

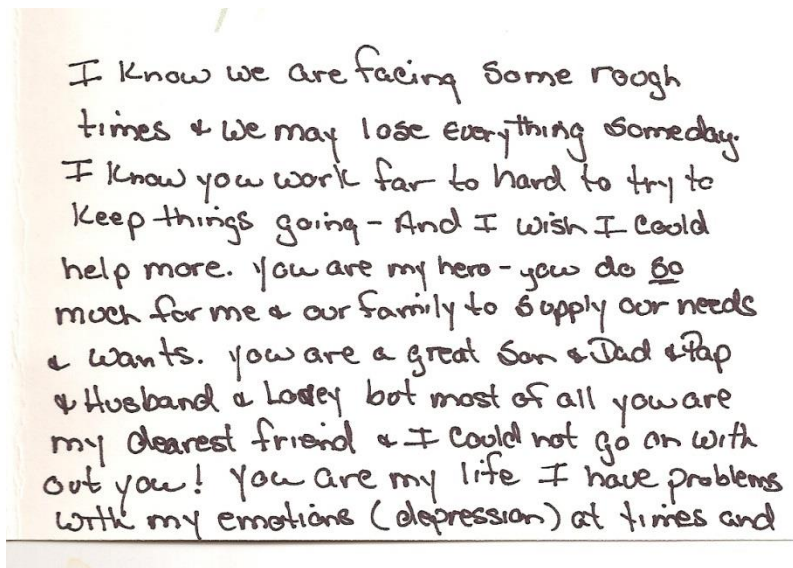
Personal Experiences in Life  
Expressing The Hardships of life  
So many ask?

**Why God? Why Me? Why Now?**

I share portions of my life riches through experiences

I have said to my neighbor in my pain that sometimes life's just bad and not worth living. He counseled me and said: Somehow you just got to get over it; But how? It all began years ago for me, my wife and I have been in love since early 1972. Our love started out with each other and we included God. We were from different religious backgrounds so we studied the Bible together and expressed our own opinions and became closer to each other in marriage Through God. In this world when we are successful in material things, we are lead to believe that we are doing God's work well and He is rewarding us. If we are failing in our worldly treasures we are lead to believe we are failing God because we are being punished. We were blessed with two lovely children, ten foster children for a time, six grand-children and a family to support with fellowship and love. Life was grand but we never learned to manage money for a rainy day. When we had plenty, we spent it. When we had no money we still spent it. When someone needed something we helped them. When you have no money you lose self-esteem and fall deeper into depression. You don't even want to face any one. Here's the story of what God has allowed our lives to go through while seeking Him. We now find that God was walking with us and leading us all of our lives even through our valleys of life.

At Valentine's Day in February 2007 it became clearer to my wife and I that we were both coming to the same conclusion about where we were in life. She made me a beautiful card and wrote the following note in love to me.



I Know we are facing some rough times & we may lose everything someday. I know you work far too hard to try to keep things going - And I wish I could help more. You are my hero - you do so much for me & our family to supply our needs & wants. You are a great son & Dad & a husband & a lover but most of all you are my dearest friend & I could not go on without you! You are my life I have problems with my emotions (depression) at times and

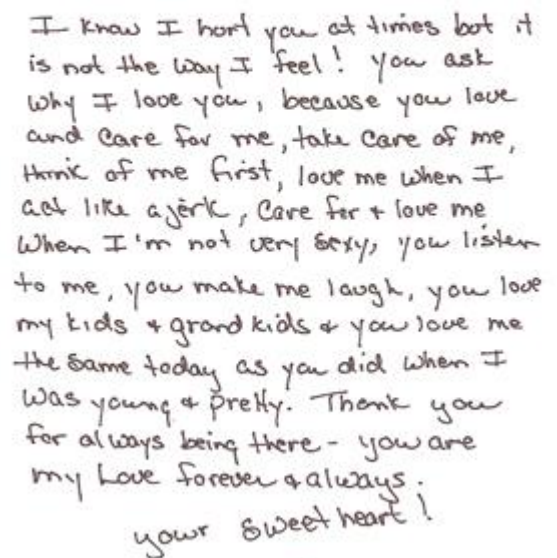
What wonderful words my wife has written to me. In these few sentences there is a lot of Love but you can also feel a lot of pain.

As our loved ones die around us, as our asset values disappear, as life looks more cruel and hurtful all the time, Pain is more realistic. Words ever so simple from others come with real meanings

My wife and I met at our employment after our graduating from different high schools in 1971. We dated and were married one year after graduating from High School on June 11, 1972. At the age of 19, I worked my way to supervisor then over the years to manufacturing manager in a company that grew to 125 employees, a manufacturing facility and four distribution centers. As we grew as a company I would receive increases in pay often as if it would never stop. When serving on the board as vice president of manufacturing in the 1980's, I was earning fifty thousand dollars a year that included twelve thousand dollars in bonus several years in a row. This was big money compared to the sixty cents an hour I was earning when washing dishes in the High School cafeteria during my freshman year of boarding school. We grew as a family and many exciting things happened over the years. This company sold and I left the next company with health issues.

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I know I hurt you at times but it is not the way I feel! You ask why I love you, because you love and care for me, take care of me, think of me first, love me when I act like a jerk, care for & love me when I'm not very sexy, you listen to me, you make me laugh, you love my kids & grandkids & you love me the same today as you did when I was young & pretty. Thank you for always being there - you are my love forever & always.  
your sweetheart!

It's was now coming up to 2007 my fifty fourth birth day. I am depressed. I am going through the motions of life but I am not functioning. I am wondering at times what life is really all about. My Mother passed away last August from complications following an auto accident. My younger brother passed away three weeks later of a massive heart attack. My father came out of the grave from cancer when mother had her accident thinking he could take care of her and now is currently in a nursing home under pain management. Cancer is consuming his body from the inside out. The disease is currently moving to the liver, lungs and brain. Reality and confusion exist together and at times and more often he does not even know us as we visit. He has now also passed.

Financially my wife and I were broke with one house in foreclosure. The current home that we live in we are currently missing payments. Our phone rings off the hook from debt collectors. Income and family priorities has greatly changed and we are poised to lose everything. Our health insurance was canceled three years ago being down to one employee. Currently each of our health is declining. Preexisting health conditions prohibit insurance companies from writing a policy with approval. We are using free clinics. My eyesight is progressing towards legal blindness. We each have heart problems; my wife has had a heart attack and has many blockages. My wife has five fatty tumors at her kidneys. Her knees needing replaced rubbing bone to bone and both legs aching with poor stability causing her taking fewer and fewer steps being closer and closer to not walking. Stress and depression is ramped in our home. And we fall into the Why God? Why me? Why now?

911 rings clear to most of us that change was to come. For our family it was 911 of 1996 that changed our lives. Our family families were always and are still very close. We meet weekly for a meal and love at Nanny and Pap's after Church. Nanny, Pap, three sons, their wife's, grandchildren, great grandchildren, friends and whoever any of us would drag along. We'd have family, fellowship, friendship, orneriness, and jokes, even dislikes and hate for some of each other's ornery personalities traits, but we have family love and forgiveness for each other. God was working in all of our lives through Nanny and Pap. On 9/11/96 Pap was still taking grandchildren to and from school. Seldom did Pap wear seatbelts when driving but this day was



different. He was on his afternoon run of the day going to pick up the grandchildren after school when he never showed up. After my brother searching for him through the police we received the news that there was a serious accident. A policeman witnessed the accident where a female driver intentionally crossed over the center lane crashed head on into the car that Pap's was driving and this complicated many lives.

Pap's head was crushed; metal plates were needed to reconstruct the right side of his face. He bit an inch and a half of his tongue off and bleed a lot. It was thought he had internal bleeding and he would be dead before reaching the hospital. He lost lots of blood and needed much attention. By the time they

found the tongue problem and were to sew it back on, part of the tongue was dead and part of it needed to be cut off anyway. Pap's recovery was long and hard. Why? God, Why us? Why now?

Things seemed normal till this 911 of 96 hit. We each had our personal problems in life but things seemed to escalate after this incident. Nanny and Pap have three boys that live locally and a son that lives in Colorado. The local sons have heart problems of A-fib. Our heart would kick out of sinus rhythm and race at a substantially higher rate and very irregular than normal heart rates. We would go to the hospital, be admitted into the intensive care unit for monitoring and medication adjustments and be released in just a few days. Our only question would be is: Whose turn is it next?

My younger brother began his episodes of heart problems at age 21. My older brother and I experienced our A-Fib in our thirties and forty's. we were told that this type of heart problems do not run in families but my son and father now have the same heart experiences with a-fib. That's five of us in three different generations being Pap, three sons and a grandson. When my younger brother was at Washington hospital five years ago and the heart transplant team came in to speak with him, as he was looking at mortality and life itself, we all began very quickly to see that we may have a more serious problem than to just, who's next? He was glad to get out of the hospital with only a pacemaker and heart damage that other parts of the heart would grow stronger to carry him. Why? God, Why me? Why now?

By 2007, 7 great grandchildren were added to the family of Nanny and Pap. Some were added out of wedlock and others in wedlock. Some have a step mother and stepfather. As a family we welcome all to the family gatherings and forgive the mistakes of the past. All children are from God and it is our responsibility to give them a strong belief in God. There were some Christian believers however that were looking for sin to correct and I can say that they were not disappointed. They found what they were looking for. It is sad how we can treat each other as Christians when the episodes of life turn cruel.

Since Pap's accident on 9/11/1996, there were three other major auto accidents in our family. In August of 2000 I was traveling south on interstate 81 from Hagerstown Maryland to Winchester Virginia when I needed and stop for road construction in West Virginia. Traffic was backed up and a lady hit me from behind traveling 75mph. The back bumper of my Lincoln Continual was pushed under the back seat and the back seat where you set was leaning up against the drivers and passengers seat. The trunk was totally gone. The car was spun around with no movement inside my vehicle.



A truck driver tap on my window thinking that there was a fatality. I was not breathing; I remember the pain of the wind knocked out of me. I remember struggling for that first breath and confusion in the mind. I can't get the door open. Who locked the doors? I use my hand. The electric button works. The door locks go up and down but the door will not open. My mind thought, what's wrong? What's wrong! Some things holding me in here, I can't get the door open. My granddaughter was riding in the car seat earlier that day but I left her behind with Grammy. God blessed me and allowed me to walk away from the accident. I gave the lady who caused the accident a hug forgiving her at the accident. I thanked her for not killing me and

expressed the car could be replaced. Following the accident I had much back and internal pain I was unable to do the manual work and lost my income and the business over the next two years. August through December is my seasonal busy part of the year. Sales plummeted that year because of the accident. I lived on credit cards the next year thinking to recover the following sales season just to have 911. I was bankrupt.

My wife and I sold our home months before my accident in the purpose of buying a building for the increasing business but the plummeting sales, the auto accident and 911 changed those plans. We were running out of money and we thought we needed an asset of a home so we searched to buy a home in Hagerstown Maryland. We signed a contract offer on a home and were waiting for a possible owner's approval of the contract when my wife had her heart attack. My brother and I listened as the surgeon stated that he took care of the blockage with a stint, but that there were many blockages, her size made her at risk for surgery, and that it was the beginning of the end. That's the message we came home with that night and it was a hard one for us to swallow. Why? God, Why me? Why now?

In 2004 my daughter and son-in-law would drop off the three grandchildren after 6.00a.m each workday morning. My Wife would baby sit and also transport the grandchildren twelve miles to and from school as the parents went to work in Martinsburg

W.Va. The phone rang early one morning with my son-in-law stating theirs been a terrible accident that a car hit theirs head on and that my daughter was still trapped in the car! He had gotten the kids out of the car for fear the car would be hit again where it was sitting and that one granddaughter was unconscious limp and not responding. He did not know for sure his wife's condition but that things were bad. Help!



My son in-law and daughter were admitted to the hospital, one granddaughter was transported to Hershey medical center by helicopter because of a blood problem on the brain, and my other two

grandchildren were treated and released. There was great concern by the medical staff that my granddaughter transported by helicopter would not survive. Mom and Dad were hospitalized for several days with injuries but my granddaughter in Hershey was released shortly as a miracle. The man who hit them head on was aiming at other vehicles previously and was high on heron. Why? God, Why me? Why now?

There were other fender benders in the family and totaled vehicles but our fourth major accident was my Mother, Nanny. On July, 2006, traveling less than a quarter a mile from home to the post office, She stopped, she left a truck pass in the other



direction, then knowing it was clear she proceeded to turn left into the path of another vehicle. Nanny hit the car head on. Airbags engaged to cause much damage to Nanny. With the spinning of the car, the brake pedal hit mom's leg and caused a compound fracture to the left leg; Surgery, many displaced ribs, and complications causing death after sixteen days. Nanny, Mom, the patience of the family was gone. Why? God, Why me? Why now?

Three weeks after mothers funeral, my younger brother passed away of a massive heart attack. Problems in life seem to be hitting us so fast and so severe that we have to stop and reevaluate what is really important in our lives. Will tragedy stop? Will the problems just disappear?

As I float into and out of the few tragedies we have experienced in this life, I share with you just one more of our most recent of Great disappointments. My niece and her family worked with the church on an event for father's day 2015. It was a Sunday morning for a Father's day breakfast at the church before Sunday services. After services, it was a family gathering for food with friends before a kayaking adventure that was set for the Father's day afternoon outing. All preparations were made. The kayakers were dropped off at the beginning of their route while others would drop off the vehicles at the landing point. The drivers returned home. It was a beautiful father's day for the outing. There was plenty of rain for the season and mud was around in the play areas in the parks. The kayaking ended well as the men folk loaded the kayaks onto the trucks and trailers. As the children played on the merry-go-round mud was on the feet and as instructed, they went to clean their feet along the river bank just below the falls. Clean feet were needed before the reentry into the vehicles.

Things turned sour very quick. Danger struck. My one nephew slipped on the wet rocks and fell in. His best friend grabbed hands to hold on but also went in. Another nephew struggled to help as dad was on his way for the rescue. This nephew also fall in below the Dam as all three were churning under the water. The oldest would kick off of the rock under water and would resurface from time to time as he told Dad to go for his brother and friend, they needed more help. The other sons Father throw in a rope and rescued my oldest nephew that was resurfacing from time to time. The tragedy that day took three lives. The surviving Father that father's day, who rescued one with a rope, lost his son but also lost friends; our Nephew, Great Nephew besides his son as family and others watched while the day unfold into darkness. Why? God, Why me? Why now? It was then the love of wonderful Church Families from many denominations, was to put their arms from God around them and supported them in this devastating time of need.

### Can God and Church help me?

Many pieces of Bible information have passed by me over the years. At times the information from the Bible did not make since to me and it became a big jigsaw puzzle. Pieces were scattered all over the place and nothing fit together. Finding the finished picture that would help my needs did not always surface to the top. I was always told the help was their but single pieces didn't fit into my life. After years of working this puzzle of life and Christianity, I find that Jesus cared about me and was there helping to put the pieces together all the time. Information came together for me from a variety of sources that has conflicting dates and facts. I gathered information from Bible markings in Mom and Dad's Bibles, found treasures in the attic, info from many congregations, from many denominations, the King James Bible, dictionaries, Bible dictionaries, encyclopedias, and snippets of information from it seems a variety of Bible Commentaries of different faiths. I also collected Christian leaflets found in many and sometimes, odd places like restroom reading material left behind from someone's ministry for Jesus.

My question was, **is the faith of my parents towards God the right faith? Why do I belong to a denomination?** Is this the right path to heaven? Where did the bible come from and who were the ones that made it possible for me to have the benefit of seeing it and reading it today. Is the Bible History story true or is it all a hoax. Have I found Jesus? Can I find peace, love and forgiveness in my study? There is a lot of conflicting information out there. Which historical information is true? And why should I care? A lot of time passed with years of thought and anger in my heart that was focused on my connections with God through my faith in Christianity. Christians, that I had seen as God's people were disappointing to me. There were separations that happened with great disappointment. People, my fellow Christians that I thought cared to help me, were led astray. Some plunged into greater sin or should I say their sins were exposed but only after damning judgment was set against others in their hearts. It was my dear family, I and Christians I love that was used for the soil for the seeds other so called Christians planted to propose destruction in me. In looking back, I can see they were just creating noise "Theories of men" Through their demonstrations. It was demons in the form of men that were present, working in the ingenuity that Satan can employ to make the truth disgusting even to sensible people. Unfortunately some seeds sprouted and grew. It took many years For My God to lead me to this Presentation of this Project.