

If I Can Do It, Anybody Can !!!



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Edited by Joyce Dujardin

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED TO ANY AND ALL OF YOU OUT THERE WHO HAVE THE FALSE IDEA THAT YOU ARE SO BAD THAT EVEN GOD WILL NOT FORGIVE YOU FOR THE TERRIBLE THINGS YOU HAVE DONE DURING YOUR MISERABLE, SIN FILLED LIFE. YOU MAY FEEL LONELY AND DEPRESSED. YOU MAY EVEN FEEL THAT NOBODY IN THE WHOLE WORLD GIVES A HOOT WHETHER YOU LIVE OR DIE. YOU MAY BE A CHILD MOLESTER, HOMOSEXUAL, DRUG OR EVEN AN ALCOHOLIC ADDICTED INDIVIDUAL. PERHAPS YOU HAVE BEEN A WIFE BEATER, ADULTERER, THIEF OR MURDERER. WELL "SURPRISE! SURPRISE!" WAKE UP!!! DEAR ONE.! NOTHING IS TOO BIG OR SO BAD THAT THE FATHER GOD CAN NOT FORGIVE, FIX, CURE, OR HEAL "IF" HE WANTS TO.

YOU MAY EVEN BE IN PRISON AS YOU READ THIS LITTLE BOOK. BEING INCARCERATED IS NO REASON TO

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DESPAIR. GOD IS BIGGER THAN ANY JAIL OR PENITENTIARY. YOU CAN, AND WILL BE FORGIVEN "IF" YOU ARE SINCERE AND TRULY MEAN WHAT YOU SAY; BY BELIEVING IN GOD'S FORGIVING GRACE, AND ASKING JESUS CHRIST INTO YOUR HEART AS YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR, MASTER, AND KING. WHEN YOU MAKE THIS COMMITMENT, YOU BECOME AS ONE WITH THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. HE IN YOU AND YOU IN HIM. MAN, THERE IS NO STRONGER BOND IN THE UNIVERSE. YOU CAN DO YOUR TIME IN AND WITH HIM, OR ALONE WITH YOUR CELL MATES. DOING TIME WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT IS DOING GREAT TIME, IN JOY, HAPPINESS, AND PEACE OF MIND. HARD TIME CAN BE EXPERIENCED INSIDE OR AS A CIVILIAN ON THE OUTSIDE. TIME IS WHERE YOU ARE, DUDE, IT IS REALIZED WHEREVER YOU ARE AT THAT MOMENT.

REMEMBER, IF I CAN, ANYBODY CAN.

If I Can Do It, Anybody Can!

~ CHAPTER ONE ~



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This is a story, one of many, about a fellow just like someone you might know. He could even be you. His life began somewhat uniquely, in that the chance of his even being conceived were a thousand to one against him due to physical complications with his mother and father. Even after his birth, his mom jokingly remarked that he was so ugly that if he had been born in a hospital she would have thought he was someone else's baby, and sent him back.

His looks changed, and he turned out to be, not a handsome Kid, but average, which was better than being ugly. He was an only child, and a lonely little fellow. Playing by himself most of his early childhood, gave him a sort of independence and a flair for creativity. Thinking a lot and using his imagination inevitably led to his becoming a leader instead of a follower. Because he played by himself, he chose which games to play, how long to play, and he made up all the rules.

The down side to being a lone wolf personality was that as an adult, he became a narcissistic, self-serving, egocentric, hard-nosed jerk. His size was rather small, being 126 pounds and only 5 feet 8 inches tall, but by Cajun standards, this was

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normal but as an adult, he felt insecure. He was 21 years old before he grew to 5'10 1/2" tall. All through childhood, his small frame made him "Bully Bait." Adding to his insecurity was the fact that his mother and stepfather moved so often; his step-dad was a navigator in the merchant marines. Consequently, the Kid had to be left behind in boarding schools in order to fulfill his educational requirements.

This part of his life was very unpleasant. He often felt alone and abandoned. He believed himself to have been betrayed by everyone, especially by his parents. A city ordinance prohibited dogs outside the home, the Kid's parents obeyed the law, and gave the Kid's dog away. Lonely days followed, and this loneliness led to depression, which as it were, turned into anger. Now that is where a lot of the trouble began. An angry, insecure, self-conscious, frightened, individual, who is afraid someone will think he is a coward, can be, and in this case, was a dangerous person. He saw how the big guys picked on the smaller fellows, and a lot of times beat them up. He saw the fear and intimidation in the faces of these victims and some how empathized with them.

Something strange happened deep within the Kid that to this day he has not discovered. Psychiatric counseling could not bring to the surface the secrets held in his mind. A possibility was brought up that he may have been physically abused by beatings as a child, but no evidence was found, and the Kid could not remember ever being mistreated by anyone in the family. He remembers the few times he was spanked with a belt for misbehaving, but does not remember being beaten. Whatever the problem, he decided at a very young age that no one was ever going to mistreat him in any kind of way, and get away with it. He says now "if only I had known the LORD back then my life would have been less painful."

He remembers very little of his youth, except that when he does try to reminisce, he becomes sadly depressed. As his age increased so did his anger and distrust for others. He had an unquenchable thirst for justice. He became the champion of the underdog, the knight in "not so" shining armor, the rescuer of the weak and helpless. Fighting bullies, not for honor, but for the principle of it. He used the anger within, to smash the enemies without. He hated to see someone taken advantage of, and was quick to defend injustice when possible.

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The first incident of record was in 1945, when at the age of nine he was forced by circumstances to defend his mother's honor. It seems a certain 12 year old of rather large size, visited his relatives who lived across the street from the Kid, insulted the Kid's mother, and his step-father gave the Kid an ultimatum. It was either whip the bully, or get a whipping at home from dad. The decision was not hard to make, and the fight that followed was not difficult either. The bully went down after one punch from the Kid, as did his two cousins. Three against one, yet only three punches were thrown. The taste of victory was sweet, and the beginning of an outlet for frustration and anger became evident.

"Bullies beware" became the by word in every place he lived. Gangs were never his bag, he felt that if a guy had to have a bunch of other fellows to fight his fights or to help him fight, then the guy was a coward, hiding behind others, a guy that had to intimidate others with a gang behind him is not too much of a threat. However, others wanted to be part of his group, and he became a leader, despite his preference to be responsible for only himself. The difference, however, was evident right away. The Kid's friends did not have a flunky to be a go-for, every one was equal, and respect was earned, not

forced. His gang used no weapons, only cowards used weapons.

The code of the West had nothing on the CODE OF THE SOUTH. The unwritten law of the streets was serious business, not many took it lightly. The survival of the fittest, gave way to the test of the best. The stronger, bigger man was bested by simply the SMARTEST man. Who ever heard of a little guy hitting a bigger guy on the top of his hand breaking it in four places, then head butting the poor slob's other hand and breaking it as well? Now that's using your head, if you'll pardon the pun. Being smarter than the competition is winning the fight. Would many fighters think of keeping black pepper wrapped in a Kleenex, inside your pocket, easy to reach, and fast to throw into your opponent's face and eyes?

How about rocks in a coat pocket, for throwing at someone's face if attacked? Then there is the good old this and that, tricks too gross to write about, but very effective in a crunch. The Kid never lost a street or a bar room fight in 13 years. And only lost one in 57 years and that was to the toughest fighter in the Seventh Pacific fleet, Earl Adair was his name, and dirty fighting was his game. The fight lasted, according to some

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sources, one and a half hours, from the mess hall to the main deck, then to the fantail of the destroyer, a U.S. Navy ship they were on back in 1958. Even in the service of his country, the Kid had problems. Having spent a year in a boys' farm, which was just one step away from the reform school, the Kid really learned about hierarchy and positional fighting.

In the boys' farm, the tougher you were determined the type job you held. Moreover, if someone could beat you he got your job. The lowest position belonged to the house-cleaning boys. They were the younger and smaller ones. Next on the ladder were the chicken yard boys, they collected the eggs, and fed the chickens. Then came the hog boys, whose job it was to slop the hogs, clean the stalls, protect the little piglets, and if good enough, enter the Louisiana State Fair. Milking the cows and running the dairy was next in importance. After that, the highest position sought was horsemanship. This was always the job of the older, more mature, teen-age young men.

The Kid fought his way up into the dairy barn by defeating a larger Kid from the hog barn; he just skipped over the chicken coop gang, but left the home before he was old enough to go higher.

In the Navy, it was not too far distant from a similar system. On board the Kid from Louisiana got off to a bad start his first day. Adding to his frustration, after completing the Radioman's Communication School in Norfolk, Virginia, and after passing satisfactorily, he was refused the chance to take the 3rd class petty officers rank test. He had a 98.5 grade point average in diesel mechanics from trade school, and the Navy put him on as a boson mate. He could not understand why the Navy would waste a talent that was trained in one field and ordered to work in another area. It was like having a Master Chef working in a fast food location like Mc Donald's, no disrespect to that organization intended.

The Kid did not understand why an alcoholic was his superior. How could an unreasonable, immature, co-dependant, with several emotional and mental problems be in charge of rational, intelligent, relatively balanced individuals? How could the Navy entrust certain mentally disadvantaged persons with the futures of others? The Kid's life on board was a living hell. If he defended himself against injustice he faced a court martial. The frustration grew, the anger festered inside and people off duty paid the price in painful experiences.

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Back home his girlfriend was pregnant by another man, and the frustration grew. He had dated her for four years and never laid a hand on her. Now some other dude had gotten her pregnant. He had honored her virginity; waiting until they were married was the plan. But she couldn't wait, and his feelings of betrayal grew. He thought back to several years in the past. His friend had ratted him out and turned state's evidence, leaving the Kid and several others at the mercy of the courts. The Kid was lucky, he had a rap for burglary, destruction of private property, contributing to the delinquency of a minor (his girlfriend was 16, he was 19) and a history of gang related assaults.

But he was given the choice of enlisting into the military or facing a possible two to five year penitentiary sentence. So here he was caught between a rock and a hard place, he chose the hard place and now he was in the Navy. If only God would have had a part in his life during these difficult times. But back then, he thought being a real Christian was not cool. The Kid would not have been able to spend his shore leave in bars, cathouses, and bar room fights, which was the fashionable life style for men of the sea, or so he thought.

The Kid had no idea of the power and forgiving Grace of God. He had been a Catholic all his life, even having been in the seminary to be a priest. But he still did not know the Lord, he had only heard a little about Him. His idea of forgiveness was to go to a priest in confession, clean the slate so to speak, and then sin again over and over, then back to a priest for confession. Never knowing the words from the Bible that taught the wicked will not go unpunished, he missed out on a lot of Blessings, and received in his words "a lot of spankings" of a Spiritual nature, of course. When one considers the culture shock many young men experience once they leave the comfort and security of home, it is astronomical.

For some who are spoiled and used to having things pretty much their way, suddenly find themselves under the tutorial ship of a angry, loud mouth, who could care less if you pass or fail in life. Many of these individuals would just as soon get you busted and court marshaled as drink a cup of coffee. Many of these insensitive, hard hearted men were alcoholics and did not care about the future of others.

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The Kid's future in the Armed Forces, which he intended to make a lifelong career, was cut off, and destroyed by such people. Moreover, the anger continued to grow. When would the World give him peace and harmony? He had been in jail before. YUK!

Little did he know, the world cannot give such things. The treasures of the world are riches, fame, glory, and pleasures of the flesh. These, of course, are only temporary and flighty at least. Having Jesus Christ as Savior, and the Holy Spirit as Guide, Advisor, and Counselor is much more permanent and lasting. What you don't know, can hurt you. The Kid sought the world's approval - dope, booze, and women were his pleasures. Consequently, how could he expect his life to be full of joy and true happiness? Without the chicken, you cannot make chicken gumbo. Likewise, without the power of the Holy Spirit, the saving Grace of Almighty God, and the Lord Jesus Christ as the center of your life, there just is not any real joy in a person's life.

There may be moments of pleasure, and short times of happiness, but most guys sell out for five pennies instead of a one five-dollar bill. Yes, the Kid did just that, and the more

people he surrounded himself with, the lonelier he became. And that brings the dreaded deadly doom of depression. Now that's a lot of D's, if you get the humor. That was when the Kid started serving time. Not in a penitentiary or jail surrounding necessarily, but in a mental, emotional manner.

Being incarcerated is not just a physical thing, a person can be free to walk, drive, fly, or go anywhere they please, but that individual can still be bound, and handcuffed to a mental prison. Anxiety, and some of its resulting behaviors, is an example of such an imprisonment. Someone who is too frightened to leave their home, even to go to the local grocery store is in a bad place emotionally. The Kid was stuck right in the middle of this thought process. Not so much of the anxiety, but the feeling of being imprisoned. During one incident where he served a double sentence, of extra duty, and restriction, (which as at that time, according to the officer who imposed it, was illegal), the Kid's cell mate went berserk and guards and bystanders were allegedly seriously injured. At the time the Kid didn't realize just how much God loved him, or how the Lord was looking after him. When his extra duty co-worker lost it, the Kid just froze, trying to move backward against a steel bulkhead was impossible.

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As the Kid looked into the hate-filled contorted face of his ship mate, the Kid thought he was about to die with his head crushed in by an iron chipping hammer. As it was, the crazed fellow holding his weapon high in his hand ran by the Kid screaming obscenities, and smashing everyone in sight. The shift watch and the guard were the first to fall. Just how many people were hurt or killed is not clear. THE EXPERIENCE is and will always be vivid in the Kid's mind, the long hours and intense heat, where they were working and the noise was deafening!! It was a kind of hell, in its own way. No one was ever required to work back there again, while at sea, according to this author's knowledge. Jail was better by far.

Once a person makes the S---list in the Navy, it's like being black balled. In this particular situation two supervisors (and I use this term only to keep from embarrassing real 1st class petty officers), anyway two supposed supervisors out of three, got together and planned a "let's get the stupid Kid" plot. Ha! On one occasion the watch supervisor did a lot of ugly things to the Kid, trying to get the Kid angry. It did, and the war was on. Without sounding too mellow dramatic, may I say they tried every dirty deal in the book to break him. Extra duty,

restrictions, constant complaining, never complimenting his good work. Talk about harassment, this was it in spades, but the Kid endured. This kind of treatment tends to wear down a fellow. But his anger grew and grew. All these Navy memories stuff is not to make anyone feel sorry for the Kid; it's just to make a point.

To show a pattern of events that brings you to a conclusion. Almost two years of mental and physical abuse should have put these offenders into prison, however in those days peoples' rights were not as well known as they are today. The details are not necessary, only the results. And in this case, the results were disastrous psychologically to the Kid. On his return home an old, ex-girlfriend attempted to set him up to take the blame for her being pregnant, he wasn't the father by the way. She later married the real father. It was this kind of treacherous behavior by people he cared for that he could not understand, from his enemies, yes, but not his supposed friends, and his confusion and anger grew.

In college he was falsely gossiped about by a sorority sister who wanted to be accepted into a non-virgin club on campus. To prove the act actually happened, the candidates had to have

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a date with a certain type of previously chosen man on campus. The man was usually a member of an athletic club or other fraternity or maybe a boyfriend of a rival sorority. The con went like this, a girl would get a date with the chosen male, then lead him on until he attempted to become familiar with her, then she was to act like she didn't want to. She would say no! No! But would not resist very much. The: don't stop, don't stop, oh! Don't stop! Please DON'T STOP routine.

Now this may sound innocent to some women who enjoy playing mind games, and to others it may sound like the guy is a jerk; however the truth is, that these women would then swap stories of how their date went. Not unlike the boys' locker room gossip about their alleged conquests. As ludicrous, absurd, ridiculous, (or what ever word you use) as it may appear, the fact still remains that this was going on and the Kid was suckered in and word spread around the campus that he was a pushy Octopus hands, "will not take no" type. That is not the kind of reputation a Pre-Med student needs, or anybody for that matter. In this case the sorority cutie said "no", the Kid said "ok", and they left the drive-in theater after the movie. Nothing happened. Since the Kid had not pushed the issue, the girl was faced with a major dilemma. If a guy doesn't try hard then she

has to lie. So she lied and made it sound like a rape date, almost. At any rate, this did not help the Kid's reputation.

The Kid tried but respected her right to say no, so he simply changed the subject, and ate his popcorn. He felt pushy guys had no respect for girls and were stupid to beg. So she lied to her sorority sisters.

The Kid had a real friend on campus that had gone to high school in his home town. She was not his girlfriend per se but they had dated a few times. Now because of the lie, he could no longer be seen with her, for fear of hurting her good name and reputation. She was willing to still be seen with him because she was a truly dear, sweet person. But she came from a good family, and was a member of a top organization and sorority. She was a real Lady, and he didn't want others to think a girl like her would date his type. And he never hung out with her again. And his anger grew. Betrayed again, but at least it wasn't by someone he really knew, liked, or had trusted. It wasn't until the last quarter of the final semester that the lie was confessed to. The girl was overheard bragging how she had pulled a good one on her sorority, and the entire University.

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Unknown to her, a sorority sister was in the rest room and overheard the conversation. Within an hour she was brought to confess before a large population of the student body, thus vindicating the Kid and clearing his name and reputation. But the damage had been done, and there were still those who were not there who wondered if it was all a lie to clear him. A reputation lost is never completely ever re-found.

Being a member of a heavy drinking group, staying out late at night, not studying enough soon took its toll and eventually his grade average dropped too low for pre-med requirements and he was put on probation. The following year he dropped out and married a beautiful young girl who bore him four beautiful children. Still there was no real love in him, the years of betrayal, and the anger within him had hardened his heart. If only he had known Jesus Christ during those times, his life would have been more pleasurable, he said later.

The marriage lasted only 6 years, due to his inability to show genuine love. He wasn't a bad husband or father, but he wasn't a good one either, according to him. One day in anger he told his wife that he didn't love her and he probably never would. It was a terrible thing to tell a person, especially the mother of his

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children. "The truth spoken, dear as it is, can break a heart, like the shattering burst of a bullet". He paid a price no one can afford, not even a billionaire. The results of those words were tattooed forever on the minds and hearts of everyone involved. The hurt, confusion, anger, and loss of father, wife, children and in-laws affects each individual personally and collectively.

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~ CHAPTER TWO: BETRAYAL ~



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His supposed best friend at that time took advantage of this situation and started seeing the Kid's wife when the Kid was not at home. Truth again fell harshly, this time on the Kid. His wife confessed her feelings for the other fellow. The fact that his wife told him the truth probably saved her life, because a lot of the hidden anger started to seep out. He met the fellow the next morning as the guy was arriving for work. The fight that ensued is historical to this day. The Kid at about 148 pounds vs. the other fellow at around 190 or so, and a few inches taller. The Kid was a well known dirty street fighter. Because of the way he used his feet to kick, and teeth to bite gave him a bad rep as a fighter.

The bigger fellow refused to fight back. He said if the Kid was going to kill him it would be in cold blood, not in self defense. A whole bunch of fellows from the local union of pipe fitters across the street kept cheering the Kid on. "Hit him again little fellow," they shouted, and the Kid did until the big jerk started crying, then something deep within the Kid stopped the beating. He actually felt sorry for the big fellow and that probably saved the guy's life. Afterwards the Kid took his foe to a nearby cafe used their restroom to wash off the blood, and bought him a cup of coffee. Later they walked back to the job

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site where the guy explained why he was late for work, and why he was all beat up and had blood on his shirt and pants. This fellow's boss said that if his friend couldn't trust him not to mess around with his wife, then as his boss he couldn't trust him not to steal on the job, and fired him. To make matters worse the Kid then drove his ex-friend home and had him explain to his wife what had happened. His ex-friend's wife divorced him some time later.

It was a disastrous experience, two marriages down the drain, both men lost their jobs, their friendship was destroyed, and none of them knew Jesus Christ as Savior ... if they had, things might have been different. The Kid's belief in trusting anyone if slight before, became even thinner. And his anger grew. Like the time back in the Navy, when he lost it and punched a 286 pound fat slob of a petty officer over the side of the ship. The big jerk had it coming, after the six months of hell he put the Kid through. Was it murder? Witnesses might have said yes, but the Kid changed destiny by grabbing a leg and with the help of another fellow they pulled the screaming slob back on deck.

Or take the time he punched out his boss, another petty officer, and I do mean petty. This creep refused to let the Kid knock off for lunch. The supervisor was unjustified and guilty of breaking Navy regulations, but the Kid received the Captain's Mass, kind of a minor court martial, the jerk petty officer gets nothing! Where was the justice system? Or how about all the other fist fights in all those port of calls? Just boy's stuff, boys will be boys you know. Was the time when someone knocked out a certain creep, in the men's rest room and left him laying full length in the urinal bad? Especially when the creep had caused the Kid real grief in the past.

Was the anger lessened in the Kid because of fist justice? If every fist fight, bar room brawl, or other revenge types let out the air of rage that burned within, could the Kid find happiness? The answer of course is NO. The Kid would not find that out until many years later. Although he never considered himself to be a great fighter, the Kid's fury when he did fight was overwhelming to his opponents. Along with the skill of the special techniques he made up and employed made him a formidable foe. For example, almost always having to defend himself against larger opponents who were taller and heavier, he had to use his brain as much as his muscle.

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Instead of swinging at his opponent's head, the Kid would kick him in the shin, or kneecap. Groin and calf kicks always proved successful in bringing his attackers down to his level or lower, like to the ground in a lot of pain.

There is a story about, how in a bar in Japan, the Kid and a couple and of his friends, and two Japanese buddies of the Kid, were drinking sake' and waiting for their girlfriends to get off work. It appears that a local karate school had just finished their class, and had stopped into this bar for a few cool suds before going to their prospective homes. Upon recognizing the two Japanese with the Kid as members of a rival school, words were exchanged between the two groups of an unfriendly and not very flattering nature. The Japanese are a very proud people, and talking trash about their style or school is a good way to get hurt. On the other hand bad-mouthing their Sensei or Shihan can be a death sentence. In this case the words were spoken and before anyone could say Hajime, the fight was on.

The story continues, as the battle of fist, feet, knees, and elbows smashed into heads, groins and other parts of human anatomy as made available by the battle. Now you must remember the

Kid was not a student of karate, just a Cajun street fighter and boxer. He held his own using Cajun strategies, and barroom tactics.

Then it was between two fighters to decide who the best was for the day. The fight started out with 9 men on the other side, and 5 in the Kid's group. The two American guys fought their best but went down early. The Kid's two Japanese friends were like tigers. They took out their share, before being unable to continue due to injuries.

Now it was down to the Kid and one heck of a tough Japanese fellow. Unknown to the Kid, his opponent was a 3rd degree black belt karate champion. In the close quarters of the bar, with the chairs and tables around, the Kid had the advantage against the other fighters. But with most everybody laying or setting around the outskirts of the dance floor, a lot of room was available. His opponent smiled a cocky smirk on his face, like a cat might do just before devouring a mouse. The Kid was street wise to psyching-out techniques and had a few of his own. Looking down at his shorter, but about the same weight, opponent the Kid began to laugh out loud.

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This startled the Japanese for a moment, just long enough for the Kid's infamous sucker punch. But wait! Something was wrong. Instead of feeling the left side of his victim's cheek bone give way, and hearing the sweet sound of the breaking jawbone, he felt a burning sensation in his arm then numbness. Next he felt like his stomach had exploded. The Karate-ka had pivoted to his left blocking the Kid's right punch with his own right arm. The blow felt like being hit with an iron bar. The Kid never saw the spinning back-kick that smashed into his midsection, knocking him backwards some five feet. The years of hard training, the thousands of push ups and especially the sit-ups paid off in that moment. Instead of the air being knocked from his lungs, the muscles held and he recovered quickly, some 4 feet away.

As the Kid regained his balance, his opponent moved with the speed and grace of a gazelle. At the same time he smashed into the Kid's rib cage a reverse punch with the power of charging water buffalo. The blow literally propelled the Kid's body like a projectile, backwards, feet off the floor and slammed his back into the restroom door. The door wasn't a sturdy one thank goodness; it gave way easily breaking most of the Kid's backward motion. As it was, his head hit the bottom of the

toilet bowl knocking the Kid unconscious for a few seconds. He was down but not for long, the Kid arose slowly shaking the cobwebs from his head and stepped out of the rest room. His adversary turned back to face the Kid with total disbelief, how could this be? Didn't this crazy American know he was defeated?

Even the Kid's friends where amazed to see him get up. And even more shocked to hear him call out to the champion, "Hey you! Buddha Head! You ain't quit yet, have you?" The Kid was holding his left side, and it was obvious he was in great pain. The champion saw it also and knew the Kid couldn't stand another attack. He would teach this arrogant name calling American a lesson in respect. With a snarling kiya, the champion rushed towards his injured prey, and was snared into an old Cajun trap, called "the chair in the feet." With a slight lift of his foot the Kid toppled a chair over on its side, just as the champion stepped down, his foot became entangled between the chairs legs and the seat.

With his balance upset, the champion lurched forward, his hands dropped to catch himself, at that moment of vulnerability the Kid struck hard. Known for having knockout

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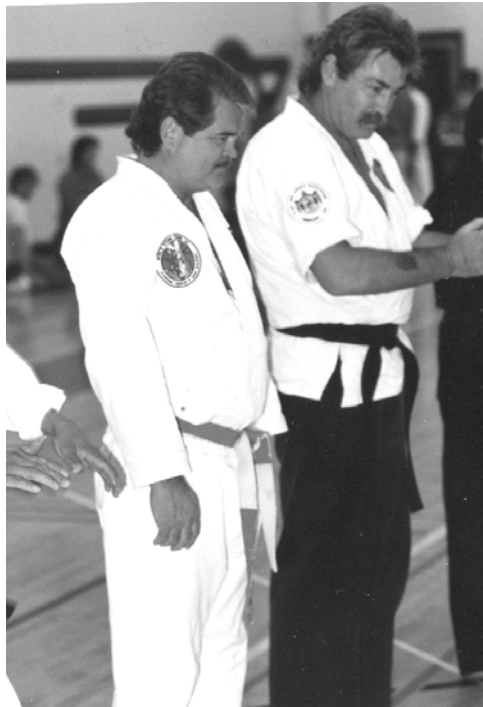
power in both hands, his right hook thundered into the Japanese champion's right jaw, this time zoning in on its target like a sidewinder missile. With a sickening thud the punch broke the maxillary bone and cartilage of the upper jaw, mercifully rendering the Japanese man unconscious immediately. The Kid received two hairline fractured ribs for his part, and was happy to be alive. Is this story true? The Kid says so...many stories have been told about him, that even he can not discern the difference between the hype, and the facts. He said that before he became a Christian he started to believe his own publicity, and lost sight of what was actually true and what was exaggeration. Bottom line! No way, the Kid does not think the story is true. And yet, it does sound good!

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~ CHAPTER THREE ~



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Another story tells of him stepping outside, to get it on with a big jerk at the Moulin Rouge (Red Café) in this case a bar and very large Cajun style dance hall. The two men walked off the premises about twenty yards to prevent the law from arresting them. Anyway they were both drunk, and the Kid's good old reliable Sunday sucker punch missed its mark by a hair, knocking his opponent down, but not out. This big guy gets to his feet and the Kid felt like puking. "Oh boy!" thought the Kid, "I'm gonna die for sure." They circled each other a couple of times, neither one throwing a punch. Then the big fellow feigned a left jab, the Kid stepped back and bumped into a tree that was right behind him...his opponent saw the opening and fired a powerful punch straight to the Kid's head, which wasn't there by the time his fist was. The Kid had hit the tree pretty hard with his head. Being as drunk as he was, the blow stunned him a little and both his feet slipped straight out from under him. He landed unceremoniously on his butt. This saved his face from a bashing, and his opponent's fist hit the tree full force, breaking his hand.

The ground they were trying to fight on was wet from the rain and slippery. Picture this scene if you will, the big guy hits the tree, screams and cusses his left foot slips forward on the wet

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grass, he falls into a split and lands groin first on the Kid's knee. Ouch! Yes, the Kid was just getting up and plop goes his adversary, the poor fellow was definitely having a bad day. As the pain shot through his body, the big guy fell forward hitting his face hard against the tree. They both lay there, bruised and bleeding, the Kid pushed the big fellow off of him and they looked at each other and started laughing. The fight was over, they helped each other get up and walked back to the bar and grill, laughing, time for breakfast and lots of Cajun coffee. True or false? The Kid says he was too drunk to remember, Ha! Yea right! This one could have been just another daydream.

One fight the Kid does remember and will properly never forget is the only fist fight he ever lost. It was back in 1958 aboard a Navy ship. The Kid was having a particularly bad day and when a certain fellow from Montgomery, Alabama (Earl, I'll call him), asked someone to save him a seat in the mess hall for the oncoming movie; the Kid informed him in an unfriendly tone that it was impossible. One word led to another, and Earl told the Kid that he was about to "overload his mosquito butt with his alligator mouth." Now the Kid already knew who Earl was, and should have left it there. But being the knucklehead he was, he continued to antagonize the situation.

You see Earl was probably the meanest, toughest barroom fist fighter in the entire Pacific Fleet. He wasn't that big as far as big goes, but at 6 feet one or two inches tall, and weighing approximately 180 pounds, he was the most formidable opponent any man could hope not to fight. The Kid kept up his lip about punching Earl's lights out, so Earl said one of his famous quotes, to wit "Well don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today." With that, it was either put up or shut up, the line was drawn, those were fighting words. The Kid hit Earl with his best punch, right smack on the button, a super sucker punch that before then no man had withstood. The blow spun Earl backwards and around, but the mighty man from Alabama just shook his head, cleared his senses, and came right back with a few tricks of his own.

Sticking his right thumb deep into the Kid's right eye, bowling ball style, trying to rip it out, while not a nice thing to do, never the less made it's point. The Kid grabbed Earl's hand, preventing him from pulling the eye out. As the two warriors struggled, Earl removed his grip and hand from the Kid's face. By now the spectators had broken up the fighters, at least temporarily. But the fight was far from being over, far from it.

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Earl walked up to the main deck and called for the Kid to come on up. Two fellows grabbed the Kid and said to let it go. They advised the Kid to stop now while he could, the Kid played it like so many others do with a mock attempt to pull free and go after his adversary, all the while hoping they wouldn't let him go, the old Macho "let me at him" routine. Unfortunately, another fellow told them to let the Kid go, he said if anyone could beat Earl it was the Kid. The Kid still remembers how he wanted to punch that big mouth in the face. As it was the fight had to continue, the Kid walked upstairs holding his hand over his bleeding and water-filled eye.

Just as the Kid stepped through the hatch (door in land lubber language) Earl went into a baseball pitchers stance just before the pitch, and slammed the hardest punch ever thrown by any man right into the left side of the Kid's face striking him over the cheek and under the eye. The force of the blow propelled the Kid sideways and slammed him into the bulkhead (wall) right over the forward engine room hatch which was on the floor, if that hatch had been open, the Kid would surely have fallen down some ten feet or more. God must have been with him because not only didn't he fall, but he wasn't even knocked out. TALK ABOUT TAKING A PUNCH, WOW!

For an instant, the Kid felt like he was going to pass out, but street savvy and sheer survival instinct kept him on his feet. Earl couldn't believe his eyes, the Kid was still up and ready to continue. "Hey Earl!" the Kid said, "How about letting me at least get through the hatch, before you punch?" Earl agreed and the Kid started to step through, however the code of a fist fight is simple, Hit first! Hit hard! Hit fast! Hit often! Or at least many times, and don't trust your opponent. So as the Kid stepped through he played it safe and ducked, sure enough Earl had planned another sucker punch but missed this time. The Kid ducked under and the battle continued, blows exchanged, but the Kid refused to use Jiu-jitsu, type techniques, he picked up while he was in Boot camp.

Suddenly someone called out "officer on deck," and the fight discontinued immediately. Earl moved quickly out of sight, and informed the Kid to meet him on the fantail later. The Kid could not see very well since his right eye was injured by Earl's thumb and nail, and his left eye was almost closed shut from the blow at the door. The Kid turned his body seaward so the officer couldn't see his damaged face. When the officer arrived the Kid stayed in the shadows of the night, out of the light. The

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officer wanted to have Earl arrested for fighting, giving the Kid amnesty without charges if the Kid would press charges. But that would go against the code of the South, "never rat on anyone." The Kid lied and said he and Earl were just Kidding around, that it was nothing to get excited about. The officer left disgusted that the Navy had missed another chance to finally court martial Earl.

The Kid had saved Earl's hide, but Earl didn't know that as he was way back on the fantail of the ship. The Kid couldn't see very much out of either eye, and his body hurt in places he didn't even know he had places. People were standing around wondering what the Kid was going to do, when Earl's voice called out for him to come on back to where he was. The Kid thought the fight was over, especially since his physical condition had it been a building, would have been condemned. The Kid stumbled along the port side of the ship banging into depth charge racks, and other obstructions on the way. When he reached Earl, the big guy said "Come on pard, let's get this thing finished." The Kid could not believe his ears, but the code of the fist had to be preserved.

No chickening out for this boy, beaten or not the fight must go on. I will not give a blow by blow description, only the high lights. Earl would move in towards the Kid, only to be hit five times to his one. There would be a clench, he would slam the Kid unto the ships steel deck, jump on the Kid, and the Kid would taunt him with statements such as, "Come on Earl let's fight like men, up on our feet, all this rolling around on the deck is Kid's stuff." Then as the two warriors were getting to their feet the Kid was always just a tad faster, and as Earl would start to straighten out, while his head was rising up, the Kid would ding him with an upper cut.

As the war dragged on, (it was well past the time limit for a regular fist fight, after all one hour and some from start to finish is a bit extreme), the Kid was getting some heavy licks along side Big Earl's head, and was nowhere close to winning, so he says to Earl, " Come on man let's stay on our feet, you're wearing me out with all this grappling, UPPPS!"

Oh! No, that was a slip of the old tongue. A costly mistake. Earl caught on to the Kid's strategy and said, "Yep! You're right, Kid. We have been fighting your fight for the last twenty minutes and from now on we are going to fight Montgomery,

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Alabama Alley style." With that word of encouragement Earl rushed the Kid like an elephant stampede wrapped up in a single person's body.

The Kid got off three good hard punches to Earl's face before the wind was squeezed, and smashed from his body. Earl grabbed the Kid in a humongous bear hug, picked him off his feet, and running forward smashed the Kid's back into the steel hull of a five inch gun mount. The force of the blow would have emptied most men, but the Kid had that little something extra, the inner survival mechanism, that gives a man a second wind just when all appears to be lost. Instead of losing consciousness and saving further damage, the Kid stayed alert and tried to fight his way out of the terrible grip that was trying to squeeze the life out of him.

Life saving blood, not the blood of Christ kind that he learned about years later but the blood of Earl, was pouring down his face unto the Kid's shoulders and chest. The slipperiness of the blood allowed the Kid to ease down a little, just enough to slip out of Earl's sweat and blood covered arms. Dropping to his knees the Kid was in a perfect position to tackle the big guy. In this case the technique was good, and the spirit was willing,

but the flesh was weak. Earl fell backwards but was able to use his strong legs to kick the Kid off and over onto the hard steel deck.

Before the Kid could recover Earl was all over him like a tidal wave on a wiped out surfer. The Kid found himself face up with Earl sitting on his chest holding both of his hands to the cold deck of the ship. As Earl would free one hand so he could use his own hand to punch the Kid's face, the Kid would strike upwards with his free hand into Earl's rock hard chin. This went on for several minutes, then Earl literally picked the Kid about six inches off the deck with only one hand and shoved one of the Kid's arms under his own body, then Earl did the same with the Kid's other arm. Now totally helpless and at his opponent's mercy, the Kid saw through swollen and blood pouring into his face and eyes from Earl's bleeding face, a big fist heading at him.

The fist smashed into the Kid's face, and he heard a loud thundering sound. It was his own head crashing into the steel ship's deck behind him. Earl's voice muffled through as the Kid wondered why he was still alive and of all the rotten luck still conscious. Earl had his fingers full of the Kid's pulled out hair,

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and as he looked down on the battered and bloody face of the Kid, he said, "OOOH! WEEE! Now I'm gonna hurt ya boy." The Kid had never been in this kind of a predicament, he knew he was whipped, good and proper, but how in the heck was he going to get out of this jam alive.

After three slam yank bangs, (SLAM! That's a fist slamming into face, YANK! That's hair going away, BONG! Is the head hitting the deck. The Kid said to Earl, "What do you mean, your going to hurt me? Man I'm beat darn near to death already. Hey man, UNCLE! GRANDPAW! GRANDMA! Whatever, you win I'm done pard." Earl said "Ok, but you gotta promise not to hit me on the way up. Ha! Ha!" The battle was over; Earl walked over to an air vent and sat down. The Kid took a bit longer getting to his feet, he called to Earl to help him as he could not see where to walk, Earl said he would if he could but since he couldn't see any better it was impossible.

The Kid asked Earl to keep talking, and followed his voice until he found him. Both men looked like they had been victims of a buffalo stampede. The two battered warriors shook hands, and acknowledged each other, "Good fight Ha!" "You got that right, WOW! The best I ever had Ha! Ha!" Someone had to lead both

men to the head to wash up. Unknown to the Kid at that time was the fact that Almighty God had put his protection on him. The Kid could, and by all that was evil, have been seriously injured or killed.

However, although painfully cut and bruised he was relevantly unscathed considering the circumstances. That in itself was a major miracle. Too many men are quick to anger and fast to fight. It's sad that so many male citizens never took the time to read such great words of wisdom as these: "There is a way that seems right to a man, but its end is the way of death." "He who is quick-tempered acts foolishly." The Kid could attest to that, he had acted foolishly, his temper getting the best of him as it did. He certainly faced death, that's for sure. He should have known that, "Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." The Kid knew about falling, he had fallen from the LORD'S grace for quite a few years now.

The Kid couldn't know that he was in a prison, trapped by his own lack of knowledge. He was a prisoner of self destruction. Because his understanding of God's will for him was nigh, he missed out on all the blessings his ABBA Father, could and wanted to give him. After all how can a father give his son an

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inheritance if his son doesn't even know who his father is or refuses to believe who others say his father is? The Kid's anger had almost cost him his life. During the two months it took both warriors to heal the Kid had a chance to think. For the first time in his fighting career he had lost! What a strange, unsettling experience. He discovered he wasn't infallible. The realization of his close encounter with death brought him to a new level of thought. What would have happened to his soul if Earl had decided to, or accidentally killed him? Being a Catholic at the time, he had not been to mass (Church) in almost two years and when he did go to confession months later, he thought the priest was going to excommunicate him from the Church. WOW! He thought he would have gone to hell for all eternity, "Burn Baby Burn." That didn't sit well in his stomach and he almost lost that morning's breakfast.

How many fights had he been in? Had the guy he fought in a certain country really died? Or was it just a joke by his friends to frighten the Kid? What if the story was true, had he killed someone? Was the other fellow a Christian? Was he saved? "Oh Lord!" The Kid cried, the guy was a pimp, it's questionable that he knew the Lord, but then neither did the Kid at that time or even now while he was reminiscing. Suppose the other fellow

would have stabbed the Kid with the knife, he had come at the Kid to kill? Or to only scare him? The Kid was faster, he reacted instantly, his back kick hit the knife hand from underneath and drove it upward into his assailant's body. At least that's the story his friends told him.

Someone grabbed the Kid by his belt from behind, and pulled hard. The Kid's head hit the top of the cabs door at the "duck your head" spot when getting into the car. He awakened the next morning in the back seat, wondering if the painful headache he had was from all the liquor he drank the night before or if some one had hit him from behind...he didn't remember much else. But now the thought hit him harder than any person ever hit him, he could die in a fist fight. How many men fight each other over nothing? A spilled drink, a girl, an unintentional body bump, even for just looking at someone. The stupidity of a lot of men trying to be Mr. Macho Man, the terrible waste of human energy, and the Kid was right up there with the rest of the idiots. Macho means stubborn mule, where is the honor in that?

One thing is certain, most men fight because they are little boys in adult bodies, who are frightened because they don't want

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any one to know how really afraid they are. "ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?" to quote an old phrase, seems to be the attitude. They lack real confidence in themselves, and should have read the Bible instead of Playboy magazine.

The Holy Scriptures point out that "In the fear of the LORD there is strong confidence." The truth is that "a soft answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger." The Kid always had a problem with anger. If only Catholic school had taught him in plain language then he may have understood, that, "the heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger does not share its joy." This may have altered his attitude somewhat and saved him a lot of heart ache.

His bitterness in his younger years was somewhat due to strangers, and even family not being able to understand his way of seeing things. For example, he could read a book and get a totally different meaning than others. He would study for an exam at school by outlining the areas he felt were pertinent. Then the teacher would give him test questions that were not even remotely close to what he had studied for. The Kid was easily angered, and would have been better off if he had known that, "He who is SLOW to anger has great understanding, but

he who is impulsive exalts folly." That is asking for trouble. The Kid was very impulsive and definitely he was in trouble a lot.

"A wise man fears and departs from evil, but a fool rages and is self-confident." Just like, "He who is quick-tempered acts foolishly." All this information would have been literally life saving in many instances if more individuals were aware of it. The Kid remembers a certain night in a popular night club near Sulphur, Louisiana. He and his friend Herdie Reed were having a good time, at least Herdie was. The Kid was kind of shy, and Herdie was doing all the dancing. The two girls sitting at their table were waiting for their boyfriends to arrive, and they knew Herdie well enough to ask if they could sit at his table. This prevented a lot of guys from pestering them for dances.

Herdie was a super personality person, he was friendly towards every one, and man could that boy dance! The Kid just sat there at the table while his friend danced one dance after the other with the two girls. After about an hour, with Herdie nagging him to get off his duff and dance, the Kid finally asked one of the girls to dance. The Kid was a good slow

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dancer, and after the song was over the girl wanted to dance another slow song, so they did, and when the song finished they came back to the table. That's when the trouble began. The girls' boy friends had arrived earlier and were upset because the Kid and Herdie were dancing with their girls. This one fellow comes over to the Kid and tells him that he didn't mind the Kid dancing with his girl but that he didn't appreciate him dancing every blinking dance with her.

The Kid corrected the fellow by informing him of the truth, the fellow took exception to being disagreed with and called the Kid a lying son of a blank, where upon the Kid hit him in the face seven times before the guy could blink. As the guy fell backwards from the blows, he landed on the band's ladies table. The band leader's wife pushed the guy back into another barrage of right and left punches from the Kid's fist. This is another example of someone not having wisdom, understanding, and knowledge to live life correctly. Had this obstinate, arrogant young man taken time to read and study his Bible, he would have read, "When pride comes, then comes shame; But with the humble is wisdom." These words of wisdom were true in this particular case as it was this fellow's pride that got him in trouble.

The Kid was not without fault as it was his ego and temper which trapped him into this situation. He despised his foe because of the fellow's cocky attitude, little did he know that the Bible instructs, "He who is devoid of wisdom despises his neighbor, but a man of understanding holds his peace." It was obvious that the Kid lacked wisdom, understanding, and certainly was not at peace with himself.

He did not see the huge mountain of a man closing in and down on him. Ulysses was a lineman for the Sulphur High School football team and during one of their best winning years. Ulysses was fast for a lineman, and even faster than a normal man of his size. He swooped over the Kid like a cloud blown in by a Louisiana hurricane. One moment the Kid is standing tall; and the next minute, his arms felt like they were being crushed along with his rib cage and back bone. The wind rushed out of him, and his lungs screamed for air. The blood stopped flowing to his head, and he felt the numbness creeping into his body. Instinct kept him conscious long enough to use an old Judo throw (a major inner reap).

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The move was good enough to unbalance Ulysses, and they both tumbled to the floor. The Kid landed on top, and because Ulysses loosened his grip to break his own fall, life saving air again found it's way into the Kid's lungs.

Suddenly the Kid felt sharp pain in his side, on his back and on his face. Several Sulphur boys were playing soccer and using the Kid as the ball. The Kid knew he had to think fast or be stomped to death. He rolled to his right, away from two of the kickers. Ulysses was shouting for the kickers to stop kicking as some of the blows were hitting him also. Just then Herdie rushed to his friend's aid. Looking down at the huge hulk almost completely covering the Kid, Herdie in sheer desperation and suicidal contemplation, reached down and with some inner mysterious super strength, actually lifted Ulysses up onto his feet, to the complete astonishment of everyone who witnessed it.

While the crowd stood in utter disbelief at what they had just seen, the Kid felt himself being lifted upwards by the his shirt collar. While he was hanging there like a treed fox over a dog pack, he saw people attempting to get at him with anger on their faces. Guys would appear take a swing at him then

disappeared from view like some one was pulling them with a rope. The Kid could not see very well as his head was being pushed forward by the great hand which held him. Then he saw IT! A humongous hand swinging a black jack, splattering heads if it hit one, but mostly keeping them at bay away from the Kid. The hand that held the Kid high above the mob belonged to the biggest, toughest bouncer in the State.

No one really remembers the exact height or weight or his correct name. But everyone feared this over 400 pound mammoth. He was enormous, a gentle giant, who became a grizzly bear if called upon to do his duty. The Kid was taken to his table and told to SIT!! And not to MOVE, the rest of the story is nonessential. It appears to be that a gang of 12 or more waited out side to jump him if he came out to continue the fight. Ulysses came to the Kid's table and apologized for jumping in on the fight. He explained that he thought three guys were hitting his cousin who was home on leave from the marines. He simply was just trying to protect his kinfolk. The Kid was very impressed with the sincerity of this big, good guy. By now the fellow the Kid had hit was trying to get the Kid to come outside so the wolf pack could jump him, a brave fellow, this guy, HA! But Ulysses told him to shut up, and

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leave the Kid alone. " He beat your butt, fair and square, so let it go, you have embarrassed me enough for one night."

One thing for sure, the Kid sure as heck was not going to get out of his chair until the bouncer said it was okay. HA! The bouncer was one man he was not going to go against. This in a very small way was like being in jail. Confined to a certain place, forbidden to leave, and if you disobeyed, the penalty would be severe. And in this case it would be most painful to say the least, and deadly at most. There are many ways to be incarcerated, and while physically may be the more widely observed, mentally and emotionally are the most experienced.

The highest knowledge to which men and women can attain is a personal knowledge of God. The Kid did not have this knowledge, thus he was not aware that Jesus is the key to ALL prison doors, especially those of an emotional or mental nature.

We know God through His Word, one of the most vital teachings of Scripture is that God can be known. You can find proof of what I claim by reading for yourself from your Bible. Just look up the numbers I will write from now on in this text. For example what I have just written can be found in Jer. 9:24

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that is JEREMIAH. Chapter nine, verse twenty four. People do not naturally possess this knowledge (Rom.3:19,20) Even though we know that He exists (Ps.14:1;) knowing that God exists is not the same as knowing God personally, just because I see all of the Chuck Norris movies does not mean I know Chuck Norris personally. I have met him, and talked to him, but I really do not know his personal life, what his likes and dislikes are.

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If I Can Do It, Anybody Can!

~ CHAPTER FOUR ~



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This knowledge of God is crucial, however, since to know God personally is to be saved and have eternal life (John 17:3). People should rejoice in the fact that God earnestly wants them to attain this knowledge. Heck! That is why He has spoken to us in His Word, revealing Himself and disclosing the means by which we may know Him. WOW! That's radical. Why don't more people know about this? If more of US knew more about HIM, there would be less of THEM, to worry about who try to hurt US. The Kid learned all this, about 30 years later. To think of all that wasted time and lost blessings. Thank God it's never too late.

Fights and fury were most of what he knew. If trouble was to be found, he found it. Or it found him. Like he danced those two dances, that's all, two darn dances in two hours, and he gets accused, blamed, misunderstood, and attacked. Yes, he hit the fellow when he did a split second before the fellow was going to hit him. The Kid's street wise experience saw his opponent's ever so slight movement, the tightening of his fist, the dip of his shoulder at the moment just before he strikes with the sucker punch. Ha! But the Kid was the king of the sucker punch. Not the cheap shot kind, where you hit some poor dumb slob, who is just standing there.

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The Kid's expertise was counter punching at the exact moment his opponent's thought process started to punch. A kind of reflex action, if you know what I mean. Take the time he was a bartender/bouncer at a B-girl joint in Lake Charles, Louisiana. At 148 pounds and only 5'10 1/2", his reputation preceded him. A lot of his customers were football players from a local University. These guys were big and tough, and when they had a few too many drinks, they would sometimes become rowdy and were asked to quiet down or leave the premises. This was not always an easy task. So the Kid had a method which proved successful.

Every time one of these guys would stand up and challenge the Kid, he heard the most horrible words a jock can hear. The Kid would look up, usually what appeared like 3 feet high and with as tough a look as he could do, the Kid would explain his plans. He just told these gridiron giants that he wasn't going to fight them; he simply threatened to kick and break their knee caps. Ouch! To a guy who might be a 5th round draft choice for a professional league, those are words of death. A million dollars a year salary, and a career down the toilet was not a future they wanted to see or hear about.

The one occasion when the bluff didn't work happened on a Saturday night. A certain football player came in under the influence of what appeared to be drugs and a lot of booze. This fellow had been coming regularly twice a week for the past three weeks. He had always been a nice, well-mannered customer in the past. On this night, he was loud, arrogant, and obnoxious, very uncharacteristic for his behavior. The Kid made him a Bloody Mary (tomato juice and vodka) which he drank, they talked a minute or two, and the guy ordered another drink, he drank that one, and headed to the restroom.

The bar policy was to never leave a dirty glass on the bar if no one was sitting there, so the Kid picked up the glass and washed it. When this fellow came back to his seat, he thought he still had a drink, and asked the Kid where his drink was. The Kid explained the situation, but this fellow wouldn't accept it. He accused the Kid of being a cheating, unscrupulous individual and insisted on getting a free drink. This incident caused several regular good paying customers to leave. The Kid asked his best patron why he was leaving, and was informed that, since he was an off-duty state policeman he

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didn't want to be around to witness what the Kid was going to have to do.

The Kid's reputation as a bouncer had spread to different parts of the nation. Some of the most renowned bouncers in the United States respected him, including Pennsylvania's famous Philadelphia trio, The Kier brothers, Tom and Bob plus Cohn Ryan. They composed a total of about ONE THOUSAND POUNDS of expert man handling man power. They had a mutual respect for each others professionalism. Anyway, back to the story. The Kid asked this guy to please leave the premises. Whereupon the obnoxious one told the Kid to #\$\$@%~&*#@%&** Blank blankety, bleep, bleep, and so forth.

The Kid then took off his bar towel, locked the cash register, and walked around the bar. He had a big smile on his face, as he slid his left arm between the other fellow's right arm. This maneuver is used to prevent an opponent from hitting with his strong arm. Of course that is hoping he is not a left hander. That particular night the Kid already knew the fellow was right handed by observing which hand the guy drank with, reached for with, smoked with, etc, etc. These were important clues every fighter and bouncer looks for during the evening or time

allotted - what hand a person uses to strike a match or light a cigarette; which side of their head do they part their hair, which arm is their watch on. The list is much longer, but I am sure you get my point, right? How do I get off on these things? Anyway, as I was pointing out before, I went and interrupted myself, ha! Dats dem Cajun talk my fran, yea! Anyway, the two men walked to the door, like old friends. They were talking to each other as they stepped outside. The Kid stepped out first with his right foot, then still holding the other fellow's right arm the Kid pivoted to his left and sunk a hard right hook deep into his opponent's stomach. The fight should have been over.

The Kid's punch felt like it sunk into the guy's stomach clean up to the Kid's elbow. The force of the blow propelled the big fellow backwards, and slammed his back hard into a brick wall. The Kid was on him like hogs in a pen. Lefts and rights, a knee to the groin and this guy is just standing there looking puzzled, unhurt, but annoyed at the little shrimp hitting him. The next things the Kid felt was two very powerful vice-like hands around his neck and throat. Suddenly the Kid felt himself lifted up and slung around. He landed about 4 feet away, but

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unfortunately the hands were still around his neck choking the air from his lungs.

The situation looked grim from the Kid's point of view. But his never say die attitude kept him alert, and thinking, this guy was dangerous so desperate measures were called for. The Kid did a knee up kick to the guy's groin, BAM! Nothing, the guy still had a choke on the Kid's throat. BAM! Still nothing, didn't this fellow have a groin? Cheezz! The Kid grabbed this big lug by his belt with both hands, secured a good grip and came up with all his might and his strong right knee between the guy's legs, BAM! BAM! BAM! Three with all he had, and finally the guy let go of the Kid's throat and dropped to his knees.

The fight was over, or so thought the Kid. But to his dismay and astonishment the fellow got up on one knee. The Kid sprang into action; he hit the guy behind the head at the occipital muscle area. That usually knocked out most men or at least killed their balance. But not this fellow, he continued up into a stooping position. The Kid hit him again, then again breaking his own hand in the process. Now the big gallut was standing up again, all 5'11" and 286 pounds of him. The pain shot up the Kid's arm from his wrist to his shoulder. However,

there was no time to worry about his hand, it was the other fellow's hands he had to worry about because they were back around his neck.

This guy wasn't human, no man could take the kind of hits he was getting and not be seriously injured. This fellow did not appear in the least bit hurt. In fact, here he was choking the life out of the Kid again. The Kid felt pretty helpless hanging there about three feet above the floor,. The fellow had actually lifted the Kid off the floor and had him pinned up against the wall. Letting out a gasping, choking sound, the Kid resigned himself to his fate. He could imagine the next day's news, EL TIGRE as he was called by most folks, THE TIGER, found choked to death by football player from McNeese State University. Hanging by two massive arms, instead of a rope and noose, is still just as deadly, dead is dead, no matter the method.

Well in one last desperate attempt to at least die with some dignity and honor, the Kid looked down into his assailant's eyes and said with as much defiance as he could muster, "go ahead and choke me "to his surprise the big fellow answered, "I can't, my arms are paralyzed." The Kid then asked the guy to let him loose, but the answer was the same as before. "Old son!

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If I could move, I would get the heck" (not the original word) out of here, but I cannot move a muscle."

By now one of the waitresses had run across the street to get the manager and the other club bouncer to help the Kid. The entire incident lasted only 15 minutes. The two men arrived and loosened the big guy's hands from around the Kid's neck. The other bouncer and the manager escorted the football player outside. The Kid returned to his station behind the bar, and continued serving his patrons. About 20 minutes later, who walks back in and up to the bar? Yep! It was him; the Kid felt sick to his stomach, now he would have to use even stronger techniques. The guy sits down at the bar, and offers to buy the Kid a drink. Then he says to the Kid, "I don't know what you did, or how you did it, but nobody and I mean NOBODY has ever wiped me like you just did."

The color began to return to the Kid's face, the ache in his stomach left and he was feeling normal again. Then the big guy completed his statement, "but I want a re-match now that I'm sober." OH! NO! The Kid thought, as the fear returned and that sick feeling came back. The Kid told the guy that as far as he was concerned he considered the big fellow the winner. The

Kid said he never wanted to fight him again, because "you're too tough, and way too much man for me to beat."

However, the big fellow insisted on a re-match. The Kid knew the odds were stacked against him, so he informed the fellow that the only way the fight would be on was if he (the Kid) used his razor. The big fellow thought a moment, and said matter of factly, "OK! That's only fair," since he out-weighed the Kid by around 148 pounds.

So this guy agrees to wait until 2:00 am for the Kid to get off work. He had a drink or two but not too much lest he became drunk again. At closing time he looked at his foe smiled, and said, " It will not be long now, then it's carving time again" to the tune of an old song, (Yes it's crying time again). The Kid counted out the night's receipts, gave the cash to the manager, took off his bar apron, took out his razor and stepped around from behind the bar. His mind was already thinking about what to do. Wait until his opponent makes the first move, cut block if the guy punches, or if the fellow attempts to choke, cut his armpits.

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As the Kid rounded the corner of the bar his eyes turned to watch his opponent, but the guy wasn't there. The Kid stopped in his tracks. Where was the fellow? Caution crossed the Kid's mind. This was a dangerous situation, the Kid asked his friends to check the restrooms, all around the bar, and outside. The fellow was no where to be found. A week later someone informed the Kid that the landlady had found the guy dead in his apartment. The authorities concluded that he had died from an overdose of drugs. The Kid remembers being concerned about being arrested and imprisoned. But then the guy's dying could be a crock, made up by his friends to frightened him. It worked, he was frightened, and to this day that fear hangs over the Kid's head. Did the guy really die? Or was this a sick joke?

A lot of things hang over the Kid's head or should I say clogged up his mind. He remembered the time he drove to the little Cajun town of Basile, Louisiana, with one single thought on his mind ... Murder. The plan was simple and fool proof, or at least seemed so from his perspective. He would kick the door in at the motel-style business for prostitution his woman was sleeping in with her old boy friend. This creep had been her first lover when she was 14 years of age or younger. He was the big boss pimp of that establishment. When she and the

Kid broke up, she ran to the only man she ever really loved, she certainly never loved the Kid, and the Kid ran to a mental hospital for help.

After 8 weeks of "nothing" treatment, the Kid was released with even more hurt and anger in his heart. Upon his return home, he found phone numbers written on the wall and nobody home. She had moved out. He called the numbers and found out where she had been going and with whom. He also received the bills that had collected in the mailbox over the past 8 weeks. The most called phone number called was to a bar and motel in Basile, better known as a hangout for truck drivers, traveling salesman, and local farmers or townspeople who wanted to commit adultery. The Kid found out who the manager was and knew what was going on right away. Now the Kid was on his way there to kill the woman and her pimp lover.

As he drove up to the bar it was 6:00 am in the morning. Everyone had left except a woman who was just locking up for the day (they opened for business at 5:00 pm). The Kid stepped out of his car, and walked up to the woman. He saw the Pimp Boss's car parked way over by the side of the building, which

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meant he was still on the premises. The Kid politely asked the women where the Boss was, except he asked using the man's name, which as you readers can tell is not his real name or I do this to protect the integrity when there is any. Besides, some of the individuals have changed lives and it is not this author's desire to hurt anyone's reputation.

Meanwhile back at the bar, the woman informed the Kid that all the employees were at a staff meeting at a local cafe in town for breakfast, and the Kid might find the boss there. The Kid had not noticed his pistol showing in his waist band until he turned to walk back to his car. He realized the woman must have seen it, but then a lot of other pimps carried pieces. She might think he was just another character as they preferred to be called. The Kid played it smart; he drove off but watched the woman through his rearview mirror. Sure enough, as he had expected, she drove around to the rear of building. The Kid's delight changed to frustration because by the time he could turn his car around and drive back to the rear of the building, he found that an extension blocked his vision, preventing the Kid from seeing the exact room number his old lady was shackled up in.

The woman was just driving away as the Kid made it around the corner. Now all he had to do was guess the right room they were in. The plan was that he would surprise the couple, walk in the door, shoot the woman in the head, and throw the pistol on the bed. Then when the pimp reached for that gun the Kid would have enough time to close the gap between them and kill him by strangulation. Using Jiu-jitsu techniques, it would be over quickly. His plan was then to make it look like a big fight had ensued, his story was going to be that he came to get his woman and the pimp attempted to shoot him with the Kid's own gun he had stolen from the Kid's house. During the struggle the pistol accidentally fired hitting the woman in the head. The Kid in desperation, holding the gun hand with one hand, he would use a choking technique used to kill when necessary. Thus, accidental homicide, and self-defense manslaughter.

But the Lord had other plans for the Kid, and again the Lord's Will provided. The Kid had to choose between 20 doors. He knew if he kicked the wrong one down the element of surprise would be gone, and the risk factor would go up 87 percent. He knew his prey was no dummy, and that he was probably armed and would have time to reach for his own piece instead

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of the Kid's half loaded pistol. There were no bullets in the first three chambers except for the first shot. The Kid might be crazy, but he was not stupid. So the entire operation was a bust. Anger filled the Kid, then rage, he wanted to just start shooting through all the doors but feared killing some one else by mistake. So he returned to his car, sat inside for a minute, and decided to show them. He pulled out his pistol, a long 9 inch barrel kind, and decided to blow his own brains out.

If I Can Do It, Anybody Can!

~ CHAPTER FIVE ~



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That would make her sorry. Yeah, right! In his anger and haste, he moved too swiftly and the gun barrel smashed into his face and temple. He let out a string of curses that would have made a Marine blush, and threw the gun onto the floor board of the car. Then realizing that the bullet would have done a lot more damage, he laughed and drove off, heading back home to Welsh, Louisiana, where his family lived. The word spread about the almost incident, and about three months later two off duty police officers (I will not name the particular branch, for obvious reasons) approached the Kid at his favorite dance hang out the Bamboo Club in Lake Charles, Louisiana.

They informed him that he was stupid to attempt a hit on the boss pimp in his own establishment; he had too many body guards protecting him. The Kid laughed to himself, I wonder where they went when I was there last time. But the Kid played dumb and heard them out. These officers of the law offered to supply the Kid with a gun, and to set up the boss pimp so the Kid could kill him. Every thing would be all right, no police would do a real investigation, and no bodies would ever be found in the swamp.

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The Kid may not have really known the Lord, but the Lord knew the Kid, and with good sense was still protecting him. The Kid knew that if he killed the pimp, the authorities would own him. He heard the stories about how others had bought in to similar deals, and how they were blackmailed into doing other creeps the law could not touch legally. Cajun justice was not always legal, sometimes it was down right crooked, but it was always justice. If you caught your wife in bed with another man, someone might die, but no one went to jail, or if he did, it might be just for show. Justice might depend on who the Judge was, or who the defendant was. No one may agree with me or admit it, but what do you expect? The truth is that many folks meet justice one way or the other.

It seems that if the crooks were too smart to be caught, justice from God would often time settle with them. The Lord warns us from the Bible, "Whoever commits adultery with a women lacks understanding; He who does so destroys his own soul. Wounds and dishonor he will get, and his reproach will not be wiped away. For jealousy is a husband's fury; therefore, he will not spare in the day of vengeance." In the Bayous of Louisiana, adultery was dealt with severely. That goes for the man caught fooling around, also. Women were more realistic than most

men. Instead of killing a good workhorse, somebody has to harvest the crops, so a Cajun woman might just wait until her man was asleep; I mean really deep sleep, brought on by some activity before bed, and a cup of hot chocolate, with a little something added for a restful night.

Then, while her husband was sleeping, she would sew the sheet up and around him. Then she might beat him half to death with a bat or axe handle, or other object close by. Rolling pins and broom handles served as well. No husband would ever attempt to get back at her because he knew what was in store for him or worse. So Cajun divorce is not a popular past time; they work it out, or fight it out, but it gets OUT, and that is better than holding it in. It's the holding in that messes people up. One thing to consider is the courting habits of the Cajun culture. This will help to understand the nature of the Kid, for this story.

In the days of old, when men were considered men by the fruit of their labors, not the size of their "whatchumahcallit." A man's man, was determined by the way he raised his children, how well he loved and supported his wife, and whether he was

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there when his family needed him? Did he drink too much?
The Kid was raised according to these customs.

To treat a lady like a lady. To respect women and to behave when dating someone's daughter or sister, as if he would want someone dating his daughter or sister to behave - that was if he had a sister or daughter. WOW! That was confusing. The Kid did not know that the Bible teaches us, "Do not rebuke an older man, but exhort him like as a father, the younger men as brothers, the older women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity." For those who do not know the Lord personally, He is still there waiting for them to realize His presence. Until then, their environment and where they were raised determines much of what do with their lives.

You can understand how the Kid could become bitter; while he treated women like women, and kept their relationship pure, the women would fall in love with jerks who used them for sexual gratification, then dumped them. The circle just kept growing. Once a girl was used and abused mentally as well as physically, she might become hard-hearted after a while, especially if this terrible kind of treatment was repeated several times during her youth. Then she might start doing to men

what was done to her. The good become embittered and embittered others, and this mental state of emotional disturbance spreads like a venereal disease. This tragic behavior causes problems of epidemic proportions. Feminist?

This creates a generation of individuals who hate their neighbors, distrust everyone, and are pessimistic personalities in some cases becoming no good to anybody or to themselves. The Kid was one such person. He didn't forgive easily, if ever, and he paid the price of unhappiness, loneliness, depression, drunkenness, drug abuse, and promiscuousness, all the time needing the saving Grace of Almighty GOD, like so many millions of people who suffer from the "inability to forgive." "For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you do not forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." This is not as easy to do as it is to read.

However, reading is not enough either, one must DO what is written, this must be LIVED. All talk and no walk equals ZERO. Those who do not forgive suffer the results of hate, which is a cancer of the soul.

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Well, back to the story, the Kid said he would think about the two cops' proposition and get in touch with them later. They said no! They would get back to him - a "don't call us, we will call you" deal. The Kid wasn't too concerned about the boss pimp from Basile, he had a bigger problem right here in the Bamboo Club by the name of Jake.

I will not use his whole name. His nickname was "Blackie", and he was nobody to take lightly. Jake was a dark skinned Cajun, the olive complexioned kind. These Cajuns were the beautiful ones. The Kid's first cousin was a beauty, also. Diane was her name; her family bloodline was Chouest, Falgout, Faulk, and Broussard; a beautiful mixture of German, Spanish, French, and Indian/Cajun. To this day, the Kid says she is the most beautiful woman he has ever met. She is the closest to a sister the Kid had. Anyway, as good-looking as Jake's family was, they were equally as tough. Jake was an ex-con who served time in Huntsville prison, in Texas.

Jake was a character (pimp) who was in town from New Orleans to put a bump on the head of the lead singer for the Boogie Kings Band. This group was on their way to the big time in Las Vegas. Their singer was a very talented young man

with a great future in the music industry. However, he had made what was possibly a deadly mistake, by bad mouthing Jake to Jake's old lady. It seems that Jake had whacked her upside her head with a tie iron one day, and she was bragging to the singer about the incident. The singer made a remark that was uncomplimentary about Jake, she told Jake, who according to the code of Pimps, had to save face.

To save face Jake would have to break the singer's face. WOW! What a life, if you can call it a life. The Kid had been hired by the band to protect their lead singer for a month; just one more month and they would be in Vegas for their big moment, the make it or break it, biggest booking in their lives, and they needed the singer alive and well. The Kid was not afraid of Jake, but you must respect a man who is good with a knife. Jake wasn't just good with a blade, Jake was GREAT. The Kid remembered a few months after all this was over, when he and Jake were friends, an incident where Jake was demonstrating his skill with a knife for the Kid.

Jake told the Kid to let his arms hang down by his sides, then Jake instructed the Kid to try to slap his face as fast as he could. Now the Kid is fast, I mean really, really, fast. He could let

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someone put both of their hands up in front of their face, 7 inches apart, and still hit them on their forehead before they could block his hand. Now folks, that is fast, he has done that with black belt masters, they just could not stop his hand from touching their head. Now here was Jake, telling the Kid to do his fast act thing on him. The Kid smiled and let fly. Faster than a speeding bullet, able to jump over tall buildings, was it Superman? No! It was Jake's hand with his knife in it and the blade was open. We're not talking about a switchblade here.

It was the fastest move the Kid had ever seen. Jake had opened the knife with only one hand, the same hand that held the knife. That my friends takes a super fast technique. Which Jake was known for (Super Fast Techniques). After all, he did cut one fellow supposedly from the left eye down the face, breaking the blade half off at his opponent's collarbone, and then continued his cut on down the left arm to the wrist, requiring around 286 stitches to sew the guy up. Now all this was unknown to the Kid at this time. In addition, he was going to face down Jake tonight. He didn't even know what Jake looked like, or that tonight Jake was there in the club. Even worse, for the Kid, Jake knew what he looked like. Talk about being disadvantaged.

Well, I will not bore you with all the details; that would be a book in itself. Nevertheless, they both had respect for each other, and became friends later on. Thank God, Jake was not in a killing mood that night, or the Kid would have been taken out without even knowing what was going on. Jake, while dancing with his "old lady" as their women were called, had made several practice runs on the Kid's back and side on the dance floor.

This is a technique where the hit man dances close by his target, and touches him with a finger (which could have been a knife). If the hit had been on, a knife would be stuck into the victim's back while he was dancing, and no one would know who did it, because so many people were on the dance floor. The usual procedure was to use a very thin blade, about the size of an ice pick, but three inches longer to penetrate deeper into a vital organ. Jake had touched the Kid's back so often the Kid thought the guy was gay. HA! It is a good thing for the Kid that Jake's woman vouched for him, and had told Jake that the Kid was "good people" that probably saved his life. Well enough about Jake, it would take another book to write the

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whole story about him and " EL TIGRE " as the Kid was called back then.

If I Can Do It, Anybody Can!

~ CHAPTER SIX ~



Karl Marx

Those days are long gone, but the bad memories still haunt the Kid every now and then, but thanks to the mercy of God and His forgiveness, the Kid now lives a new life, and is a new person, in Jesus Christ. What makes a person turn from a relatively nice individual, into a hate filled creep? And that, according to the Kid is what he became, during those days. Shortly after becoming friends with Jake, the Kid learned the ropes about how to be a successful PIMP, or "character" as they preferred to be called. I will not go into detail about this particular life style except to say that it is definitely not glamorous, slick, neat or cool. A pimp is not a hero. There were not always fancy looking threads and big fine wheels to drive around in.

This profession is not financially stable or as profitable as the movies make believe. There are enormous attorney fees to pay for services rendered, bail bonds are plentiful, police bribes are common, rent, ladies clothing, and other accessories are expensive. Then there are doctor bills to pay for weekly medical exams and medication. In addition, we cannot forget taxi, bell-boy, bartender, and other advertising personal tips. In addition, house cuts are costly, also. Pimps are often portrayed as tough guys, beating up their prostitutes, but frightened

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cowards when the cops grab them. This is not always the case, and many more are as likely to beat, cut, or shoot a sadistic (BAD) trick, as to drink a cup of coffee.

I am not trying to glamorize these individuals, far be it that I should do such a thing. But to set the record straight these fellows can be fierce fighters and should be considered always armed and dangerous. The law of the trade is simple, any old man, as the girls call their men, who isn't able and willing to kill or die protecting his property, is like a weak animal, whom other larger, meaner animals will steal from or just kill, and take over his stable, stash, and goodies.

The Kid led this kind of lifestyle, and confessed later that he would rather get in a phone booth full of lions than to be a pimp for a living. That kind of life sure did not do much to lessen his frustration, anger, and bad temper. His temperament made him a perfect candidate for bigger crimes. He was considered by many in his unlawful profession to be somewhat of an educated crook. The Kid and another associates formed a syndicate-type organization; I am unable to elaborate on this subject due to possible criminal charges against the Kid. This area of his life is still a thorn in his side. While his reputation

connected him to the Cajun Mafia, he was not involved with the Mafiosi of Sicily. There were rumors that the police suspected the Kid of being a hit man for the mob, which of course was utterly ridiculous.

I mean how could they even consider such a thing, from such a nice, clean cut young gentleman like this Kid? Yea, right! Ha! Just because he was accused of an attempted hit on a house of prostitution's boss pimp, and just because two sheriff deputies offered to give him a job as a hit man for certain undesirable individuals who were too difficult to convict, it was not enough evidence to label the Kid a hit man. You see, it is not always the so-called underworld that's the bad guy. There is that element of the so-called innocent, sociably acceptable upper class, who are as corruptible as the supposed guilty middle and lower class criminals.

This element of society did nothing to bring about good habits for the Kid. It was at this time in his life, that he believes GOD stepped in and called for a change of venue and life style. He was under serious investigation by some special anti-organized crime committee police detective. The Kid's contact in the police department didn't even know about the investigation.

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The Kid got a tip that he was under heat, big heat, much more than the local stuff. This was the big guys now. Then a few days later the Kid received another tip that the guy who was spooking (checking him out) had been found dead in a motel room in Texas. The Kid was also informed that he was too hot to work in Lake Charles, and consequently he was out of business.

The Kid's source explained that everything had gone sour, and the organization was shut down. Their lawyers and medical doctors would be arrested within a short time, and everyone was being summoned to appear before the Louisiana Grand Jury. It was just a matter of time before the axe would fall. Luckily, the Kid was given sanctuary by moving to a hole in the wall town in North Louisiana. He did not know whose protection he was under and did not really ever find out for sure. He did become acquainted with a fantastic older gentleman, whose name I am not at liberty to mention. The Kid found out later he had been a really big name in the 50's in Texas. It is from this relationship that the Kid's reputation appears to have begun as a hit man. It seems this sweet old man, who treated the Kid like family, was in fact REAL FAMILY.

He had been featured in the Post and I think Life Magazine during the 50's as a suspected "DON" like I think he was the GODFATHER of the real Mafia, or La Cosa Nostra. It is supposed by some that a certain District Attorney's untimely death might have been a professional hit. Then there was the alleged accidental death of a business acquaintance of the Kid who was suspected of messing around with the Kid's wife. In addition, what about all the other rumors like the stories about strange things happening to his enemies - curses, spells, and other occult things. He was supposed to have coolly walked up to another pimp who allegedly tried to kill him with a shotgun the week before. The guy missed only because the Kid dropped his keys to the door, and bent over to get them.

Anyway, the story or the lie that it is goes that the Kid waited outside a favorite hangout until this fellow came out, and as the guy was walking to his car the Kid just walked up. As the pimp looked up, the Kid popped him right in the ear with a 9mm pistol, one shot, dropped some dope on the body, and just kept walking as if nothing had happened. The police were glad to be rid of another undesirable, and reported the incident as drug related. To hear people talk, the Kid was a mass

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murderer. I could write a lot more about the dark side of his life, but that's all in the past. Now I want to tell you about the up side. The real story of here, now, and a better tomorrow. All the above is not important.

If I Can Do It, Anybody Can!

~ CHAPTER SEVEN ~



Karl Marx

On May 31, 1970, in the city of Alexandria, Louisiana, the Kid's lifestyle took a sweeping turn for the better. While visiting the Horseshoe Baptist Church, something happened to him that would forever change his life. This hardhearted, untrusting, tough guy was introduced to Jesus Christ.

The meeting was an experience like nothing the Kid had ever imagined possible. It was better than meeting the Pope, John Wayne, the Queen of England, the King of Spain, the President of the United States, and all the super athletic heroes at the same time. Words cannot begin to express the absolute, ultimate HIGH he said he felt.

If a person drank liquor every day and night for 200 years, smoked, shot up, sniffed, and popped every kind of dope pill known to the drug abusers' world, they couldn't even begin to know the peace of mind, joy and happiness of heart one receives when they accept Christ as Lord and Savior. WOW! Talk about a high, there is no better thrill. Many people try to find themselves, within themselves, they are always searching for the Way, and all that Eastern Religious stuff. However, the truth is that it is not we who have the answers, but HIM, JESUS CHRIST.

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There is no organic substance, liquid, solid, or otherwise, that can be seen, heard, smelled, nor touched, like the presence of the HOLY SPIRIT within a born again Christian. The very thing so many misled individuals are seeking from the stars, cosmos, mother earth, Gurus, Tao, and other sources, is in fact already waiting within them. It is so simple that most folks miss the formula all together, because they attempt to understand intellectually. That is, of course, impossible. The only way one can accept Jesus Christ as their savior is by FAITH. It is because of GOD's GRACE that Christ suffered, died, and rose from the dead, for our sins that we are saved. Not because of something or anything we did or do. HA! If only the Kid had known that during the hard years.

Well here he was, in 1970 a born again, fully water-immersed baptized Christian. NOW WHAT? How does one know what to do after becoming a Christian? The answer to that question is not easy or simple to explain. In the first place, just saying the words about accepting Jesus as personal Savior, without the true meaning, deep within the mind and heart is not accepting salvation. It can be nothing more than an emotional experience that wears off in time. This kind of emotional outburst is

similar to what one feels when seeing a favorite rock star performing live on stage. Take for example the raving hysteria certain young individuals had for Frank Sinatra, the Beatles, and Elvis Presley. At that moment in time the audience is all hyped up, and would do anything to get just an autograph from the particular star. Later the awe wears off and the fan is back to normal. They still admire their favorite movie or rock star, but with a more reserved manner.

If a person has a similar religious experience, not necessarily of the same magnitude as for a movie star, but in that manner, and afterwards cools off and returns to their old life style, so to speak, it is doubtful that their conversion was realistic. The true Christian experience of salvation, does not necessarily have to be as exciting or emotional as mentioned above. However a much more important LIFE CHANGING experience does occur when a person DOES IN FACT, truly accept Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. This experience is ETERNAL and everlasting. Oh! Sometimes a recipient of this blessing can lose track of reality and make a mistake.

The everlasting commitment between God and man is stronger than even life itself. A true Christians desire to do GOD'S Will

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is stronger than our lust for sin. It may be an on-going battle all our lives, but a true Christian will sin less and less because of the HOLY SPIRIT within us, who leads, guides and directs our lives as long as we allow HIM. The real Christian can be recognized by their fruits. A STRONG DESIRE to read GOD'S word daily, to obey His commands, and the consistency of our walk can be observed, not judged. When a pseudo-Christian is confronted by another person about an inconsistency in his walk, he will most often argue that the other person is judging him and therefore is wrong.

These "think they ares" should read their Bible in Proverbs Chapter 10, Verse 17. It says, " He who keeps instruction is in the way of life, but he who refuses reproof goes astray." If they would only understand that "the way of the fool is right in his own eyes, but he who heeds counsel is wise," found in Proverbs 12; 15. I am not trying to sound self-righteous here, it's just that so many people are going around claiming to be Christians, and giving real Christians a bad name with their hypocrisy, so much so that those who might be really interested in becoming Christians are turned off by seeing those pretenders and their attitudes and behavior. Before the Kid was a Christian, back in the early 50's, he was incarcerated

in Lake Charles, Louisiana. He and a friend of his were faced with a danger he had never considered possible. Two young 18 year olds, fewer than 140 pounds each, were as likely to be gang raped as a beauty queen at a sailor's convention. The Kid saw the looks the other inmates had on their faces, and heard the filthy remarks being said about him and his friend, and he knew they were in big trouble.

According to sources that prefer to remain anonymous, the Kid looked at the 4 other inmates in the cell, and just plain went berserk. That stupid Kid picked out the meanest looking one in the group and jumped right up into the guy's chest. The Kid wrapped both his legs around this poor slob's waist, pinning the fellow's arms inside, in a kind of leg bear hug. The Kid grabbed the man's hair with both hands, and then just bit the guy's right ear. Man, you could hear that con holler for ten miles away, I bet. Ha! Ha! The other cons tried to pull the Kid off, but stopped when the Kid threatened to bite the ear clean off and swallow it. Every one was screaming get this blankety-blank Kid out of there before someone got killed.

The Kid, of course, denies the entire incident except the fact that he and his friend Bobby Dale were incarcerated. At this

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point as I near the end of the story, I will not go into how many times the Kid was arrested or how much time he served. That is inconsequential, what is important is what happened after he became a born again Christian. So let's go back to 1970 and the big event in the Kid's life. He and his wife and daughter Joanna were visiting Horseshoe Baptist Church, when the thought of how many haircuts this Church had to offer if he joined, came to the Kid. Did I mention that the Kid by this time was a very accomplished men's hair stylist? Now this definitely is not the right reason to join a Church.

He was thinking of how much money he was going to make, but didn't know what to do about joining the Church. The pastor gave an altar call for anyone who wanted to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Master. His words were something like the following. "If you're a no good lousy sinner, and you want to change your life, ask God to forgive your sins, just step out into the aisle and walk up to the altar were we can pray together."

Well, the Kid wanted to join but he didn't want everybody to know that he was a no good, lousy sinner. No one would want

him to cut and style their hair if they knew what a jerk he was. So his pride won out, and he didn't go forward.

The following Sunday the Kid's in-laws were with them at church and things started to happen. The Kid went in first and found seats in the seventh row, middle. His daughter entered the pew first, then his wife, after which his mother-in-law her husband, and last BUT not least, the Kid. He was kind of burned because he wanted to sit by his wife. So here was the line-up in the church pew: daughter, wife, mother and father-in-law, then the Kid. This 31st day in May was the day the Kid met Jesus in a very special way. As the pastor preached the Gospel something was going on deep within the Kid's heart. No longer was the cash register ringing with hair cuts from the church. Something different was happening; a vacuum that needed filling, a car without gas was how he felt.

He wanted to cry out, (Hey! I Want To Join Up!) but he knew that would not be cool. He felt all mushy inside, but again didn't want to make such a serious decision as this on an emotional basis. So he just sat there repeating over and over to himself, if my daughter, my wife, or mother and father-in-law would go up, so would he. Meanwhile, the pastor finished the

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invitation, and the Kid felt like he had just missed a plane flight. He keep saying to himself if only my daughter, wife, mother or father-in-law had gone up I would have, too. Man! I really wanted to accept Jesus into my heart, darn!

Wish THEY would have led the way, so I could have become a Christian. He felt like now it was too late, he had missed the boat, suppose he died before he had a chance again. Waiting on others to do what we should be doing is not always in the best interest of the one doing the waiting. While human beings are to some degree dependent on one another, it is imperative that our dependence be on Almighty God rather than on another person.

Then the most astonishing thing happened.

The pastor had dismissed the congregation and started walking towards the Deacons and Elders when all of a sudden he just stopped, hesitated, then he turned around and walked back to the podium. He grabbed the microphone and to everyone's amazement, especially the Kid's, the preacher said these fabulous words: "Everyone wait, don't leave yet. The Holy Spirit just spoke to me and said there is a man here today who

needs to be saved." Well, the Kid said to himself, oh right! I bet there's a bunch of guys here like me who need to be saved, ha! Big deal, who's he kidding.

Then the preacher said "and this man really wants to be saved." The Kid laughed to himself again, yes, that narrows it down a bit. But then came these words, "DON'T WAIT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, YOUR WIFE, OR YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER-IN-LAW."

WOW! Talk about being floored. The Kid couldn't believe his ears, he literally jumped over a little old granny who was sitting to his left, and hit the aisle running. Emotional smotional, he probably made the 30 feet or so distance to the altar area in world record time. When he reached the pastor he couldn't remember his own name. Just then his little daughter ran into his back, and his wife was right behind her. What a supreme feeling of JOY that moment was.

That night the Kid and his daughter Joanna took the BIG PLUNGE, I mean they went off the deep end, Ha! No time was wasted and they were both baptized at the 7:00 o'clock service. The Kid cannot remember if all the pastor's words are exactly

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correct, but generally speaking he feels safe to say they are close to it. The part about his family is however exactly correct, those words are burned into his heart and mind forever. This baptism is solid in his memory bank, also. The pastor must have had the gift of knowledge about the Kid's past, because he held the Kid under a long, long time. In fact the Kid for a moment thought he was going to drown. His survival mode almost kicked in (thank God it didn't for the pastor's sake) as the Kid remembered about the professional contract that was supposed to be out on him. The Kid was just about to reach up out of the water and grab the preacher by the arm or neck and pull him into the water. Thank God that wasn't necessary, and the Kid didn't drown either, ha!

The Kid was giving a customer a haircut the following Tuesday, and telling him about his experience at Church. The Kid unknowingly was giving his first testimony. God was really moving that day in the Kid's life. The Kid was not ashamed of his Lord and Savior, and has never since had any problem telling others about Jesus Christ. The man having his hair cut that day just happened to be a Salvation Army minister. After hearing the Kid's story, and the joy-filled enthusiasm the Kid had while telling it, the Captain asked the

Kid if he would be a guest at the Salvation Army youth camp. Two weeks later the Kid, his wife, their daughter, and a male student were on their way to the Hammond, Louisiana countryside where the summer camp was located. Satan tried everything in his book to stop the event. Car trouble, flat tire, and confusion hampered the journey. The Kid became lost and when they finally did find the way to the camp they were two hours late. Almost every one at the camp was asleep or was supposed to be.

Upon arriving at the road that led to the camp, the Kid met a youth who was running away. The Kid stopped the car and asked the young boy if the road led to the camp. The youngster's reply was quite disturbing. He said "are you the "blankety" karate guy that's was supposed to be here tonight?" Then he asked if the Kid had any dope to give him. The Kid answered the question with another question of his own. Do you need dope to be a man? If so how much or how big a man can one be if his existence depends on a pill, a needle, a drink, or sniffing substances? Can a man be born from a tiny pill or from the hole in a needle? No! Nor can a man be born from a bottle. With that, no one said a word until they arrived at the camp about a half mile away.

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Upon arriving the camp director met them, and with apologies completed, explanations given, the camp was roused and everyone called to meet in the big tent which was where the Sunday services were held. There were 60 boys present, 12 staff, cooks, and counselors and three pastors, as far as the Kid could remember. When he did his Martial Arts demonstration the audience appeared to be really into it. They clapped and shouted, laughed, and hollered. Every technique the Kid performed was acknowledged by the boys and staff with glee. Then the mood changed. The humor was put behind, and seriousness was necessary. At this point the Kid began to share his testimony.

The entire program lasted 2 hours, and when the Kid finished his testimony not a sound could be heard. No one clapped or said Amen, nothing! The Kid looked at his wife with pleading eyes, that if they could talk, would say get me out of here. The audience just sat there, mouth and eyes wide open. The Kid said to his little group, "lets get the heck of here before they stone me to death." As the Kid was getting into his car, the pastors walked up to him, shook his hand, and told him that he had done a great job. The Kid felt relieved and confused at the

same time. He felt that he had really "BOMBED" and that the pastors were just being kind.

As it was after midnight, the Pastor asked that the Kid's group not attempt to drive the 150 miles or so back home, and suggested they spend the night in a local motel, to leave in the morning. This was fine with the Kid, he was plum tuckered out. The Pastor said he would cover the room cost. This, too, was alright with the Kid. The next morning after church service, the three pastors were knocking on the door enthusiastically. The Kid and his family were not even awake yet, and he was frightened at first, confused secondly, and astonished at what he was being told, thirdly. According to the pastors, their usual number of campers who were won to Christ and accepted Him as personal Savior was on the average six each year. The Pastors could hardly contain themselves, and were all talking at the same time, which added to the Kid's confusion. Finally the Salvation Army Captain motioned for the others to hush!

Then the astonishing story unfolded. It seems that after the morning service concluded and the altar call was given, the pastor, praying that at least someone would come forward, was

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not prepared for what happened. According to the three Pastors, all 60 children came forward and accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. Not only that, but the 12 staff members also came and rededicated their lives to Christ. The feeling of the presence of the Holy Spirit was high that day, and it's a day many folks will never forget. The Spirit continued to work, and the other two pastors requested that the Kid bring his Martial Arts outreach team to their respective churches in the very near future.

The next two years were the greatest in the Kid's life, up to that time. He and his little troupe of Keichu-Do students traveled throughout Louisiana in an evangelical manner. The Kid was licensed to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in 1972 and did what he thought was his best. However even though he pastored a little prison chapel, and had a captive audience, so to speak, he never received the discipleship he so desperately needed.

Being just a babe in the Church himself, he didn't have the necessary knowledge to be a pastor or an evangelist. While his heart was right, his brain could not do what was necessary at that time. OH! He did a lot of good but his ministry suffered

because it lacked the proper education, Bible-wise. He didn't know the Scriptures well enough, and was not prepared to answer all the many questions presented to him. He tried his best but his best wasn't good enough. How could he be at his best if his best had not been learned yet from the Bible, and other resources, such as Bible study, Church, Christian radio, the right books and Christian literature? This is why it is so important to have been a Christian under study for at least two or more years and thus mature in the faith. People have this "Psychology 201" syndrome, they learn something wonderful and they want to share the knowledge with their loved ones. But without more in-depth information, they often are ill equipped and fail to present the subject properly.

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~ CHAPTER EIGHT ~



Every new born again Christian should attend a new believers class for at least four weeks. Then they should be discipled one-on-one by a mature brother in Christ for about 8 weeks. The Kid did not have such a privilege. He started out on his own, before he was ready and in the end the Community Baptist Church that had licensed him took back his license. This left the Kid bewildered, befuddled, and hurt. He did not know or understand what he did or did not do that was so wrong. And the Pastor would not tell him what his mistakes were. This was where Satan stepped in and started his meddling. He attacked the Kid's weak side, his pride.

Satan stole the Kid's attention, by putting other alternatives into the picture. He convinced the Kid that the Silva Mind Control program was needed to give the Kid more psychic power and control of his mind and destiny. The same old lie about how we can be more like God. Remember in Genesis Chapter 3:5 when he said to Eve, "For God knows that in the day you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and YOU WILL BE LIKE GOD, knowing good and evil." There it is, right out in the open. Old Slew Foot has been trying to sell that lie ever since. And a lot of folks have bitten that apple and swallowed the

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worm. YUK! An example of this kind of deception is the belief that man can become God.

Some cults believe mankind has the potential to become like God. According to the Mormonism Researched Spring Edition 1991, Mormonism does not differ from such groups as the Hare Krishnas, EST, TM and Worldwide Church of God. Other cults which are similar to the before mentioned are the Jehovah's Witness, Moonies, Unitarians, and Armstrongite, to name but a few. Well anyway, back to the Kid. He took the SMC course and went on to bigger and what he thought at the time better things. He became an ordained minister in the Church of Perfect Liberty, a Japanese home-based organization of a religious origin.

The things these two organizations taught about the use of one's mind is in itself mind boggling. However both are considered to be non-Christian and occultic. The Kid became quite proficient in both areas. In fact, his reputation as a Warlock became rather infamous. His abilities astonished his contemporaries and even the Kid himself didn't fully understand his powers. His most proficient area appeared to be in the healing field. Just the touch of his finger tips on a

profusely bleeding gash and the blood would stop. There are so many testimonies from hundreds of witnesses that I could write a book just on that issue. But for reading's sake, I'll share only a few. On one occasion his girlfriend Debbie was cutting a huge candle when the butcher knife she was using slipped and cut deeply into her finger. The blood was spurting, indicating a severed artery. The Kid calmly put his finger over the ½" laceration and within 90 seconds the blood ceased to flow. A bandage was applied and to their astonishment, two days later when the bandage was removed, there was no sign of the cut.

On another occasion an elderly woman fell and her head hit the cement walkway. She was rushed unconscious to a local hospital. Upon medical examination, it was determined that she had a small skull fracture. When she regained consciousness, the attending physician informed her and her husband that her condition required neurological attention. It was decided that she would be transferred to a larger hospital in Shreveport, Louisiana, the next morning by ambulance. Her head had a large swollen hematoma that was excruciatingly painful. She could not lay her head on the pillow unless she lay on her side. Since she could not sleep on her side for whatever reason, she could not rest. She knew the Kid and what he could

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do with his hand magic, as she called it. Therefore, the Kid was called to come to her rescue. He arrived about ten minutes before the no visitor sign came on. He laid hands on her head very lightly and warned the old couple not to tell anyone that he had been there. As it turned out, sometime during the night the woman fell asleep as did her husband sitting in a large chair. Then next morning according to the old couple, some nurse or doctor entered the room and saw the old lady asleep laying on her back. It was assumed that she must have died during the night. Actually, a healing had taken place. Nevertheless, after the commotion was over she was transported to Shreveport where she was re-examined by a neurosurgeon who found her skull x-ray to be radically changed from the original sent by the other doctor. The newer x-ray showed the injury to be almost completely healed. The story is that normally a hairline fracture of the skull would take 8 weeks to heal to the point it was after only one 24-hour period.

On another occasion, a fighter was accidentally hit hard over his right eye. This caused a large contusion and a horrible hemoglobin. The Kid lightly put his two fingers on the spot,

and immediately the swelling reversed itself and astonished everyone who witnessed it.

There were hundreds of other such healings, too many to document here. Nevertheless, where was the power coming from? Since many of the situations he became involved in were treated by occultic means, it appears his power was satanic in origin. He was feared by other Witches and Warlocks, for reasons he himself never found out. His ability to put curses and spells on others was phenomenal, and to say the least, very frightening. On one occasion, a karate student of his broke a cardinal rule, and the Kid being the unforgiving creep that he had become, put a curse on him. The Kid found out later that the student who was proud of his good looks, had competed in a karate tournament, and came away unscathed.

On the hour or two drive back home, this student was bragging that the Kid didn't really have any mysterious powers. He said he was not afraid of any hocus pocus stuff. After arriving safely at their destination, they proceeded to enter their favorite drinking and dancing spot. They were sitting there smug and proud, when some drunken person threw a beer bottle; the bottle missed its intended target but smashed right into the

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handsome one's face, causing several stitches to be needed to close the cuts. This is all I am allowed to write about, due to its evil content. My purpose here is to glorify God's goodness, not the sinful practices of the Kid's past.

The Kid remembers a time before these happenings when he was attempting to be a preacher. It appears that after preaching as a visiting evangelist, he was leaving the little church and walking to his car. Everyone in the parking lot heard the blast of the shotgun, but only the Kid felt the sting of the pellets as they rained down on his head, face, and body. Thank God, the gunman was too far away and the pellets did not even break the Kid's skin. At first, the Kid thought it was just a stupid hunter in the field across from the church. Then the creeping thought that it could have been a bungled, amateur hit attempt made him shudder.

He had let his guard down, he actually forgot about the fact that there was a contract out on his life. Things had been going so well since he had become a Christian. It just naturally made sense that no one was after him any more. The Grand Jury had completed its investigation, doctors and lawyers had been

disbarred, imprisoned, and his gang completely scattered or incarcerated.

A special visitor from Okinawa spent the entire day from around 8:00 AM until about 8:30 PM with the Kid, at the Salvation Army Red Shield Judo club. It was quite an experience for both men. The 8th degree Grandmaster from Okinawa asked a thousand or more questions. Why do you do this that way? Where did you learn that technique? How did you come to do this technique? What is that for? Show me this, how do you escape from this? What would you do if someone did this, etc, etc? The Kid demonstrated the entire Keichu-Do system to the Grandmaster who appeared truly interested, and enthusiastic about what he was seeing.

On the way to the bus station, they stopped by another of the Kid's Keichu clubs. Keichu-Do's 1st degree black belt, Sensei Charles Locascio, was teaching and the visitor from Okinawa watched how this American system was taught. Suddenly the Oriental visitor "went off." He lit into Mr. Locascio with the harshness of a Japanese warlord whose voice cuts like a two-edged sword. The volume of his voice shook the building and everyone in it, including the Kid, jumped, very startled by the

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situation. What set him off the Kid wondered, then the words were translated to English and explained what was wrong.

The Grandmaster was upset because Mr. Locascio had not brought his class to attention in respect to their founders entering the room. The Grandmaster explained that Mr. Locascio and all the students present were very lucky and should feel honored to have their Soke in their presence. He went on and on about how great their Soke was and the Kid just blushed in humble embarrassment, which was rare for the Kid. Somehow, the Kid felt a deep sense of respect for this small framed man who at probably only 5 feet tall had a demeanor about him that told others to be careful. The Kid felt the sheer power of the man during their work out. The Kid recognized exceptional talent when he saw it, and brother he saw a lot in the little Grandmaster.

The Kid graduated from Louisiana College with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Psychology and a minor in Sociology. He did it in three years instead of four. It was not all easy for the Kid. He ran for and won the sophomore class presidency for the Student Government Association, only to have his post recalled because of political differences with the S.G.A. President, who

wanted to put his friends in as sophomore representatives. The Kid had already chosen his campaign manager and another radical philosophy major, for his associates much to the dismay of the "high tee dah" S.G.A. President.

It took a big political farce by the "Prez" to remove the Kid from office, going back some 13 or 14 years, when the Kid first entered McNeese State University. It had been a time of wine, women, parties, football games, more parties and little time for study. The Kid's grades were only good enough to leave him on scholastic probation. He dropped out of school, and did not go back until about 12 years later. That is where the Prez snaked him. The Kid's grade point average was only a "C" if it was counted with the old grades from Mc Neese. Therefore, his "B" average at Louisiana Collage dropped to a "C" and he was ineligible for S.G.A. membership.

The victory for the Prez cost him his entire hand-picked cabinet. The Kid's radical friends (the College newspaper editor was one) picketed the next S.G.A. meeting and demanded an investigation of the entire Council. It turned out that only the Prez himself was illegible but the rest of the officers were removed and a new election was called. It was during this time

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that one of the smart mouthed jerks on the council made a remark about the Kid's mental intelligence being too low to be among the elite. It was bad enough to be attacked politically the way he was, but to question his intelligence...that did it !!!

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Because the Kid was married to his second wife and had two children to think of, he opted not to kill, maim, or do any physical damage to these people. But boy, did he ever want to wreak havoc on that bunch of nose in the air, nasty little snobs. In a very angry mood, the Kid stormed into the sociology department and requested an IQ test right then and there. The Stanford Binet Test was given, and the Kid scored an amazing 185. This put him in the top 1 percent of the nation intelligently. What the Kid never could understand is why, if he was so darn smart, couldn't he make all "A's" on his other mid-term and final exams.

The years (after graduation) from 1974 until 1977 were family filled, good times for the Kid, but his life fell apart in 1977. His wife divorced him and married a younger man, and to put salt on the wound, she married one of the Kid's students.

The Kid stepped out of the picture gracefully, without any trouble. However, his heart was not in it. He could not believe this was happening to him again. He put on a good front but something inside of him died. He had been on the wagon for about 12 years, but with his family gone, he didn't much care about anything. He started drinking heavily again but no dope this time. He took on a second job as a bouncer with a death-wish attitude.

He went to work for a syndicate of nightclubs in Alexandria, Louisiana. They hired him to hire a staff of bouncers, train them and supervise at least two clubs. One club was a country and western music location where good old boys hung out. The other dance hall was supposed to be a salt and pepper club, but as it turned out, mostly blacks frequented the place. This, of course, made the Kid's job a lot more dangerous, being the only white man in a club that held 500 drinkers and in many cases drug-doing individuals. The biggest danger, however, was from the good old boys club. More fights broke out there than at the other club.

The booze and drug scene was just as high there as anywhere. It wasn't long before everyone knew the Kid and his not so

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good reputation. The fights became fewer and further between. Soon there were almost no fights at all to talk of, the Kid's reputation kept the tough guys from coming, and when they did come, they behaved themselves. One night the management called the Kid into the office, and informed him that he was no longer needed there. They explained to the Kid, that since there were no more fights at either club, his salary was too much to pay, and that the other bouncer could keep the peace.

The Kid explained to them that it was in their best interest to keep him, since as long as he was there, people respected him enough not to cause trouble. The management did not agree, so the Kid was out of a job. They hired a young karate black belt, with a big reputation of his own, at half the money they paid the Kid. This guy was a tournament karate fighter, and was well respected by his peers. He was a young black male with a chip on his shoulder and nobody to mess with.

This young man had found himself in a serious situation one night. He had stopped to pick up a few beers at a dance hall and beer joint in a nearby town. He found himself in a Ku Klux Klan hang out. Before he could get back to the door and safety,

several fellows locked the door and cut him off. The place was also a pool room, and some of the men had pool cues in their hands. It looked like another black man would be found beaten to death in the piney woods near Marksville. However, this young man had different plans for himself. He just jumped right in the middle of those jerks, and commenced to kick and punch until he reached the door.

The police arrived to find a number of the city's citizens scattered around the floor, in various states of pain and agony. Many people in that area still talk about the young black Bruce Lee who kicked the crap out of a bunch of sleeze bags. Well now, he was taking the place of someone almost twice his age, and must have felt confident in his abilities. On the first night or at least soon after he began working as the bouncer at the salt and pepper dance hall, disaster struck.

From the stories this author investigated, it appears that another man asked the cover charge person where the bouncer was. When shown, he approached the young man and asked if he was the bouncer. The young man acknowledged that he was, and this big fellow asked where the white bouncer, "the Man" as he was called. When informed that the Kid no longer

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worked there, he said "good" and just sucker punched the young bouncer right in the jaw. Without warning, or provocation he continued to beat the young bouncer to the floor. While this was going on, and everyone's attention was on the fight, another man came in the door grabbed the cash box, and ran out into the parking lot. Then the cashier saw that the money drawer was gone and a man was running out of the building. The crowd turned its attention from the fight to the chase in the parking lot.

This gave the bouncer beater a chance to escape out the other door, out unto the street where the cash thief was waiting in the get away car, motor running, driver ready, door already open. The three men drove off at a high rate of speed; it was a clean professional robbery.

The next day the organization called the Kid and offered him his job back. To which he answered, "Sorry Charlie;" "no can do, boy san;" "never happen." He had retired from that profession for good and there was no going back. He had decided to enter graduate school knowing that his physical body was racked with pain from the last two injuries he suffered since bouncing for the organization. One came from a

work-out class, in which the Kid was teaching escape holds. He instructed a second-degree black belt kick boxer to put a full nelson hold on him, and not to let go. The Kid, who by this time was no longer a Kid but a man of 40 years in age, wanted to see how a person would react to a new technique he was experimenting with.

He threw the man to the floor with a twist of his body, and realized too late, that an untrained man would let go and try to stop his fall with his hands, but this man was a professional black belt, and would die before disobeying a sixth degree Martial Arts master's command not to let go. As a result, the old Kid (I will now call him) suffered a very terrible neck injury that left him partially paralyzed. He was able to walk away, but did not seek medical help. After all, he knew somehow that the damage was already done. And what can anyone really do about a severely injured vertebrae? He re-injured his neck, and narrowly escaped death and disfigurement. That was a miracle witnessed by several individuals.

It was the old Kid's retirement and going away party at the country and western club. He went outside to break up a shouting match between a lawyer and his unhappy client,

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before it turned into a fight. To make a long story short, while the Kid was talking to the lawyer, the other guy hit the Kid from the blind side. The Kid turns to the guy in total disbelief, and says, "Did you just hit me? " "You powder puff punching idiot." And to the Kid's utter amazement, this bozo actually threw another punch. "Well if that's the way it's gotta be, say good-bye to your mama, fool." The Kid blocked the right hook, spun to his left, pulling the guy's arm tight into his inside elbow, and threw the fellow with Ippon Seio Nage, a one-arm shoulder throw. Unfortunately, for both men, they were standing on a four foot porch step.

As the Kid was stepping forward to regain his balance, he was pretty drunk from the party and all you see, and the 175-pound fellow went flying over the Kid's shoulder, they both fell head long off the porch. Now here is where the LORD stepped in and saved the Kid's life. As it happened, a large bush had just been pruned, and there were many branches sticking up like punji sticks in Viet Nam. The Kid landed face first into these sharp objects, causing numerous facial lacerations, of which any number of them could have sunk into the Kid's brain, by sticking through his eyes, mouth, or nose.

It was surely an act of GOD that prevented such a disaster. On top of that, the other guy fell on top of the Kid driving the Kid's face, head, and neck right into the ground. That alone might have broken another man's neck or knocked him unconscious. Thank God, the Kid had a thick 19-inch neck, a solid jaw, and a hard head. Something else happened that I believe showed God had his hand on protecting the Kid. After the two men hit the ground, the Kid was groggy and slow getting up. His opponent was up first and could have kicked the Kid while he was still down.

All the Kid could do was grab the fellow's leg and punch the heck out of his ankle. Now that is what I call tenaciousness. Anyway, instead of stomping the Kid, this fellow looks down and screams for someone to call an ambulance as the Kid's face looked like he had been shot with a shotgun blast. The next day he drove to the emergency room at a local hospital, and was treated for gunshot wounds. He laughed and explained what had happened. The doctors did not find much humor in the story however.

I keep getting side tracked, now were was I? Oh yes, now I remember, the Kid entered Northwestern State University to

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study for his Master's degree. The Kid was 40 years old, recently divorced, and his life was in the toilet. He was backsliding and deeply involved in the occult. His 20-year-old girlfriend was driving him totally crazy.

He had never been in a relationship with anyone even remotely close to this girl's personality. She was a bartender where he worked at the good old boys honky-tonk joint. A free spirited, California valley girl, her life style totally clashed with the more conservative Louisiana, submissive female role. But that is a story the Kid wants to forget, although he still suffers anxiety attacks every once in a while. He felt possessed by demons, though of course he wasn't, he was just bound up with his sinful lifestyle.

The results were 16 years of anxiety and 12 years of panic attacks. Talk about a prison, this was living in hell on earth. Sometimes not being able to sleep, or even sit down for 7 days and nights. Just walking, walking and more walking all night and day. No medical help was available at that time. No one knew what the heck to do. If only the Kid could have known that the only hope for him was Jesus Christ. If he would have been studying his Bible daily, the answer would have been

learned concerning his affliction. It wasn't until he experienced the life saving Grace of the Holy Spirit that he found relief. It was in totally trusting in the Lord, and leaning on the mercy of the Father that the anxiety was stored away. Moreover, this didn't come to pass until 1986. Oh! It's still there, lurking somewhere ready to jump on the Kid if he begins to wander away.

At first he thought the anxiety was a curse, then he realized that every time he suffered an attack he always ran to the feet of his deliverer, Jesus Christ. He found that every time he fell at the feet of Jesus, no matter how severe the attack, the Kid always knew, guaranteed without doubt that the Lord would deliver him from his problem. How did he know? Well it took him several years to realize what the Bible was teaching. When the anxiety hit, he would turn to Psalms for the right words to help him. Words that gave him hope were: *"Be pleased O LORD, to deliver me; O LORD, make haste to help me! My iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look, up; they are more than the hairs on my head; therefore my heart fails me. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defense."* The Kid drew strength from these words, and spent a lot of time reading PSALMS.

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However even with all this Scriptural advice, he still suffered the terror of anxiety and panic attacks. Here was a man who feared no other man on earth but was terrified of going to sleep at night. He stayed awake all day, no naps, and would stay up until 1:00 or 2:00 am so he would be very tired, hoping then that he could sleep. Before he knew the Holy Spirit, the Kid would go out dancing 7 nights a week, dancing as many as 70 dances in a night, over an 8 hour time period. He drank enough to dull his thinking, hoping to tire himself out so he could sleep. Unfortunately, it did not always work and he would be up walking in the wee hours of the morning, crying aloud for God to help him, and waiting for the sun to come up. He felt a little better in the daylight.

If I Can Do It, Anybody Can!

~ CHAPTER NINE ~



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As strange as it may seem, with all his Biblical studying it was not until he began to practice celibacy that understanding came to him through the Holy Spirit. The Kid's reading was starting to pay off. He would remember the words of the Bible like, "*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge*" and he surely needed knowledge. These words often helped him through some hard times, like for instance, "*When wisdom enters your heart, and knowledge is pleasant to your soul, Discretion will PRESERVE you; Understanding will keep you.*" These following words are GOD sent, to help individuals like the Kid who without them would not have made it. "*Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct your paths.*" "*Do not be wise in your own eyes; Fear the LORD and DEPART FROM EVIL. It will be health to your flesh, and strength to your bones.*"

The Kid stopped smoking and drinking, in 1986 his cursing faded down to "shucks, drat, doggone it," and some other nicer words. However, when he learned that he could in fact live without having a wife or girlfriend and even do without sex, his life changed. His health grew stronger, depression lessened, and loneliness vanished. He has never been happier in his life,

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except when his children were born. In the old days he wanted everyone to treat him with respect, not because he was tough, but because of his abilities in the Martial Arts. He was proud, arrogant, self-centered, egocentric, and many other not so nice things.

It was after reading these words that things began to change. *"In HIM you also trusted, after you HEARD the WORD of TRUTH, the GOSPEL of your salvation; in whom also, having BELIEVED, you were sealed with the HOLY SPIRIT of promise."* WOW! Then the instructions for the Kid were this, *"If indeed you have heard HIM and have been taught by HIM, as the truth is in JESUS: that you PUT OFF, concerning your former conduct the OLD MAN which grows corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and be RENEWED in the spirit of your MIND, and that you put on the NEW MAN which was created according to God, in righteousness and true holiness."* The Kid knew he must be as the Word commanded, not just talking the talk, but walking the walk.

The Kid knew it was wrong to want people to look up to him by bowing down to him. He knew this because of understanding the Bible. *"Let nothing be done through selfish*

ambition or conceit, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than himself."

After all, Jesus made himself of no reputation, taking the form of a servant, and coming in the likeness of man. If Jesus Christ could humble Himself, the Kid felt it was proper to do likewise. Since 1986, the Kid's life has changed progressively for the better, giving up nightlife dancing, drinking, smoking, doping, getting high, and feeling so low in the mornings has been a blessing for the Kid. Abstaining from sex was definitely the most difficult of all his vices. However, by not going out on dates, and staying away from places of temptation, the Kid was able by God's Grace not to be tempted beyond what is common to man. He learned that the enemy will bring up every past sexual sin from memory to the present to tempt us. However, the Holy Spirit taught him a counter for that, simply do not linger in the thought. If a sinful memory comes, just say you resist the enemy, and he, she, or it will have to flee. See for yourself, in James 4; 7: ***"Therefore, submit to God. Resist the devil and he will flee from you."***

All you have to do when you re tempted by the devil is not dwell in or on the thought. ***"Let no one say when he is tempted,***

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I am tempted by God; for God cannot be tempted by evil nor does He Himself tempt anyone, but each one is tempted when he is drawn away by his own desires and enticed." Then when desire has conceived, it gives birth to sin; and sin, when it is full-grown, brings forth death. So if you don't want that to happen, keep your thoughts clean. It is possible to live a happy fun filled life, without giving in to big time sin. Just tune in to J.E.S.U.S and turn off E.V.I.L. The more the Kid read his Bible the more he understood what was required of him. In addition, as he read about how much his LORD loved him, and all the great things God has done, his own love for his Creator grew, and grew. After all, how does one love another unless he knows the other?

As the Kid became more acquainted with his Creator, his love became stronger. The Kid did not know love, before he came to know Jesus Christ as his Savior and king. It was a growing experience, as the Kid learned more about Jesus; love began to create itself within his heart. For the first time in his life, he experienced what the Bible knows as LOVE.

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Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and everyone who loves is born of God and knows God. He who does not love does not know God, for God is love.

By the year 1987, the Kid had been educated through the Holy Scriptures, by reading daily, and listening only to Christian radio stations; the Kid heard the Holy Word of God, from several great men of God, all day long and great Christian music in the evenings. It meant giving up his secular radio, dance hall, rock and roll, and a lot of tear jerking, beer guzzling, depressing country and western stuff, but that was replaced with super great Christian rock and roll and country and western music. This music had an uplifting message; a joyful up beat, (yes! I can make it through any kind of problem, or distress, because Jesus is in me mentality.)

The Kid's fear of sleeping became less and less troublesome after he learned, *"There is no fear in love; but perfect love cast out fear, because fear involves torment. But he who fears has not been made perfect in love."* The Kid had a lot of HATE to get rid of, and just knowing these words helped him tremendously. *"We love HIM because He first loved us. If someone says, I love God, and hates his brother, he is a liar; for*

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he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen? And this commandment we have from Him; that he who loves God MUST love his brother also." This means more than blood relatives you know. It means we must even love our enemies. That is not easy, but it is essential.

So there it is dear readers, the story of someone who may be just like you, or someone you know. Know this for a fact. If Almighty God can forgive a person like the Kid, He surely CAN and WILL forgive YOU. There is nothing you ever did in your entire life that God will not forgive. Just be man or woman enough to get on your knees before GOD, and humbly confess those sins, and ask HIM to forgive you. You have never known Peace and Joy like you will find when your sins are forgiven. You may be in a prison somewhere, feeling lower than that ocean bottom mud, but becoming a child of God in freedom mentally and spiritually, and that's two out of three parts, so you're already two thirds out and free. If you're a lifer, teach others about Jesus, and time will fly by.

The Word says we should be giving thanks ALWAYS for ALL things to God the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ

even in being incarcerated. Being alive in jail is better than being dead and in the ground. Paul wrote, *"For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."* That should tell you something. A 100 years in prison is nothing compared to all eternity in HEAVEN. You can do HARD time on earth if your Savior is Jesus Christ. Just do as the Bible instructs: *"That if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For whoever calls upon the name the Lord shall be saved."*

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. Remember, *"Now the Lord is the Spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, THERE IS LIBERTY."* Moreover, liberty is Freedom, so even being in prison, there is a WAY, and the WAY is JESUS CHRIST. He is the TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE. The Kid is, as of 1994, the happiest he has ever been in his life. God has blessed him in so many ways, if you ask him how he is; here is his answer "If I were any better, I would be in heaven."

Karl Marx

OK! I'll tell you who the Kid is. His name is Karl William Marx.

Yes, I am that Kid. This story is true to the best of my knowledge. Some of the stories are questionable, as friends told them to me; I think they were friends HA! I cannot believe I did some of those things. If I could find and eliminate all the exaggerations in this story, I might not have but three pages for you to read. I am supposed to have defeated a Japanese Karate Champion. Yeah right! Be real, I was elected president of the Cowards-Yellow Bellies-and Chicken Doodoo's Man or mouse Association for a lifetime.

My LORD and GOD meets all my NEEDS. If I became ill, there was no insurance to protect me. Nevertheless, my LORD ALWAYS comes through for me, somehow in some way. No one else is bothered to pay my bills, lest they should boast. I cannot explain just what happens, but GOD is always there to HELP me.

God has blessed me abundantly since He changed my life.

As the Author of three published books and four soon to be published, (I hope) I am often called as a Lecturer, Seminar

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presenter, and Chief Official at the State, Regional, National, and World Karate Championships. The 700 Club, and Heart to Heart, have graciously featured my family and me four times, and several of the world's leading Martial Arts Magazines have written articles concerning my activities.

I have been to Europe twice, and another trip is forthcoming. So you see, God has not only forgiven my sins, He blessed my faithfulness to Him with a great many achievements and a life full of happiness, peace of mind, and lots of joy.

In summary, may I say to all you wonderful readers, thank you for taking your valuable time to read my book. I am deeply honored. It is my sincere prayer that you believe with all your heart that if GOD, your Heavenly Father can, and DID forgive a low down, scumbag, lying, two faced, forked tongue, drug abusing, alcoholic, arrested burglar, who was a con artist, and fraud artist, to name but a few of my bad habits, HE can and WILL forgive you for ANYTHING, NO MATTER WHAT YOU ARE GUILTY OF. Hey! You don't need to trust me, try it yourself.

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Just get down on your knees before GOD, and CONFESS YOUR SINS TO HIM. Tell Him you are SORRY, AND MEAN IT! Remember HE knows your heart, and no one can trick GOD. Ask Jesus Christ to come into your heart and for the Holy Spirit to dwell within you, to guide and direct your every thought and action. WOW! From there you will become a new person, a born again believer. It takes about 2 to 4 years of Bible study, and Church fellowship to become a mature Christian. So do not be discouraged if you don't see the changes in yourself right away, it takes time to really know God, by reading about Him in the Bible, listening to Christian radio, and attending a full Gospel Church.

The more you learn about Jesus Christ and what he teaches, the more you come to love Him. TO KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM. It is from knowing God in a personal way that you come to understand what is expected of you in your relationship with HIM and others. When you meet a person, and become friends there are always rules even though they are unwritten. For example, your friend is not allowed to date your husband or wife, boy/girlfriend, steal, lie, treat you like dirt, taking advantage of you, or neglect you by going around with others and leaving you out. GOD does not like it when we lie, steal,

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gossip, mistreat others, commit fornication or adultery, become substance abusers, and other sins. So, the more you know (knowledge) about your Father, Brother, and Friend, the better you will get along (Wisdom) in your personal relationship with HIM. I leave you with this thought If I can (find forgiveness) anybody (YOU) can. Keep JESUS CHRIST first in all you do.

BE BLESSED BY HIS GRACE AND MERCY, I am HIS servant,
Karl William Marx Sr. Former, Soke of Keichu-Do.

Karl Marx

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Part II ~ The Next Edition

Karl Marx

What's The Matter LORD? "You Are Karl"

Well here I am, at the computer again. This time what I have to share may be of use to other folks as well as it is for me. I have thought something was missing in my career for many years now. To tell the truth I just found out my problem has something to do with Pride. What Pride? I have thought that was in the past, I don't have any of that stuff anymore! Ha! Pride and a liar to boot. Let me begin back in the days of old. I had the impression that to be worth something, a person had to be a "somebody".

My dad Twain P. Marx had been a somebody. He was ranked third in the World in the early 1920's as a professional boxer. My Uncle Paul C. Marx was one of the best boxers that ever graduated from LSU in Baton Rouge Louisiana. My cousin Donald Marx became a Doctor of Chiropractor, and his brother Paul is a lawyer, all earned the hard way. I am so proud of them. As for me, well, I never felt worthy of much, I had been left behind in a boarding School in Lake Charles Louisiana, at about 10 or 11 years of age. By my mom and step-dad, I felt

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abandoned, hurt and angry. They had no other choice, we moved so often I had a very difficult time keeping up in school.

I made up my mind then that I would become a "Big Shot" as we used to say back then. No one would ever leave me again. Ha! Was I ever in for a rude awaking. My goal in life was to become a very important man one-day. To that end, I made myself into the man I wanted to be, but Not what the media respected. Like The song goes, " I can 't get no satisfaction" Ha!

It is my little opinion that Martial Arts needs a new vision. It is apparent to any open-eyed individual that the ranking system builds too much pride and puffed up egos. I see many Christian Martial Arts instructors getting caught up in the occult aspect of what I myself have been guilty. Pastor Martial Art teachers are not exempt from this danger, and many are crossing over the line into the "Pride Side." Most of these well-meaning persons, in attempting to keep out of the occult part of Martial Art training without very much real knowledge and skill, make up something of their own. In doing this, they look into an oriental dictionary and find an appropriate Christian translation. Then they name their style something like Ohai-Do. This according to them means The Way of the Lord. Of course

these names are bogus, I don't know what or if there is such an oriental term.

Then come the associations. Next in line are the promotions. This starts out innocently enough, but who really had or has the authority to make such high rank promotions? How many years has Christian Martial Arts been organized? Is there really anyone truly qualified to promote someone with less than 25 years experience in these Arts to fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and even tenth degree? My question is why do we have to have all these titles and high ranks? My excuse was that since the World appreciates this kind of hero worship, and IF I were to become FAMOUS, God could use me as a tool in getting young and old alike to desire to hear what I had to say about Jesus Christ.

Therefore, I trained hard, and my students trained hard. Keichu-Do students won many titles: State, Regional, National, World, and even Junior Olympic Gold and Silver Medals in competition. My promotion as the first American to the rank of fifth Dan by an organization outside of my own, can be challenged; there are after all, many diploma mills out there. Moreover, is my own really legitimate? I question that myself

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sometimes. I don't want any bogus rank. But I was promoted to tenth Dan way back in the early 70's, and that is a fact. But again SO WHAT? Who really gives a hoot? Does that fact make me any better than any one else? Of course not. So why did I spend so much time fretting over the stupid thing? WAAA! I didn't get recognized at this event or that convention. Wow! What a wimp!

The world didn't even recognize Jesus Christ, for crying out loud, so who the heck do I think I AM? But not having the good sense God gave me to use properly, I did not let my Creator do what he wanted to do. The problem was that I did it the easy way. I became the first Cajun from Louisiana to form a self-defense system. Then I claimed what I actually believed; to be the first American to start his own style without having studied and earned a black belt from an Oriental Karate Martial Art. I later studied and became a black Belt in Judo.

I accomplished a great many feats that no one has yet reached, yet the Black Belt magazine publishing Hall Of Fame, in 1979, ignored me. They left that year blank even though many of my friends and students, including public politics were with me. The whole story is not necessary, however, I should have won.

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Ha! But they left the slot open and chose no one, rather than give it to me. Here I am the first American to have done what I did and Bruce Lee is the best thing since Jesus Christ in the Martial Art world. Keichu-Do has been around publicly for 40 years this year 2000. Our 40th anniversary and do I get a story in Black Belt magazine. NAAAA!

My story is not about what I should have been, but how I hindered God's blessings in my life. I was so busy striving for fame and glory that I completely missed my chance to allow God to do His will for me. Yes, I did earn the right to be better recognized by my peers; however, my attempting to help myself instead of letting God caused a backlash.

The more we try to help the Lord, the more we interfere and interrupt His plans. Just like a football game, when the coach sends in a play, if the captain or quarterback doesn't respond correctly, the plan may go bad. As Martial Artists we have to give up all the hype, and high rank, pride, and ego stuff. Most of us are just making a fool of ourselves anyway, Masters and Grandmasters, Soke ~ (founders) Ha! It actually takes around 25 years to really master most styles, very few true masters of a traditional style would ever consider starting their own. That is

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paramount to being a traitor. Where do we get off creating our own style when it takes a lifetime to just learn the one we started with.

You can't blame me for doing that because I never studied or received a black belt in Karate. The problem appears to again be the old ego, and pride, brothers. "The higher the rank, the bigger the head, the bigger the head, the smaller the brain."
(KWM)

Unfortunately most of the so-called Masters and Grandmasters, as well as the Sokes are a bunch of wannabes. Many are too egotistical to learn a real Martial Art, so they fumble up a conception of their own. Where is the Integrity, Honor, and Loyalty of the Bushido code of old? With this trend of unfaithfulness already in advance, there is a group of highly intelligent business-minded individuals who take advantage of the unsuspecting less knowledgeable, in the marketing and business area of their field. These super businessmen could care less about Martial Artists being loyal to their instructors, and style heads.

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The truth is these businessmen appear to be stealing the money from rightful individuals. Shame on you fellows and you know who you are. While you profess to teach others how to retain their students, and you do give great business advice, you also want the dojo owners to give you incredible fees for your service. I have no problem with you making a living. However, stay the heck out of my business. You are infringing on my right to make a living by telling the world and my students that they don't need to pay me for the right to teach my family Art.

I do agree that there are a bunch of creeps who take advantage of their students however, I am not one. I resent your implication that ALL of us are pseudo-masters. I am 64 years young and have been in the self-defense field all my life. From the day I was born, my dad had me punching like a boxer, which he was, earlier in his life. I am willing to meet anyone of you in the ring to prove beyond a doubt in your mind that I am not a pseudo anything. Win, lose, or draw, I can guarantee that you will never forget that you were in a real fight. Am I bragging? No! Just stating the Facts. Nothing personal! It's just another job to me.

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Most of this Martial Art stuff is just a big ego builder anyway. Statements like "we will build your self-esteem, and self-confidence," are nothing but promises you can't keep. You can make someone brave, or teach them courage, you teach them techniques that IF they work in a real situation fight or attack, then your student will feel good about his/her success. Otherwise they will most often wonder if they could really defend themselves.

A lot of students want to believe and regardless of whether they can or cannot really defend themselves, they nevertheless believe they can, and in many cases get their butts kicked in a fight. Most of the real fighters are not afraid to fight, it is not important if they win or lose, it's the fight that really matters. The thrill of danger, the chance to prove you got it! Man, that's the high, the adventure, and a high adrenaline rush that is better than any substance abuse. I don't fight anymore because my lifestyle has changed since I became a Christian. However, my being a Christian and a Pastor does not mean that now I forgot how to fight or that I lost the ability to defend myself.

I know I'm ranting and raving here, however, I only wish to make my point clear. I do not like some desk jockey black belt

salesman spouting off at the mouth, accusing me and other legitimate Martial Arts instructors of all being pseudo-masters because we have a franchised system. It's OK for our students to pay you large sums of money to tell them how to teach and manage their dojo. Ha! Anyone with a lick of business sense is taught by his or her Sensei how to do that.

Your rotten propaganda cost people like me a hundred thousand dollars a year. Don't build your house on another man's foundation, is a warning from the Bible. I used to have connections with the COMPANY! However, my Boss is MUCH bigger than all the companies put together. I work for Almighty God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. I'll stay out of your business; just YOU stay out of mine. OK! ENOUGH of that!

My situation is that I wish to make it known that we are all guilty of teaching PRIDE to our students. Not a good kind of pride of accomplishments for a job well done, but a Pride of "since I am higher in rank than someone I have the right to make them do pushups when ever I want. I'm a higher rank so others have to bow to me type of rotten attitude pride, and ego." The truth is that the higher our rank, the more we should

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become as a servant to our flock. My students are my friends, my second Family, my Keichu family. I can give you quotes from the Bible that will prove what I am saying to be the absolute Truth.

Here is what I want to do concerning my own personal relationship with God my Creator. I realize that NOTHING I can do, EVER, will be as Good as what my God can do for me. I have always wanted for the world to love me, to respect my accomplishments, to think well of me. I found my field of work in the Martial Arts to have too many prideful individuals. Many of these folks have their noses stuck so far up the Oriental behinds the only way they can breathe is if their oriental Grandmaster passes gas. I know this example is gross and crude; however, I have been known to be much cruder than this. Where does this American Oriental worship come from?

I am not a bigot, nor do I have negative feelings about Orientals, I respect them very much. I just wonder why Americans believe it is necessary to travel to Japan or other overseas destinations to study Martial Arts. I believe the United States has the best Martial Arts teachers and students in the

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world. So what's up with that? Okinawa, Japan, Korea, China, are great, I have no problem with that. I just want to know where is it written that America is only worthy (if they pay enough) to be considered? All this to say, I am giving up ALL my personal rank and titles in Martial Arts." More to come later, God willing. Other wise I will just keep my big mouth SHUT.

Karl Marx

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Dear Keichu-Do Instructor:

As the years go by, we are aware of the changing times, and constant adaptation is necessary. Therefore, in our progress to better improve in the service of our Creator it is our duty to be our best. After turning over most of the administrative responsibilities to my son and heir to Keichu, I am making several adjustments in the Keichu-Do Outreach Ministry. My son, Victor Marx, and I are presently going in a new direction for all KDOM/WKCD activities. We realized that it was getting increasingly difficult to make effective decisions from several hundred miles away. We also realized that it takes a lot more time to unwind a bad decision than the time to make decisions up front. I am using the Calvary Chapel Outreach Fellowships material to keep my ministry in close proximity with the Leadership of Pastor Chuck Smith.

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I believe that where God guides HE provides, and since God has provided for Pastor Chuck Smith with many blessings, than If I hold myself accountable to him and my pastor Paul Berry, I will be in God's will. As a result, we recommended that we begin distributing the work of KDOM closer to where the potential Keichu-Do (dojo) Outreach Ministry was or is located, or closer to were the problem was or is identified. In this way, a senior instructor can sit down with the person, eyeball to eyeball and discern his heart, at least to some degree. There are so many things that are just not practical or possible to determine from a long distance point-of-view.

I have appointed my son, Vaughn Victor Marx, as my successor and heir apparent; to take over all Keichu activities when the Lord calls me up, or the Rapture comes, whichever is first. I believe it is sound business strategy to have him and his staff of professional personnel to begin now, while I am able to supervise their progress. With Keichu people teaching in Germany and France, also in several locations in the USA, we believe there is wisdom in not trying to extend yourself beyond what we can effectively handle. We have taken the same counsel that Moses did from his father in law taught in (Exodus 18:17-18). We have identified men and women of experience

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that truly represent the heart of Keichu-Do to help us in making the decisions concerning Keichu activities, when necessary.

The purpose of this letter is to provide each existing Keichu-Do Outreach Ministry Dojo with an understanding of the new application process so we are in a better position to communicate with people inquiring about Keichu-Do and to better interact with each of our Area Coordinators. Another key purpose in providing you with this information is to firmly establish that no fellowship that is started outside of this process will be considered as part of the Keichu-Do Outreach Ministry or the Calvary Chapel Fellowships. Our objective is to eliminate confusion and to promote unity within our fellowships and within the communities we serve and that they represent. We have used the Calvary Chapel guidelines and just changed the names when needed. So we have summarized the key elements of this new process and hope that these KDOM guidelines will help you as we continue to seek God's Will regarding these matters.

1. Purpose of KDOM

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The purpose of Keichu-Do Outreach Ministries (KDOM) is:

To provide a fellowship of like-minded Black Belt Instructors who hold to the same core doctrinal beliefs and philosophy of ministry as reflected in the Keichu-Do Distinctives, and:

To assure that the students are well taught with the "Founder's eye" in the technical application of techniques, also that Keichu students are well informed in mental and especially spiritual enlightenment, to be fed as it teaches in (John 21: 16), our commitment is to maintain a biblically based ministry that is consistent in doctrine, fellowship, and prayer (Acts 2:42). Our objective is to keep Keichu-Do pure in heart, mind and action. When people go into a Keichu-Do ministry location, we want them to know what they will be getting is the same as it is at the main Headquarters. There has to be a consistency in content, presentation and quality between all Keichu-Do training halls through the country and abroad.

Anything else just breeds confusion among the students, also resentment and frustration comes along, and problems become stronger and harder to deal with. Another key issue that needs to be made perfectly clear up front is we do not want to have

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pilled up together many Keichu centers in the same location. Our rule in the past was no closer than a 25-mile radius, however that has changed to a ten-mile radius. More to come later.

In Christ Jesus I remain, His servant

Pastor Karl William Marx

Soke Keichu-Do Outreach Ministry.

Karl Marx

DID YOU KNOW THAT?

By KARL WILLIAM MARX, Sr.

The Good Lord never ceases to amaze me. The longer I live and the more personal experiences I have, the more I learn how much I really don't know. It's ever so easy to become full of one's self. Pride and Egocentric stinking thinking is a constant threat to every individual, Christian and Non-Christian alike. Just think about this, with a recorded IQ of 185, (brag, brag) you see I'm already doing it! Anything I say about myself could be thought of as prideful concerning my accomplishments. Let's say I want to impress someone because I want them to hire me for a job. If I tell them that I have three PhD's and an IQ in the top one percent of the nation, then I'm bragging. So what's a body to do? How do any of us know what to do in life that will help us become happier?

Well, like anything else in life, we have to learn from experience, book learning, or having someone teach us. From these lessons in life, each individual forms habits and attitudes that usually stay with them as long as they live. That is of course if they don't make too many mistakes and get themselves

killed. Attitude makes a huge contribution to a person's lifestyle. Folks with an angry, moody, argumentative, pessimistic, and generally grumpy attitude usually find themselves in trouble with authorities on a regular basis. There are unwritten rules on how to get by in society concerning almost any relationship. Psychology and other "how to" books on human relationships give a few good ideas, depending on the author. On the other hand, a lot of authors are not really personally experienced and thus give instructions that might prove ineffective in certain crises.

The same can be said of certain Martial Arts instructors. Some read a book or two, watch a video, or DVD and think they are Black Belts. My opinion is simply that to live a rewarding, relatively good life one must first have education which covers instructions in the art of living.

There is no better manual than the Holy Bible. This is the most informative literature ever written, it covers every problem in existence and some yet to come.

Hay! Open your mind. I'm not Bible thumping here. I am telling you how it really is, The Truth. If you had cancer and I

Karl Marx

told you I had a book that taught how to cure cancer, I'll bet you would want to read that book pronto. Right away, ASAP, fast and quickly. Well I'm telling you straight up, the BIBLE can teach you how to find the WAY, learn the TRUTH, and live your LIFE in the LIGHT. You know what? Jesus Christ is the only one to say and be described by billions of believers that HE was the Way, the Truth and the Life, as well as the Light of the World. Did you know that? If you didn't, now you do, so there is no excuse. To refuse to believe is to call God a liar. That would be stupid. Too many folks have no thought whatsoever concerning how their particular thinking attributes to their attitudes. How can attitudes make or break a personality is a question worth asking.

ANXIETY! AGAIN?
BY
KARL WILLIAM MARX SR.

Well, I'm on again. Here it is Sunday night and Mister Anxiety is here on June 2, 2004. No reason to be in this state, except for the heat tonight. Being in a temperature from 80 to 74 has an adverse effect on my body which appears to be conducive to anxiety attacks. I love the prayer time, but the down side of the AAAAH! Time really sucks. What causes this situation? Well, for starters worrying about my mother who is 89 years of age.

Dear God, I would rather die of a heart attack than go out with Alzheimer's disease. My sweet little old mom half the time thinks I'm her brother who died because of that stinking brain robbing mind-stealing disease. My Grandmother died from it and at age 67 I am already showing symptoms of it, myself. I don't mind living up into my middle to late 80's and 90's like they all did, I just want my right mind when I get there.

Writing this sure helps to get my mind off of the troublesome things causing the problem in the first place The thought that what I write might help someone, somewhere is powerful and

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a blessing to me. I have a few friends who have helped my ministry in the past. Fellows like Adam Spence, Johnny Russell, of (GMAU) Joseph Lumpkin from Karate For Christ, and Mark McGee of (GMAF) to name but a few.

My new ministry is reaching out to imprisoned youth, to teach them the saving Grace of Jesus Christ to prevent them from making the same mistakes that I did. Well its midnight, time for this old anxiety-ite to get some sleep, God willing. God bless you all, my faithful readers.

Well, hello again. It is now Monday and although there was anxiety earlier tonight, my medication appears to have softened the blow. I will not be with you very long tonight. Not much to say. God is still my bestest friend, and I am blessed to have a loving wife like my little "mudbug," Kathy. The enemy is really working overtime these days. Two Christian fellows I know are at each other's throat. This hurts all Christians, especially me. Well it's 12:00 again, goodnight.

Do You Really Understand?

By

Karl William Marx Sr.

Many Martial Art instructors who claim they teach a Christian Martial Art unfortunately may be under a false impression. In fact, too many of these individuals mean well but are ill prepared, either as a Christian or as a Martial Artist, or both. This text is to hopefully open eyes to see and ears to hear. My resources are directly from the Holy Bible, New King James Version. I prefer the expanded edition so my information is accurate, although I will paraphrase a lot, so I do not have to do all the quotations.

In Proverbs Chapter two, God tells us IF we receive HIS words, and treasure His Commands within us. Now the key word thus far is the word IF. Only after we treasure, or memorize God's word within our hearts, so to speak, I think it might be our brain and thus our mind will have it there, for future use and recall. THEN we can incline our ears to wisdom, and apply our hearts to understanding. Folks, just reading the Bible or hearing the pastor teach is not always enough. Understanding the

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words and teaching takes some STUDYING, also. How can a believer who loves the Lord, yet has not fully understood what God teaches us, teach others? None of us can really! We just do the best we can with what we have. However when we reach the point where we realize that the fear of God is the beginning of understanding and knowledge, it brings on wisdom, then we are on our way to real enlightenment.

Self-Realization is NOT knowing ourselves but knowing Jesus Christ. Self-esteem should be Christ Esteem. Self-confidence should be only God Confidence. I am no better than any one even though I became a Christian on May 31, 1970, at Lakeview Baptist Church in Alexandria, Louisiana, I did not start to really grow until March, 1986. Oh yea! I was going around with my little ministry giving my testimony, even became the pastor for the State Penitentiary at Beauregard prison camp. I had what you might call a captive audience. Ha! Is that a pun?

Anyway, as I traveled throughout Louisiana visiting several different denominational churches, my heart was in the right place, but my knowledge lacked something. I was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1972 from the Community Baptist Church in an outskirts village around Alexandria, Louisiana, and really

believed I was a bonafide, certified, real preacher. The truth is that I didn't read my Bible daily, nor did I understand the process of teaching Scripture, I just taught like I taught Martial Arts. NOT! Boy what a mess. God tried to warn me and showed me a sign that something was amiss on my first Church speaking assignment as a preacher. After service was over and we were leaving the service and walking through the parking lot, someone shot me with a shotgun. I thought I had been the target of a hit man as I had a contract on my life two years before. How was I to know it was just a hunter shooting at a bird, and he must have missed the other little bird and shot me a former jail bird instead?

We are taught to hold others as better than ourselves, yet we strive to be higher than anyone else. I know I was the worse of them all. Now Christ is First and above all else.

Well, here I am again, in anxiety, and feeling depressed and deserted. Where is God when you need him kind of state of mind. Thank God I am a Christian and have been reading the Bible, because I know what to expect and what to do. Yes, thank God for His mercy and grace. I may be in spiritual warfare but I have the advantage of understanding, knowledge

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and wisdom. Without that evidence to prove that even though my situation appears bleak and hopeless, God IS there all the time. What can I say? Even in my worst of times, God never fails me. Today was a great day; there is no reason to my knowledge for me to have an anxiety attack, but Hay! Whatever causes the chemicals in my brain to change just reacts and boom, there I am, Nuttier than a fruitcake. Ha! It just shows to go ya! No matter the cause, God is with us.

It is a good idea to write about what you are experiencing at the moment. Someone else down the line might read your experience, and be helped in some way. God can use it, you, and I, God can change all things into good. I have been through Hell and back, and the truth is, I could have never made it without my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Our lives here on earth are for many individuals a living hell. Those of us, who have Christ as our deliverer, are in a much better position to be able to overcome whatever problem we are experiencing at that time. Remember my 50/50 formula. There is a "Chance Probability" that I am right or that I am wrong. Either way are YOU willing to take a chance that if I am wrong I lose nothing, however if I am right, YOU LOSE EVERYTHING. The Word

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say's it all in that the question is what good is it if a man win the World, and lose his everlasting soul. (Paraphrase)

Just think about this for a while. It is worth your time. Just me Papa Karl.

Karl Marx

DID YOU KNOW?

By

KARL WILLIAM MARX SR.

Have you ever asked yourself the question, "What do I want in this life?" The majority of folks who answer this come to the same conclusion. We all want, wish for, desire, and pray that our lives will last a long time, and we wish for peace of mind with a joyful existence. Then a great many of us spend our lives under stress and anger, both of which shorten life or at least make living less than enjoyable. You hear a lot about, "Know thyself", "Becoming one with the Universe," "Becoming enlightened," and other man made self, me and I expressions of stupidity. The answers to all our problems can be found in the Holy Bible. God knows what we need before we need it.

Let us take for example the benefits of having wisdom. Not the wise in our own eyes kind, I mean the real right from the word of GOD Scriptures. It's all right in there. God told us straight

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out, to not forget HIS law, and to keep HIS commands in our hearts. IF we do those things, HE promises us LENGTH of days and LONG LIFE and PEACE. What more do we need? HE teaches us to not forsake mercy and truth, wow! Our God say's for us to bind them around our time you read any particular chapter. Ha! It's fun and you grow in Understanding, then you gain Knowledge which leads to Wisdom. After that, you deal with Stress and Anger in a totally different manner. Hay! You might even live longer and joyfully By following God's WAY. Did You Know All That? NOW YOU KNOW!

Karl Marx

THANK YOU ABBA, FATHER

BY

KARL WILLIAM MARX SR.

Glory to God! Talk about faithful abundant Grace, well I experienced that personally this Fathers' Day weekend. Who would ever believe that a little Cajun boy from Crowley, Louisiana would someday be meeting in person another person from Louisiana who had made Super Stardom status from the media's standpoint. On a similar status in being world renowned as a leader in the proliferation of Jesus Christ as Pastor Billy Graham, is Dr. James Dobson and his Focus on The Family staff and facility in Colorado Springs, Colorado. My son Victor and I were invited as guest speakers and I thought we would be speaking at a Focus Board meeting. I just assumed we would be in a big room with about 100 people there. Ha! Was I ever surprised when we were escorted into a Humongous meeting hall with probably over a thousand folks in attendance?

Friends, you had better believe that God IS real, alive and well. I have done, and met, a lot of things and famous individuals in

my life, I knew Mickey Gillian when he was playing solo at a small bar in Lake Charles, Louisiana, before he was a superstar; I knew Chuck Norris and Cynthia Rothock before they became movie stars, ha! My son and I have rubbed shoulders with some of the most popular personalities in the world. Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys studied Keichu, and former World Champions Joe Lewis and "Superfoot" Bill Wallace and Prof. Wally Jay have joined our students at one time or another. Victor and his wife, Eileen, and I have been on the Heart to Heart and The 700 Club. However, I did not have the pleasure of meeting Pastor Pat Robertson in person.

This is not an opportunity for me to brag on my acquaintances with a group of "Who's Who." It is to say how honored I am to be so blessed by the Lord. I have to admit this Fathers' Day weekend was a highlight in my life. My son's ability to give his testimony is truly a gift the Lord has blessed him with. Having to live through Hell as a young child, he is a survivor, for sure. Having been stuffed into an old abandoned refrigerator to die by a child molester, is not a good thing. Some folks might understand why we place so much importance and time in our lives teaching children and adults who can then teach their own children self defense. I couldn't be there for my children

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when they needed me, not because I didn't want to, but because I had a restraining order forbidding me from even having visitation rights.

I was deeply crushed by that decision of the court, however I hold no malice nor do I blame Victor's mother for requesting such an order. I was after all a stinking criminal with the police Grand Jury seriously after an incitement for my hide. Worse than that, there was a supposed contract on my life.

I would have been a dangerous man to be close to, putting my children at risk was not going to happen. I couldn't even go to court to fight against the name change of my children. I was in constant fear of the "business" thinking I was going to talk about anything they didn't want me to talk about. I was protected in the small city of Leesville, Louisiana from anything or anybody. To leave the city limits was to be on my own, and very unprotected. Being in a courtroom could have been a great spot for a hit man to make his target. Shucks, it would not have been a big thing to just blow up the entire courthouse. I never told my children this so it might come as a shock, but then someone might not feel so badly about me. There were many reasons why I wasn't there for my kids when

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they needed me. I was so poor that my second wife and I could not even have her daughter live with us. Joanna was only about three then and was living with her grandparents. It was also safer for her in case I got busted (by the cops) or bonked (by the hit man) Ha! I know this sounds kind of corny and melodramatic, but I am just trying to make a point.

My son's ministry, "All Things Possible" can be found online at www.victormarx@allthingspossible.net. It has a great impact on everyone who has ears to hear and eyes to see. Going to youth detention facilities where kids are incarcerated for breaking the law, and behavior that was social unacceptable is Victor Marx's cup of tea.

Well, if anyone has a need for behavior-shaping through Christ-centered counseling and self-defense demonstrations, there are definitely a stronghold of Christian Ministries available.

The largest is probably the Gospel Martial Arts Union, www.gmau.com. This organization's staff reads like a "Christian Who's Who," headed up by Doc Kent Hanson, Johnny Russell, Larry Phillips to name but a few.

Karl Marx

Also, I highly recommend Karate for Christ under the leadership of Joseph Lumpkin and his wonderful staff. Then there is Mark McGee and his www.GospelMartialArts.com, a most excellent organization of Christ Loving saints.

I must close for now, be blessed, and keep Christ first in all you do.

In Christ I am

His servant

Pastor Karl.

DEVOTING ONE'S SELF ENTIRELY

BY

Karl William Marx SR

Have you done that? Devoting one's self entirely to Jesus Christ is more of a task than merely saying it. I truly believe that I am totally devoted to my Lord and Savior, however try as I might I still fall short in the fruit department. Going to Church two services on Sunday and rarely missing Wednesday night service, going to home bible studies, even being an ordained minister, and pastor of my own small outreach ministry, does NOT make me a true servant of Christ.

Devoting one's self entirely is not what we do, rather who we are. If I do not even think about the Lord for five hours during the day, that is not very nice. How many times do I lose my temper and curse like a Marine Drill Sergeant? There is no reasonable excuse to forget God. Of course, we are not expected to pray every second of the day. Nevertheless, I am guilty of completely not even thinking of God, during a large portion of a day. On my drive going home, I start my travel

Karl Marx

prayer, and then realize hay! You have not even spoken to the Lord all day.

Too many would-be Christians are going to be totally surprised on Judgment Day. At the same time there are so many of us who unknowingly because of our (many times unrealized hypocrisy) turn away might have been new converts to Christianity. God forbid that I have ever done such a thing. Who's kidding whom? I bet I have. I do not always take time to read at least one chapter in my Bible EVERY day. I ask my students to do that yet I myself fail to practice what I preach. Am I ALWAYS considerate to others? I think NOT! Like so many other Christians or think they are, and just plain old wannabes I often find myself selfish, and almost always angry and bitter about my not getting the respect I think I should have. I can admit my weakness because I know God has already forgiven me even for those I haven't committed yet.

I am so grateful that God hasn't given up on me. My point in all this? Look at YOURSELF! Are you like the Pharisees? Seeing what you want to see. Picturing yourself as being so high and mighty? Pride can happen even to the best of us. You do many good things for others, your tithes are high and people think

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highly of you. However, where is your heart? I pray you are better at being a Christian than me. I am a servant of Jesus Christ, as unworthy and inept as I am; yet He loves me despite myself. I want to do more, and perhaps He will open more doors for me to reach others in my clumsy uncouth manner. Might be through my little Book, you know the one... "MARTIAL ART SPIRIT."

Please contact me with your comments at keichudo1@aol.com or at one of my two web sites www.Keichu.com or www.keichudo.com

Karl Marx

March 18, 2001

Mind. Dimensions, Inc.

129 Country Road 1978

Yantis, Texas 75497

Re: Dr. Karl W. Marx To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Dr. Boyd McCreight. I have a doctorate in Educational Psychology from Baylor University. I have training and work experience Intelligence Testing. When I was Director of Teacher Education at Louisiana College in Pineville, Louisiana, I had the pleasure of knowing Karl William Marx, He was one of my students and I was the faculty sponsor of his highly successful Karate School and Program. I quickly became aware of Karl's intellectual superiority, and since I was doing some private work in testing of highly gifted people, I ask Karl if he would be interested in an assessment of his intelligence. Karl eagerly agreed to take a series of standard intelligence tests.

I administered the tests to Karl under standard testing conditions and under close observation, which is a condition of

standardization. Before testing, I had estimated that Karl's I. Q. was very high, and I was correct. His testing revealed an I.Q. of 185. Karl is a genius. He is a divergent thinker and highly creative in his cognitive style.

Karl has not always been able to use his genius ability effectively because he simply is too intelligent for many of those around him. In a sense, his high intelligence sometimes "gets in the way" of effective communication and social adaptation. I have known him to become frustrated in trying to adjust to those around him who are less intelligent.

But Karl tells me that he has made great strides to overcome this hurdle and he has learned to better understand those around him. Much of this better adjustment has come from his deep religious growth that has taken place in the later years of Karl's life. He relates that he is much happier now than in the past. I am so glad to hear this since through my research of genius ability, I know that it is not easy to be a genius. I commend Dr. Karl W. Marx for his adjustment to those of lesser abilities and to the world around him.

For verification of this letter, you may call me at 903-383-2756.

Karl Marx

Sincerely,

Dr. Boyd McCreight Director, MDI

STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF WOOD

Signed before me by Dr. Boyd McCreight, on the 21st day of
March, 2001.

Valinda Stephenson

My commission expires

Jan April 3, 2000

*Soke Karl Marx chose to include this letter not to brag, but to show how the Lord
has mightily changed and used him.*