send it to the DA or I can file for an administration of Leon's and Vernon's estate and turn it over to the probate judge. Or I can do nothing and let God deal with it.

March 27, 2008 Before Supper

Bill N. went home tonight and Eric M. will go home in a month. It is a bit depressing to see someone leave who I spent a lot of time with and got to know. I don't perceive the majority of people in here as criminals. I see them as people who just made a mistake. But have to doubt there are some real criminals in here. Bill and Eric are not in that category. Neither is Nick. They were all guilty of a misjudgment. One mistake is a long career of law enforcement. In this case the punishment does not fit the crime. I'll miss Bill and a handful of others who I met here.

In the Army people come and go together. In here they come and go one at a time. It is interesting how that works in my mind.

March 28, 2008 Before Breakfast

It is now 2008 and it is hard to remember all the Christianity chatter about the end of the world and the coming of Jesus that circulated just before the year 2000. And when nothing happened there was a lesser chatter about the year 2001.

The Christian preacher gave a lot of airtime to all the doom and gloom from the Book of Revelation. The Book of Revelation was written by the Apostle John on the island of Patmos. The

island of Patmos is where one went to use to sacred mushroom and to see visions. The Book of Revelations sounds a lot like one that was the result of a drug induced hallucination.

The New Testament admonishes Christianity not to use physics for telling the future or conjuring spirits or whatever. That would not have been the case if there was not a lot of that kind of thing going on. The question is why does the Bible endure speaking in tongue and the Book of Revelations and at the same time condemns these kinds of psychic experiences. The Book of Revelations even opens with a statement that it is prophecy. All the old Testament is filled with visions and interpretations of visions and dreams. So the Bible included these stories of prophecy and yet in the new testament condemns it.

The Bible is full of contradictions. It was written by men and edited and manipulated by men. In the year 400 Jerome assembled the official Bible of 88 books then every other gospel and commentary that was not included was excluded. Some of those excluded books are part of the Dead Sea Scrolls and the Nag Hamadi Library. The gnostic texts and the ideas of reincarnate were excluded from the new Bible. Gnostic believes that you can seek and know God on your own. This was contrary to a Catholic bureaucracy in 400 that wanted to consolidate all Christians under one official text. The church wanted to put forth the doctrine and dogma that you could not come to this God knowledge on you own but instead had to get the official version solely from the church bureaucracy.

Nothing in the Book of Revelations has been verified by real events. All we can really say is that WWII and Adolph Hitler and Hirohito in Japan sure looks like the things described in Revelations. Except that Jesus did not appear. Or has not appeared yet.

In 1972, I was reading a lot of books about Edgar Casey who did seem to be able to perform some astounding psychic feats.

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I was meditating every day and working with card reading to see if there was any validity to psychics and metaphysical phenomenon. Then one day I had a black out period. I had come here from the Army past and I could not remember the last six hours. My days were moronic but not so much that I would have a black out. And I did not drink at that time. Nor since after the equivalent of about eight drinks a year. So it was not an alcoholic black out.

I had read in some of the psychic books that one needs a guru or a mentor to help one reach the upper levels of the psychic realms. I understand and acknowledge the need for a teacher to some degree but I tend not to embrace the idea that I need someone to run my life. I believe I can talk straight through God. Jesus said ask and receive, seek and find, knock and enter. He did not suggest a need for a guru or mentor. He said I could talk straight to God.

I decided that I needed to wait until someone appeared who could help me discover the psychic world. The Bible was full of psychic phenomenon and I believe that nothing had changed from the time of the Old Testament in this reality. In other words if there was psychic phenomenon and dreams and visions and prophecies in the Old Testament and the Book of Revelations and speaking in tongue in the New Testament then those things should still be solid 741 in the heaven experiences today.

The idea of social incarnate in a human body is a meta physical reality. So it would seem that religions should be all about psychic phenomenon. But bureaucratic religions can't endorse dreams and visions because they can't be controlled. To embrace them means to have to answer to every vision of every church member. It was better for the church to just label them sinful and fear the devil even if people often experienced personal prophetic dreams and had valid intuitive and psychic experiences. All the conservatives did was to stop people from admitting that they had these experiences.

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The wall between this reality and heaven is blurred. In other words there are times and places when and where you can see a glimpse of heaven and ghosts can appear to see this world. There are some legitimate psychics who can clearly see the other side and tell the future. The problem is that no psychic is correct all the time. So you cant really verify what was said until it happens, if it ever does happen. Psychic phenomenon should be looked at like any other input in a decision making process. Consider the information but don't bet your life on it. It is not that reliable even though it is sometime remarkably valid.

As we live and experience life we come to understand and trust our personal psychic connection. To be simplistic, when a big toe aches, rain is coming. Every time we think that of a person when we wake up, that person will call that day. God and you angels and guardians find all kinds of non-traditional ways to communicate with you. You just have learn how to listen. Or you can choose to ignore is all.

In March 1985 a woman came into my office to discuss her legal matters. Just before she left she said she was going to see a psychic. I decided to pursue the matter and call the psychic. It had been thirteen years since I quit working with psychic phenomenon and this seemed like a sign for me to re engage.

I called PL the psychic and made an appointment. It lasted forty-five minutes and during that time PL told me what no one but me new and gave me a perception of my life so that for the first time all my past seemed top make sense. I could see how all the events in my life fit together. PL gave me a lot of clarity.

I had been given a tape recording of the session and I came home and played it for Sandra who agreed it was amazing. I then suggested that she go see PL. Her response was "I don't need anyone to tell me how screwed up I am." I thought this was a very strange statement. I did not know what she

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meant. But in the coming years I would come to realize just how screwed up she was.

Sandra refused to touch a Bible while we were married. Would not read or discuss even though she would attend church. After we divorced, with the help of my sister, Sandra was born again and embraced the Bible. She saw me reading and studying the Bible and related texts our whole marriage but she never entered into a discussion with me about any of it.

I enrolled in classes PLooney had and went once a week. After class I would go with her to Denny's and stay until 3 AM. I did not sleep much at night anyway. We would discuss all kinds of psychic things. She was mentoring me but she was also manipulating me. She began more and more to play games where I have to perform certain things before she would reveal things to me. She was abusing her gift.

I saw and learned many things and was introduced to other psychics on her level, people who had amazing abilities. All of this scared Sandra. I think is scared her because she had no spiritual understanding and I now that it scared her because she worried about what some of these people may reveal about me. She talked to PL, I found out later.

One time Sandra and I went to the Gun Show in Houston and we happened to meet up with PL there and about ten other psychics. We all sat down at a large round table and these people began to read Sandra like a book. When you are with these people and they trust you (remember they burned people at Salem Mass) they open up and speak freely. Nothing major was revealed except that Sandra had a lot of animosity for me. I did not pay enough attention. I should have seen our marriage coming apart but I was just too busy with work to notice.

One time PL began to fake her trances and gave me bad information to manipulate me. After about six months I significantly cut back on the amount of time I spent with

her. She was trying to control me. And no one has ever been allowed to do that.

The problem with psychics is that you just never know when they are really connected or not. Only time will tell. Many are just fakes.

Anyone who has read Nostradamus or the Book of Revelations knows how unreliable future telling is. We all see through the veil of the life to heaven now and then but not all the time. Nostradamus and Revelations need to be taken generally. What I now is that WWII sort of reassembled the Book of Revelation. This is the way most psychics material is. It is generally correct in ways we did not expect. We see later we were expecting a red bull but instead it was a pink balloon. A dark blue Ford and it was a light blue chevy. The car manifested but not the one we seen in our dreams.

Psychic phenomenon is real but it is personal. You have to develop it and understand how information comes to you personally and how to distinguish the more valid revelations you receive. God does speak in abstracts and metaphors and con 747_ and miracles. We just have to pay attention, pray and meditate. God seldom speaks to use directly and in plain English. Heaven is abstract. God is abstract. An abstract vision of a piece of cake can mean dinner is about to be served. A golden son can mean morning coming.

There is one absolute rule about psychics, do not dedicate your life to them. Tale what they say, apply your logic and then move on with your life accepting and discarding who has been communicated to you.

Expect Jesus when you see him. Act as if he is always at the door.

March 28, 2008 After Breakfast

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They just delivered the toilet paper and there was a mad dash for the door. We have an average of about eighteen guys in here and they only deliver about eight to ten rolls every Monday and Friday. It is not quite enough. I just always laugh at how much a mundane matter can be elevated to a major event in a place like this.

It looks like we will not go back to our old cellblock for a few more days. They are apparently painting it. What it means is that the TV will be non-existent through the weekend and I feel very confident that I will finish this book by Monday. Finish the first draft I mean.

I have been playing down the book aspect to those who ask. I just tell them I am working on a plan to restart my business, take care of my legal matters and trying to work through some of my history. I tell them it is just for my kids. I do not want anyone to know how important this book is to me. That it is the core of my WorldPeace endeavor. I have been here long enough to have a few potential enemies. By the time I finish this first draft there will be about 700 pages I think. It would be very difficult to rewrite it.

Hopefully I can hand it off to John next week through an attorney visit. I will put bankruptcy pleading on the front of the plastic bag that will contain the fourteen of fifteen tablets. It will look like legal pleadings. People are going to be shocked to find that I have written this when I was supposed to be suffering. They will be astounded if I also finish a novel next month as well. Who cares. This is what I have to do and it makes me feel good. It means I can not waste the time I spent in here.

It should just be another example for others that good can come out of even the worst of circumstances and situations. Everything in life comes down to how you perceive it. There is always the opportunity to make lemonade out of lemons to turn a defeat into a major victory. I love the challenge.

I did not choose this jail experience. But like my heart attack, I have risen above it. I have taken life's blows and put it into its place. I did not freak out in here. I did not cry or feel despair. I wrote a book. And I wrote it without any real experience at such things and I did it on less than seven weeks. I should be able to do a 400-page novel in three weeks. You see, I already have a plan to follow the completion of this book.

I will spend a few days working on legal pleadings and then a few days rest. A few days roughing out the plot and the story line of my novel and then begin to write. I have developed the habit of writing everyday. It will be easy to continue. I also developed a method of dealing with a lot of facts.

I believe the key to a successful fulfilling life is to always look for God's agenda in every situation and for me a determination to never retreat, never surrender and always turn lead into gold. I think God each day for my indomitable spirit. I love to answer questions and I love to solve life's little problem. I have taken the road less traveled and it has made all the difference. I am at another fork in the road and I am excited about creating something great where nothing presently exists.

JWP Prison Journal 2008

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March 29, 2008, after breakfast

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Last night was Friday night and that means late night lights are not turned out until about midnight. Last night it was very noisy downstairs. I went to sleep but was awakened by the noise. The church choir singing loud and I could not sleep which is unusual. When they shut down last night the music stayed. It is sort of disguised among the other music and sounds. I think it is like a hidden signal or like one of my radios

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playing. But I hear that choir music above all the rest. There seemed to be several small groups singing last night and not one big choir practicing together.

(770)

Friday nights always had for me. I do not know why. I never went out that much on Friday night but it was always the end the week and as much as I hate the TV noise it is still a link to the outside. A minor sense of the free world. So the lack of a TV in here means Friday nights are a lot to bear.

I wrote over 30 pages yesterday. And it may be that 30 pages is about my limit. It seems hard to acquire a connection to the source for more time each day.

When I write, I make sure that I allow myself time to comment into that section source. When I do the words flow and the section that I am working is coherent. I have one long poem about the Infinite Oneness, Jesus and Buddha. I fixed it and it is disjunctive. I will not put that in this book. I rewrote it as a narrative part of his book already. I have been writing other poems that are my typical one page poems, but there is no real inspiration so far in here for them. So I have not written but 7 or 8 so far

I realized yesterday that I will finish (771) this project in a few days. The two love stories and the response to TPDL until done, as well as the important events of my first 20 years. But the jail story line will not end until I leave here and the legal may not end until later still. So after I give this prospect to John next week for safe keeping I will still adding more events day to day.

John received an email from Richard Ely, my attorney on the Federal Resisting Arrest. John sent him a stern email to communicate what is happening as we would have to complain.

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He said that the prospector he's been with for 3 weeks but he will have a decision on whether they will fight the misdemeanor or not. I don't see how they can. If not, I should be able to plead it out at the end of next week and be done with it. Then we will focus on the BR Judge Brown.

Often I finish the project on Monday or Tuesday. I will shift for a day to work on that BR writ of Habeas Corpus and try to free the Huust on Heights to be sold.

(772)

I took a 2 volume Christian novel from the Christian cart yesterday and began to read it last night. I need a break from my routine and 2 or 3 days will help.

It will also make next week go faster. It will also let me focus on it's style, I have about 4 novels in my possession now and I will study this form before I start on my novel probably next weekend. I hope to write a 400 page novel in about 3 weeks.

I do not need to submit my Federal Writ of Habeas Corpus until I resolve the Federal matters or until I have less than 60 days until State Bar matter. I should be bonded out as the State Bar matter within a few days of filing it. If I have to come back to finish the six months sentence, I will only have to be here 60 days. I may not fight the shit Bar Sentence because I may not want to take the time to write up the pleading. I don't want to spend a week on it. But I do want to be vindicated from the injustice of my disbarment. I will not have to decide on this for several weeks. But as usual this is in God's hands, if I am to write a novel before I leave here, then I will not be free until it is done.

Like so many things in life, you have to go...

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...a bit further down the road before you can see more clearly the choices that are available.

I just used up a free world pen I sat 4 days ago. It was brand new. I was able to write farther with it. Now 9 AM using another free world pen I sat about 10 days ago. It will probably run out of ink tomorrow. Then I will be back to using the new jail house pens. I only have about 10 of the original jail house pens that only write 7 pages each. I have kept about 25 entries to go with this manuscript. I hope the guards do not try to throw them away when I leave. They should not.

The novel I am reading is about a man who reaches the pinnacle of his profession and then is filed on for divorce by his wife. It appears the book is about his transformation and might have a happy ending. The first volume is 200 pages and the second is 554. What is strange THE UNSEEN ESSENTIAL AND TENDER JOURNAL, BY JAMES P GILLIS, MD. I can't help but wonder how much will apply to my marriage with Kay. I don't think Kay will try to get back together. But I do find it interesting that my ring finger still has....

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....a mark left by my wedding band. That seems unusual a year after I took it off. Tomorrow is the 1st anniversary of when Kay moved out last year, I also thik it is Brian's birthday.

As I keep saying, I pay attention to strange events and happenings. I have prayed for and understanding of why Kay left. Even with 9 months of therapy I still don't have the truth of the Snake leaving.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am going to return to the bed for a bit more sleep. I am not fresh enough to continue with the governor race I began yesterday.

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March 29, 2008 After supper

The Department of Justice definitely has the attention of the sheriff in regards to the jail. Today when we exchanged laundry, we got brand new sheets and towels. They are the first white linen I have seen in here. Brand new. They also said that next week we get socks and underwear then we will turn in like we do the sheets, towels, and top and bottom orange jump suit.

In addition they did a shut out shake down while we were out changing clothes. They did not take my free world pen that was on my desk and they did not take my extra towel. I don't think they have the personnel to do the elaborate shake down anymore because they have to put there people in the pickets.

All this means that I will have no hassle for the rest of the time I am in here. It took the Feds 2 years to investigate the Dallas County jail. I will be out of here in 83 days at the outside.

We have not been moved back to the old cell yet. It has been so nice without the TV blasting. I did miss it a bit last night because Fridays are a bit depressing to me and the TV is a connect to the outside world. I would still rather not have it on. Everyone here shifted to dominoes and chess to occupy their time.

I seem to be getting stronger faster now. I guess I have crossed some threshold when I will make rapid progress for a while. I am doing about 130 pushups a day. I want to get up to 300 as soon as possible and stay there. I am also bathing every night now as an attempt to keep the psoriasis under control.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

With a bit of luck I could be going home next week. It will all depend on whether I can plead out on the resisting arrest or not. I don't

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...feel like I will be here much longer. God has a plan. All is as it should be.

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I have no real idea what time it is. I am not sure if I have missed breakfast or not. My door on this cell is not working properly so when the deputy releases the locks in the morning for breakfast, the door does not pop open and so there is not enough noise to wake me up. I stayed up until about midnight last night and so I may have slept through the breakfast wake up. I have enough food to eat from commissary and some uneaten food from what they feed us. I am only commenting to relate how disoriented you can get in a place that does not allow clocks. It creates a low level anxiety.

An attorney came with the cell block two nights ago. Greg P Ite was held in contempt by one of the most _____ judges in the family court. You never know if what someone in here tells you is true or not. But knowing this particular judge. I tend to believe it is true. She demanded something from him that was out of his power to make happen. When he questioned her about what was able to do, she found him in contempt and sentenced him to 6 months in jail. Something does not ring true.

The only reason I am thinking about it is that he is a possible vehicle to get this manuscript out of

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...the jail. If he gets out on a writ from the administrative judge who is capable of overriding the contempt order because attorney by status must be allowed to get out on a PR (Personal Recognizant) bond which they wait for a rehearing of their case.

If he gets out, he can call my son John who can come over here, and Greg can have an attorney see me and I can then get these 13 tablets to John. This is one of the many cases in my life where I have to decide if this is what I am supposed to do. I have a bit of paranoia about getting this manuscript out of here under any circumstances. This is part of the fact that I am an inmate here with no rights. One malicious deputy can throw this manuscript in the trash even if it is disguised as legal documents which it really is because it will form the basis of contract to publish.

I will ask some more questions of Greg this morning to see if I can trust him to represent me in the simple act of removing this transcript out of the jail. In these kinds of matters where you don't know what to do, you just have to hold off on the decision as you move forward trying to get additional information will make this decision clear

(804)

...After I lost the Democratic Primary for Governor, I continued to watch the general election unfold. Larry Sanchez saw a lot of high tech ads. His web page was up to date but not high tech ad organized like Barak Obama's is now.

When Morales and Sanchez had this Telemundo debate the pictures in the chronicle were set up so that Sanchez was closest to the camera and Morales was in the background. The effect was to make Sanchez look a bit taller than Morales. In fact Morales is a good five inches taller than Sanchez.

When the Sanches and Governor Perry debate took place the newspaper showed a factual picture of Sanchez behind his

podium and another of Rich Perry behind his. The pictures were printed the same size with text between them. The point was to disguise Sanchez's height. I took the two pictures and resized Sanchez's picture so that the two podiums were the same size. Then I put the two pictures side by side. It made it obvious that Sanchez was a full 12 inches shorter than Perry. It made Sanchez look like a child and Perry the parent. The point is that you can't believe what you read in the newspapers or the pictures you see there. The editor always has an agenda. Or his boss has an agenda.

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The money Sanchez was spending for ads was not going to allow the newspapers to reveal the truth. Ad money skewed the truth about Sanchez's size but ad more in particular reduced the emphasis on his corruption with regards to the Tesoro savings and loan matter and the laundering of the \$25 million Mexican Mafia money.

The Internet

There is a huge transformation taking place right now in the world human population, one is psychic metaphysical and one is economic. Metaphysically, all human beings are connected spiritually. The ability to communicate between spirits carries over into the human body. So people of like minds are connected intuitively. Well the intent that people can find each other physically and can literally make a physical connection. This significantly boosts the volume of the communication and the impact as well. Consider that there are 100 men in the world who would want event "A" to happen, but they can only communicate intuitively. In other words they know there are others in the world population like themselves but they don't know where they live or who they are. So their...

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...ability to promote event “A” is limited; however these men connect through the internet by searching for each other, then they connect in the real world. In real time and in real space. Then through the internet they can significantly boost their connection and move quickly to do event “A”. If they determine to have a face to face, gathering the power of their interaction which means they will be able to go to the maximum productivity. This is what is happening on the internet right now. People of like minds are finding each other and coming together to promote their agendas. Some of these agendas will significantly uplift humanity and others will bring darkness and evil.

Consider that it takes about 10 billion atoms to make a human cell, and 10 billion cells to make a human brain. In both cases when that 10 billion number is reached, life on earth experiences a major transformation. Now the population of the earth is increasing to 10 billion and those 10 billion humans in time will be connected through the internet. When this happens the entire human society will transform to a higher life form. 10 billion human beings will have the power to change the orbit of the earth.

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The second impact of the Internet is that money is transforming a few 1000 individuals over time. Here is new that works. Consider the savings and loan services. Millions of dollars were loaned on property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then the loaners defaulted. The person who borrowed the money needs huge profit. Since the loans were guaranteed by the Federal Government the public bailed out the loan. So the owner of the S and L (savings and loan) transferred money from the citizens of the USA into the hands of the very small group of S and L owners.

Consider the war in Iraq. War is good for the economy. The economy would produce the weapons of the war. You have what President Eisenhower warned about the military industrial complex. The general public buys arms from a few companies. The owners of the companies get rich on the backs of the general population. The rich get richer and the rich buy politicians to make it all legal.

Now the internet is having the effect of closing small brick and mortar businesses in favor of online purchases. The buyer, the online vendor...

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... the cheaper he can sell goods and the cheaper he can sell good the more goods he will sell and the more the small retailer suffers and goes out of business. So this is _____ money is flowing from the bottom of society to the _____. From poor to rich.

What is also happening is that the cheap labor in the third world is being utilized. So manufacturing in the world is moving to a country with huge resources and gigantic cheap labor force. People can manufacture things in China for sell in the developed countries for \$35,000. Here it is more money moving into fewer hands. The problem is that it is a global phenomenon. In the next 50 years the wealth of the world is going to consolidate into a very few individuals families in the reaction to an 8 billion world population.

So the rapid changing economy of the internet is being super heated by the _____ world labor supply coming on line. 80% of the factories in America are in jeopardy. Virtually all manufacturing will move over seas because the cost of labor in the USA is too high to make a product and sell it at a profit.

So in general terms, like minds are coming together and learning from each other and conspiring for economic power through the internet which is also a vehicle for economic

manipulation in a capitalistic system that will move unlimited fortunes into hands of a few men of understanding.

Negative Prayer

(809) It is not often talked about because it is such an evil concept often negative prayer works the same as positive prayer. It is an undeniable fact that some people have miraculous recoveries from terminal illnesses due to prayer. Prayer works and a gang of the like minded in sync humans with the ability to communicate can create miracles.

Dr. Rick Warren suggests that monks in a monastery are not engaged in the world society. This is absolutely wrong. The prayer of these men and women do impact the world human society. They do impact in _____ when so focused.

The same energy that is used to make miracles happen, can be used for evil. People die of unknown illnesses even today in the modern world of medical miracles.

When positive prayer and meditation are engaged, a huge amount of light brings some together to help make the prayer a reality. So you have a human spirit alive for the purpose of manifesting some positive event. There is an alliance because the spirits who are incarnate are of the same class as those who have not incarnated. They work together and bridge realities. Many spirits come her to wrk with the sprit world. They use themselves as human conductors and conduit of energy.

There is a great was in the universe that is always hot. It is always active. The forces of good and evil constantly war with each other. The Bible tells of a war in heaven and in that war Satan was cast down on the earth. But the truth is both sides of that heavenly war come to earth and the battle expanded to a more tangible battlefield.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The majority of the human population are asleep do not understand that the war is the war that the Bible discusses. This how it works. Through both sides using the neutral energy of the universe through prayer and meditation to accomplish their objectives and goals.

The sacred text of the world all speak of this war. But few really understand just how real that war is and how they are affected by it.

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March 31, 2008 After Breakfast

One of the things you learn about jail is that you have no control over what goes on outside the walls that hold you. No matter how hard you try you cannot influence what people outside do.

I have been living in my mother's property and running my business from there for four years. Last year kay divorced me and left after my son David destroyed our business. the house is up for sale but is maliciously tied up in Judge Brown's court. My mother has decided to go through my possessions and throw away what she deems has no value to her. I was told by my son yesterday that she had thrown away a significant amount of things that I had in the garage. Some of it would be sold in a garage sale when I got out and some I wanted to keep. It did not matter to her.

There is nothing I can do to stop her. No one has control over her. I pray that she does not throw away my paintings and I pray she does not throw away my writings and poems. All that

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am is in her control including forty years of my family pictures. and other family pictures of both my fathers and mothers ancestors. Nothing that has happened to me since I came to jail has bothered me as these evil acts of my mother. I can make no excuse for her actions.

My mother has a loving side but she has a very vicious side as well. She was relentless in her determination to control my father and treat him like a personal servant. The list of she asked for him was endless. No matter what he wanted to do she had a more important project.

My father always succumbed to her demands. I never understood it. It was so bad one time when I was 14 that I followed him out to the garage one night after she had cut into him and told him that if eh wanted to leaved and divorce her it was OK. I would he OK and don't let me be a factor in his decision. He did not say a word.

He stayed with her for 36 years and would have stayed longer if she had not pushed a divorce. My father had his faults, part of which was alcolism of which I never saw any signs ever. I never saw him lose his temper or abuse her in any way. He was not that kind of alcoholic. For 10 years after they separated he continued to go to her house and do whatever she wanted.

In 1988, when she and Vernon II got together she treated him the same way. She was just as vicious and unrelenting. She never stopped criticizing him. Never stopped working him like a field hand. Vernon II did have his ___ and he played games to thwart her. But like my dad he took care of things for her. IN the end she was so vicious that I think he killed himself. Not with a bullet. But like Kay's father. He pushed his body

Dr John WorldPeace JD

until it gave out. He was 80 and he began running two miles a day. Pushing his body. He had run track in high school. Every time I saw him the last six months of his life he said he was ready to die. All his affairs were in order. He was just waiting on the call.

My mother also hated her father. She gave him due respect and care but she had a lot of animosity for him. He gave his attention to her younger sister and her mother gave her attention to her younger sister.

With regards to my father, my mother bought a Mercedes in 1978, which she still drives. She was working for the Harris County Appraisal District. And she always made a big issue of how she made the payments. But I worked with my father and I saw the monthly bills from one store where she liked to shop most of her life. It amounted to \$800 a month in 1974. That would almost be her entire salary at the county.

I must say that her manipulating did increase their wealth through real estate. He made the majority of money by far and it was his income that paid for the real estate. But on a personal level she was venomous.

I can only remember about three times as a child when she said I love you. She was not as vocally critical of me as a child as was my father. He ___ was not that bad until I turned eighteen and started college. The word stupid was used a lot by both of them about me. My name change and my participations in the governor's race was highly criticized.

When I sued my mother's church for theft, the people at the church who were against her kept bringing up the fact that she

told them how stupid I was for running for governor. I ignored it. I knew how she was.

But now I am 60 and in the jail where I have a lot of time to think. And I have discovered a couple of things from this latest incident. First, my anger is pretty much gone. I think through this book I have reviewed and released so many things and that release has given me peace. Anger is an loud negative vibration now. I know that people who do evil will repeat darkness. I do not need to insert myself into such matters. Evil and darkness is a tar baby and you cannot engage it without getting it on yourself.

When I get out of here, and even now, I will spend my time doing good not getting even as was my job as a lawyer. There is no end to the evil that people do. I can accomplish so much more by doing good and letting evil deeds reap payback from the universe.

Second my mother animosity for my grandfather and Vernon II also extends to me. That is life. What she had done with this most recent vicious act is to make it OK for me to move to Paris when I get out of jail. I may ___ on ___ move to Las Vegas. Both are world human magnets. I will take care of her financially if that becomes necessary but I am disengaging from her negative behavior.

When I was much younger, I use to joke, that when a person has a child, he should take that child to an exchange, enter and leave it and then chose a child who likes him. Well I am adult and I don't need to exchange my parents. But I know I can find a woman who has a loving family and I can become part of that family. I ___ to be when I am wanted and can find love and not viciousness.

Another lesion is reducing my attachment to natural things. I guess it took my mother vicious acts of throwing away my things to make me realize how attached I was to things. Nother she threw away had any intrinsic value. They were just

Dr John WorldPeace JD

special thing to me. The whole Buddhist philosophy is about releasing things and not becoming attached. Same message as Jesus.

I wrote a letter to Kay yesterday asking her to stop my mother vicious destruction of my possessions. I pray that she has some influence.

Tomorrwo I am supposed to get a final resolution on my Federal resisting arrest matter. I expect to plead out to a misdemeanor and get time served so I have no probation. With some luck the matter should be finalized this week.

After that I will do what is necessary to end the hold that Judge Brown (mother BR judge) has on me in the bankruptcy court. The ___ Gregg left last night. He got his contempt matter dealt with by sending a complaint to the administrative judge. I feel ___ ___ him here for a few days to show me the way out of the BR hold. I will get John to look up who the Administrative Judge is over Judge Brown and write him a rice letter asking him to deal with her. This matter is simple. She has no reason to hold me. I am not in contempt. All she wants to do is read me her final order in my mothers BR. With luck that hold should be released this week as well.

In regards to my contempt in the State Bar matter. I very much want to file my writ of Habeau Corpus and get out. But at the same time. I do not want to get out and then have to come back in a month or two. I also don't want to spend time waiting on a 100 page pleading. I have 83 days left and then I can walk out of here with no stops attached. I can use these day to finalize the book and to write another novel. I will deal with the two federal matters and then decide about the state Bar matter.

For the first time. I am warm in jail. I no longer wear my arm socks or walk around with my towel around my neck. IN fact, if it gets warmer I will start taking off my orange top and sleep in my T shirt. Or not wear my Tshirt when moving around the

Dr John WorldPeace JD

day room. You cant leave your cell without your orange uniform. I am sure that when we go back to our other t__ which I expect to be this week It will be colder but not freezing cold like has been. I hate the cold but I would also hate to be in a hot tank with little or no air flow. The warmth has to do with the temperature using outside. It is in the 80's By June when I am due to get out it will be in the 90's and it may become very warm in here.

In a place like this our time thing beging to get on your nerves. Inf the first ninety days everything is new and you are just learning to adjust and to keep busy. After nintty day you begin to settle in and the pettinenss begins to wear on you. An example is the newspaper. We get two each morning. one for the top floor and one for the bottom. Once read it gets passed from person to person. But many times it goes to someone who is not going to read it and it sits hidden in their room. So you have to track it down like a private detective,. They when you locate it you have to deal with a lot of attitude.

Another irritant is there is someone who always wants to be the house mother and make rules and treat others like children,. I can see how in general populations there would be constant fights,. I can also see how as the temperature rises, tempers would get shorter and shorter,

You always have to be aware of the possibility of retaliation. So for me I don't want someone to come into my room and take this manuscript. There is why one copy and it could be rewritten for the most part but these days to day events in the jail section could not be rewritten. The main events in my life can be remembered but some of those sections are very labor intensive and are hard to create, With regards to a novel, you could never recreate a section of 60 pages that went missing. So I Just keep to myself and interact with some because you need someone to watch your back. An extra paid of eyes you're your room, someone to fill you in on the daily rumor mill and someone to make sure you wake up for meals. Once the food cart leave you don't get fed. The turstees love to have

extra meals because they trade them for commissary in the next cell block. One day last week three guys did not get lunch. They slept right through it. I ran to wake them up when I realized what happened but they were too late and missed the cart, That is one of the reasons I wish they had a clock in here,.

GENETICS

Humanity is on the edge of a metamorphosis. It has already begun and it cannot be stopped. The internet and DNA research are each at a threshold of a new humanity., One that promises to take the primal cave man and evolve him into a specialized being with a destiny to bring a new enlightenment immediately to the earth and from there to the galaxy and then beyond. 848

We are entering the time of a great awakening. We are going through the last gasps of a dying predatory mentality which pits every human being against other human beings who are not of his race, religion or nationality. We are entering a time when women will be elevated to an equal status with men and God will begin to be perceived as neither male nor female but having the aspects of both. God is beyond the primal biological separateness of gender. God is not associated or biased sexually but is asexual. God is not anthropomorphic. We are in God's image but we are not a reflection of God's physical presence. God is perfectly clear. God cannot be seen or sensed with the human senses unless God projects such an image. God is known intuitively abstractly but not physically. God is a presence not a being. God is not a father or son but a Holy Spirit. A perfect presence a pure clear energy. God projects God as every single image on earth. God is not a flower but he projects his essence into every flower. God is the animate and inanimate. It is a holographic universe and where we differentiate flower from bee, there is distinction but only God – perceived as one or the other.

The time is upon us when we will break free of our patriarchal religion with the corporate political reality and embrace a more spiritual less tangible more abstract concept of God and human being. The façade of shape and form will disintegrate and we will see the perfect pure clarity of in which we cannot see the difference between the essence of God and the essence of us. It would be like a clear glass of water which only when light shines through it can you perceive the colors.

The time has begun when we will stop projecting heaven as a reflection of an earthly political kingdom and instead understand heaven to be a more sublime pure ___ spiritual essence were all thing blended merge into oneness separate yet not. Separated only by perception.

This is the new enlightened awakened view of God. As long as we continue to perceive God as an anthropomorphic sexual being, we will continue to subordinate women as not God and all other human beings as inferior based on their perceived race. God is not political or religious.

The human body is a genetically manipulated creation of superior beings, these were the Elohim and ___ of Genesis. Now human science has unraveled the structure of DNA and we have the ability to manipulate it. Human beings will live longer and surgery will no longer be crudely performed with knives but with injections of DNA that will create new body organs within existing one. Brain cells will be mapped in that memory can be downloaded and reinjected into new brain cells.

In time we will locate the mind soul connection. The human body is a machine that has no life or its own. Without an attached soul it is nothing more than a zombie. A mindless senseless mass of flesh and bone.

There is nothing sacred about the human body. It is just a vehicle/container and as such there are no spiritual repercussions associated with ridding it of its imperfections.

850.5

In the Bible there are two uses of the word God. In Genesis God says let us make man in our image. God has no equal so the Bible is saying it was not the all inclusive God but a super human who made man. Genesis 1:26

God the super human was one of the Nephilim. Gen 6:4 He was talking to the other Nephilim in Gen 1:26. The sons of God were the pure sons of the Nephilim. Man was a genetically manipulated human being who was made less than the Nephilim. They were not immortal like the Nephilim but only lived 120 years.

The serpent was Satan, a Nephilim, who fought with Arch Angel Michael and was beaten. He encouraged Eve to eat from the Tree of good and evil. The tree had a ___ giving fruit and when you ate it you were awake. Adam was a mindless drone until he ate of the tree of Good and Evil.

The Tree of Life was the knowledge of DNA which would be manipulated to make man immortal. In 1954 Watson and Crick unraveled the shape of DNA. They had metaphorically eaten of the Tree of Life. Actually the Nephilim who still work on earth gave them the vision. The same way Fermi was given the secret of the atom.

Revelation is a book of metaphors and cannot be read literally. WWI was Armageddon and it ended with an atomic bomb. Then 9 years later the potential of heaven on earth existed when man was given the DNA. The Tree of Life. So now we have a New Heaven and Earth. Earth will be new with human immortals and heaven will be new with man's understanding of heaven as another dimension that spirits manipulate the course of destiny through reincarnation. There will be a new understanding of the heavens and earth connection. Therefore a new Heaven and Earth.

There is a war going on to keep non ignorant and Christianity in fighting to keep man ignorant by labeling the ___ our DNA knowledge and stem cells to lengthen the life of man as evil.

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There is a war among the Nephilim who run the earth to stop the Nephilim who want to elevate man closer to the Nephilim.

The dead Sea scrolls have begun to undermine the uniqueness of Jesus and therefore undermine the Catholic church and Christianity to break the grip of religion and replace it with spirituality.

By condemning DNA and stem cell research the church can keep man in the dark longer. But change is already coming and it cannot be stopped. The Nephilim want to keep the status quo so they can figure out how to remain in power.

DNA is not evil but inevitable. DNA and stem cell research will first reduce pain and suffering and then move to creating immortality on earth. As above so below.

DNA research has traced all human beings back to Eve who lived in sub Sahara Africa in 250,000 BCE. Scientific evidence shows that the flood was 12000 BCE and 10800 BCE All the human beings were not ___ out. If they were that all human would only be found back to 12000 BCE. not 250,000 BCE The flood was either caused by an asteroid strike or a planet like object that passed very close by earth. But the Nephilim knew it was coming and that is why they were prepared.

Further, Noah Ark could never hold 2 of each living creature. But it could if it was not the creature but its DNA that was put on the ark. The ark is another metaphor. The Nephilim may have survived the flood in spaceships above the earth and the Ark was one of those ships.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

The history of the earth is preserved in the earth close to the high civilizations, one of the oldest being in Jerusalem. The Christians burned the library of Alexandria and destroyed the history of the Aztec, Incas and Mayans. But it is not all gone. In time the truth will be recovered.

When a greater number of humans are connected through the internet, Knowledge will reach a critical mass and overnight there will be a new awakening and humanity will step away from its primal cause man's maturity and rise to the level of the Nephilim. A new social order and new spiritual dynamic will then emerge.

March 31, 2008 before supper

Mark F. the preacher guy came to me with a petition to sign to have a TV put in here or to move us back to the other tank. He had not signed it. I told him to sign it first and he would not. Said he would sign it last. Of course he did not want his name on the top line if there was retaliation. I signed it and told him unless he signed he was not going to get other to sign. He left and signed it and came back and showed me. I just smiled. Everyone signed it and he gave it to the deputy. We will see what happens

April 1, 2008 after breakfast

Twenty years ago on April 1, 1988, I made a commitment to dedicate my life to the advocacy of peace and WorldPeace. It was April Fools Day and Good Friday both. Much has happened in those 20 years. I met Kay five after I changed my name and she left me 19 years later 2 days before my 19th Anniversary. The book is primarily about those 20 years. I find myself in prison on my anniversary. And somehow it feels like being in jail has been a birthday present. It may be that this book and what will follow from the book is the present because Had I not been in jail this book would have never been written. Only by cutting me off from the world was I able to write it.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

My mother sold some of my possessions for no reason except she has always had an abusive and mean streak in her life toward men. After her father my father, Vernon II. I am just the most recent. I may be the last on the list as her father was the first. There is no excuse for her behavior.

Also Kay, came and picked up my bedroom set this weekend. We did not have a formal agreement on it. But she had done a lot to pack up my things to protect them from th____. and now I see my mother. If she wants the bedroom set it is OK. I loved it but at the same time it was the furniture of Leon Kysers son Vernon. I am sure from the receipts we found it was brought new and Vernon slept on it for about 60 years. I pick up vibrations on these things and I am not totally comfortable in the bed. It is also the last bed that Kay and I slept in so it is taking the memories of my life with her. Symbolically it is the end of our marriage,.

My mother's hateful acts have had the most negative effects on me since I have been in here. It has caused me confusion for the last three days but I feel that I can emerge from those feelings. I have a clearer version of what is coming now that I had.

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Kay truly had removed the last of her presence from the house. I also believe that my mother's acts mean that the home on Heights will not sell and that I will have it as my home base for the rest of my life.

On

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e of the problems that I have with people close to and involved with me is that I rely heavily on my intuition about my path. So what I am saying is that my logic and my intuition seem to indicate that I will stay on Heights Blvd. Now, something could happen tomorrow and change that. We made our decisions based on the input we have at the moment. And my input indicates that I will stay on Heights. It is possible that some act will happen in the next hour or some input will come to my attention that will change my perception of things. If that happens, I will reverse my view of the future.

For Kay and the Snake when I would say something based on my best logic and intuition, they would beel it was set in stone. Nothing is set in stone. Things change all the time and they change more for me than others because I have so much going on in my life. My life is complicated and integrated. The truth is that very few people can understand what I am doing because of it.

People tend to think that my life is not focused. That is not true. My whole life has always been totally focused and everything has contributed to my WorldPeace Advocacy. The problem is that I have done inconceivable things like change my name, and run for governor and challenged the abuses of the Presbyterian church and the State Bar of Texas. Those things were in furtherance of my WorldPeace Advocacy. From a materialistic conservative viewpoint, they are a waste of energy. I have a purpose driven life and that purpose is global. and it is global because I have the capacity to think globally.

From my perspective, I have lived a totally conventional life but my hobbies, art, politics, etc have occupied my free time as opposed to watching sports, going to bars and chasing women.

I say it all the time. I am playing chess while most people I know and with whom I am interacting are playing checkers. when I would try to explain things to kay and the Snake, they would be bored in the first five minutes because I would have to lay a long foundation of things because my explanation would make sense. Neither Kay ever helped me with the conceptual aspects of what I

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am doing. They worked long hours and were an integral part of our income but they refused to take part in designing the future.

There is an old saying, “Nothing growing in the shadow of an oak.” Kay and the Snake had to get away from me because they were unwilling to help me create “our dream”. they only supported “my” dream. And in the end they wanted their own life. The Snake would not be a CPA now had I not forced her to join in the bookkeeping and the tax business. The sad thing is had she showed some initiative when we were married, which the CPA absolutely show she was capable of, she would have been a millionaire two decades ago instead of working 8 to 5 struggling all those years.

I don't know what it would be like to have a woman as my companion who was focused and engaged in crafting a common future as I was.

In the Snakes case, she was not only a non-participant on the visionary band I always view myself as a huge Cruise ship and she was a huge anchor draggin behind. Again se was a hard worker. But she not only had no vision she tried to destroy me and continues to do so. she will not succeed in doing anything but incurring the evil that she must confront when she dies if not sooner. I have no doubt that in death she will spend a period in a very dark place. She will not immediately go into the light.

This is the way it is. I was sleeping with the enemy. She was one fo the dark souls who confronted me before my birth. Then she incarnated behind me and we married. But even though she had my children and created a life for us and the children on a deeper spiritual level she was always a dark soul.

Early on in my friendship with Penny she showed me that the Snake had a black heart. I saw it clearly. But I refused to believe it. 33 years laterI have the evidence that she was my nemesis. As recent as one year ago she manipulated my youngest son to destroy my lucrative web design business and ended my married to Kay in the process.

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All is as it should be and God plays multi dimensional chess all the time. So very often the worst experiences turn out to be the best of blessings from God. It requires faith and experience to know this. Everyone who hurts you is not your enemy and everyone who helps you is not your friend. I have many problems with the Snakes father (tiger) but he got me into law school. No one is all evil or all saint. All of the great heros of the Bible had their short comings.

Life is not easy. Even the best of lives have tragedy attached. Just look at movie stars. So much fun, so much loneliness and misery. the truth is often paradoxical

We all have our own demons, that hound us. I do not agree with the BS that everyone wants to avoid suffering. Some people like me understand that a large agenda comes with more than average suffering. Anytime you go against the conventional wisdom you create a bit of hell. Jesus was crucified. It was the best case example of all that is wrong with religious bureaucracies. They do a tremendous amount of good but they are run at times and in parts by evil men.

Religions are like the story of the blind men and the elephant each feels a part and thinks its is the whole elephant. To know God better you must read and embrace the spiritual wisdom that exist in every major religion. The problem is carrying away the huge amount of bureaucratic misinformation to get to the truth. Religion has its place but if you want to talk to God you sometimes must leave behind your religious training.

When Jesus comes and each religion is expecting their own messiah, they will be attached and relentlessly pursue because messiahs always come to straighten out the established religious order and new religions grow behind them.

I say we have enough religion. We need spirituality. Let a person work in the sacred place of his choice and support his preferred religion. but to know God you have to be spiritual, devoid of religious bias you have to be all inclusive because God is all

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inclusive. You have to see people as human beings first and all the rest second.

WorldPeace is a secular/spirituality that is all inclusive. It is not religious and it is not, cannot be grounded in any race, religion, nationality or gender.

April 2, 2008 After Breakfast

I am not sure if we are going to stay in this tank or not. I hope not because it is borderline hot in here but more importantly the air feels stagnated. If we stay in this tank, it will get worse as the temperature increases outside. I have found that the heat has caught me by surprise after freezing for 3 months and it is in a small way depressing. I no longer wear an undershirt except at night. I wear my sliders and not my shoes and two pair of socks to keep my feet warm I don't wear my arm socks. I slept in just my undershorts last night on my sheets. I did not have to pull the blanket over me later on in the night. It will take me a few days to adjust to this new environment.

Also Mr Williams is back. She was only here for a few hours yesterday morning and she is more restrained. I was heating some water for oatmeal when she came in with cleaning supplies. She made some comment about me boiling water while others were cleaning. I did not respond. there are 3 guys in here who clean up and there is only cleaning supplies for those three. Also, they like to do it and act like they have become institutionalized in a short time. My room was already clean. I will hold off on heating my water in the future or do it as soon as I get up. Just another minor adjustment.

I have not received a letter from Kay in 10 days. She was starting to write regular but when I started to talk about moving to Paris she quit. I think she is sorry she left in some ways. Last summer I went to Florida to meet a woman I had been talking to online. Kay went ballistic and used it as an excuse to take Bailey. Bailey is a long hair dachshund that was given Kay by her daughter in law Heather. She left Bailey with me until she could get a place to stay

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on her own. Since I was home all the time. Bailey did not have to be penned up. It did not matter what was best for Bailey she demanded him as soon as she found I went to Florida. We were starting to communicate and she packed up a lot of my things to keep them from being stolen And she began to write short letters frequently. Then I started talking about Paris and she has quit writing. In her last letter she said she would help me in any way. She also came in this past weekend and took my bedroom set. I told her she could have it but we had not firmed up the conditions. It is not a big deal but it reminds me of Bailey.

My dad has never written me since I have been in here. I have written him about 4 times. Kay has stopped writing. My mother wrote one short letter. My mother has begun to trash my things and more than anything else that has depressed me and made me angry. It is depressing because I do not know what she is capable of now. I am concerned that she will throw away my manuscripts and or my paintings. She is capable of significant meanness. John has said that he cannot control her and Kay only has a small amount of control. I am going to have to write her a letter. I have wanted for 3 days to cool down my anger. I am in here mostly because of my trying to stop the Bankruptcy judge from making mother destitute. So that increases my frustration

John is under tremendous pressure because My-Le has opened a Chiropractor business and she is now beginning to see the stress involved in running a business. I told her a year ago. John and My-Le thought they could make all these plans and avoid all the problems associated with business. They just smiled when I mentioned the hell of owning your own business. I feel for them and if I were not in here I could help. It is another thing that frustrates me but I can do nothing. I am pushing as hard as I can on my case but John has to file things for me and he is slow to do it. I don't know if he knows something that I don't now or if he just wants to take a more conservative approach. My fed lawyer is dragging his feet and if something does not happen this week, I will be forced to file something with the court to keep me from being blind sided. And I plead to the misdemeanor my case, the BR hold and State Bar hold should be lifted and I can be free. But I must plead out first.

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On the good side I had a major revelation about this book yesterday. This is a unique book because it is about a fool who changed his name to WorldPeace. There are several story lines going on. Also it is truth not fiction. I have written about the equivalent of 540 printed pages and I feel this book will go to about 700. I have $(910 \times 250 \text{ wpp} = 227,000 \text{ words})$. –the intention was that I would extend this book another 700 pages by writing a fictional account of my life from 2008-2018 when I will be 100. I can use my future fictional life as a way to project a more sane world human society. Then in reality I can write annually a supplement to the non fiction reality. It would take about a month to do the fictional part. I have been thinking I would do a novel but could not get comfortable with a particular story line until now.

I am also going to begin to edit what I have already written mostly clarify my hand is read script. some words are hard for me to read. The deputy has never touched my legal papers during a shakedown. So I feel that they are safe. But I can't afford to leave here and go to the law library or to recreation for concern of other inmates looking in my room. when I get a chance I feel like I should pass what I have onto John.

GLOBAL WARMING

There is no question about the fact that the earth is warming due to our overuse of fossil fuels. We are courting disaster to ignore the particular havoc that global warming can bring on.

The earth is balanced. The amount of heat coming to the earth from the sun causes the seas and air to circulate in a certain way. if the planet heats up a few degrees or cools a few degrees these weather patterns could shift dramatically.

The areas that now yield abundant food could become useless due to drought or too much rain. The fortunes and future of a country like the United States could be put into jeopardy if the wheat belt across America shifted north to Canada or south to Mexico. What would happen? The US economy would change and we

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would become dependent on other countries to feed us. Would we invade Mexico to take over the new land for harvesting?

As the heat rises on the planet the ice in the Arctic and Antarctic melts and overtime the sea levels rise and many coastal areas become submerged. River delta lands become inundated – Fish move to different locations or die out. major changes occur because so much of the human society lives on the coasts.

And it is possible that if the ice caps melt the earth may become unstable and the poles shift then as the earth cooks the ice forms in new places due to the poles shifting.

That would mean new directions of the wind and the seas. Everything would be in chaos because all our history of weather patterns would change.

There there is the internal land changes in certain areas due to deserts and mountains ranges become flood zones and green belts become deserts. The changing weather destroys concrete highways

In the worst case scenario one or two billion people could die. those numbers would seriously affect the world economy and war would surely break out because nations with the military power could not resist using it to take over farming lands.

the other problem is that the world's genetically modified seed supply may not be able to flourish and produce in the new farming regions.

A hungry world would strip the land bare and then starve to death.

The real problem is when the weather changes just enough such that a critical mass is reached and then the entire world goes into convulsions for periods of months or years as the world's weather tries to readjust.

Volcanos may become active due to the earths wobbling due to the melting ice caps, tidal waves of gigantic proportions slam back and forth between continents. Ash from the volcanoes block out the sun and denying crops their necessary sunlight to grow and produce.

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Large herds would not be able to be fed and would die off. Big city would evacuate to the rural areas of the food supply were stripped from grocery stores and warehouses. All food would cease to move as national guards protected food for their local populations.

America saw the inability of its bureaucracies to deal with the Katrina and Rita hurricans in New Orleans in 2005. How would it deal with 10 such disasters.

And there would be migrations of people from one country to another. Mexicans would floor into America. The numbers would be too great to stop. Migrants would die all over the world as they sought food and eventually were to weak to move.

And these are the major catastrophes. Locally people would kill their neighbors for food. And in the worst cases cannibalism would take hold.

The tragedy is that it could all be prevented. If we get a firm warning sign from mother nature there could be an immediate ban on the burning of fossil fuels for a few weeks or a month. But that would send shocks waves into the world energy markets and the stock markets. Fossil fuels would have a deep crippling effect in the world economy. Maybe the 30 days ban would settle down the weather but then there would have to be a slow coming back on line. Hybrid cars would be in great demand and gasoline cars would become worthless. Again more economic disasters.

The major and minor ripples could last for a decade or more. There is no way to predict such a global ripple effect.

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There is a saying “Don’t gamble with more that you can afford to lose.” Global warming could trigger a catastrophe that could come close to returning humanity to their caves as the earth tried to shake off the virus of human beings and their ecological contempt for the earth.

April 3, 2008, after lunch

I took a 24 hour break away from writing because I need to gain some perspective. before I finished the last 100 pages of this book. I need time to process several things in my head. One was how to shift gear from this book which is a non fiction review of the past and the novel that it will shift into. The real shift over needs to be the legal problems. It just occurred to me that the legal problems can go forward in real time as can the jail if necessary. So it just occurs to me that all the story lines do not need to end at the same time. There can be a bit of a ___ 880 between shifting from fact to fiction. I can create an author’s note to inform the reader what has happened.

I have already seen in my mind 1000 tablet pages for the novel, or an equivalent number of pages for section one as section two. Most of my entire line averages about 4 pages. so a thousand pages will mean about 250 entries or chapters.

I also saw the story line as a two month build up to my 100th birthday. So the main story line will be my future wives or wife and another will be WorldPeace

The evolving of the second book is sort of working the same as when I am into poetry. (There is another storyline, the artist.) When I am about to finish a work of art. I begin to sketch the next canvas and then begin to draw so as I near completion of one canvas another one begins to take shape.

I could not release the energy from my mother trashing some of my things. John had related this to me on Sunday I believe. My

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anger was strong and so was my depression. Most of the things I keep are memories not the tangible form of things. There is a conversation in a movie called *Twins* about Danny DeVito's coin collection. When he mentioned it you thought about a traditional collection. But when he displayed it, it was about coins with memories associated with them. Like this is the coin my father gave me when we went to the circus. And this coin was when we went to Disneyland. And this silver dollar was the one my grandfather gave me. Well almost all my possessions are like that. The rest are my paintings and my writings. So the destruction of any of those things by my mother made me feel raped.

Also, in this jail you live in a sterile environment and so a person like me feels even more deprived. To have everything I own outside the jail and to have my mother taking things away from me as the guards do here, was very depressing. Nothing bothers me about this place. But my mother through her actions had managed to do to me what no one else has done. Makes me feel alone.

I wrote a letter to my mother and then mailed it to Kay so she could relate the contents as possible to my mother. But that had not given me the relief that I needed. So last night I wrote a very frank 3 page letter. I printed it so to make it easy to read. Kept it concise and on point and did not get personal. I just wrote with as little emotion as possible told her that I was not dead and she had no right to trash my memories. There was one 8 foot tall hutch that was about 100 years old that I salvaged from a house slated to be demolished. I intended to make an art supply storage cabinet out of it. I told her I wanted it back. Period. I pray it was given to someone and not taken to the dump or put on the street.

When I first arrived in here I continued to call my mother each night as I had done since her companion Vernon II died. Three years ago. It became necessary for her to make a \$100 deposit in a special account for calls from a jail or prison which are always collect. She refused. She has plenty of money. She just did not want to talk to me. I still don't understand it but my mother has an undeniable prejudice against men. She is not a feminist she just has a lot of contempt for men.

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I have written her about five letters. Last week she responded with me a 12 sentence letter. I released my anger and depression on that matter.

John has still not received a response from my federal attorney. This made me realize that I can no longer sit back and be passive. So I wrote a 6 page pleading that was very aggressive and stated that the Deputy who tried to arrest me lied about me assaulting him. The prosecutor who made a deal for a misdemeanor lied and said he didn't and my attorney who said he would file a motion for a hearing in the misdemeanor lied and missed the deadline. John will file the matter on Monday.

This morning I wrote another aggressive pleading for the bankruptcy court on my mother's case and the judge's refusal to release the jail hold on me as well as costing my mother \$2300 a month in losses because she cannot rent or sell her property where I live. I also brought up the fact that the trustee lied under oath and had still not produced a valid claim of title to the property.

I cannot file my writ of Habeas Corpus on the State Bar matter until I can see what is going to happen on these two federal matters. The justice system both state and federal is blatantly corrupt. When I get out, I am considering finding an attorney to file a federal discrimination lawsuit. I don't like the idea of filing anymore lawsuits, but what has been done to me really needs to be challenged. I know the system. If I can't get justice no one can who does not have ten's if not hundreds of thousands of dollars to pay off the equally corrupt defense attorneys.

The heat in this tank is also another contributing factor to a mild form of depression. I have learned to basically stay lightly clothed. Last night after washing my undershorts I just put them on wet. They are light weight and a cotton blend so they dried in a few hours. They also had a cooling effect. In the daytime I only wear my orange top and bottom and wear my shower shoes. I roll up

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my pants to my knees and I stay cool. I exercise about 2100 and then take a shower. The shower only has hot water, no adjustments. So you get wet and then when it shuts off in 20 seconds you just leave it off for a few minutes and this is cooling.

The grievance we all filed for a TV, even though I don't watch it was rejected. So for me it means things will be much quieter. But most of these guys are having serious withdrawals. I seldom watch TV on the outside. Most of the shows are too Moroni and boring. I have much more interesting things to do.

I received a short letter from Kay. It was very uplifting. Not because of the content but because it was just an indication that someone on the outside cares.

The adjustment to the heat , the legal log jam, the fact that I am about to finish this book, my mother trashing my personal property and I think the novelty of being in jail has worn off and most of guys I used to enjoy talking to are gone all caused a reality check and some depression during the last 5 days. I am through it now and am back to realizing that I have only 77 days at the most to prepare to go back to work and put all this behind me. I have to completely reconcile the past before I leave here if I want to make a fresh start.

I have been wondering why these guys have been wrapping wet toilet paper around their milk, water bottles and such. I thought it was for insulation. In fact it is for cooling the drinks. The water vaporizing from the toilet paper make the drink cold. I find things like that interesting.

The ual noval I am reading that is about 750 pages is interesting. The first volume (200 pages) was heavy into scripture and not much into a story line. But the second volume (550 pages) is just the opposite. The core there is saving a marriage that is going through the hell of a child with AIDS and a recovering teenager in addiction to a workaholic husband and passive wife. What is also interesting is that the main couples names are Michale and Stephanie. My grandson is named Steven, Stephanie's son by her

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first marriage but the daughter is named Sarah not Michelle. I don't recall if Michelle in the book has revealed her second name yet. It would be real interesting if it was Sarah or even if it started with an S. 886

I have prayed for an understanding of why Kay left and why both 19 year marriages ended. I think this book is about to enlighten me. I got these books off the Christian cart last week. And I got the Purpose Driven Life from the cart a month ago. The cart does not have that many books. Maybe 15 but two books that seem to be important for me have been there. God is always present. And God is sneaky.

April 5, 2008 before supper 895

I have been in jail since December 22, 2007, in the 895 hold. My federal resisting arrest that should have been resolved on June 16th. But due to my attorney's sitting in neutral. I should have a hearing on April 14, 2008. 90 days delay – I have the federal bankruptcy hold ____ is pure corruption. the judge has no authority to hold me but yet she is. I cannot attack her corruption until I have a resolution on the federal resisting. My application for writ of Habeas Corpus is completed and waiting on the other two issues to be resolved before I can file it..

The problem is that in 75 days I will have served 6 months State Bar sentence and my application will be moot. If I can submit my application I have a good chance of not only having the contempt order vacated but also have the underlying judgment for disbarment vacated as well. I have been waiting since August 2003 for a chance to clear my name. Now I am on a tight rope above a mine field trying to make everything come together in my favor.

Regardless of what happens in 75 days I will walk out of this jail with all my past problems resolved. I will begin a new life. I will never practice law again for many reasons. But I would like to have my good name vindicated.

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Again, if I cannot get justice out of the judicial system, the overwhelming majority of innocent citizens caught in the trap of American Justice have no chance at all. I am absolutely guaranteed that 30% of the people in jail and prison should not be here.

April 6, 2008 after breakfast. 896

As per usual, things once again moving fast. I find it strange that I sort of feel like I am drifting with the cement of this place. In other words, I deal with the irritations but I am not trying to control what goes on in here. I get up, eat, write, play chess, exercise, BS with the other inmates and the day goes by very fast. I do one of the above as I feel like. The meals come at a regular time and I try to exercise 2 days on and one day off. I usually exercise at 2100 which gives me time to shower before lights out. In the past, I spent a lot of time washing my ___ 897 clothes but I don't need to do that much any more because all I wear in addition to my orange suit is my underwear and my socks when I workout. Last night I enjoyed the shower after my workout because I had no laundry to do.

The guards like these convicts stay up all night so I could not get to sleep. The result was that I missed the breakfast wake up. That always irritates me. I need and want to lose another 20 pounds down to 170 but food is like money in here and some days you are hungrier than others and it is nice to have a small inventory.

After breakfast, they called Mark C out for transfer. It seems unusual because he is to get out in less than 4 weeks. Mark is pretty mercenary and I just began in the last few weeks to talk to him in depth. He is a body builder in the lower weight class (145 pounds) and he is addicted to strip clubs. He has been married several times but the relationships are all about appearances. So he seems to have married some very attractive women but who have a lot of negative baggage. He was in here for violent acts which caused his bond to be revoked. He was fighting with his step son. His brother is a HPD cop. and he sells coke on the side. But from what he told me he lets other carry for him so there is no chance he will get caught. I found him interesting. I was most interested in his information on how strip clubs work. Basically they are

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whore houses. The girls strip for tips and do table dances for \$20 each. But some are will to go to the VIP lounges that most of these clubs have. The VIP lounge is private and anything goes. He says the going rate is about \$100 for sex. So that is how some of these women can make a \$1000 or more a night.

I have been to those clubs before I was first married and between marriages. But I never tipped one on stage but I think I have paid for a few table dances. I cannot have sex with a woman with some kind of emotional connect. So paying for a prostitute simply has no appeal for me. What I find interesting is that the politicians know what goes on in these clubs as do the police. but there is too much cash money being paid to the right people to stop it. ___ability 898 is the primary lesson with regards to controlly vice. The US government could not stop the sale of liquor and finally gave up. All it did was increase crime. Prostitution has many facades but it is a reality. The money is there and so someone will always find a way to supply the women.

Yesterday, I wrote about my experience with the State Bar and I woke up angry this morning. I am going to have to file my pleading and try to bring the federal resisting arrist case to a head this week. My attorney is absolutely not looking out for my best interest. He is a nice guy but I , not he, is in jail.

I began the new book yesterday and I was surprised how good it is coming together. I hope to comple about 15 pages on it today. and another 15 on this book.

And by the way, Mark G, told me that when he went through classification he connected with the female deputy that classified him. She gave him her phone number and after he bonded out he met with her for sex. There is no way you cankeep human beings who are attracted to each other from finding a way to connect. Nothing is stronger than the biological and sometimes emotional attraction between two human beings. I could not help but wonder if Mark was not transferred the morning by this deputy. so she could have access to him in the jail while he is waiting to get out.. who knows.

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The first thing I will do today is to write up my Federal Pleading and get John to send an email tonight to stop any more continuances. There is a hearing set for next Monday and I intend to resolve this matter at that time.

April 6, 2008 after breakfast 900

PRAYER

Prayer is talking to God. Meditation is listening to God. there are several ways to pray no matter where you are. One is a silent prayer where you close your eyes and pray in your mind. Second is a verbal prayer in which you speak out loud your prayer. This prayer carries more weight because you have engaged your body to utter the prayer and your ears to hear the prayer. It is a more focused prayer because you are speaking and listening.

A spoken prayer can be one that has been memorized like a rosary or one from the Bible or one that you have written. When you write a prayer and then read it over and over you have made the prayer more tangible and more real and you have in essence prayed more intently and with more focus.

In addition, the more emotion that is associated with prayer the more intense it is. So a prayer that you have written and then read out loud with emotion is the most powerful of prayers. This has to do more with focus than anything else. The extra acts beyond a silent prayer force your mind to concentrate more intently. and that increased intensity amplifies the prayer.

Another way to increase the power of prayer is to repeat it over and over. In addition, you could light a candle and visualize that as long as that candle burns the prayer is vibrating in heaven. In some case, I write a prayer on a square piece of paper and then I fold it into an origami crane which symbolizes peace. I will then burn the crane which is like burning incense. Incense like a candle continues the prayer as long as it burns The burning candle and incense does nothing in and of itself. What it does is focus the mind. As the candle burns you remember that you lit it and so you

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are mutually praying as you remember the candle. Candles, incense, cranes, rosaries are all focal points. They do nothing alone. They are simply acts or objects that increase the amount of energy associated with a prayer.

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Everything we try to do on earth, works better if it is associated with a tangible act. In this reality we must move through molasses metaphysically speaking. Since we live in a tangible reality our visualizing, praying, meditating works better with a physical act. We live in a physical world so prayer works better with a physical aspect to help focus the mind.

When writing a prayer, I suggest the following or similar format.

Dear Lord,

(Body of Prayer) give me strength to deal with my illness, ask receive, seek find, knock and enter. (closing) As it is written and prayer so let it be done.

The ending reminds that our prayers will be answered. However, remember God knows best what we need and sometimes God's blessing is what we initially may consider an unanswered prayer. Sometimes God says no and sometimes God says yes but in a way we did not initially understand.

Prayer works, and it should be used often to help one negotiate the trials and tribulations of this reality. We don't want to focus on negative things but we must remember that negative prayers work. Not only intense focused prayers but cursing someone or wishing them pain and suffering does impact on them. We do evil and sin is our confusion in this reality all the time. If we can do something that harms someone in a real way, we can harm them to a more limited degree with negative thoughts and prayers. In the Lord's prayer we ask God to deliver us from evil. Some of that evil is negative thought and prayer directed to us. If God allows people to do evil, he allows them to pray evil as well. 903

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Within a month of moving into 1229 Heights a Zen center was established across the boulevard. The interesting thing was that it was established in the house where my father had his insurance business and I began my account business. After the divorce my mother moved into it and live there for several years. When my parents did a final property settlement about 8 years after their divorce the house was sold.

I saw in the paper today that they were moving from that location to somewhere else on the boulevard. Nothing in life remains the same. I had tried to attend the Zen Center 20 years ago before it was relocated I found the telephone reception always cold. when they moved in across the street I attended an introduction class and found way too much structure for me. I had read extensively about Zen. It is the most esoteric of all religions. I could not reconcile their extremely abstract teachings with their super conservative structure. I had even considered establishing a Zen offshoot. But I have no time for that. All religions are full of paradoxes and hypocrisy. I also have a huge problem with calling anyone master. In a esoteric religion like zen, "if you have to ask who is in charge then you don't know" I love this kind of twisted intellectualism.

I have been watching the center for almost four years. They used the church parking lot next to my house. They were good and interesting neighbors of sorts. I am curious where they are moving to. I wonder if I am going to be moving as well. I always wonder why things are happening around me. I study zen then a center locates across the street in a house I used to work in and spent many hours visiting.

I finished the two volume novel by James P Gills MD yesterday. it is a Christian read. The first volume 200 pages is 40% preachy sermons. The second volume 550 pages carried the story forward from volume one and was only about 5% preachy. My life is as _____ as the main character and my personality and acts were very similar to his. One book tugged at my emotions like none I have ever read. The Purpose Driven Life. I am amazed how God gave me two Christian Books that spoke to my heart and helped me

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resolve and have closure with my past. Those books were just more verification that I am in here to reconcile and close my past.

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April 7, 2008 After Breakfast

Saturday night the guard let people stay up all night. I went to bed as per usual about 2300 as close as I could figure without a clock. Two sat at the top of the stairs in front of my door and talked until before breakfast was served. In the morning breakfast came in a plastic bag and every guard distributes it differently. Usually the container is brought in and put on the table and each person gets his bag and a cold milk. About 4 people get two because of alleged deals they have with 4 people who do not eat breakfast.

When I go to bed at night my first 3 hours are very deep sleep and it takes a lot to wake me up. But if I wake up even for a few minutes, I cant go back to sleep for hours and I usually get up. This is what happened Sunday morning and so I did not wake up when they popped the doors for breakfast. When I woke up, my door was still locked because I have be standing there to make it open.

I looked out and the feed slot and saw breakfrast had been served and I missed it. I was irritated. A long as I have been here, no one got me up., I did not make a big deal of it. I have other food from the commissary. However, this morning something was screwed up and God provided confusion so that two trays were brought in by the trustee. I saw shot at some pay back so I grabbeda second breakfast and went to my house and closed the door. A few minutes later I heard the three guys who always take two or more breakfasts wanting to know who got extra. I thought no one cared about me yesterday everyman for himself. So I am even now on breakfast. and I notice the 3 from the group that get two breakfasts are not locking in at night. 1) they got a jump on breakfast in the mornings. 2) It is hot in the tank and they need doors open to stay cool.

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Until they pass out the breakfast through the slots they is going to be this confusion. At lunch and dinner you line up at the main entrance and you are given a styre foam tray. There is never a problem then. Once in a while several people will oversleep and sometimes those trays will get passed in. Other times the trustee keeps them and sells them for commissary. It is a system of petty thieves.

No one will jack with me because I always have stuff people need or want. Toilet paper, pens, paper, stamps, cool aid (called Bernards) that come with lunch. Breakfast and supper you get 1% milk. And at lunch or dinner you get a fruit juice.

The only two people in the world I trust to cover my back are John and Kay. My parents have both dropped to a close second mainly due to their acts while I have been in jail. There is no third place.

The only person whose judgment I am trusting with regards to my life is John. I am allowing him to take down my hand to control my anger at injustice. I don't get too mad about the vast majority of things but I have a real hot button when it comes to injustice and prejudice and collateral issues. I do not trust bureaucracies or large corporations or organizations to look out for me the individual. I have much experience with the law to back up my attitude.

That being said, I have to be very careful in negotiating these legal matters. I have court next Monday for pretrial on my resisting arrest. My pleading, as above, are in your face and they irritate people because they are candid and truthful. My attorney has not responded to me. I don't trust her. But John assures me all will be OK. I know that John knows how to survive in the Houston Police Department. That is a vicious place to try to survive much less make a career out of it. So I trust his judgment. Kay is too overwhelmed with fear and a lack of faith to trust her decisions. She is very intuitive but not when it is about money or something that can cause personal grief.

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I feel like God may be showing me that I can trust John. If all goes as I plan, I will send someone to watch my back and help me in all my endeavors. Right now I cannot let this resisting arrest be continued. It has to be resolved next week. When I hope to plead out.

All my live I have had to depend on my intuition and my relationship with God to get me through. In two situations, of which I do not remember the details, I allowed others to influence my decision against my intuition. things went badly. For me personally when things go badly always have a mitigating plan of action to reduce the collateral damage and to get me back on track. so for now John is the only person on the planet I would allow to throttle me back. It goes against my entire being.

April 8, 2008 after breakfast

This was the most interesting of day. The Lord blessed it in many ways. Several days ago, I saw completion of this book. I saw all the remaining subjects. Up until now there was just too much to keep in my head. The subjects that are left are extensive and will take a lot of prayer to complete by they are fewer in number of topics.

I have been feeling for over a month that when I finished the first book, that all my legal problems would disappear. that it would be a sign that my legal problems would be over. In the manner in which I advocated praying I wrote an 11 page prayer and read it often. My legal problem was a part of that long prayer.

As per usual, I had a backup plan. In the event that I did not get out of jail before my 6 months sentence, I would begin on the second volume of my book. I always plan pray and meditate with the best expectations but I also always have a contingency worse case scenario plan. Just like when I was trying to get into law school.

The most important thing about prayer to remember is that God has a time table. And if you are patient and if you believe and have

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faith, all good things will manifest for you. God so many times will take the blessing we pray for and bless us ___ 936 with what we need.

Yesterday, John told me that I would be called to bankruptcy court and Judge Brown would ___ her order. I was called out to court this morning at 0430 as per the routine. I was taken to the Federal District Center and put in a holding cell until my court time at 0230. I did not leave the Harris County jail until 0830 as per usual. I also took a chance and carried with me the first 10 tablets of my book to give to John. There are 5 more and may be six before I am finished. I was successful in getting the Deputy US Marshall that was guarding me to give them to John at the end of the hearing. It was a quiet load off my mind. I could never rewrite the book. Every part has been inspired and if could not be the same if I tried to do it again. The contents would be there but not the heart and spirit of the text.

In court, Judge Karen Brown came in and read the order which listed my history of certain cases. and at the end stated that I could not help any family member no matter how dis___937 without my going to jail. In other words if I protect my family the way I protected my mother against the corrupt trustee, I would be put in jail. (take the order and expand on it)

After the reading I was dismissed from the court room. The judge refused to speak to me. I thought when I left that the judge was going to present the rest of the order dismissing the case after I left. My paranoia about her corruption made me feel that she was getting me off the case and she was going to try to sell the property or something wrong. when I called my son John he said that she did not write the rest of the order. I was surprised but not surprised.

I believe and have a feeling that God is going to keep me on that property. If the judge issued a dismissal my mother would begin to try to sell the house. I think that God will use Judge Brown to stop the sale and ___ me to the ___ to keys it and eventually to pay off the note and pay off my mother. That is part of my written prayer.

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I am wondering if I am to publish that prayer and the world see it blessed. In October 2006, I wrote a prayer that my ___ would prosper but also that all the evil would be purge from it all the people but two left. Kay also left but not because she is evil but because she no long had faith in me among other things. I love Kay and always will. But our life together is over. she now has a different destiny than mine even though I feel we will stary connected in many ways.

When I got back and called John, he also informed me that my attorney had secured the misdemeanor plea. So two miracles in one day. If all goes well I will be able to submit my Writ of Habeas Corpus next Wednesday and be out of jail by next weekend.

The question is whether I will have just the contempt hearing vacated or if the court will vacate the judgement for disbarment and I will get my license back as well. God only knows right now whatever happens will be part of the plan for my nemesis. in that I have absolute faith.

April 9, 2008 after breakfast

The breakfast were distributed in the old way again because Guards ___ here. I saw several people taking more than one but everyone who got up, did get a breakfast. I don't know who might have slept through it and did not get one like happed to me Sunday morning. I did see my friend Robbie W who weighs about 300 pounds take 3.

Yesterday morning a new guard was in the picketand when the food came, she ordered the trustee to put it in each window. But before that, H__ E Robbie W and T__ H were at the top of the stairs trying to go down and their breakfast plus some. Never had their door locked in part because it is better in here now and in part to get a jump on breakfast. The new guard yelled at them 2 or 3 times to get back into their cells which they did. Now got more than one breakfast.

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The point of all of this is how much emphasis gets put on the smallest of thing in a place like this. Missing a breakfast is a big thing so you watch out to make sure you don't miss it or someone else does not get your share. this place is a jungle full of different kinds of animals. You have to watch out for the lions and tigers. and if you are smart among tigers, you had best appear to be one.

I had 2 blessing yesterday with the resolution of my two federal cases. The day before I had a chest pain that did not feel like my heart nor the minor arthritis I have. It was a strong pain. I have over the years come to understand this strange pain usually when someone I love is in distress or I am being psychically attacked. This attack can be avoid through prayer and meditation or by reading something from the Bible like Psalm 37. But we are lazy and do not always remain vigilant. I believe the two pains were related to the two blessings. The negative forces were ot happy that I should receive those blessings.

Another reality of evil trying to take my blessing was that I almost had two fights yesterday. Something that rarely occurs for me.

When I go to federal court, I am usually no picked up by the feds until 0830. So I usually site ina holding tank with inmates being shipped to other prisons. These guys are potentially dangerous. Those who have long sentences to serve hav a bad attitude. You never know what someone has done unless they tell you. In that situation it may be best to say you are a murderer. Chances are I will never see any of the people again.

In the holding cell wich is about 15 x 20 with c toilets there are cement benches built along the walls. Normally there are 15 or more people laying or sitting on the floor. When I arrived I sat in a space between where one bench ended and the door to the tank. It was a space of about 5 feet. I sat slcoe to the end of the bench, another fellow next to the door.

At a 90 degree angle to the door was another end of the bench that went around the room . two black trash inmates were talking

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bs with each other and MF being every 3rd word. As per usual conversations like this take place and inmates listen out of boredom.

During the conversation both thugs got up and walked around, but when people tried to sit in their place they told them not to do it. This irritated me. Finally the two big mouths sat down. The one next to me says "Hey old school move down." He wants me to move down so he could sit sideways on the end of the bench. I said "no". Then the other thug tells me how I need to be user friendly and move down. I looked at him in the eyes and told him just like they claimed squatter rights on their space, I was doing the same on mine. I kept my peripheral vision on the thug on the bench and was thinking about how I was going to engage him if necessary and try to decide if the other one would step into the fight. All was quiet for about a minute and the tension was building.

About then the steel door opened that they called my name. I then got up and said to the thug next to me "You can have my space now asshole." He and his buddy said something like "You say that now the deputy is here." I thought no I thought I had made it clear what my intentions were. Anyway I guess God is always looking out when we do foolish things. I should not have challenged him because I have the first 10 tablets of my book with me and they could have been lost.

Later, when I returned to the cell block, I was feeling good especially when my son told me I was going to get the misdemeanor plead out. I was on the second level and have a small plastic tray that dozen cookies came in. I dropped it so it would land in front of Grey E. while he ate. Just playing. He is the one who did armed robbery for 15-22 when he got caught. We had a OK relationship. I went down to pick the tray up from the floor to throw it in the trash. When I stood up he took his hot sauce and squirted it all over my shirt. 90% of the guys in here would have immediately knocked the hell out of him. However, I knew that if I got in any kind of fight then I would lose my misdemeanor plead out. So I just asked him why he did it. He had

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no answer. He is like a snake. Most of the time passive but once in a while unpredictable. This is a dangerous jungle in here.

I went into the shower and washed off my jail top. No harm done. It was dry this morning. I will not speak to Corey again. Same as Jaime a couple months ago. He started acting crazy and I quit speaking to him. I just avoided him until he left. I am friendly to everyone but when someone does some outrageous act to me, I just cut them off. They don't get a second chance.

I have too many positive things going on now. Even if I don't get my writ of Habeas Corpus on the State Bar matter I am free in 71 days of all my legal problems.

April 10, 2008 before breakfast

JAIL

My enemies who wanted me to go to jail confound me. What is it they wanted. My death? Jail is not death. Jail is just a place like any other. Yes there are animals in human form. Fortunately my exposure to those types have been limited. God placed me in a wonderful place of safety and inspired me to write this book. I will shortly emerge from this dungeon and go on to a better life than I had before because I have been enriched by the experience.

So when my enemies expected to demoralize me and break me, I have been strengthened. Where they expected me to be demoralized I am invigorated by my survival. As they say "What does not kill you, makes you stronger."

Only those who themselves fear jail believed that jail would be a hard experience for me. I live moment to moment in the now. All things change. The worst nightmare must face the dawn and consciousness. Time has gone fast. Even when there was little or nothing to do. I meditated and prayed and went to a place of my own making. In the solitude I found an expanded consciousness. In the chaos and noise I retreated to the blissful place where God reigns.

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I have faced death, and I had no fear. Death is the end of a roller coaster ride. I find death curious. I find leaving a life or house that I came to enjoy to be sad but by no means punishment. Death is like an on comfortable set of clothes. As you take off these old clothes and throw them away in death you through off a very heavy and cumbersome body. The soul emerges and expands from the dark thickness of the body and begins to breathe the freedom of the boundless void.

In the worst of times, I always gathered good memories. In times of frustration I did something or did nothing and just allowed the hours to pass and with them wholeness was praying upon my mind.

All things are about perception. Our perceptions create our reality. When you have managed to discard the emotion of fear and at the same time have truly embraced faith in a miraculous God and fully realized that life is but a dream which we moment to moment create, then all things show their bright side. Darkness flows from light.

By putting me in jail, my enemies have elevated me. I have not cried to go for death but for more life as I pray a content prayer of thanks for my infinite immortal unconquerable soul. I live large. My life encompasses much when my enemies are limited by their darkness and the darkness is where they reside.

This is a place where most believe hell prevails. But even here God is present. I have no doubt that even the Christian hell witnesses dark souls, on their knees reaching out to God even as I observe the same here. In the pits of hell God waits our call. God is my foundation., God is my rock. Even though I am abused and lied about and cursed and even when evil people cause me to suffer, even then, always there is God is my constant companion. I have been removed from society to a jail which immediately became my sanctuary. In this jail, God healed me and blessed me. In here I found peace. Now I am about to exit back into the real world more than I was when I came here.

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Under these words, my soul has been cleansed with water and I will emerge as fire. My death in this life has become as always a rebirth. No death on any plane is final. Death is always a portal to another reality. Life, level of consciousness.

god has truly blessed me with the suffering that has set me free. This is the day the Lord has made let us joy and be glad in it.

April 10, 2008 before supper

EVIL

My 60 years on this earth and in this reality have made me a firm believer in evil. Every religion and spiritual teaching agrees there is a dark side to everything. And that evil is powerful almost as powerful as the light but as the opening to the Gospel of John in the New Testament states, the darkness has never overcome the light.

I have had to accept the fact that there are people, many people, who given the choice of doing good or evil with absolutely no consequences to themselves will choose to do the evil act. I also know that the forces of light and darkness are evenly matched. When I was working for a burglar alarm company I asked the VP in charge if the most expensive burglar alarms really worked. His reply was that the more sophisticated the system the more sophisticated the burgler. So the more light a person has the greater the dark counter part will be.

I also know that evil souls are linked the same way souls of the light are linked. If you are in a battle with a dark soul, the energy that dark soul is connected to all those of his or her clan. If you connect with a member of that clan the dark energy from your enemy will discharge through the clan members. I do not fully understand this but I know it to be true.

Buddhism uses the work vigilant. In other words, we must always be vigilant and aware that evil is all around us as is the light. when you feel negative energy say a prayer of protection. Normally that

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is sufficient but sometimes it is not. Someone who is not vigilant and does not meditate on God at all times lets his or her defenses down and some level of possession can occur. This is a recurring theme in the New Testament. The good news is that the evil is easy to repel unless you allow it to gain a sufficient foothold in your soul. The more wrong you do, the harder it is to extract yourself from it but fervent prayers to God will make it happen.

I do not really perceive of evil as being run by Satan although it may be. I tend to see evil as a dark energy that is integrated with the light energy and all around us. It is always there and its power is great.

I also know that evil is best looked at as a tar baby that when attacked will grow and consume you in battle. So you must pick your fights. do not confront every evil. Chose the thing that you will fight and leave the rest for others. The world is full of light workers engaging darkness at every moment. I have spent too much of my energy fight darkness wich has no limits. That darkness has succeeded in draining my energy that should have been allocated to more important battles.

I am satisfied with increasing the peace in the world marginally because the forces of evil are so great. I know we can increase the light on the planet and thereby increase the peace in the world human society. A perfect peace in an ever changing reality is not possible.

In the Lords Prayer Jesus says lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. This is a powerful prayer that works. Saying if often keep us ____ 969

I asked why so much evil has been projected at me and I was told because in lifetime after lifetime I have defeated it and I have escaped its traps. I am bloodied from my many battles but I am not defeated or even close. I have held fast to my faith in God which no evil can overcome.

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This incarceration is a perfect example. It is wrongful and it has not been easy. Yet where my enemies expect that I have suffered, I have not. As God protected Daniel, Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego he has protected me. But more than that I have written this book which would have never been written outside this dungeon.

I will rise from my ashes. Of that I have no doubt. I have taken the evil that has been foisted on me and endured it and overcome it.

God only knows his plan for me when I leave this isolation. I do know that through this book I have confronted my past and released it as I gained understanding. My life makes sense to me. I have had closure with the past. I have had the same kind of review I expect to have in more detail when I die. Where others expected my destruction they will find renewed strength.

It was very curious the way the bankruptcy trustee looked at me in court 2 days ago. It seemed to me that he could not believe that my energy had increased while I have been in jail and not decreased. He is an evil soul and he must report to his dark masters that WorldPeace is alive and well.

I told David, my youngest son, if he came to the US I did not want to see him. He had destroyed the web design business that I started and he and Kay and I ran. I don't know if he thought that I was kidding or not. I feel like David believed that I could not survive without him. There was no question but that he could destroy the business we had created but he could not destroy the concept that I had designed. I had created a very successful business plan. He was responsible for the production part of the business plan but that was all. He could be replaced.

When David quit, we had 45 employees, 17 were allegedly working in the Philippines. Now I know there were only about 5. As 2007 progressed I realized that 2 or 3 good programmers could do the work that Dave allegedly had 17 people doing. We were billing about \$3000 a day in December 2006. I realized now that I

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alone can bill about 1/2 of that. So everything has a positive side. I know how to make the business grow faster and become much more profitable with much fewer headaches.

When Dave arrived he moved in with the Snake and her husband Sam the Elephant. He had Sam take him around and when he found a job, Sam drove him to work. Dave is a work-aholic. So that is all he did as the immigration work proceeded to get Grace his wife legal. I have the documents that can prevent Grace from ever coming to America but I have not sent them to immigration.

Dave did well working for the company he chose but he has never been able to work for anyone for very long. Dave finally got his own apartment and car and had everything prepared for Grace and his kids to come to America. His kids were legalized when Dave married Grace legally. Grace was going to come to America and abandon her other 3 children. They was not Daves blood so he did not care about them and neither did Grace. I have contempt for all parents who abandon their not adult children in any manner for any reason.

When I divorced the Snake I was always ready to take my children to raise and after a year I did that. I shut down my businesses and spent 5 years finishing raising my kids. Stephanie had run away and Brian left the farm but John and David stayed with me until they graduated from high school and they went off to the Marines. The Snake put it out that I was living off Kay's father and that I did not want to work. Her lies never end. Juste like the professional student lie she told. I always worked full time and went to school full time. 9 of the 10 years I spent in college. The only time I did not do that was the first year the Snake and I were married when I took a full load at school to get out of college within a year. But even then I worked part time driving a school bus. The Snake is just a very evil person.

After Dave got everything set up. Immigration denied Grace's application as I knew they would. Dave sold his car, broke the apartment lease and went back to the Philippines. He told my dad that I had stopped the immigration. I did not. Evil acts always

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came home to rest. The evil you do will come back to you. God love balance.

In November and December 2006, I begged Daave to move up to Baggio in the north of Lujan. the main Philippine island. He refused. It has a large American ex patriot community and it is a college town. I also begged Dave to rent an office building. He refused. I now know that he was planning to come to America and that is why he did not move.

When he went back to the Philippines he moved to Baggio and there he met up with a friend of mine Bruce Silverman. It was Bruce who I worked for in the art business in Colorado. Bruce had started a call center in the Philippines among his many businesses. And the last I heard he and Dave were considering copying my business plan for the web design business. I will find out when I get out of jail. I have to wonder if Dave gave Bruce the 3500 files of business we had contacted but had not sold at the time. Dave quit. Bruce is supposedly a friend. I would hope the would not do such a thing but who knows.

John keeps up with his brothers and sister but I told him that I don't want to know anything about them. The memories are too disrupting and I don't see how I can ever reconcile with them because of what they have done to me.

Stephanie used to tell me how I screwed up her life with the divorce. But what she had done with Pete and the trauma cause to her children makes my mistake trivial. Michael had worked with Steven for years to get his Eagle Scout badge and Stephanie discouraged it and no he never got it. Stephanie also encouraged Steven to curse Michael who had raised him for 10 years. Stephanie agreed that Michael never did anything to her or Steven but be a good father. Jimmy the first husband had beaten her. She just did not love Michael and unfortunately married him for financial support. Very much encouraged by the Snake. Stephanie put up a good front for 10 years. Many of the men who are in jail from respectable families. Many have very successful brothers and sisters. But they are the black sheep in the family. They are the

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criminals. I talk to them and I think about my kids. They are not criminals but 3 of 4 are black sheep none the less.

April 11, 2008 before dinner

FAITH

What you have read is time. It is the highlights of my life of 60 years. It is about my WorldPeace Advocacy and two love stories. It is about business, jail, and the law. But mostly it is about faith.

Faith in God is the core foundation of life in this reality. Faith is the anchor which never deviates or moves. It anchors you into this reality and gives you peace even in the worst of times. In this reality, the best of times are tough. Who know only those of us who come here do so.

I have reviewed my life. I have come to the conclusion that I did the best I could at the time. I had a decision to make. I have gone where most people fear to tread. I went because I had faith that God was directing me there and would therefore guide me.

Religion is the husk of spirituality. Spirituality as a one on one relationship with God that transcends religion. Religion has its place but often it gets between a person and God.

I believe we create our own reality. Jesus said ask and receive seek and find knock and enter. This assures me I create my own reality. This is one of Jesus most fundamental transcending teachings. Add to that the faith equal to a grain of mustard seed and we can move mountains.

The faith I have is not the Christian faith. It is a faith in God. And with that faith I intend to do miracles.

April 14, 2008 after breakfast

With the first draft of the book finished and packed, ready to give to my son John, the only two things left are to continue to keep

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the jail journal until I am released and update on my legal situation.

John received an email that set my plea for Monday, April 21, 2008 @ 1330. My understanding is that it could be moved up to this week. I hope so. the sooner I plead out the sooner I can file my application for Writ of Habeas Corpus and get the State Bar matter behind me.

Judge Brown, released the Banruptcy hold on me last week.

Things are getting boring and irritating here. I finished up my first draft of this book last week and then took several days off before starting to write in earnest on the second volume. Unfortunately, when I finished it was Friday and Friday nights are the hardest times for me in jail. I don't know why but they are. This past weekend was a bit depressing because I had to also deal with and release my mother throwing away my possessions.

It is Monday now and I have begun to write Volume 2 of my book. I am more relaxed and the words and thoughts are flowing very smoothly. I am going to find out today how many pages I can write. This part will be easier because it is all fiction. I do not have to remember the painful past and relive old events.

today is commissary day and that means ice cream. I have come to enjoy it as a high light of the week. Sort of a celebration that another week has gone by. I only have 67 days left. They are counting down fast. If I am able to write about 50+ pages a day. time will really fly by. I want part 2 to be 1000 pages like the first part. That would be 20 days at 50 pages a day. Part 2 is too complicated to set it aside for a few days. I cannot lose the story line. and that will happen if I don't keep at it. Also I think it will be more coherent if I complete it quietly. Writing 50 pages a day could be grinding. I will see.

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There was almost a fight this morning over breakfast between two of the long term inmates. Both had over 5 years in the system. The problem is that Nick L does not eat breakfast and he told several people they could have them. But he did not specifically designate who got the breakfast. on which day which caused confusion. These guys think they are not institutionalized but they are. Both of these guys are real Jesus freaks. They read the Bible and pray but they are like animals in a concrete cell. They are ready any time to fight. How stupid. One is a murderer and the a dope trafficker.

I cleaned out my duffle bag and found the document I need from my writ. I also put things in better order. I have been here long enough now to know my life style in jail. I am more relaxed today than ever. I think it is because 1) things in court are moving forward. 2) Judge Brown won't be holding me past my State Bar exit date. 3) the federal case for resisting arrest will plead out on the misdemeanor not a felony and I should get time served. 4) I only have 67 days to go even if my writ on the state Bar does not go through. 5) Also I have plan of attack when I get out. I know what I need to do to restart my life. 6) And I know Kay and I are finished. She will not open up to me. I feel she may like to be together but I think she has turned all the attention I and out business was getting to be her new job and her kids and grandkids. I guess I will just be a nightmare gone away. I feel sad but free.

April 16, 2008 after morning court

Troy H grandson of Pasadena mayor had some of the inmates trade commissary for medication. All the teenage murderers and killers next door get a lot of meds to keep them calm. Troy originally was busted for stealing \$65,000 of prescriptions from his employer.

Troy takes the meds and mixes them with the cool aid or Crystal Light so about 6 or 7 of them can get high and act stupid. I did not see this in the other tank where we had a TV. The other night

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I saw the doped up inmate destroy the dominos which about 6 of them played with all the time. Troy was one fo the players. I looked at the dominos this morning and that there are a few missing and several are chipped. this is a stupid behavior and only I have always dislike being around drunks and other addicts as well as overly emotional people. The only game left now is chess. I know that if they are not going to replace the TV they will not replace the dominos or chess set.

One of the guards who took me to get my blood pressure checked the other night said this used to be a psycho tank with some of the worst inmates. He said one of the nut cases jumped from the second floor railing onto the TV that is fixed to the wall about 10 feet in the air. Of course the TV an inmate went to the floor. So no TV in this cell block.

I started to have a sinus problem a few days ago and was concerned that I was coming down with my second cold in this place. I traded for some extra orange juice and began to take some cough drops I had from 3 months ago. I also did not exercise last night. Today I feel a lot better. So I may have avoided another cold. It is not freezing in the cell block (@N!) so that may have helped me get well also.

I am working on the second volume of this book, the fictional book at the next 40 years of John WorldPeace. I am on page 37 and writing about 15 pages a day. I expected to move faster but I am still working on the overall format and the cold made it hard for me to work. I would like to do about 40 pages a day. It is easier to write because it is fiction and not history and ____ 989. Today I will begin to use dialogue for the first time.

In order to make a few days go faster I search out the only novel that I have not read. Dreamcatcher by Stephen King. It is abut 850 pages and I will use it to make time go faster for a few days. I will probably not read seriously until Friday night which are the slowest times for me. I don't know why. Maybe because Friday night were always a relaxation night for me and in here it I just another day. I kept thinking yesterday was. Sunday instead of Tuesday. I think it was due to the monotony of this place.

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I took some cotton from my medicines and put in my good ear. to cut down on the noise. One guy in here Corey E acts like a wild monkey in a cage. He always hollers and shouts and exaggerates his laugh. I am reminded of the monkey cage at the zoo. He is supposed to go to court tomorrow for a plead out. I hope he gets probation and leaves. He has been here longer than me. He has committed 50 robberies and never been caught. He is one who needs to be locked up for life. He is just an animal.

A log of guys have left this week so we are down to about 16 inmates which does reduce the confusion. There should be about 4 more leave in the next 10 days. I am sure we will get other to replace them. We were at capacity of 24 this past weekend.

I received my plead out notice for Monday April 21, 2008 at 1330. I was told by Mr Ely my defender I might get it moved up to this week. But it has not happened yet so it probably wont. Monday will mark 4 months of me being locked up. I should have been out of here 3 months ago.

As soon as I do the plead out and get my bond, I will file my application for Writ of habeas corpus. to get out on the State Bar contempt which is all that will be holding me and the one problem I thought would be the easiest to overcome. But I have had to wait for 3 months for these two federal problems to go away. I did not mind it too much because with 4 months served on the federal case I should get time served and just do 6 months supervision when I get out. This amounts to reporting in once a month to the probation officer. It is a not as strict as probation.

The main thing is that I will be free of jail in the worst case scenario on June 21, 2008. I really feel though, that I will get out next Wednesday. My biological birthday is next Thursday the 24th. It would be a great birthday present to get out before then. will the second part of my book, time will go very fast. I need to be home so I can restart my life and that is what I am praying for.

It is also nice to know that I will not be transferred to the feds because those charges will be done. That is off my mind.

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This has been an interesting experience but one that I don't want to repeat.

April 18, 2008 before breakfast

The last few days have been the worst in here. I am not sure. I think it is many factors that intersected at the same time.

The flu I suppose was a sinus problem that I thought would turn into a cold. The one I had in here 3 months ago was terrible. I did not want a repeat of that. I don't know what brought it on. It may be the airvents were being cleaned somewhere I don't know. I was also concerned that I would not be able to regulate my exercising and showering etc and I would have to quit exercising in order to stay well.

I found some extra fruit in the garbage, oranges and I was given some orange juice from people without me asking. God is always present. So I was able to boost the Vitamin C in my system. Fortunately I still had some cough drops from several months ago and I began to use them. The cold left in a few days.

The problem was that I could not or did not exercise and that is an hour a day. Add another 30 minutes for a shower, 30 minutes because I have to use that time to wash my clothes, and that was an hour and a half of something productive to do. Also, exercising gives me a sense of accomplishment and purpose. As spacious as this place is, the fact that there is little to do is what makes it claustrophobic for me.

I have not been writing in part because I did not feel like it and in part because I am still coming down from finishing the first volume. I think most writers take a break between books. Especially if it is over 750 printed pages.

I am also about to use dialogue for the first time in writing the second book. It seems appropriate where it did not in the first volume. That will slow down my writing I have been looking at the novels I have here. to understand how to punctuate it. I hope to

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be back on track today. The ideas and things I need to put in the second volume continue to float in my head.

I have been reading Dreamcatcher by Stephen King and his writing has too many details for me. There is a lot of excessive descriptions and buried in many paper of deceptive language 994 and little important sentences that keep you on track. I don't like being forced to read all that. Hi mind works like mine, we think a lot a like. but I would never try to write all that in a book. I don't think most people would follow it. yet he sells a lot of books. I don't know if people understand him or just like the story line and put up withal the extra deception.

I am also antsy about going to court Monday. The lawyers did not push for an earlier date to plead out. I expected that. They are not sitting in here I hate going to federal court because it is an all day affair. A whole lot of time just sitting in holding cells. I am past the point where I have much to think about. so time goes very slow in there. I also hate the black box they put on my hand cuffs that hurt and restrict my movement. They are really depressing. They have the ability to make jail seem like prison. It is a moment to moment reminder that I am in jail. I feel that being that black box on my handcuffs for 8 hours is cruel punishment. I would never complain or let them know how much I hate them. I am thankful that Mondy will be my laast court appearance which in this jail. I will have to return in a few months for sentencing but I will come to court in a suit and not these orange prison clothes.

I draw inspiration in several ways in here. One is the knowing that I handled jail just fine. I know a few people would do as well as I have. Or maybe I am just kidding myself. I may be that only intelligent people suffer from boredom in here. Or people who had a significant life going on before they were arrested.

I am working hard to keep my psoriasis under control. That requires and immediate shower after I exercise and then coating myself with Noxema. hydrating coconut sented lotion as well as hydration on the cracks that are prone to break out. 995

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It is depressing to try to shave with razors. Last night I tried to shave in the shower. I ran the razor over my face and it pulled and hurt a bit. When I was finished I ran my hands over my face and found that the razor had not cut a single hair. This is very humiliating experience. you feel that the Sheriff's Department just laughs at the joke of charging you money for razors that will not cut your beard. Or the blades are so dull they scrape the skin off your face. In every way possible you are humiliated in here. There is a total lack of compassion. Another example of mon in the way they put a plastic spoon in your meal tray) a take out styrefo carton) and then dump the food on top so you have to dig the spoon from under the beans or "fear factor" to eat. I feel after like they are slopping the hogs. Just dump the food in the tray. Get juice on the cookies so they __ too much. 996. All of it is uncalled for.

Another thing is how some of these guys want to fight over nonsense. Mark F has bullied Nick L into giving him 2/3 of his meals. Nick is trying to lose weight and has done a great job. But since he does not eat these inmates act like animals and make the issue of who gets Nick's tray a power thing. Most are getting fat off of one tray much less two. And some of the food is slop or cold or both.

As I have said. They are these garbage bags to make what they call pizza. They use it to hydrate the noodles and they lay the out on the table to cook. The boy lets them set in a more or less 2 foot diameter circle. Then they spread liquid cheese and all kinds of other meat and beans etc on top. They then each get a spoon and eat it off the bag. Sort of like duming your food on the table then 4 or 5 people eat on it. It makes me sick.

The bags they us are super size clear plastic bags the we use to put in the empty food trays and commissary food wrappers. So like last night when they used he bag for pizza there was no bag for trash. The trask just piles up on the floor like in a garbage dump. It looks nasty and just makes conditions here more demeaning and humiliating. Mental attitude is a big survival factor in here and dealing with these things tends to depress me. Maybe I am a jail bird, but I don't have to let them see me living like a pig. I don't

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have to let the guards see that they have reduced me to a feral animal.

This wild animal thing is why I feel demeaned when I pay for razors that don't shave me. I feel determined not to look wild and unkempt. But the Sheriff sells razors that keep you looking that way. They don't want you to keep your self esteem. They want to reduce you to an animal mentality. I feel they laugh at those of us who try to maintain a sense of dignity and are forced to do it with cheap worthless razors. Not only that, everything in the county jail is twice as expensive as the federal jail. Just more humiliation. It makes me angry.

Another thing that is beginning to get to me is the lies these inmates tell. I have a life long habit of looking for the good in people. I look beyond the crimes these people have committed. But over time, when you see not getting out when they say they would you realize they have been lying about their situation. Again, normally not a big deal. But after four months I am sick of that behavior. Many of these people have excessive sentences because the legal system is merciless. But most of them probably should be locked up. I see more and more how they are predators on society. It is harder for me to get beyond their crime. I have had enough of dealing with these people. I have worked hard in my life to raise myself up as high as possible. When I find myself forced to live with criminals and other anti social characters. It is not interesting anymore. I am in a cesspool filled with the dregs of society.

Some of these people are very loud. They remind me of the monkey cages at the zoo. The larger cages with the many monkeys is them are a good representation of this cell block. Monkeys grouped together. Some resting. Other though are always moving around ____ 999. There is one going in here who has a booming voice that I cannot tolerate any more. It is like everything is screwed. Another going out of his way to laugh as loud as possible. The two of them account for 20% of the noise in here. Now I cringe everytime I hear them. One I though would get out of here yesterday after court. I was wrong. The will be going in a

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month. If I have to stay two more months then at least we will be without his big mouth.

All of these things come together in a negative way for me yesterday morning. That is where I found that the white queen was missing from the chess set. There is no TV. A week ago, some of the monkeys got high all the drugged cool and slammed the dominos in the cement until they broke the last useful set. Now some took the white queen and tried to render the chess set useless. I again was not going to let a piece of garbage be in control so I used the checkers which no one plays and some ___ 1000 and made two matching kings. I kept the black king in case we find the white one. My feeling is that someone deliberately threw it away. Nothing here makes me as angry as the destruction of the chess set.

Some contractors came in yesterday ___ 1000 and measured a space for the TV. I hate the constant noise but these monkeys need something to keep them entertained. I can't get out of here soon enough. I have to keep reading and writing and exercising or these people become my reflection. In other words I will see me in each of their faces. Not going to happen.

April 19, 2008 before supper

I can feel things changing around me. The week began in some confusion and irritation of being jailed. Even a bit of depression about the time I have spent in here. I now feel that I am entering a new phase not only in jail but in my life. Part of it is due to the fact that I have unloaded a tremendous amount of baggage from the past. Virtually all the jamor issues have been written about and in the writing they have been put in their place in the global view of who is John WorldPeace. The legal matters will become very clear this coming week. Regardless of what happens my legal career will have a final chapter. The key will be whether or not the federal court agrees that I was illegally disbarred and found in contempt. Regardless, I will never practice law again. And I will be so far under the radar that no one is going to know what I am really doing.

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Kay is drifting away. I have reached a point where I don't know how to communicate with her. WE now both travel in very separate orbits. We need to finalize the IRS matters and copy and image all the pictures all the pictures taken while we were together . I have been seeing glimpses of my roommates future and am confident that my needs will be met almost immediately upon existing from this jail.

Also John has begun to talk about his future specifically with regards to his PhD. and also his desire to go to law school. In the best case scenario he can take my experience and gain a significant leg up into his future. I expect he could be president of the USA under the right circumstances. Many things he says seem to indicate he has very large dreams. the experience of my incarceration has opened his eyes in many ways. It has also allowed me to feel that I will not have to climb my remaining mountains alone. He is not like my other 3 children. He has a sense of justice and wants to be on its right side. The future will be interesting.

The miracle that has happened in here is that I have resolved all my legal issues. The other thing is that I have faced and reconciled my past. These last two weeks I have released my anger at my mother for throwing away my possessions and just today I release the anger I had at my neighbors for spying on me for the U S Marshalls. I heard the conversation and witnessed the cooperation. They had no idea what I was wanted for and they did not try to find out. My federal problem was strictly due to my trying to protect my mother from a corrupt Bankruptcy Judge and Trustee. And the State Bara matter was another deliberate injustice aimed at me because I refused to submit to their corruption. I have a plan to make things right and set those crooked judges names in infamy. It is all legal and non violent. The point is that the remaining pockets of anger in my system are all being erased. I know I will be healed of it by the time I leave here which I think will be next week.

Just now we got our twice a week clean clothes. I had hoped to get some new ones or at least some that look clean and not dingy and a top with a pocket. It was interesting to watch the deputy

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passing out clothes. to dig for new one without me askin. In fact the pant have never been washed because the lot number was in chalk on them. god watches everything No need is too small. No detail to trivial. Praise God.

I feel that my experience this past week was just a final purging.. Like all of us. I was comfortable with the negativity in my aura and soul. Now I feel I have almost been cleansed in every nook and cranny. I am ready to leave this place. This week. They will be done.

It is also interesting that inmates have been sitting at the top of the stairs just outside my dorr. It creates a lot of noise in my room the guard without me mentioning it. Just told everyone to stay off the stairs. to site somewhere else. I smiled.

April 20, 2008 after breakfast

My mind is clear. I see my path. I understand the second volume of the WorldPeace Advocacy. I am the awakening Buddha who wonders in his visions and truly he grasped by anything more than a few true believers in the overwhelming suffocating world human society.

These is a new crew in the pickett. The sheriff must be working fast to fill the empty jobs in order to comply with the federal regulations.

Breakfast was delivered. I heard it and now know its sound. The guard saw I was awake in my cell as I moved to the window after being awake for almost 20 minutes. He then came and got me out of my cell to cary the breakfast basket as he delivered meals to each of the cells. Just another interesting experience. It removes all the confusion of breakfast ____ 1004. Each convict get his meal and has the option of giving it to who he pleases. or just eating it. Funny how such a trivial matter such as breakfast preys upon my mind. I guess it is just the fact that I am daily reminded in many ways that I live in a jungle and food is primal survival and also evidence of power. and control. I laught that two of the

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loudest proponents of Jesus are the most aggressive with regards to food. Jesus has his place and generally it is behind the primal biological man. Few will go hungry for Jesus. Few can give even in great abundance. materialism is always an unbounded coveter.

It is Sunday. A day the Lord has made. And I am joyous in it.

April 21, 2008 after count

Bullethead returned yesterday and immediately create chaos. He returned with a black eye given him by the guards. Today he stole food from other inmates, created problems with the commissary deputies and got into a fight. He said he is supposed to go home tomorrow. We will see. If he does go home, I doubt he will stay out of trouble very long. I would expect to see him back here within a month.

I have never encountered a person like him before. On his left wrist is a 2.5" scar where he tried to cut his wrist. It looks like a snake. There are large dot scars on either side of the scar as if very long staples were used to pull the gash together.

Apparently they cannot put him into solitary and these is no where in the jail where he can be at peace. The only time he seems to be truly at peace is when he is knocked out of drugs. One of the group in here who took part of one of his pills said whatever he is taking is the strongest medicine he has ever experienced.

I am going to have a long talk with him today to try to gain some understanding of him. I want to determine whether I think he needs to be in a mental hospital. It maybe that his needs are so great that no one has the money to cover the cost and no one, his parents have the inclination to make him a ward of the state. All I know is that for some reason I am to engage him in a discussion.

April 22, 2008 after breakfast

Yesterday was one of the most significant and revealing days of my journey into the hell of the legal system. There is so much

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going on right now in my head with regards to all the various factors that make up my life. tat it almost overwhelms me in trying to write it all down.

My life right now is like a chess gave. There are a lot of pieces in play on a lot of levels. I think “Stonewall Jackson” the famos Confederate general said of the civil war that anyone who could not see the hand of God working in the Civil War was blind. Weel for anyone who had my perspective of life would say the same thing about my life 1052 right now. But unfortunately only I have that perspective. I have to continue to go forward without letting anyone know what is going on. To alert any of the parties involved would have the effect of not allowing God to work without my interference.

Each person is going to play out his or her roles. Kay, John, Judge Hughes, Richard Ely my attorney, Judge Brown, Deputy Pyka, the prosecutor. All I can do is write about it here so that the reader can see what I was thinking at the time it was happening as opposed to a 20/20 hindsight. I am very excited at this part because I can clearly see God working. I just cant see who will be redeemed and who will not. All I do know is that I will win no matter what happens. I will win. By win I mean that all that has happened in my life and all that is about to happen in my future is having its fulfillment and its new beginning in the next 30 days more or less. I am excited and eager to see how God has scripted it all.

April 24, 2008 after supper

Happy Birthday to me.

On Monday, I went to court to plead out to the misdemeanor resisting arrest. My attorney was late. He had tried to set the hearing for April 23rd but there was a problem and the paperword did not go through. He came into court late but not before we were called.

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The judge read my right and explained all the ramifications of my actions. Then I was given a “proffer” which was the prosecutors statement of what happened. I was asked if I agreed with it. I had not seen it before and my attorney had not explained it to me. He should have told me to simply agree to it.

I began to tell the judge that I did not assault Deputy Pyka. He got angry and then told the prosecutor that he was not going to take the plea. And the prosecutor said they were going to file a felony. So I had a choice of agreeing with the deputy’s lies and get less than one year sentence or disagree and get as much as 8 years maybe 20.

My attorney asked if we could recess so he and I could discuss the matter. The judge said yes and recessed until 1600.

I then met my attorney and my son in the conference room in the holding tank. My attorney was mad that I was “equivocating” with the judge. I was only interested in saying what I needed to say to get the misdemeanor. We decided that I would say that I did not understand the proffer and then just agree to it.

When we went back to court I said I was to literal and that I agreed with the proffer. Then the judge pulled out the deputies affidavit and went line by line about the assault.

“You ran from the deputy”

“Yes”

He put his hand on your and you pulled away”

“Yes”

“You knocked down the deputy”

“yes”

“You kicked him”

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“Yes”

All of it was a lie. We never touched. All I could think about is that all the time I got over 6 months was a result of the deputies lies.

This is American Criminal Justice. You can't win in a trial. The odds are 1%. So you plead out to something reasonable or you get the max sentence. When you lose the trial – the judges, prosecutor and attorneys know this. The whole system is a travesty.

Juries expect a defendant to be guilty. They look for testimony, body language ect to support the belief in guilt. Presumed innocence is a joke. Jurors give that lip service but it is not how they think.

Sentencing was set for May 5, 2008. Normally there is a 3 month period where a PSI report is prepared. But the judge said that was not necessary because I had no criminal record. He wanted to sentence me right then. My attorney had to push for a two week delay so as to gather some positive information about me and to let the judge chill out.

My concern has always been that he would ignore the guidelines and max me out. As I understand it. That would be a year with 54 days credit for good time. So 10 months and 6 days. When we got back that would mean that I would have to be in jail another 25 weeks or six months.

After that I have to do 6 months of a form of parole.

It will take me 2-3 months to finish volume of my book. Then I will only have 3 months after that to serve. I would probably then work on an epic novel.

The only thing that keeps me sane is that I know that Deputy Pyka is evil and he will have to try to lie to God when he dies.

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Also, the book will tell the truth and I feel I will be vindicated. That is what makes it so that I can keep out my anger.

I have faith in God to guide me where I need to be guided. If my father dies while I am in jaor or if my mother is made destitute, I would blame it all on deputy Pyka. I will have no forgiveness for him and I will hope that he suffers greatly fo what he has done to me with his lies. I will submit that to God and then move on with my life.

April 26, 2008 after breakfast

I slept for a long time after supper last night. That in addition to having a frank discussion about my federal sentencing next week essentially kept me up all night which is unusual. For the first time in a long time I was “chewing” on the fact that the lies of Deputy Pyka had placed me in jeopardy.

There is no doubt but the simple fact that I am Dr John WorldPeace is enough to cause hatred among most people. But more so with a conservative federal judge.

In talking with my son John, who is also conservative, he feels that the judge will give me the max sentence of 1 year in jail and a \$100,000 fine. I don't believe that. I feel that I will get 6 months and maybe a \$5000-\$10,000 fine. But I feel that I need to focus much of my attention on it in order to say the right things in court.

John was concerned that I would have to go into the federal prison system. The truth is that on a short sentence it is unlikely that I would be moved from here. There is another federal inmate here who came here because he was taken to the hospital first just like me. He has been here since last August. 9 months. He will get out next month. If I get the max time of one year I will have six months left to serve.

Having the federal system is much preferred over the county. I am presently in a dungeon. Without access to the outside or even a

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window. I have no library privileges., limited mail, no real medical treatment, bad food, no TV. no access to a typewriter. The federal system would be great.

I am prepared to do another 6 months. If I have to do that, I will be able to type up my manuscript and also be able to get the books I need to study web design. Time will go extremely fast.

That being said, I want out of here. The problem I have now is my growing anger at Deputy Pyka. He is a liar. And if he lied about me he has lied about others. I am projecting so much negativity at him right now. I would be surprised if he was not feeling it.

The only thing that keeps my anger mediated is the fact that this book will be published and the truth is going to come out. I believe that when people look at my entire life, which no on has seen but me, then a lot of things will make sense. Yet I have no doubt that some especially right wing conservative are going to find reason to hate me. the reason is that I discount their ____ 1060 of race, religion, money, citizenship, gender and so on. the nature of human beings is to judge others in such a way to classify them as inferior to one's self.

I have released a lot of anger and I am prepared to do another 6 months, but not with out a fight.

There was a fight in here a few days ago my friend Robbie, 325 pounds was fighting with a 6'9" 19 year old. He him him pretty hard I understand and the kids head hit a wall and he collapsed. Robbie is a big friendly guy but hi is a street Nig-ga as he call himself. I wonder if he will be out on the street very long. He has been in jail about 10 years so hes mind set is that of a 23 year old. Tog et along in the world and to stay free he is going to have to control his anger.

April 28, 2008 after lunch

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Yesterday was a down day. It had to do with the reality that I might be sentenced to a year in jail. I have planned for over 4 months to exit on June 21. It was a dream to consider that exit date would be moved to December 21.

Also, the tank was up to about 85 degrees and that is always depressing. Especially when you have a minor cold like I have right now.

It is unusual but I have had trouble going to sleep the last two nights because of my mind processing the possibility. This morning I meditated and I feel that I will not get more than 6 months. Since then I have felt some peace.

God is still present. I have not been able to shave because the razors we have received in commissary for the last month are useless and even rusty. I asked for the good razors to come in commissary today and they did. I thought a few weeks ago they discontinued them.

Also, strangely, one of the inmates wanted to get rid of his pink snowball (chocolate cake and marshmallow and coconut topping.) I traded him for 2 soups (romain noodles) Then two other inmates just gave me a package of snowballs each and said happy birthday. So I had about 6 pink snowballs in 3 packages. Pink is love. I looked at it as another sign the everything is going to be OK and I will be out of here in June.

Ms Williams was back today. She was more vicious than I have ever seen her. We were confined to our rooms until lunch. Also the intercom is broken and when she would talk it was like a fire horn going off. I had to cover my ears. She did it about 20 times just to be mean. I thought she had no light in her soul. But those acts make me reconsider.

April 29, 2008 after lights out

It has been strange for the last few days. I have felt a significant energy shift. Some of it or at least beginning was due to my

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concern over being given a max sentence in the fed cause this Friday I have somehow reconciled with it but I feel though my meditation that I will not get more than six months. The reason has to do with the fact that I have done 4.5 months of county time which is generally credited as 2 for 1 not day for day. County time is harder time than federal time for reasons like no tv, bad food, no books, lack of medical care, more violence.

I have been meditating in a lotus position on my back. And because of the location of my cell at the top of the stairs, man people see me. I am not doing it for show. I am just doing it several times a day now. Doors are locked open so there is not way to hide it. 1063 You see other inmates on their house praying. I am sure others will infer that I am a Buddhist.

I made the mistake of taking a nap too close to lunch and I missed it. Once the trustee leaves that is usually the end of it. No lunch. Matamoros an ex cop who graduated from the academy gave me a second lunch he had purchased from an inmate for a soup. Robbie then tried to get my lunch by arguing with the guard. He was successful.

When Ms Williams returned she ___ tell? 1063 that we were scamming her. Then Robbie showed her the tray was marked with 30 lunches and she admitted there were 31 in this pod and the adjacent one. Then she shut up. I have come to realize she is a very evil woman in many ways. Yet since she returned they have turned down the AC and it is tolerable in her now. I just wish she was not so innately rabid. I guess the AC came down because she was hot in the picket.

When the lunch came I gave it to matamoros. He ate it in my room so Ms Williams would not see me take it to him.

Later, when I got ready to shower I noticed that my scouring pad was missing. They are usually on my sink. I think H Espinosa or T Harrison took them. They are clean up guys. Also Harrison offered me a razor. today which he never does and Henry came into my room to get a book which he never does. I have an

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alternative now I can use part of the Velcro stipe on my duffle bag.

The whole incident makes me sick that I find myself in the same cell block as real thieves and criminals. It disgusts me and makes me want out of here now. I have lost a lot of empathy for these guys.

I was going to write Kay today but I decided against it. I can release her as my wife in my mind. I have to break free. It was the way with Sandra for about a year until Kay came along and then I got custody of the children. I keep looking at my ring finger and wonder if the wedding band I used to wear when married to Kay will release its mark even a year later.

I pray that someone is about to come into my life. some who can fulfill my needs as a companion and maybe a wife. I just don't have time to ___ in it right now 1065 All I can think about now is the sentencing hearing on Friday. One way or the other that matter will be finalized and I will just have to mark the days until I get out.

I have noticed in jail, that I need to keep all my things hidden. When people cant see what you have they cant ask for it or steal it . It just make me mad that I cant leave anything out. It also makes me wonder about how open I was when I first arrived here.

April 30, 2008 after lunch

It has been a strange day in a good way. I did not feel like playing chess today which was strange. Then this afternoon Jerry my chess partner got the ATW (all the way) I argued with him almost every day over chess games. He hated to lose as much as me. But he was always ready to play. He was also the first guy who spoke when I came into the cell block.

He was emotional about getting out. We all joined hands except 2 guys. and M. Floeck did lead everyone in prayer. It was a good thing. It was to see him go.

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And God reminded me that he keeps a scouring pad, like the one that was stolen from me rolled up in his toilet paper. So I went and looks and it was still there. God is always there with little gifts. It makes me smile. God never stops teaching.

May 1, 2008 after lunch

As I have said in many ways this jail experience is like the military. However I have realized there is one significant difference. People do not graduate or leave all at once. In training in the military the whole class graduates at the same time. Here people come and go. So you are constantly saying good bye to friends.

I also realized this morning that when Jerry R left yesterday I not only lost my chess adversary but I lost one of the best adults my age who could carry on an intelligent conversation. So now there is no one for me to have an adult conversation with. That makes me feel a bit more isolated. I think it is interesting that when I arrived there was about 10 people who I could talk to about life. People in their mid 40s and 50s. Now they are all gone. The ones who are left are from 17 – 39 more or less and living a reality outside the jail which is foreign to me at 60.

The cell block is down to almost 18 people which is good because the noise factor is significantly reduced. But that too makes it feel more lonely and desolate. Part of me feels that I am about to leave here as early as next week because I feel that all the people I was destined to connect with have come and gone. We will see tomorrow when I get sentenced. I am hoping for five years or not more than 6 months. That would leave 7 weeks 49 days. That is nothing. In that time I would finish volume 2. but I will file my writ of Habeas Corpus and I could be home next week.

I have not been sleeping at night. I believe it is because I have been napping too much during the day. So I will cut that out starting today.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have not worked on volume 2 in a week. so I ma going to sit down shortly an dread what I have written to catch up and begin again. I have lot to write. I am still a bit unclear on how to arrange it. This I the same problem I had with volume 1 in the beginning.

I could not call John last night because he has to put more money on the phone account. I have not seen my lawyer who said he would come by the end of the week. I am not really concerned but I don't want to go in front of the judge without some preparation. I almost screwed myself the last time because my lawyer did not prepare me. I feel that he is cutting a deal with the prosecutor to recoment 3-6 months. That will be the key to my sentence.

May 1, 2008 after supper

I talke to my son John and he ttold me that the Judge and prosecutor want to give me a year in prison. This is the max sentence and given zero consideration that I have plead guilty. It is based simply on the hatred for me as an advocate for worldPeace and an understanding that . I know they are corrupt.

I am angry because the lies of deputy Pyka It is his testimony that I pulled away from him knocked him down and kicked him. this shows contempt by me for the police. It is a lie. The never touched me. I did not knock him down I did not kick him He will be judged by God. if my sentence is more than 6 months, which is the max per the sentencing guidelines

I have only on prayer tonight and that is that god stand by me or one of his angels or prophets at the time of sentencing.

The reality is that every advocate for peace can only acquire his credentials by being sentence to jail wrongly and the pattern that he write a book while in jail. By wrongly imprisoning me 1070 Judge Hughes and all thos arrayed against me, give me my credentials. Certify me as a genuine advocate for peace and WorldPeac. The truth is often paradoxical. Their corrupt acts as an endorsement of me.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I did nothing to bring this on me. I stood up for my rights. I did it on my own. All this was written before I was born.. I thank God for blessing me with the sentence from the appeals court, the bankruptcy court and the federal district court. Judge Adel H___ Judge Karen Brown, Judge Jon Hughes and the most corrupt of all Judge James Fry.

I know some who read this will be confused. But the absolute truth is that right now I know that jail has been a blessing. It is God's endorsement. I have been found worthy to carrying on with my WorldPeace Advocacy.

Another 7.5 months in jail in truth almost not enough time for me to complete all that I must do as far as two more books to be written and contacting a publisher. I will be very L--- in the days to come.1070

As it is written and prayed so let it be done.

May 3 2008 after count

I have been having a vertigo problem for the last few days. I feel mild dizziness. An over the counter Bonine tablet will cure it in a few hours but I have no access to that at the moment so I just have to put up with it. My mother has it bad when she has a spell. She does not know what brings it on. but I am beginning to see a pattern. when I am under extreme stress tht is what brings it on. Stress for me comes for having to wait on problem to resolve themselves. In other words hav no control over the timing. The stress of goin to court yesterday and having to deal with a senile apathetic judge was praying upon my mind.

This morning I realized the problem with Kay in a nutshell. She loved me so much as she can love a husband at this time in her life. And that is a hundred times more than most women.

The problem with Kay is what I call the bridge too far. The future was just too distant for her. The future when all things come together and I ___ could look back and say woman look at that.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Look what we did. That bridge to that destiny was too far. She could go no more. She had gone long beyond the time when her faith gave out. I love her for that But I had to go forward alone.

There is no doubt in my mind that had Kay not left me early last year I would have quickly adjusted to David's attempted destruction of our business. We had done it 3 times in the past. But when Kay left me it was such a shock that I could not think. And just as important it was like my right arm and left leg had been amputated. I could not do all I needed to do. The handicap was too great.

I cannot not love her. I am sad that she will only be a minor part of my future. I failed her. For me we were right on the edge of happily ever after when David did his evil. It was just a bridge too far to get beyond his actions. She was worn out. She had become collateral damage to my road less traveled.

I went into court yesterday knowing that I would probably be sentenced to a year in jail. I was able to deal with it because I had already served 4.5 months. so all the judge could really give me was 7.5 months. which is the balance of a one year sentence. I was thankful very thankful that we had locked in the misdemeanor. If not then the judge would have given me several years.

Of the 7.5 months. I will be moved to a halfway house the last month where I will have freedom to the outside world. So I will only be locked up for 6.5 more months. They will probably not move me to federal prison which would actually be nice many ways. However, I need to write. There would be too many distractions in a more user friendly prison environment.

The judge presented himself as senile and apathetic. He was unable to process what was being told to him. He had his facts confused And as my attorney said, he was easily distracted by minutia. He gave me the one year max sentence. So when I get out of the halfway house I will be free in total.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have animosity toward Deputy Pyka and always will. He lied. And that he no doubt cost me 6 months of my life. My anger will be reduced if I am able to make productive use of these next 6 months and I feel that I will.

I have been living in a minor hell since November 2005 when I had to place myself under house arrest. Virtually all legal issues are not solved. There is a minor matter of making sure the State Bar and Fed sentences now parallel. The old ___ tried to put into his order that the sentences run concurrently but he will not pull that off. His orders can only effect the federal system not the state system. 1074 I am being housed by the feds in the county jail but the county has no control over what goes on in the federal matter. The county had a 6 months hold placed on me as of December 28, 2007 that will finalize on June 28, 2008 no what what . So it should not be waiting for me when I exit the halfway house on December 21, 2008. We can do nothing until June 28th and then I will have John look into it and get the release signed. There may be a problem but I don't think so.

If they try to hold me, then I will hire an attorney to process my application for Writ of Habeas Corpus and get out anyway. I hope to have an advance? by then or the Heights House will be sold and there will be money available to hire an attorney. I prayed to get my license back. Maybe that prayer will be answered at the end of the year. It is just another minor legal matter that needs attention.

One absolute legal revelation. The law in Texas both state and federal is publically motivated. the present judges are conservative. They ignore the law unless presented ___ a big law firm. For the average person the law means nothing. On the lower end are the blacks. They are over half the population in jail. It is because of their lack of access to high priced lawyers. 1075

Other inmates are wondering why I am in an up mood after getting a one year sentence. The answer is simple. I have things

Dr John WorldPeace JD

that I will accomplish more easily in jail than out due to the reduced distractions. There will not be wasted time for one.

The last 4.5 months allowed me to read 14 novels which prepped me for writing the 1100 pages of my book. So 3.5 months were spent working on my book. another month working on my legal matters. So I do not consider that time wasted. Now I have a very full agenda for the next 7.5 months. The only problem is that I am locked up. But so what. I have no bills to pay and I have a place to sleep, food, and clean clothes. It is a blessing in many ways. I would like to be out dating but that is something I never did any way. When I get out I will find a companion or two. For now I need to define what those future relationships will look like. After being married all my adult life. I don't seem to have the handle on the alternatives. So dating without a plan will cause stress. I am glad to be relieved of it for now. But have no doubt I need a female companionship. and I will have it at the appropriate time.

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WORLDPEACE
US Army '70-'72
jailed for peace '07 – '08

or Political Prisoner FBOP '07 –'08

This is a tattoo I am thinking about getting on my upper right arm.

May 4, 2008 after breakfast and count

The evil witch Ms William is here this Sunday morning. As per usual, wake up and go to the day room and wait 30 minutes to an hour for her to come call the roll. Just her power trip. Just her way of trying to make inmates life a bit more tense.

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## Dr John WorldPeace JD

I have changed my attitude about the days I was counting down the days until I was released. I had gotten to 49 days (7 weeks) when Judge Hughes added another 26 weeks to my exit calendar. So then I had 209 less 30 days for the half way house. So 179 days until I will have freedom to go out side.. that is one less than how many I was going to do for the State Bar. Now I just thinks of November 21, 2008 as the out date and only secondary the number of days left.

There are many ways to deal with time in here. It is all a matter of attitude. I thought this morning that I am on a nuclear submarine. We are on a mission that will last 6 months. We will be submerged the whole of that time. I would have a much smaller room than the one I have now. I will have a day room and other soldiers to interact with. So the basics are the same. The difference is that in here, you have to make your work. For me that is writing. I have a goal of becoming an author. It keeps my mind free. I have to write a set number of pages each day or I will get depressed because I will have to consider that I am just in prison. My whole life has been on of accomplishing something each day to feel good about myself. this is no different.

I am having to make some other changes to my routine. I have to exercise every other night. I will shower each night because I feel like I am washing off the negativity. This morning I got quit doing the milk. I will not drink the supper milk unless the food is too spicy and I need the milk to neutralize the acid. I will also order one tuna and one beef pack from the commissary. When we have a "fear factor" supper I will keep the rice and pour the beef over it. or in the worst case just eat the tuna. I am also cutting back on the bread. So two milks and 4 slices of bread ar about 600 calories a day I will eliminate. I will try to avoid the sweets and trade them for a "Bernard" (cool aide) or a nice piece of fruit. I also notice I am not eating the cereal. But I begin to trade for raison bran and then mix that with a pack of oatmeal for the fiber and raisons The other cereals I will trade for something else.

I am also going to incorporate two meditation periods of 15-30 minutes each into my routine each day. It gives me clarity and

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

peace. Time will go fast. In here they say “The days go slow the years go fast.”

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There is one question I have about the time left. The State Bar put a hold on me on December 28th. So that 6 months should run and finish on June 27. But they may try to add it on the end of the fed sentence. Right now it does not show in the computer. The question is wether I get John to look into it on June 27th or leave it alone. Just wait and see.

I am supposed to go to the halfway house in November. If they are going to add it on, then they may try to stop it. If not I may exit the half way house and they will not try to pick me up because it is a court matter. They had let it lapse before. Judge Hughes put a note in his order that the fed sentence was not to run concurrent with his sentence. But his sentence has priorit so it should not be a factor as per usual my situation falls into the gray areas of procedures. The State Bar order does not mention concurrency.

If they try to make me server that time. I will hire an attorney from a big firm to pursue my writ of habeas corpus. I realize now as a nobody, no power, person, my appeals will get no considerataion. I need a big firm with someone from the firm connected to the court. The law is meaningless to little people I will write a book about the fallacy of the justice system. Who knows. it may bring about some changes. At any rate this is something what will just need to be set aside for 6 months. That is hard for me to do. I would like to know now if I have to be here another full year or 6 months.

Today I will chart out my time. Project the beginning and end dates for my various book projects. I sent a letter to Kay about helping me get it all together, typing and so on. I hope she will help. I don't want to put everything off with the publishers until I get out of jail. Ineed to be moving forward now so my options are clear when I get out.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

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I managed to buy a free world “red ink” pen yesterday. It cost \$5. But it is a prized possession. Such a small thing having so much value. It is just another writing tool. But each word that I write is a strike at the corrupt judges that put me in here. Each day is a badge of courage. One that can never be take back. I will be vindicated. I am sure of that.

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It is Sunday morning about 0800 The whole cell block is in bed. I have been up 3 hours. Sleep is the best friend of these guys. It has always been my enemy.

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right now I live day to day. Each day much carry its own weight. I must end the day knowing that I have accomplished something worthwhile. Something that will lay the foundation for my future. I cannot look to an end datge. And this is true because when I leave this dungeon I will continue the habits that I established in her. What I do in ther. I will do when I get out of here. I will make sure each day counts. I will become more disciplined. That is the key to surviving in this place for me now. I must become more now oriented and less oriented to a future get out of jail date.

May 5, 2008 after breakfast

I am glad that the fed court did not call me over there to sit all morning. The last time they changed the date I had to make an extra trip because someone did not take me off the docket. So I went on the 21<sup>st</sup> which was the reset and I went on the 23<sup>rd</sup> which was the original datae for the pleadout.

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Dr John WorldPeace JD

If all goes well, I have 197 more days in the county jail and then I am off to the half way house. I am concerned about whether the State Bar matter is running concurrently but for now I am just going to act like it is . the fact that they have a hold on me, should mean that the clock is running. I don't seem to care about challenging the illegality of the contemp order. I know the whole system is corrupt and at this point I do not want to play their game anymore. I feel I am tired of being laughed at for believing that some judge might actually do the right thing. It is hard for me not to be angry. Yet I think of all the inmates and innocent people who have been abused by the system and don't even know it. I know the system well and I got screwed.

My feeling now is that I should have hired a good attorney to handle my case. But the law was so clearly on my side. I did not see how I could lose. I just refused to believe that the game was rigged. I was the heretic. I was not a team player and so I was destine to lose my license.'

Yet knowing all that, I also firmly believe that it was my destiny. ___ 1083 God showed me clearly and dramatically what was going on. I would not be able to write about it. I was suppose to stop practicing law. Of that I have no doubt. So I cant be totally angry. I fought the system as b est I could and lost. the law was in my favor the judges were not. There was an evil presence in the US while George Bush was president. It was ultra conservative. It was already leaning in that direction before he was elected. he was the culmination of the neo con insanity.

I have no doubt that my run for political office was watched. I have no doubt that I got caught up in a Carl Rove plot to end the Democratic Party dominance in Texas. Why else would the Democratic Party run a number one large contributor supporter as the Democratic candidate for Governor. The clan? 1084 of the Democratic Party was alsoan ex hard core Republican . They accomplished they vision. I know they wee afraid of my candidacy. They did not want a white guy on the ballot. Weill see in the coming years and I pursue my desting whether they really had something to fear from me or not.

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I wrote a 13 page letter to Kay a few days ago. Unlike most of the letters, I did not seal it up and mail it. I left it open and kept editing it. After talking to John last night I shortened it to 3 pages.

The problem I have is that I have refused to acknowledge that Kay left me. She did not just want away from my presence. She wanted away period. I fell now that much of what she did as far as packing etc was out of guilt. I thought it was because she still cared about me. That cannot be the case.

John is such a good sound board for me. He brings reality to me. I have written Kay many letters. But for me 8 pages. I get back for or two. There are many short ones she has never responded to. I am so alone now. but not really lonely. I just have no support system for the first time in my life.

I know as I rebuild I will have to find very special people. True believers to work with me. Family has been a disaster. I have 6 months to lay out the new future. I feel that God will bring the people to me in time. But for now I have a lot of writing to do. My head is jam packed with thoughts. I have written a history of my life. Now I am to write my philosophy. And I can see it will be in several formats. I know I have to just write. then go back and see where I am going and reorganize it.

If I write 20 pages a day. That will be over 4000 pages in the next 6 months. But I know my capacity and I see the current environment that I am in I could write as many as 40 a day.

I know I will read the Bible from front to back over the next months. I know that my interactions with the other inmates has already been significantly reduced. When I first got here I communicated to get the lay of the land. To understand the system. But no one was on my level. not even close. Most of the ones recently who I spoke to came to me. In the beginning I

Dr John WorldPeace JD

sought out about 5 to talk to. Since Jerry left I have had not desire to even play chess. There is not one I want to be around for even the length of the chess game.

I will be cordial and I will carry on surface conversations, but nothing in depth. I will read and write. I need to find a routine. An example may be write 20 pages every morning. read most of the day and do another 20 pages at night. I can do that. To some degree it is just the physical \_\_\_\_\_1086 of writing that I need to develop. The ideas are in my head. My day last about 18 hours. Tke about 1/2 hours to eat. 1/2 to bathe. 1.5 every other day to exercise. The rest is free time.

I need to increase my meditation time in order to enhance my creativity and the flow of ideas. In Italy I was in the same situation. I only had about 5 hours a day obligated to the Army. The rest of the time I studied and meditated. My mind went to a whole new lever. In 1992, when Kay and I moved back to Houston it was the same but with Art. The painting really began to take over my existence.

Now I am older, smarter and understand the creative process and myself much better. I cant deal with the boredom of this place or the depressing nature. I will therefore \_\_\_1087with my own thoughts and write them down. I am sure I will begin to draw some sketches for future paintings. I can see that it willtake months after I get out to type all this up. I feel it will be pretty well organized. I will see. When I think about this I feel that time will fly and I will be out of here ready to implement my WorldPeace Advocacy.

I am an obsessive compulsive personality. Once I get into the grove of this. I will push hard to max my output.

Commissary just came. No problems I got all I ordered. This place is starting to feel too much like home.

May 6, 2008 after breakfast and count

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

My son John does not understand why I am making such a big deal about the fact that Deputy Pyka lied about me knocking him down and kicking him. He seems to be OK with cops lying as a matter of course. The reality is that two of the biggest liars I knew in high school went on to be cops. I have always associated cops with lying. When I practiced criminal law I saw more of it.

For me, my father drilled into me “turn the other cheek.” And I have lived by it all my life. I never had a physical fight with anyone, except my youngest son. He was out of control at 17 and I had no choice but to engage him. My oldest son who was home on leave from the Marines got between us and prevented any real harm being done.

The fact that I fought this liar was a lie. The thought that I would kick someone once they were down is something I consider cowardly. Yet that was the lie that I was unable to rebut unless I wanted to spend additional time in jail and deal with all the extra burden that a felon must deal with.

That lie enhanced my potential sentencing range from 0-6 months to 12-14 months, per the sentencing guidelines.

In addition, I am an advocate for peace and non-violence and this lie is in the public record and I will have to account for it for the rest of my life. It erodes my credibility. Most people think my changing my name was a cute act. It was not. It was an absolute and total commitment to increasing the peace in the world human society. When this book and others come out, people will see the truth. In the meantime I am just the butt of jokes. It does not bother me. The jokes come from ignorant apathetic people. The lies come from evil souls.

My first wife Sandra, my son Brian and David and my daughter Stephanie have all told blatant lies about me. They have tried to destroy me with their lies. I take comfort in the story of Paul in the Bible. Over and over lies were told about him and over and over he was punished and harmed because of those lies. It is the way of the world. My time in jail is nothing compared to Gandhi

## Dr John WorldPeace JD

and Mandela. The lies told about me are nothing compared to those told about Paul. The lies make me angry and sad. They are evil.

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May 6, 2008 after supper

A couple of guys decided they would make some hooch and the cell block snitch ratted them out. The result was a shakedown. I have been expecting it for a few days because we have not had one but this one was brought about by the snitch.

They did not find my red pen. I had just cut an article out of the paper with a large picture of a girl who folded 1000 origami cranes. It was a nice visual. It was under my mattress and was trashed. They also threw away about 15 used pens that I was saving as just the pens I used to write this book. They also took my apple juice and 4 small boxes of cereal. There was no reason for that. I used the cereals to mix with my oatmeal in the morning. It is sealed up and there was no reason to throw it out like open food. They did not take my water bottle I use to mix the daily cool aid (bernards) It is always depressing when the very limited things you have are taken. I am glad the manuscript to Volume I is out of here.

After chow are had laundry. We change clothes sheets and towels. Tuesday and Saturday. You put the dirties in the bins and tell them the size clothes you need. I wear a large large The gave me an XL pant and 2XL shirt. No point in objecting. Also they have the towel and sheet rolled up and they like to hit you in the face with it. It is all humiliating.

Deputy Pyka lied in his affidavit about me. The guards humiliate you. My attitude about the police is deteriorating. I have no respect for them. I love my son. and because his is a cop I have gotten some special treatment. But I wish he was in another profession.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

I am adjusting to my sentence. Another problem in here are the inmates. You ask simple questions and they give smart ass answers. I don't understand why the morons want to act like the guards.

My problem right now is the fact that I have no real connect with anyone outside. I talk to John but it is always business and problem solving. I guess to I have not really let go of Kay. I have come to realize in the last few days that much of her acts of kindness were not love but just auto reponses. She sure fooled me for 19 years. So much so that I cant believe she is gone. Life goes on. In 6 months and 15 days I will again have contact with the opposite sex. I will find someone who really cares about me this time. In the meantime I have to stay very busy reading and writing.

I am withdrawing from the other inmates as well. I can only hope that an intelligent friendly guy will show up who I can have a conversation with about something other than crimes, judges, courts etc. Right now there is no one here like that.

The cell block is quieter than it has been. I don't know why . I gues it is just he new mix of people. This is not a group of people who interact like even two weeks ago. The quiet is nice.

They had a contractor in here a few weeks ago about a TV. Maybe that will be installed shortly. I don't like the noise and I don't watch it really but I think it will help me pass the time at this point.

I am going to order some candy bars this week and use them to get some novels. I made a request to the chaplain for a concordance, a Bible commentary, a copy of the gospel of Thomas, the deal sea scrolls and the nag hamadi library. That will be some interesting readin. We will see if they can deliver.

I think the problem weight on me right now is that when I get out, There is no one waiting for me. It wont take long to change that but it bothers me now. It may have been easier in here if I

Dr John WorldPeace JD

had completely released Kay. I guess that wont happen until the indentation on my ring finger goes away.

May 7, 2008 after breakfast

Yesterday I was feeling low due to several factors. 1) The fact that I am powerless in here to do anything. I am completely dependent on others. 2) I am dealing with a past event of major significance (my federal sentencing) let down. The out come was not a significant as the disengagement from a completed project. One in their case that began on November 13, 2007. And ended on Mya 2, 2008 with my sentencing. 3) I have identified the books I am to write here in the next six months. but the task is monumental and I am lost in trying to understand how they are relate. 4) The fact that I felt humiliated when the laundry exchange took place. 5) The fact that I had to endure a shake down. which always leave me low because of the determination of the jail to maintain a sterile environment. The shakedown always make me feel low for a day or so. 6) The realization that I have been clinging to Kay. I did not expect that we would ever get back together but the realization that she considers me a loser who cannot support her. That is very sad.

After dating for a year after the divorce from the Snake I got down on my knees and made a commitment to God and myself that I would not date anymore women who did not have a long run potential. Thhre weeks later Kay appeared. And what she did for me for the next 19 years will have my love and devotion for eternity. Yes eternity because this is a pivotal life for me over a 1000 millinnia. I will always love her. but she is not a pwart of what is on the other side of my incarceration and metamorphosis. I realize I have been blocking my next companion or companions by holding onto Kaay. I joy in her two page letters and write 13 in response. Then I realize these letters are politily received. I must release her.

7) Also I realize I cannot proceed with publishing my books until I get out of here. I have come to understand all the books have to be complete or close to completions before I seek out a publisher. And I must do it. Maybe with a young girl to type. I don't know.

8) when they shook down my cell yesterday they took an article I cut out of the Houston Chronicle newspaper. It was about a young girl who had folded 1000 origami cranes for peace. This was a message to me. Also the large photo was full of color. The value of the article to me was great. I have cut out other pictures and put them in my Bible because they gave me pleasure. But this one was a Mona Lisa to me.

As per usual I have put it under my mattress until I could trim it. Then the shake down took place they threw it away. This is typical. All newspaper gets trashed. I am surprised they deliver 3 copies of the Chronicle to the cell block every day. God preserved my other valued possession a red pen. I felt great loss over the article. I looked around the cell block to see if by chance anyone had been left one of the two copies of the paper. They had not.

I see that the guards in the picket had a paper. I spent an hour trying to decide if I wanted to ask for it. I have an aversion to asking for anything general but especially in here. I do without rather than ask an inmate or guard for anything. So when I went to bed I just tried to release it.

Then about an hour after lights out a true undeniable miracle happened. They turned the lights on and two white shirts (guards on a higher level) came in for another shake down. This has happened once before. They seem to be looking for something specific. It only took them about 15 minutes. Not like the full shakedown early in the morning with 10 deputies.

These deputies and white shirts are always fooled by a trustee or two with large trash bags. What the deputies throw out of the cell the trustee picks up and trashes. Obvious the second shakedown was a mix up. Since there had been a major shakedown 5 hours earlier.

As I watched the white shirts go from room to room I noticed his trustee had a newspaper under his arm. I asked him if that was today's paper and he said yes. I asked if I could see it. He said yes.

Dr John WorldPeace JD

Normally I would get static from the guards, white shirts or trustee. Also as I said I normally do not ask for anything.

I took the paper and found the article that had been taken from me. I asked the trustee if I could have the page with the article in it.

God knew how important that article was to me. Evil had taken it. God returned it. I had felt earlier that somehow God was going to get the article to me. But I had no idea how.

When I recount this blessing all my feelings of sadness and loss and confusion disappeared. That article is and will be a guiding light for me. Through these next days. It is an undeniable message to me that I am on the right path. A message that God has always spoken to me. Quietly but undeniably. Every night I will tape the article to the wall, It will be a constant reminder of Gods presence. A constant affirmation that I am on the right path.

When I get out I will have a special frame made for it. It is that significant to me. It is a message a blessing that will guide me for the rest of my life among many other miracles. It is a tangible gift from God The most dramatic I have ever received. Yes there have been other simimilar blessing Praise God.

May 8, 2008 after supper

This has been a strange day. I woke up from a post lunch nap and saw a new guard in the picket. I assumend it was 2200. The reality was that it was about 1400 The days are so much the same that it is hard to distinguish time. Also the weekends are so different thatn the week days plus no windows to the outside. no change in temperature. It is just a very strang environment.

I just finished reading Dan Kontz. False Memories. It was 750 pages and I read it over two days. The novels take me away They make time go very fast. I have 3 novels I got for a can bar each. Soo I will have one to get through Friday night the worst night of the week.

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I must get back to writing because it is important for me to accomplish something each day. to keep my moral up. I am expecting some books from the chaplain that I asked for. a corncordanc, a bible commentary, the gospel of Thomas, the nag Hamadi Library and the dead sea scrolls.. these will alalow me to begin on the ___ 1099 books about Jesus and Paul. I am ready to write. It is a project that excites me and will take 6-8 weeks. I will read the Christian material and write. Then to change pace I will keep a novel going at the same time. Add to that my exercise period and maybe a little chess and the day should go quick. I have found that a shower makes a big difference so I have begun to shower every night. It is also bringing my psoriasis under control.

I made a request for some additional medicines I have not been taking. I saw the screening nurse and she said I will see the doctor in a few days and get them. She also said she was going to set me up with the dietitian and so I will get something close to my heart diet. I was feeling good because they were actually going to work with me. But I believe it is only because of the Federal investigation.

I am having to mentally adjust to the fact that I no longer have only 6 weeks left. I now have 32 weeks left but I will go to the half way house in 28 weeks sounds Ok because when I came in I had 26 weeks. It is all just a mind game I have to play with myself to keep my attitude up.

The biggest issue I have to deal with is Kay. I must let her go. She has let me go. I have condensed the problem with Kay to be one of "A Bridge too far." when David wrecked our business Kay did not come to me and say, "Its OK John, We are not going to let David win. We are going to survive." Instead she quit the marriage. Not just the business but the marriage. The recovery and future was a bridge too far. She could go no more. Her leaving was the greatest disappointment of my life. I know when I get out of here I will find someone who will never let me down. Who will never quit on me. She is out there and that is what keeps me going. I am going through very tough times now. A letter from Kay would be uplifting. She could help me through this. But I am not a priority. That is what is so hard. I used to be her priority.

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Now I am nothing. So be it. I am letting go. This path that I am presently on must be walked alone. So be it.

I am also disappointed in my parents. Not a single letter from my dad. One from my mother. Although John said she tried to send a birthday card. You have to wonder why birthday cards are prohibited in here. It is just more humiliation and mind control.

May 14, 2008 after breakfast

I was feeling good last night. I had made a decision to go to France when I get out of jail and leave America behind. I began to write again on Volume 2 and I had complete about 11 pages. I had also understood the nature of the book so it will be easy to write now.

However, this morning the guards jacked with me and negatively affected my attitude. My cell door has never worked. When they hit the button to pop all the cell doors, my door does not open. So I have to push the call button. when they push the button I have to immediately pull the door open. It is like there is a broken spring or something. This morning as I pushed the button the guard would not release the latch. So I had to set for about 10 minutes waiting at the ready to jump up and open the door if he pushed the button. The problem is if Ms Williams came in to count, which she would, then I would probably get some grief because I was still in my cell. This is just one of the many ways they constantly harass you.

The last week or so, it has been hot in this cell block because they cut off the air. Then when it gets real hot they turn it on for a while. As it gets hotter outside I am sure it will get worse. It is hard for me to write when it is that hot. Robby W leaves tomorrow and I am going to move into his cell. It is on the first floor. For some reason the AC runs in his room all the time. He room and the two next to it. I will move down there even though I will have to deal with the extra noise on the first floor. I would rather deal with the noise than the heat which I know is going to get worse. It is mid May and hot. July and August are the hottest

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months. Then it will be cool off the first week in September. But that means 4 months of hell.

Another thing I need to do is to lose 20 pounds. I weigh 193 If I go to 175 I should be cooler because I am cold natured.

Judge Brown finally signed the order that lets mother sell the Heights House. I wrote her a long letter and told her to copy Johns so they know all the legal pit falls. I hate to see the house sold. It means when I get out of here virtually everything I had will be gone. Yet last night I focused on Paris and began to disconnect from the house. My mother will have the cash to live comfortably the rest of her life and I will be relieved of the concern for her security.

Had Dave not destroyed the business and had Kay not left me That house would have been paid off in December 2007. God has a plan. The problem is helplessness in here.

One of the kids who was in here Danny G went to day rehab a few months ago. He gave me his address and so I wrote to his mother asking about him. She wrote a nice letter back. The point is that the letter was uplifting. Just the fact that someone communicated with me. I have really only had contact with John. No letter from my dad. 2 from my mother and both about business. I understand she did send me a birthday card last month which was sent back because birthday cards are against jail policy.

I am writing again. Volume 2 will be 1100 pages and so it will eat up 2 more months. of my time then I will have only 4 months to go. before the halfway house where I will have more freedom. Right now all I want to do is get out of here cleanup what matters I must deal with and move to Paris. All of American is beginning to seem like a prison to me.

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I have been watching these guards for 5 months. They come into the picket and sit. They have nothing to do. I see none of them

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studying or working on their own computers. They just sit. In the time they are here they could get an education and get more money. There are many things they could do. Essentially they are paid to do nothing. Yet non of them do it. I don't understand it. I am not like that. I must keep busy accomplishing something or I feel totally depressed. I cannot allow myself to come out of jail having accomplished nothing. That is why I am waiting on the chaplain to bring me some books so I can do a more in depth study of the Bible. I am not judging these guards. Just making an observation and noting I could not waste the time as they do.

May 14, 2008 after lunch

I received the order dismissing the bankruptcy. It was signed the day before I was sentenced in the federal case. I feel like the judge wanted it over before I was sentenced. The order only dismissed the case. It did not award sanctions. So I think we will get the \$4200 Black---1106 money back. That is a good thing but having to continue to deal with it is depressing. I would not be in jail were in not for Judge Brown. And I would only be in jail 6 months were it not for the lies of Deputy Pyka.

Ms Williams was again in one of her irritated moods. As a result she refused to give us the newspaper today. We have no TV now no newspaper. The pettiness and abuse of these guards is tragic. I don't understand how people can be so vicious.

I was disoriented this morning. I woke up in the night with no way as per usual to know what time it is. I just read and wrote. I went back to bed after count and slept until moon chow. When that happens it is very disorienting. It is so hard to tell time in her with no TV.

Because of the atmosphere I am find it harder and harder to stay grounded. The whole atmosphere seems surreal. I have 6 months and a week to go.

No letter from Kay today. Interesting after 19 years together.

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May 15, 2008 after lunch

I have been in jail just six days short of 5 months. It is hard to believe. The past 5 months seem like a short dream but the next six seem longer than the six I had when I entered jail.

Last January my son destroyed my business. In March my wife Kay who I worshipped left me. She later came back and got her dog who gave me great comfort. I lost my freedom on December 21, 2007. In a few months the home I loved on the Heights will be sold. All the hours I spent remodeling laying bricks pouring my love and attention into it will be gone. It is a place my parents bought 30 years ago and many Christmases were played there. I have a couple thousand dollars a car and a truck and some personal items. Basically all the material items are gone. I am estranged from 3 of my 4 children my father is in poor health and not communicating with me. My mother is communicating some. The son who has supported me is busy with his own life and I know that when this book is published he will not be able to acknowledge I am his father without causing problems with his career.

I do have my education, my experience my health. And I still have an absolute faith in God. I know everything is the way it should be. I know if I was supposed to be out of this place God would perform a blessed miracle and I would be free. As long as I am here, there is a purpose for my being here. Such is my faith. In many ways it is miserable in jail but not life threatening.

I spend many hours studying the Bible. Seeking understanding not of my condition but an understanding of religion and collaterally why there is not peace in the world.

Where I used to look for the best in everyone I now believe that few people can avoid doing wrong if it benefits them. I think that innate biology genetic makeup will always be there. It is the same in the Christian heaven. The Bible reality wars in heaven between

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the angels. Heaven is not a place of perfect peace. As above so below. We are a lower form of creation than our spirit. But even spirits conflict with each other.

What I know is that as I have experienced of God's miracles. I know God is with me always. and that gives me peace. My experiences are not as bad as others. Right now there are good people starving in Burma Myanmar because the ruling Junta is denying aid from the world community to almost 2 million human beings. They will spend time in hell for their acts. But the amount of suffering is great. There is no way to justify it. The same is happening in Darfur in Africa.

America the greatest nation on the earth is too busy with wars in Iraq and Afghanistan to care. The UK spent 1109 for that war. Over 100,000 Americans dead and wounded because the most powerful nation in the world can't solve the problems except by murder. There are people in need due to a cyclone and yet we create additional misery through war.

and this is my mission. To somehow increase the peace. Yet I know much of what I write will cause conflict because I am questioning the ethics and morality of religion, politics and the justice systems globally. I have no doubt I will be hated for the truth I speak. So be it. That is my destiny.

Many people suggest that I change my name back and give it up. I just smile at their apathy. Life is a daring adventure or nothing – Helen Keller. All I present to God at the time of my death are my actions while on earth. I take nothing else with me from this reality. And I leave nothing of value behind in not one idea that increasing the peace in the world human society.

Sunday May 18, 2008 before lunch

this morning Ms Williams appears again She seems to be working 2 days a week now. So I think they may have her floating from cell block to cell block. I have come to view her as a very evil person. The last time she worked she refused to give us the newspaper.

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Apparently she took them with her at the end of her shift and threw them away. About 0900 one of the inmates was able to get the copy used by the guards in the picket.

Today is Sunday al large newspaper. It appears that she is going to withhold the newspaper again. One of the problems is that my friend Robby W was discharged on Friday. He is black and was the only one who could really deal with her on a consistent basis. Now he is gone so getting the newspaper may be tricky from now on.

There are no problems in this cell block. No fighting no disrespect. Even though there is no TV. to bleed off a lot of the tension. Yet this woman comes in each morning she is on dut and creates tension. She is one of the guards who truly hates us. When I first got here I gave he the benefit of the doubt. No longer. She is evil.

Yesterday we had out exchange of clothes. This happens on Tuesday and Saturday. when you exit the door you tell the guard what size you wear. Most of the time they give you what you request. Two weeks ago the gurad ignored my requesti and gave me a top and bottom that were too long. I said nothing. I know him to be another one who hates inmates and therefore his job.

After you make your request, the clothes are thrown at you. Also you get a towel with a sheet rolled up inside. Until 6 weeks ago the sheets ere all torn and all were a tobacco stain brown. I guess because of the federal investigation they bought all new sheets and towels. The towel rolled is thrown at you with the clothes are being thrown at you. They try to hit you in the head or make it hit the floor. Nothing is handed to you.

I always check my sheet and yesterday I only had a half sheet. I told the guard 3 times and he ignorned me. Then when I was about to enter the tank I said it agin in front of another guard. As a result I got another sheet. But the guard was mad that he had to do it.

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In the other cell block I did not care because I slept in all my clothes and used the sheet folded up over my chest. Now this cell block is hot so I have to have the sheet to cover the rubber mattress because I sleep on in my undershorts due to the heat. The other problem is if they check the sheets on Tuesday and mine is torn in half they will accuse me of tearing it in half. There are plenty of ways for the the guards to hassle you. and the evil ones take advantage of it.

Usually when we go to the clinic or court whee we have to use the elevator we have to move to the back of the elevator keep our hands behind ut and face the back wall. A few days ago I went to the clinic to get my medicines refilled and to get some additional prescriptions that I never received. the guard who took us said we did not have to face the rear of the elevator. She seemed like a very nice person. There are some like her. All these guards are not evil. Most just do their job. But the few who are sadistic and evil can create unnecessary tension and deliverately make a bad situation worse.

Last Friday night a new guard came in to do the night count. He decided to pull each card and make the same people in the cell blockmatche the index card records. When he called my name, he asked me where I got that name. I told him I change it 20 years go. He then asked me if I was the anti-Christ. These are fundamental Christians who believe that the anti-christ will gain power by advocating WorldPeace. These are the kinds of fools that seriously ask me that question.

The question always gives me pause. I feel like the people are ready to kill me because I may be the anti-Christ in their minds spoken of in the Book of Revelation. I always think how stupid a mentality it is for Christians to decide that an advocate of peace needs to be killed. Others, even without the support of the Book of Revelation have an innate hatred for anyone who advocates peace. Especially someone who has changed their name to WorldPeace. These are things I know from experience. This is the reality. It is the reason I have trouble with these conservative judges.

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When I first began to practice law, all the judges were democrats and relatively liberal. about 15 years ago the state of Texas went neo-con Republican and now there is this ultra conservative bias in the courts. It is why the prisons are full.

When I began practicing law all first time offenders except capital murderers got deferred adjudication. Now very few get it. It is a stupid mindset. But it seems that the Republicans are about to suffer greatly in the coming election because of the jail issue, the endless war in Iraq where there was no Osama Saddam link and weapons of mass destruction, refusing to give veterans their earned benefits and economy in recession. \$4 gasoline and our ignorance of global warming. I saw all this coming and put in on my web site ever since George Bush was elevated. And I received a lot of hate email because of it.

There are global problems that are about to overtake the world human population and much of it is due to the policies of George Bush. For 8 years he has maintained an arrogant elitist exclusive world view. For 8 years we have lived in the darkness of his anti-social policies. His policies have created more death and destruction in Iraq than Saddam ever thought about. And they hanged Saddam.

when Robby was about to leave, I thought about moving into his room downstairs because it was cooler. But there were other considerations besides the heat. I could not decide. The vent in his room blows cool air all the time. So it seemed that at night the room would cool down with the door shut. In the day time the cool air and the door into the common areas because the vent is only 6" from the door. The room intake vent is at the back of the room.

A new guy came into the tank and took over one of the 5 of 24 rooms that were getting constant ventilation. He kept his door shut but I found his room very hot. The reason is that the intake vent in these small rooms pulls out the cool air as fast as it comes in. The in and out vents should have been reversed when the jail was designed. My room is at the top of the stairs and the ceiling is about 12' outside my door. The second floor is like a landing in

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that the floo area is only half of that downstairs. The common area essentially has 22' ceilings. So I guess the hot air escapes my room and keeps it cooler even though my room vent does not work.

Last week the average temp in the cell block was 85 degrees. Now it is donw to about 74. I notice that the picket is now having to run two small fans which means it is now hot in there. So it seems something has happened to the AC and those who watched us suffer are now suffering.

It is nonsense to believe that the maintenance people cannot stabilize the air flow in the jail. It is a lock of priority and funding. Even though the good citizens of Texas and Harris County want to lock up everyone who spits on the sidewal they don't want to fund the cost of building and maintaining a minimum comfort level fo all the inmates. The heat and conditions cause fights due to the tension.

If the citizens want to lock everyone up for corrupt judges, then they need to build the facilities to house the inmates. It ofr me is like the anti-abortion folks. They are against abortion but refuse to increase the welfare limits to support those unwanted children.

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Ms Williams did give us one paper. I am sure she knows the conflict this causes. There are always two papers one for each floor. The rule is that the person who has it gives it to the first person who asks him to have it next. This is the way it has always been.

When I finished the paper and was going to give it to Pedro who asked for it next. Mora the preacher saw me with it in Matamoras room with the paper in my hand. I went to Matamoras to ask what Ms. Williams had just finished yelling about before I took the paper down to Pedro.

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Then Mora came up and decides he wants the paper next and it is not going downstairs to Pedro. Normally,, with two papers it would not go downstairs because it would stay upstairs. He was ready to fight. I was \_\_\_ 1118 that he did not start something. He has had a hatred for me from the day he came into the tank. He is a self proclaimed chosen of God and only he understands the Bible. I have asked him questions about the Bible in the past and he has just asked me why I am asking. I quit talking to him. Also when I played chess and beat him he said he would never play me again because I played what he termed a checkers form of chess. So be it.

I have tried to avoid him but we are confined in a small space and you just cant avoid anyone. So the bottom line is that Ms. Williams essentially put me in danger because of her determination to create problems.

When Matamoras leaves next weekend, I will have no allies in this tank. All the people I was friends with are goine and I have made no efforts to get friendly with the new inmates. I just want to stay in my room, read, write and exercise every other day. I am tired of listening to these stories. The judicial system is corrupt from the police to the prosecutors to the judges to the jailers. I have learned all I need to know. I have a clear vision of why the justice system does not create peace.

Oh Yes, Mark F is a murderer.

I have not been writing regularly for about a month since I more or less finish the first volume of my book. of which this is the final parts ( I will 1119 continue to add to the first volume until I exit from this jail. The areas of jail the house on Heights and the finalizing of all legal matters will not be finished until I walk out of here. As I saw in a book. "You are not short until you are home." The only other issues tht are also a part of this book are the issues of my relationship with my parents and Kay. I do not expect my relationship with John to change. The question is whether my father wille even live until I get out of here and whether my mother will communicate with me. The same goes for Kay. She never really told me why she left. She has not written me in about

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a month. I have disconnected from her mentally. I did it about a week ago when I realized by reviewing her acts that she had left me and saw no possible future for us. She refuses to state this directly but instead let her actions communicate it. It is very frustrating and was creating mild depression for me when I don't get any mail from her. I have sent her 6 letters to her one to me. Last week I felt stupid when I thought about this.

Kay helped my mother pack many of my things. But I feel that all that is out of guilt and not because she cared about me.

I know for a fact I must have female companionship. It is the way I am. I have a codependency on an intimate, emotional sexual level. But not on any other. I want as much interconnection as possible but those three are the ones that I cannot function without. I do not see me married again. I also am not a person who enjoys casual sex. I refuse to be intimate with someone who I feel no connection to outside the act of sex. So I have to redefine what a relationship means to me. What do I require and can I reciprocate. But the first step to resolving that issue was to release Kay or let go of my connection to her. Through meditation and prayer I am working my way through various scenarios from when I get out. I have 6 months to figure it out. I am sure my course will be obvious by then. I have had enough experience with relationships to know the possibilities. I also know that there are so many available women that I will find someone or someones with whom I can create a mutually beneficial and fulfilling relationship.

March? 20, 2008 before evening count.

I nearly got into another fight tonight. This is another 19 year old kid now. Jared Anthony. This is the third kid that has tried to provoke a fight with me. He has been saying all kinds of things for weeks and he seems to want to fight. Tonight he went into the shower after I got out and while I was wringing out my shirt he called me to remove my soap and washrag that took up about 5 x 6" of space on a tiled partition in front of the shower. I just ignored him and went back to my shirt because my thins were not

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in his way. He knocked them on the floor in the common area. Trying to provoke a fight.

I just went aover and picked them up. and asked him why he was trying to provoke a fight. He mumbled something and I walked away.

I know if I get into a fight the DA will charge me with assault. I know my enemies are hoping to be able to put another charge on me to keep me in here longer. I cant let that happen.

Anthony will be gone in 2 weeks or less. He is just wanting to be pulled out to TDC Texas Department of Corrections. He has already s\_\_\_ 1122 for his time. I may get lucky and they will pull him this week. I just have to close off more form these people. Jared is dangerous. But I do have a way of really making people mad. Not all but some. I have not figured it out. I thought maybe tonight it had to do with anger with their fathers. It just makes no sense to me.

After Matamoros leaves this weekend I will have no one in here to talk to. There is only one guy my age in here now. There are about 8 blacksand they clan together on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor. The whites are on the second floor. It is a subtle segregation. I just remembered yesterday I almost got into it with Mark Floeck. over the newspaper. He want me to break the rules and give it to him instead of Pedro who asked me for it. Floeck is a murderer. He isa Christian radical. I cant talk to him. He has some innate annomosity to me as well. But he is 44. So I am not just irritating a kid.

I am going to have to figure out what I am doing to piss the people off. In the meantime the best thing for me to do is to withdraw some more. I don't want to be totally isolated. I have to be cordial. The mix in here right now is a bunch of crazy people. Who knows maybe that are crazy and I have just not been paying attention. Unfortunately I tend to believe most of the people do not belong in here. Maybe I need to start feeling they all belong in here. It is all strange to me. I do know that some of these people

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are dangerous. I am not naïve. I am just determined not to catch another case. Question is why do the young bunch want to fight a 60 year old man. I guess I don't appear to be helpless.

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May 25, 2008 after breakfast

There are many things going on right now. I can see much more clearly. Things that are happening to be begin to make more sense. I understand why I am in this dungeon. I begin to see how I am affect by it. I have always had the ability to step out of myself and look at the global view of my life. I could see how all the thing both positive and negative each were contributing to make some change in me. In my present circumstances the changes are effecting all of me. The past that I wrote about when I first arrived here wand which I dealt with logically as far as analyzing it, that past is now being death with on a sacred level. There has been intellectual purging. Now there is an emotional purging.

Right now it is coming to me that I would set up a place in the woods where people come to experience what I have experienced. They come to get away from all they know and they begin to change their lives. They come and begn by writing their auto biography. They live simply. They eat simply, the cleanse their bodies and their minds. Thye cirriculum is simple.

Eric M. left yesterday He graduated from the police academy with my son John. Essentially the women he was exposed to as a cop got him in trouble. He got 5 years but 6 months in jail and the rest probation. He got ___1125 but the truth is that six months may have been a bit excessive.

He is the last person also I talked to. So now I have no one to communicate with. I have found that most of the guys I communicate with were older, had families, were interested in talking about more than their jail offenses and had some kink of future planned when they got out. The rest of the knuckeheads in 45 minutes their whole life could be summarized. But most

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coming in here now are young so they have no life experiences. I will continue to connect with the majority but like now there are 4-5 who I have never really talked to.

It is interesting to me how the first level in the cell block is black and the second level is white and Hispanic. It is 80% this way. There are no rules. No one is trying to enforce territorial rights or segregation. It is just the way it is. I think it is interesting that the whites and Hispanics are physically housed above the blacks.

I am losing weight again. I am doing this by simply staying a bit hungry all the time and not stuffing at meals. When I first came here I was snacking all day. Now I don't really eat between meals. Sometimes I will eat a piece of fruit, which is always small or a spoon of peanut butter to carry me to meal time if it is late. The loss of weight is helping my mindset. I think it is also setting a pattern for when I get out of here. After a year of this _____ 1126 I will be able to maintain my weight. I want to weigh around 170 and I am probably down to 190. I would expect that it may take 4-6 months to achieve my goal.

In addition, my exercise routine is pretty well set. It takes me 1.5 hours to complete. I work out every other day. And I do a very light workout between work out days. Then I try to take off one day a week. I am getting stronger and that is helping me mentally. My blood pressure was 120/73 and heart rate about 62 a few weeks ago. I will be able to maintain this workout schedule when I get out.

Yesterday they issued our shorts, socks and underwear. All dyed orange. I am glad now I don't have to spend time washing my clothes in the shower. I will rinse out my T-shirt when I work out and get it sweaty. But I don't need to wash it because I will get clean clothes on Tuesday and Saturday.

I am reading two novels every 3 days. Then make time to go fast but more importantly they are teaching me how to tell a story. They are also showing me the kind of things that I want to write. I have things I want to write about peace, religion, politics and

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justice that will make people think more than just a commercial novel. It is like my art. I want to persue my style not something that will simply make money. I want to increase the peace in society so I think my writing will come at that _____ from many angles. Though poems, haiku, short stories, mini lectures and books.

I have also beginning to sketch for painting. I will do when I get out of here. I feel I will have 25-30 by the time I get out of here and they will take years to complete. I still believe that I will have some high school and college girls do the coloring. I will draw the art and mix the colors but they will color in the space like a coloring book. And if they want they can use the studio to create their own art. This is something that really appeals to me. But I would prefer to paint (and write) while being in Paris and traveling the continent.

John and mother listed the house on Heights for sale. I find that I have released it. I am not angry about it any more. I have let it go. I think this is because I am getting a more clear and focused vision of what my life will be when I get out of here.

Kay has not written me in a month. I don't understand, but it is the same when we were married. She was a very hard worker and always caring for me but it was impossible to have a conversation with her about the future. She wanted me to make all the decisions. she just wanted to lose herself in the work. Her refusal to communicate with me is helping break the hold she had on me and is slowing killing the love I hd for her. I am so lonely in here one letter a week would do wonders for me. But those letters are not coming. Kay told me last year that she would tell me why she left me. But she continues to keep it to herself. Byt the time I get out of here I feel she will be just an old friend. I will finish our taxes and we will divide up the pictures and then we may never speak again to baybe only once or twice a year. She has the life she wanted. But I don't think that life her the happiness that she thought she would have.

I received a letter from Danny Garcia mother last week. and at the end she said some things that made me feel that we will begin to

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explore a relationship. It is interesting but from the time Danny began to talk about his mother I felt some strange attraction. I don't understand it. I wrote her a long response and yesterday I received a letter from Danny through her. Inmates cannot directly communicate with each other in the prison system. So I sent another letter to her with my response to Danny. I have a feeling she will write a lot. then allow me to call here and then even come by to see me. Who knows. All I can say is that having a woman to talk to is something that really lifts my spirits in here. And she is an attractive woman of 44 I think. She is totally supportive of her son, which I like. But I feel that she is missing something in her life. Someone to talk to . I guess that is what we all want. I am looking forward to her response.

May 26, 2008 before supper.

Times continues to blitz by. It is already late Monday afternoon and I feel like I just work up. My 24 hours day seems too be broken up into eat read write sleep re read write eat read sleep, repeat. I seem to be taking 3 long (2 hours) naps per day. And the sleep is deep and peaceful.

When at home and studying something instantly by reading I often would become tired and take a power nap. Somehow it seems to me that I saturate myself with reading and meditating and then I fall asleep. During that sleep period I process the information that I have consciously processed and then when it has been properly stored I wake up like a submarine rising quietly to the surface.

I have been reading extensively lately. Mostly novels. I feel that I am "learning" how to tell a story. My story. I was never able to read as many books back to back as I am now. So I was never able to see the differences. Right now I am reading D L Doctorow. Billy Bathgate and the sentences at times are a "half page long. also, Tom Clancy Stephen King are too verbose but wordiness has its place. Mary Higgins Clark is just about right for a popular novel. I wish I had classics like Moby Dick and A Tale of Two Cities available. I am sure I will read them when I get out.

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I find that I am having my need to write increasing. I am looking for a way to write Volume @. I know the content. I just don't know how to present it. When I do, and I think that will happen within a few days or a week. I will write very fast. I will write fast because I will be reading as I write. My mind is organizing the content now. When I begin to write it will flow out in a coherent and interesting manner.

It is hard to explain how time has changed. When I first got here I just marked the days off and somehow time went fast. However, when I was sentenced to the additional time, I was disoriented. Now time has shifted to where I feel like I am on a distant run. I have found a pace that works and that pace is steady during the entire 24 hours. In a way I feel as if I am not sleeping. It is like weight training. You do a series of exercises a number of times. Like now, walk, perhaps, walk behind the book push up, walk, pull up, walk modified chin up, walk repeat 10 times. It takes about 1.5 hours to complete the entire workout. It never seems like more than 30 minutes.

I also now have my shaving routine twice a week. and I look forward to my ice cream on Monday morning when commissary comes. However, today we did not get commissary because it is memorial day. I also write letters and respond to the few I get. These are very uplifting. I emery board my nails once a month. I make origami cranes and now I am beginning to sketch art that I will create when I get out.

Eric M left me some books on Catholicism and I am learning the rosary. I do not strictly believe the Catholic metaphor but I find the rites and rituals well organized and that appeals to me. However, when I read their catechism I find that I disagree with much of it. Yet it stimulates my religious/spiritual thinking and it is enlightening. My connecting with God is becoming more clear. I am more and more impressed with the power of sacred texts. With the rosary even though I don't personally believe in the need to emphasize Mary, I am in sync with 2 billion Catholics when I pray it and so I feel I am taken in the power of such a huge number of people praying the same way. I am sure it is true with other religions as well. The Buddhist and Muslims also use prayer

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beads. It is frustrating that you are not allowed beads in here. but I understand that rosary is could be turned into weapons.

I am becoming more conscious of the limited time I have to be productive in this life. Surely I will slow down by 100. which is just 40 yearrs in the future. Part of me just wants to write and paint and enjoy the companionship of a handful of women. Some to go to the opera with, some to sail with, some to talk to, some to work on art and writing with. And maybe one to just be a constant companion.

Yet I feel the need to take on the stress of rebuilding my business. It seems important to geth that going because of the amount of money it will bring in. And the jobs it will create. I do feel that I will have several personal assistants because I will be busy 18 hours a day and most people cannot keep that pace 7 days a week. Another woman to work out with.

I think the important thing is to keep a good pace. And I am learning that in here. I feel what I am doing in here will continue on the writing, exercise, diet etc and will just be modified when I exit this little dungeon. I have no doubt that God is directing my life and providing what I need.

Shome how I believe I will connect with several women while aI am in here. I have already it seem connected with Rose. Danny G.'s mother. And then there are two female guards in her I believe I would connect with if there were not the guard inmate restriction. However, God can make anything happen. All I know is that as much as I would like to be free, I know the time for me to exit here has not come. I am at peace with my incarceration and that is all that matters. I still get mad ata the lies of Deputy Pyka and the corruption of Judge Hughes Fry, H—and Brown. But they are all instruments used by God and I release their evil to god to take care of. But I am human and I get angry.

Yesterday I realized wat a tremendous respect I have for John McCain who was a PW in Vietnam for 7 years and who helped his fellow inmates survive. What he did was subject to my utmost

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respect. He is a man of substance and next to him Obama pales. Hillary in her own right is a hero as well. But not to the degree of John McCain. Hillary election would be very empowering to women all over the world.

The cells block is heating up because they seem to raise the thermostat on Sunday and today because it is a holiday. I think they do this because the staff is not here to gripe about it. For some reason I feel cool. Part of it is that I am cold natured and the more weight I lose the more tolerable it will be for me. Right now there are about 4 guys laying on the cement outside my door because the cement is cool.

I would never do that because the floor is filthy. It is just another negative thing that one has to get around. It can't be changes do you adapt.

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May 26, 2008 after supper

There are three things that are depressing in here for me. 1) Calling out of here on the collect phone. You have to listen to their message to the person you are calling to be careful of call forwarding scams. 2) mail call and not getting any mail for weeks on end. 3) Then the shakedowns where they come in and dump out your things on the bunk.

We saw the goon squad reaching the cell block next door through the picket. So we knew it was coming and had time to get ready. For me that meant eating my banana quickly so they would not throw it away and getting rid of my little makeshift cutting tool made from a disposable razor blade and the end of the pens they sell. I used it to cut out articles in the newspaper.

We got lucky and chow came just minutes before they were to come in and do the shake down. As a result of the time of chow, and the fact that this is the protective custody cell block and they never found any thing they gave us a pass. I was glad for the pass

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but not for the having to eat fast. I seldom eat fast anyway and in here is the ritual that makes time go by a little faster.

The supervising sgt did notice that we did not have a TV and said he would look into it. So maybe something good came out of this shakedown. I think we have been without a TV for 2 months now.

While writing this they called laundry as per half the time I asked for Large Top and bottom and they gave me XL. Not only that they were new and have not been washed and shrunk down. Plus the sizing is still in them and they are hotter. So I have to go the next 4 days looking like a clown. I don't wear the top anymore so that does not matter. I guess there are 4 thing that continue to marginally depress me in here.

Another thing that it beginning to bother me is my arthritis. I have been reading a lot and the next comfortable place is laying sideways half way propped up on a pillow. that has begun to make my back hurt all the time. 200 mg ibuprofen helps. But I just realized due to the discomfort that there are no chairs in here. You have a stool attached to the desk that swings out or the bed. I catch a different kind of back pain if I lay on my back and read. All is in the bay area are stainless steel picnic tables. I am relating this for no reason except to paint a clear picture of the many small things in jail that amount to minor torture. I am very thankful that I don't have to deal with being in the general population tanks. where you have to constantly watch you back.

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About 2 months ago a black guy name Riles came into the tank. He immediately started to get on the phone and talk to non-existent people and was dialing number sequence to accomplish a scam on the receiver to pay for his calls by charging their phone bills. I was irritated because I thought the wsas going to cause the phones to be cut off and I needed to call out every night. I said nothing.

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The younger blacks have a habit of walking around with their hands inside their pants massaging their private parts as well as walking around with their pants below their butts. I just ignore it.

In the last few days a couple of the new white guys said that Riles was masturbating while on the phone. I never paid that close attention. But I did not doubt it. I did notice he would always watch the showers while he was on the phone. But again I just ignored it. I did not like the guys energy and like several others in here just put him out of my mind.

Yesterday, Dale C told the deputy he wanted something done about it. He did not want to use the phone after Riles. This morning at count Ms. Williams went right up to Riles telling him he was disgusting. Then she told the tank it had to be written up or nothin would be done. So Dale wrote out a statement and it went around to be signed 8 of us signed it but only one of the 10 black would sign it. I was surprised but not surprised.

8 people is enough to get him reclassified and out of this cell block. It only took 5 to get rid of Bullethead. Since things are bad enough that the fact that you have family that is police is not enough to help you. Mike R well give the statement to Ms. Williams when he gets the newspapers. We will see what happens.

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Jared A was put on a chain to TDC a few day ago. He was a 19 years old who kept trying to pick a fight with me. He has a tattoo of the Houston Astros logo on his chest. It is a Mx Gang sign. When he gets to TDC they will probably make him cut it off or they will do it for him.

Two night ago the deputies came charging in at 0130. They turn on the cell light and popl the doors then the cell block is flooded with about 10 deputies Turns out they wanted all the white underwear we were told to bag up two weeks ago when they gave us the orange county issue underwear. I guess they decided they did not want to see it in the shake downs any more so they

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collected it. The only thing that was positive was the deputy who came in my cell was an attractive brunette 25 years old. Just more humiliation. A big deal over nothing.

Today I called John and he said they put the house but for \$525,000 and sold it the first day on the market for \$500,000. I feel it was underpriced. But my mother gets her cash and it is out of John's hair. And Kay who has been packing is also rid of it. So everyone is happy except me. I never thought when I came to jail I would never be able to return to that house. I put so much of my life's blood and sweat into it. Just like Kay's father's farm. I did so much and then had to leave it.

The problem is that I keep getting hammered with the past. Every time I sort of settle in something like this happens and I have to relive the whole mess. My arrest, the lying cops and judges. All of it. And it is very depressing. It is most depressing to see my whole life disassembled and there is nothing I can do about it.

I know it is part of my destiny. That is what keeps me going. I hang on to the thought that my book will be published and all things will be made right. All that I have endured. I have faith even now when it feels like all the luck and blessed life I have had is gone. I feel like Job who lost everything. And I also think about Jessu who everyone abandoned.

I realize also that John I used to believe there was good in everyone I now see why God allegedly destroyed the world by water in Noah's time and why he destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah and his frustration with the Jews. The tendency of people to do evil is unlimited.

I will never again feel comfortable around the police. There are some good cops but they are as few as good people. I will never trust the police again after what I have experienced. I will never trust any judge. I just wonder at how stupid I was to believe in the law. I hope that in the coming election all the Republican judges are turned out of office. But I doubt that will happen in Harris County, unless enough people vote straight Democratic.



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The other thing that hurts me deeply is that Kay has not written me in 6 weeks. It makes me believe that she was faking her love for me for 19 years. It was all a sad joke that I fell for. No way she loved me to have left me and done the things she has done to hurt me since she left. Mostly just neglect. She is boxing my things. I believe that is due to guilt and she caress about my mother. But after the house closes by the end of the month I doubt I ever hear from her again. I will have to see her at the end of the year but I will probably use John as a go between.

I am beginning to write Linda Aguilar. She is Danny Garcia's mother. Danny was an inmate her. I for some reason thought I would connect with her when I saw her picture. I don't know why It was just a feeling I had. As it turns out she had no feelings for her husband of two years. Her first marriage 20 years ago when her husband left her for a younger woman and abandoned her sons. She was single 15 years but she said she had to deal with some stalkers and other crazy boyfriends. Then she met her present husband and everything was OK until they got married then the relationship ended

I have lived a crazy life but I am still here. I still have my health and drive. But it does seem that I am to go to France. I must find people like me. I don't feel safe in America. We will see what happens. With the house sold all I will have to be concerned about is me. Once the house is sold I will have nothing left that can hurt me. Everything will be packed and everyone will be glad. My next downer will be when I have to go through everything before I go to Paris.

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For some reason my arthritis began to hurt to bad last night. I almost could not stand it. It has localized in my wrists and in my back by my right kidney. About every seven years since my first divorce I get a very bad case of arthritis that last about 6 months to a year. The last bad case was in Colorado in 93 when I had to come home and lay in a tub of very hot water for about 30 minutes everyday after work. I attributed it to the altitude and the cold weather.

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Last night it began to hurt right after dinner but went to max pain about 2300. I know my wrists are being strained by my pull ups and push ups. (The metal stairs to second level allow for pull ups on the back side but you have to have a towel to keep the metal from digging into your hands.) I think my back is made bad because sometimes I lean sideways on the bed and read.

It may also be the stress related to my mother selling the house. It is very hard for me to cope with the idea that the place I lived for the last four years will be gone and I will no longer have access. Also that house has been in the family since 1974 and it is where my children always had Christmas. It is where my parents divorced and where my dad began the many years he flew racing pigeons. So there are many memories there.

I think the bigger issue is that when I leave this jail. I have no place to go. I will be able to stay with my mother but my home is gone. It is like the final nail in the coffin, that holds all the memories of John and Kay.

Even though I have written about all my past and reconciled to it and had closure to a large degree some issues continue to work on me.

Specifically I married two weak women who did not really love me. Both women left me with a destroyed life. Sandra ended the accounting tax law business. I had worked for 7 years to construct. She worked with me but she hated the business. She was not there to help me build it not like my son John and his wife Myle work together. And to some extent I see the people who are buying the Heights house as a young couple who are both working very hard for a common goal. Kay has the ability to do anything. But she quit on me. The business was in a transition after Dave tried to destroy it. That mess was big but not as big as the two adjustments that had to be made in August 2005 and June 2006. All businesses need to be tweaked and reworked after they begin as the owners see reality applied to their visions. If Ky had just had a mindset of determination that she was not going to allow David to destroy our lives we would have survived. She quit right when the problems had all bottomed out. The fact that I kept the

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business going until I came to jail last December proves to me that with her help she and I would have pulled it out of the chaos like always with me directing traffic and she working at what I asked her to do.

But both Sandra and Kay preferred 8-5 jobs with a guaranteed income even though that income was literally 10% of what our business offered.

Both Sandra and Kay were good wives but neither were distant runners. Sandra began to hate me in the last years of our marriage for some reason. She never said. Not even in 9 months of counseling. Kay has refused to date to say why she left.

Kay is now working harder than she ever worked in the business and I know she thinks about how little she makes. I know she has come to the conclusion that if she had stayed with me and put in that same amount of effort we would have survived and all her fears that cause her to leave would have disappeared with hard work.

Owning your own business is tough under any circumstances but more so when you begin it from scratch as opposed to working for a bigger company and quit and take business with you. I never did that. I would have been a thief to do that.

So sadly I had two wives as business partners who just could not dream as big as me. And of course they did not have my perspective of decades of dealing with small businesses so the hard work and ups and downs were in perspective.

There is no way I could have foreseen that both Sandra and Kay would be quitters. But what is hard for me to deal with is that they both quit when we had turned the corner. Both came from 9-5 families. Both came from families where the wife did not work outside the home.

The main difference between Sandra and Kay is that Sandra tried to destroy me. Kay simply quit on me. And she has helped pushing me up since I have been in jail. I think that has a lot

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to do with guilt. I think Kay knows that the business crashed because I just could not overcome David's treachery and her quitting both.

When Kay left not only did I have her support I was also emotionally devastated that the person I loved and worshipped for 19 years was gone. The emotional hole/void in me was gigantic and virtually all consuming.

One of the problems I have in jail is that I cannot begin to rebuild my business from in here. I could have run it from in here but my only employ was just too weak to carry the load even though I felt he was capable. When I began to work again I will find a very determined hard working female about 24, maybe I will find 2 of them and from them I will rapidly rebuild my business. I will never again marry or have a close companion work in my business. I know my businesses will consume me so companionship will not have the depth that tow marriages have. Never again will family work in my business.

Yet, all the above being said, I realize that my true desting is my WorldPeace Advocacy. In every business I began, It only took 4-6 months to have the sale coming in at such a volume that I had to step selling. No one has been able to keep up with me. I relied on Sandra and Kay and my son. David is a hard worker but he is not businessman and he is extremely selfish. Now I know I have to build a company with some true believers up front. No more alcoholics, druggies, prostitutes and other burnouts which I how I have staffed my web design biz. This was not true with the bookkeeping business 28 years ago But I still did nothave a true believer in the Snake.

I would never been satisfied to be just a very successful businessman. From the age of 8 there has been this calling of my higher nature to make a difference in the world human society and not just be successful.

One thing that bothers me is that I allowed others to destroy what I had built. Destroy in the sense of abandonment by the Sanke

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and Kay. But in the law business and losing my license I severely underestimated the evil I was up against. I took it too lightly and it cost me my law license. I do not miss the law business and I could care less about the social status of being a lawyer. Presently it disgusts me that I was once a part of the justice² system. But I still hate to lose. I am a poor sport. I let people who are much less than me take my law license from me and that bothers me. It irritates me. It makes me angry.

Who is Dr. John WorldPeace JD ?

When I was 8 years old, I became aware that all human beings die. I became aware that these fragile human bodies are not immortal and eternal but are mortal and finite. I also became aware that at the end of each life, one's consciousness exits this earth dreamscape with nothing but one's experiences. Into this reality, we all come without material possessions, other than our human bodies, and from this reality, we all leave with only the script of our lives which we wrote. That is our testament and upon that testament, we should contemplate; not just when we die but often as we experience this life.

My primary purpose in this life is to challenge the predatory nature of homo sapiens globally. My focus is on bringing forward a more sane and just world human society and thereby increase the level of peace in the world human society.

It is my intention to live a minimalist life to prove that the accumulation of wealth is not necessary for a happy and successful life. In fact, a life of accumulation and attachment to things creates confusion and chaos in one's life as well as the world human society. The only power I will have in this life is the power of the truth of the various aspects of my Advocacy for peace and WorldPeace.

My concept of family discounts biology. All men are my father, brother, son. All women are my mother, sister, daughter. Children are of my body, not my soul.

I do not belong to any organization. I am not a religionist but a spiritualist. The difference is that religion is a license corporation. Spirituality is a direct relationship with God. It greatly irritates me for preachers to speak to the congregation as church. I am not a church. I am a human being.

I changed my name to John WorldPeace (one word) on April 1, 1988, Good Friday and April Fool's day. I changed my name to WorldPeace as evidence of my commitment to increasing the peace in the world human society.

I have been self-employed 95% of my working career in insurance, accounting, tax, law, and web design. I will never retire. I am also an artist and writer and poet.

My funds come from my web design business, art, and books. All incoming monies go to promoting my businesses which collaterally promotes WorldPeace in one way or another. My ego is firmly anchored in my WorldPeace Advocacy and not in any way with the egotistic accumulation and management of physical assets or money in the bank as an objective in my life or measure of success. I am 100% committed to increasing the peace in the world human society and not committed to the accumulation of assets except incidentally, as above, to promote WorldPeace.

I am primarily an Advocate for Peace and WorldPeace but I am not a pacifist. For the most part, everything I have done in this life has been focused on increasing the level of peace in the world human society. My art, business, writings, education, if you take the time to engage with what I have communicated in words on my flagship website (johnworldpeace.com) and deeds, will show a focus on constantly increasing the level of peace in the world human society. For me, it is absolutely critical that my life reflects my philosophy and my cosmology.

How can we increase the level of peace in the world human society if we do not include everyone (all races, all nationalities, all religions, all genders) in our vision of peace? This is the only question that matters to me.

