

Date: Mon, 29 May 2006 17:57:42 -0400

Subject: "Driven to Salvation"

It would literally require a book-length manuscript to describe all of the events which took place between late May and early August of 1997, -- but the following journal presents a number of pertinent, straightforward facts, in the approximate order in which they occurred, with as few adjectives as possible.

While objectivity is strived-for, some adjectives are required in order to adequately describe an internal, subjective state of mind, -- thereby achieving a full-spectrum, 4-dimensional, holographic record of events, -- and effectively communicating my ("frog in a gradually-boiling pot of water") growing sense of alarm, -- and feeling of suffocating helplessness.

[A previously-written letter attesting to all of these facts had been composed over the course of many, many hours and accidentally deleted, just prior to e-mailing a close friend, -- so this is a painstaking, approximate recreation of the contents of that message]:

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Prologue -

In early 1997, just a few months prior to encountering the individual in the video (named Richard M.), I confided to my friend, Larry N., that I

was in the midst of a mid-life crisis, -- that I wasn't sure how to proceed in my life, and in particular, that I needed guidance regarding my book, entitled: "Godyssey."

Everything seemed to be "up in the air."

Towards the latter part of May, while I was videotaping a local cable-access show, entitled: "The Most...", -- a large woman of Native American heritage (with a red-feathered, pet bird on her shoulder), led me across the street to where I then met the aforementioned individual.

I sat down next to him outside a sidewalk cafe, ordered an iced beverage, and we began a lengthy conversation about tv, the media, his interest in theatrical acting, -- and he asked what I was taping.

I explained to him that I was producing a "live-on-tape" series of shows based on a list of 777 (randomly-listed) adjectives which I had chosen for people on the street.

A person would select a word which might spark their memory in regard to a particularly amazing, incredible, overwhelming, outrageous, adventurous, unforgettable, orgasmic, horrifying, inspirational, inconceivable, uplifting, etc., etc. experience, person, place, or thing that they had ever had, met, travelled to, seen, tasted, felt, heard, thought, etc., etc.

I showed Richard M. the booklet of numbered adjectives I had assembled (#1 to #777), and I asked him to either choose a word at random or pick a number.

He chose number 666, because, as he said, "six was his favorite number." (Parenthetically, #666 was assigned the relatively neutral adjective: "sensitive.")

Fact #2 -

The more we spoke about wide-ranging, common interests (including baseball, religion, philosophy, -- and WOR-AM radio humorist, Jean Shepherd), the more I became intrigued by his seemingly outgoing and charismatic personality.

He told me that, although he was born in Brooklyn, he was officially adopted by the Native American Lakota tribe and travelled often to South Dakota "to meet with his family."

After an hour or so, I offered, -- possibly at his suggestion, -- to follow him with my video camera, during the summer, -- and produce a documentary series about his exploits in Northampton, MA, tentatively titled: "Paradise Found" (because Northampton's nickname is: "Paradise City.")

He agreed that it would be an interesting idea [and we began production, -- at his request, -- approximately 6 weeks later].

Fact #3 -

As I was taping another episode of "The Most..." in early June of 1997,  
-- a live, on-camera acquaintance of Richard M. began discussing him, in  
his absence.

Richard M. suddenly appeared, and the acquaintance commented: "Speak of  
the devil..."

[This same acquaintance (now deceased, I've been told) professed to be a  
former employee of the NSA (National Security Agency) and prophetically  
warned, -- only half-facetiously, -- on-camera, at the very beginning of  
the "Paradise Found" video: "He (Richard M.) is gonna wind up with your  
camera, he's gonna wind up with the rights to your production, -- and  
probably your firstborn... I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw  
him."]

Fact #4 -

Around the beginning of July, while Richard M. & I were in his  
apartment, discussing upcoming plans for the video project, I asked to  
see the view from his balcony, went outside to look, turned around, and  
was startled and shocked to see a dead bird, pinned in a crucifixion  
pose, to a plastic mattress.

I asked him, "Where'd you get the bird?"

He refused to answer.

I repeated the question.

He remained silent.

I rationalized to myself that this must be a sacred Native American ritual, which could not be discussed with a non-Native American.

[It must be admitted that one of my greatest weaknesses, -- and paradoxically, one of my greatest strengths, -- is that I often have a tendency to block out negativity and focus on the positive aspects of a person or situation, thereby allowing a grace period, of sorts. Which can keep me blinded to potential danger, -- yet, somehow, in a state of grace, myself, -- until the full picture "develops," and I am presented with the undeniable truth, either for the best or for the worst, -- and must act accordingly and decisively.]

Fact #5 -

On the wall of his apartment, above his bed, Richard M. kept a large poster (approximately 2 ft. wide by 3 ft. high) of a lengthy, irate letter of protest which he had written and sent to the warden of a prison in New Hampshire, during the time which he had been confined there.

Fact #6 -

At one point, I said, "I hope everything goes well tomorrow."

Richard M. then replied, "We never say the word: "hope."

Fact #7 -

He stated that he made approximately \$5000

worth of telephone calls every month, all around the world, to many well-known, powerful and influential people, -- all free of charge, -- using an illegal "Black Box," which reproduced the telephone company's electronic touchtone code system.

Fact #8 -

He claimed that he knew Bob Dylan and other rock stars, and that whenever he wanted to attend any performance, -- even though permission had not been forthcoming and tickets were not purchased, -- all he (and any female who accompanied him) had to do was walk through the turnstyle or past the guard "almost invisibly, -- as if entitled to be there," -- and he would always be able to enter "without anyone ever saying a word," and, then, even go backstage and converse freely with any performers, if he so desired.

Fact #9 -

In mid-July, I lent Richard M. a previously self-published, paperback edition of my book: "Godyssey," and offered him the opportunity to be its literary agent.

If he could find a reputable NYC publisher that would reprint the book, I would give him 25% of the profits. The remaining 75% would be given to my mother.

He said that he would give 10% to Leonard Pelletier, a Native American whom he believed was wrongfully convicted and imprisoned after being accused of shooting an FBI agent. (And he would keep the other 15%.)

[\*In the entire time that I knew him, when I inquired, he never stated that he read the book, never commented upon its contents, nor did he ever agree to accept the offer, -- until after the offer was withdrawn.]

Fact #10 -

In early August, during the annual "Taste of Northampton" food festival, I was documenting the entire event and his activities there (which included dancing, while decorated in war-paint), -- as he stood behind me, at one point.

With video camera rolling, I approached a stage where a group of musicians were performing, -- and, after about 8 or 9 seconds, -- I suddenly, almost irrationally, had the inspiration to reverse my path and return to videotape Richard M.

But, within that short space of time, he had completely vanished from view, and no matter where I looked (and pointed the camera), I was perplexed to discover that he was nowhere to be found!

Following the conclusion of the "Taste of Northampton," when a female acquaintance of Richard's apparently could not accompany him, he offered to take me, instead, up to an annual "political theater" event known as "Bread and Puppet" (located in Glover, Vermont), which I had never heard of before. -- During which time, he suggested, I might "follow him" with the camera.

Fact #11 -

On Saturday, August 9th, 1997, early in the morning (approximately 5:00

AM), we met at his apartment building to drive up to Vermont in my car.

Just after traversing "The Green Mountain State" border, there were literally hundreds (if not thousands) of large ravens often lining both sides of, an occasionally fog-shrouded, Route 91, -- all the way up to the "Bread and Puppet" location in Northern Vermont!

In stunned disbelief, I kept saying aloud, "I just can't believe how many ravens there are! I've never seen so many in my entire life!!!"

Fact #12 -

About midway to our destination, Richard M. saw a dead animal (an opossum or raccoon, -- I don't remember which) along the highway.

He told me to pull over and back up. -- He got out of the car, took out a pair of heavy gloves from his duffel bag in the trunk, -- and proceeded to remove the animal from the road.

He asked me to accompany him as he carried the animal down a slight hill. -- Then, he placed it on the ground, took out some cigarette tobacco from his pocket and sprinkled it over the carcass.

Fact #13 -

While resuming the ride, I confided that I was mystified by some of his actions, but was impressed by the fact that he was one of the most intelligent people I had ever known.

He said that a number of years earlier, when he was working underneath



his car, he was struck by lightning and ever since then he considered himself gifted with supernatural knowledge (along with "a genius IQ of over 200"), -- and with the ability to fix mechanical objects with the energy in his hand.

I mentioned that, as it so happened, the cassette player in my car wasn't working, and asked if he could fix it.

He declined, saying, "Not right now."

Fact #14 -

When we reached "Bread and Puppet," there were literally thousands of people, mostly young, many of whom gathered in nearby campgrounds.

I paid admission to a campground attendant (with extra money that Richard M. had lent me), and we pitched a tent that he had brought along, -- nearby a stream, filled with people enjoying the cool water.

Upon seeing the gates to "Bread and Puppet" and overcrowded, hillside landscape beyond, I had an overwhelming and inexplicable feeling of dread and inexpressible horror that literally made me go "dead silent" for the remainder of that entire first day, upon entering the gates.

But, -- only after Richard M. told me to repeat out loud what he stated was a Native American, warrior-like offering of sacrifice to the Creator, -- while outstretching one's arms to the overhead sun: "Today is a good day to die."

Fact #15 -

As the day wore on and the temperature steadily increased, I was feeling hot, tired and becoming dangerously dehydrated.

There were virtually no available public water supplies left, -- and when long lines of people would form, -- to fill a bottle or container of water from a few, large tanks, -- by the time I reached the front of the line, -- the water inevitably became an unavailable trickle.

Fact #16 -

The white-robed staff of puppeteers offered a simultaneously-forming, long line of people a strange, greyish, ground-up serving of what was said to be garlic (but, which more-closely resembled brain cells) on dark bread (baked in ovens, on the event grounds).

I ate only the tiniest piece, and, almost immediately thereafter, while mesmerized by rhythmic drumming and whirling dancers, I lay down on the grass, between the long lines of people leading to "food and water" / "bread and puppets," -- outstretched my arms almost in a crucifixion pose, -- and was overcome with the feeling that I should just give up. That I should give up my cares and worries. That I should give up my book. That I should give up everything.

To Richard M.

Ultimately, I found that I had to struggle to "awaken" from this powerful, delusionary, narcotic trance.

In order to hold on to my dream of awakening others.

To hold on to the hard-fought-for-knowledge which I had struggled to communicate in my book.

To hold on to my spirit.

To hold on to my soul.

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Observation and Opinion -

What I witnessed at "Bread and Puppet" (which, -- although headquartered in Vermont, -- also consisted of a nomadic troupe of young people who have performed around the world for many years) were some of the most bizarre, absurd, ritualistic, emotionally-charged-and-challenging events and/or "side-shows" I have ever experienced.

For the sake of brevity, I will only describe the most extreme examples:

...While walking up the path of the main hill leading to the event's entrance with Richard M., I saw a long-haired man accompanied by a black dog, walking down the hill and uttering a harsh, irrelevantly-timed swear word, amidst hushed passersby.

At which time, a white-robed woman carrying a wooden shepherd's staff instantly approached him and told him he needed to "leave the grounds

immediately and not return."

He began to swear, calling her "a b\_\_\_\_," -- whereupon she hit him with her staff, as he raised his arms to cover his head, -- until he ran, in terror, with his dog, toward the exit.

...As we were about to enter the main event, at the apex of the hill, there were white-robed staff members standing next to large, barrell-like containers, requesting donations.

Many people just walked in, without offering anything, -- but, I felt that giving everything that I had in my pockets, however meager, was a liberating, non-materialistic, non-attached, spiritual experience in itself.

...A gruesomely-haunting "exhibit," resembling a carnival's game-of-chance, steam-shovel-like machine, featured a claw-arm, automatically, unendingly reaching down into a substantial pile of dolls, which supposedly represented children from all over the world who were dying, -- every 30 seconds or so, -- from poverty, hunger, disease, and war.

The diabolically-designed arm would then grab the dolls, swing them over to a chute, and drop them down to their "death."

Strangely, instead of generating outrage at the way many human beings treat one another, -- because of the calculated way in which this exhibit portrayed an apparently-random and insensitive "meaninglessness of life," -- it elicited the feeling that God was to blame for all of the death and suffering of innocent children in the world.

...Upon a platform (located in the center of a spacious, increasingly-populated field) there were placed a few, oversized geometrical objects such as a sphere, a tube, -- and someone or something in a mysterious, nondescript costume, rocking back and forth, -- with slow, creaking noises heard. This enigmatically eerie tableau was entitled something like: "Rebirth" or "Resurrection."

...An enormous valley, resembling a pit, was surrounded by spectators, and ringed by tall, evenly-spaced, hillside flagpoles emblazoned with medieval-appearing pennants, inscribed with single words appearing on them such as: "Insurrection" and "Emancipation."

...A museum, located at the farthest, upper end of the grounds -- was inhabited by a menagerie of extraordinary, yet extraordinarily-grotesque, oftentimes enormous puppets hanging from wooden rafters, whose seemingly-twisted, sole purpose was to arouse mindless discontent, anger, rebellion, upheaval and revolution.

...Costumed performers with oversized heads, dressed as the "Statue of Liberty," "Big Businessmen," -- or "Uncle Sam" lumbering around on extremely tall stilts, were portrayed as the comically-evil, yet, entirely despicable symbols of greed and capitalism.

Surreal, incomprehensible, babbling and bizarre-to-the-point-of-insane statements were recited aloud by roaming performers alongside the inner perimeter of the hillside spectators, -- a significant number of whom were obviously intoxicated (with marijuana, LSD or other hallucinogens, and hypnotically-entranced by the ceaseless, oceanic wave of rhythmic drumming heard everywhere) and potentially susceptible to the

nightmarish, anti-American images and propaganda being registered upon their subconscious minds.

...The culmination of events was almost orgiastically melodramatized by the ceremonial appearance, "entry into the arena" and subsequent ritualistic bonfire-burning of "The Face," (the term used by behind-the-scenes puppeteers) -- which was a gigantic, godlike, George Washington-esque, papier-mache puppet-head laboriously carried into proximity to the cheering spectators, -- and upon which the fiery wrath of the rebellious and "heroic" communistic, anti-social / socialistic, anarchistic "proletariat" was poured.

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Fact #17 -

The next day, Sunday, August 10th, in 90+ degree heat, Richard M. went to meet his daughter, who arrived from out-of-state.

He asked me to meet them both later, at a designated location, "with the camera equipment, if possible," -- so that I could videotape his activities.

And, he wanted me to bring him a pack of cigarettes [with 3 rows of six inside!] which he had left inside the car.

Just after he departed, -- as the hellish, overshadowing, inescapable reality of events was dawning and breaking through into my consciousness, I lay down in the shade, along a dirt pathway near the

secondary entrance, upon the farthest, upper hillside.

I was praying, while praising God's Grace, -- and, somewhere within the opposite extremes of a desperate admixture of infinitesimal hope, -- and boundless, unspeakable fear, -- I felt a palpable, tangible, personal connection and communion with the Lord.

Asking Him, with all my heart, to save me.

"Please God, please Jesus, please save me. Please." I prayed.

Many people walked by, as I was laying beneath the shrubbery, alongside the pathway.

I covered my already-red, sunburned face with a baseball cap, shielding me from the intense rays of the sun.

After a while, I heard someone place something beside my hand, -- and looked over to see a blue & white paperback book, -- and a person dressed in a black, hooded, monk-like robe, walking swiftly away towards the exit.

The book's title was: "Here's Hope." It was a version of the New Testament.

Fact #18 -

Upon rising, I walked about a mile, down the hill, through the gates and back to the car, to get the video camera, tapes, tripod and pack of cigarettes (for Richard M.)

When faced with re-entering the hellish realm from which I had just exited, I fell to my knees to pray and ask the Holy Spirit for guidance.

[\*\*For a further, detailed description of some of the ASTOUNDING (!!!!) events which followed, and which were also captured on videotape, -- please see the first page of my website: [www.Godyssey.org](http://www.Godyssey.org)].

Fact #19 -

Later that night [\*\*after having been taken by ambulance for treatment of sunstroke], I returned, via the kind offer of a nurse who drove me 20 miles back to "Bread and Puppet," -- on her way home from the hospital in Newport, VT, near the Canadian border.

I retrieved my camera equipment [which was being held for me by puppeteers in a nearby "circus" tent] and proceeded to explore the grounds of the event, while searching for Richard M.

Fact #20 -

Close to midnight, I returned to the campgrounds and my locked car, to find a note attached to a windshield wiper.

It read: "Stay here. I'll be back soon."

I unlocked the driver's door with my keys, got inside, slid over to unlock the passenger's door, -- and waited.



Fact #21:

When Richard M. returned to the car, about 45 minutes later, he opened the passenger's door, looked at the "Here's Hope" book, which I had placed on his seat, -- and said, "Where did this come from?"

Then, he said, "I was just about to smash the rear windshield to get into the car if you didn't get back here."

He was initially low-key in his demeanor, -- and then, after we loaded his belongings into the car, -- he ominously said that we needed to "get a few things straight."

Fact #22 -

As I began to drive to the Route 91 South entrance, he became more and more frighteningly-infuriated, all the while using the sharply-pointed, concentratedly-repeated, angry, menacing phrase: "You f\_\_\_ing..." as in: "You f\_\_\_ing left me here all f\_\_\_ing day." "You f\_\_\_ing didn't even come back." "You f\_\_\_ing think I'm going to put up with it?" "You f\_\_\_ing deserted me and insulted my daughter." "Who the f\_\_\_ do you f\_\_\_ing think you're dealing with?"

Fact #23 -

As this was occurring, I fervently prayed for the courage to resist and endure what turned out to be the most intense time of my life, -- the 3-hour drive home, -- and told him, " Listen, for God's sake, Richard..." as he hurled more and more threatening invectives my way.

Fact #24 -

Finally, my patience was at an end and I was empowered, -- by God, -- with the strength to respond in a manner by which he would undoubtedly understand that I was not going to be intimidated any longer, -- and screamed at the top of my lungs: "I COLLAPSED FROM THE HEAT AND WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL IN AN AMBULANCE, -- YOU IDIOT!!!!!"

Fact #25 -

He abruptly fell silent for about 3 or 4 minutes, then started to reach into his duffel bag for something (a knife???), -- and finally said, "I thought I saw an ambulance."

And a minute later, he broke the silence again, saying, "The entire trip was wasted."

I said, "I'm sorry you feel that way."

He said, "At least you said you're sorry."

Fact #26 -

A while later, in the "desert" of the continuing, tension-filled silence, he began to tilt his head down and close his eyes, as if in a trance, while reaching his left hand over, in the darkness, toward the car radio.

Since he was straining to find the "on" button and the dial, -- out of compassion, I took his left hand and directed it toward the radio tuner.

He immediately turned it on, and the first station and song that became audible was: "The devil went down to Georgia, he had another soul to steal..." (!!!!!!!!!!!) -- and he turned the volume way up, SHRIEKINGLY LOUD, -- and kept it there.

Fact #27 -

At that point, there was absolutely not one doubt in my mind, heart and soul that this "being" seated next to me, who now had his head bowed and eyes shut in a trance-like state, WAS Satan himself.

I PRAYED INTENSELY and PRAYED DEEPLY and PRAYED MORE CONTINUOUSLY than at any other time in my entire life.

Not only for the strength, courage and fortitude to evict this evil entity from the hidden corner in my unconscious mind, where he insidiously "helled" a brutal, unforgiving, psychologically "button-pushing," strangulating death-grip, but, -- because my own eyes and consciousness were closing, -- for the endurance and stamina to merely stay AWAKE!!!!

By the reassuring Grace and Mercy of Almighty God, I had endlessly & repeatedly reawakened myself over and over and over throughout the entire trip, barely avoiding many a high-speed crash and complete destruction.

Until I was finally, prayerfully "home."

Fact #28 -

Just after I exited the Route 91 off-ramp, when returning to Northampton, he lifted his head, -- and I told him that I was going to stop at an ATM to repay him the \$20 he lent me for the campground parking fee.

I took out \$30 (to make sure that "no interest whatsoever" would accrue!) and gave it to him, saying, "I believe that we're even now. -- Keep the change."

Fact #29 -

When I arrived at the driveway to Richard M.'s apartment building, I told him in no uncertain terms whatsoever that, "I'm ending our friendship. I don't want you to be the agent for my book. You can keep the paperback edition, but I want the color photo edition back, now."

He said that he didn't have it because he "mailed it out to someone last night."

(Which was virtually impossible, since I had just given it to him Friday night around 11:15 PM, -- and we left to go to Vermont around 5:00 AM, the immediately-following Saturday morning, -- well before any post office was open.)

At that point, I opened the trunk for him to take his tent, -- and, -- before he jumped out of the car, he grabbed (stole) a folded map (of the "Bread and Puppet" grounds and events) which I had placed inside the front cover of the "Here's Hope" book.

[-- I still have an extra copy of the map.]

He then pulled his duffel bag out of the backseat and took his tent from the trunk.

I stood outside the car on the driver's side as he slammed shut the trunk and then both passenger-side doors.

He looked right through me, as if I weren't even there (!!!!!) and said, out loud to himself, "I was stupid. I didn't have a contract."

With emotional numbness and concurrent chills reverberating through my entire body, I got in the car, drove away and profusely thanked the Lord for QUITE LITERALLY SAVING MY SOUL FROM GOING DOWN AND PERISHING IN HELL.

And, believe me, this malicious-and-devious Devil or insanely-evil-Satanic-incarnation or whatever-in-Hell-it/he-was, STILL would not give up... --

Fact #30 -

About 3 weeks later, I received an ominous, registered letter (addressed to my misspelled name), from Richard M.

Knowing that it had to be a threatening, legal-oriented letter (since he stated that he was currently, at the age of 57, studying law at Holyoke Community College!!!), containing a carefully-crafted, fear-inducing

message, -- regarding either his role as my book's agent and/or the rights to the "Paradise Found" documentary series) -- I opted not to open it.

In order not to be intimidated, not to fear, not to go "down," -- what he was designing as, -- another "pre-destined," hellish path.

[A scenario almost identically-depicted in the later-released film: "The Devil's Advocate."]

I refused to open that letter, -- thereby changing my own path and direction in life.

Now heading gradually upwards in a long, difficult, but ultimately worthy struggle to remain awake, alert and "en-lightened."

And hopefully & prayerfully, -- with the Lord's protection, guidance & Grace -- to an eventual ascension in Peace, Joy & Love... and Re-union with Go(o)d in Heaven.

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Epilogue:

In September of 1997, Richard M. telephoned me, and spoke in subdued, malevolent tones, -- with an obviously-suppressed rage, -- about his claim that "we still had a verbal agreement" regarding the offer I had presented him, -- to be an agent for my book.

I told him that, since he had not acted in good faith, had not contacted any publishers and did not return the color photo edition of my book, as requested, -- I was no longer obligated to extend any offer whatsoever, and had decided to retract my preliminary, yet unaccepted offer.

He replied, "Does the Creator not hear every word spoken? And did you not state that you would offer me 25% of your book's profits to be your agent?"

Now paraphrasing what I calmly reiterated to him: "Nothing was finalized. My temporary and contingent offer was never accepted, nor was any written contract ever drafted or signed; -- and, after learning of our serious differences while in Vermont, I decided that I would prefer not to continue our relationship in any form or manner whatsoever."

...During the fall of 1997, Richard M. anonymously telephoned the public access station which was preparing to cablecast the episode of "The Most..." in which he briefly appeared.

He threatened Greg F. (the station manager of Easthampton Community Access TV) with legal action if any program in which he appeared were to air. (After which, Greg, mentioned this "scary" incident to me.)

I had previously decided, independently, that it would be extremely dangerous to telecast any video footage of Richard M., -- due to any unforeseen, psychologically-implanted, subliminal messages of a Satanic nature.

Prior to learning of this alarming development, however, I almost aired

his brief appearance in "The Most...", -- but at the last moment, raced over to the station, after business hours (when automated playback was scheduled), -- and asked a maintenance worker to allow me to go inside to change videocassette programs.

Fortunately, he telephoned a town official and obtained permission to unlock the studio, just minutes before the program was scheduled to air.

[I shelved plans to approach any potential publishers of my book for over 7 years, -- until finally deciding to re-self-publish, after talking to, and collaborating again with, my longtime, steadfast, talented friend, Larry Medeiros, in a more professional, re-typeset and re-illustrated third version of "Godyssey," -- via the technically-advanced, digitally-feasible and affordable, print-on-demand method of Infinity Publishing.

Also, I decided to sacrifice the entire series of 8 programs of "The Most..." which I already had completed, -- along with any and all plans to edit and telecast the "Paradise Found" documentary series.

...More than a year later, during personal discussions with Greg (ECAT's program director), he eventually convinced me not to let all the positive energy of the people who contributed their amazing experiences (along with my own considerable energy) to just "go down the drain." -- And, instead, to allow the series to air in Easthampton.

Which I then did --

-- with the proviso that Richard M.'s brief appearance would be the only



segment ever edited-out of the entire "live-on-tape" series.]

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...Approximately 16 months after I last saw Richard M., I happened to be very late, one afternoon, in meeting my girlfriend, Fran, at her apartment building.

[Fran & I had both met, via the intercession of an elder, devoutly-religious, mutual friend who extended a "mutually-blind" invitation to both of us, -- to attend a church concert, in November of 1998].

When Fran came out from her building towards my car, -- she said (almost proudly), -- in a controlled, yet scorching burn: "Have you ever seen anyone this angry before?"

"Yes," I replied, " -- and his name was Richard M.!"

[I had previously shared almost every horrific detail of this entire experience with her, -- and she was thoroughly familiar with who he was.]

She got in my car, slammed the door, -- and we drove to Northampton while she was still fuming intensely.

After about 10 minutes of unrelenting heat, -- and 1 light-hearted moment of letting-off pressure and cooling down, -- we were just in the process of making-up, -- finally kissing as we arrived in downtown

Northampton, when, -- unexpectedly, -- at that very same instant, -- I spotted Richard M. walking on the sidewalk, parallel with my car, in the opposite direction!!

I pointed him out to my girlfriend [this was the first time she had ever seen him, -- and the first time I had seen him in 16 months]. And we both commented on how strangely-coincidental the entire set of circumstances was.

It made me theorize that the "spirit of anger" is able to enter into and possess a person when they open the door to their soul via unmitigated anger (and possibly through the deadly portals of hatred, greed, lust and the other sins [human errors and weaknesses] we've all heard about...)

And, when the Light of Love and Forgiveness enters the picture, rekindled brightly within the lighthouse of a person's heart, -- the evil, opportunistic "puppeteer spirit," hiding in the soul's darkest shadows, is expelled, -- and that same entryway is re-sealed (...with a kiss!!!!)

...Then... about 1 year after the above incident, during the winter of 1999, -- Fran and I entered the same cafe where I had originally met Richard M. (on the sidewalk, outside).

Over the cafe's loudspeakers, music was playing and we were both pleasantly surprised to hear "our special song" playing:

"Unchained Melody," -- performed by The Righteous Brothers.

[It happened to be a tune which we had both, independently, loved for quite some time; -- and subsequently discovered our mutual admiration for its poignant words & melody, during the first few weeks of our courtship.]

After ordering hot beverages, we settled into a cozy booth.

I was seated facing the counter, -- when I was stunned to see Richard M. enter the cafe, go up to the counter, turn to face me, while singing the lyrics to "Unchained Melody," -- lip-synching right along with The Righteous Brothers!!!!!!

I told Fran, who turned around to look, -- and after both of us being somewhat shocked and speechless, we just kept saying things like, "I don't believe it!! This is totally beyond belief!!!"

[...And one final, absolutely mind-quaking, destiny-questioning footnote]:

"Unchained Melody" was also the same special & meaningful song for my girlfriend and her previous boyfriend, who, -- after breaking up with Fran, many years earlier, -- was killed in a car crash, -- going over a hillside, while driving intoxicated ...in Northern Vermont.

She remained "kar"-mically broken-hearted, not dating anyone else for 12 long, lonely years, -- until she & I met on that pre-arranged, but not-necessarily pre-destined, November evening, -- in church.

The recurring bitter-sweet quality of life re-manifested itself, -- as just mentioned, -- because our relation-"ship" was apparently not (pre-)destined to reach its final harbor, -- and Fran & I seem to have been aboard two separate "ghost" ships that passed in the night...

...Briefly merging, as if in a heavenly lucid dream, -- and, then departing, -- while awakening to earthly realities, once again.

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Addenda:

a.) The annual "Bread and Puppet" event, in Glover, Vermont, -- which had been attended by hundreds of thousands of people over many years, -- was cancelled after the next season in 1998, after an allegedly drug-intoxicated man was convicted of murdering an innocent, young attendee.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bread\\_and\\_Puppet\\_Theater](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bread_and_Puppet_Theater)

<http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/17930>

<http://www.wbur.org/2013/01/26/bread-puppet-schumann>

<http://breadandpuppet.blogspot.com>

b.) For the Love of God, it has now "taken me over" 29½ long, angst-ridden hours (4 hours to handwrite, -- and 25½ continuous hours

to rewrite), -- along with 2 "puppet-tear"-filled years to summon forth the energy and resolve from deep within my soul) to recompose this message...

c.) Let me unequivocally state, for the record, something which is possibly the only rational explanation for God extending His Saving Hand of Grace, -- and that is: the Soul-shattering self-realization that I am an imperfect sinner (as are we all); -- a broken-mirror-image reflection of a Perfect God.

I am (and each of us ultimately & intimately becomes) a flawed, fractured and disintegrated, -- yet remorseful, -- human being, in dire need of Divine forgiveness & repair, -- and universally "trance-ending" humility.

I am painfully and sorrowfully aware that I DESERVED a visit from Satan, "the appointed prosecutor," (-- AS WELL AS from Christ, my "defending Intermediary"), -- who, "in this case," essentially acted at the behest of the Lord, as an instrument of His Divine Judgement (...and eventual, blessed Mercy).

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[\*\*\* The following webpage also offers some nutritious "food for thought" regarding Albert Einstein's profoundly valuable insights into the nature of God... and His breathtaking / Breath-giving (!!!!) Creation]:



Date: Mon, 29 May 2006 17:57:42 -0400

Subject: "Driven to Salvation"

It would literally require a book-length manuscript to describe all of the events which took place between late May and early August of 1997, -- but the following journal presents a number of pertinent, straightforward facts, in the approximate order in which they occurred, with as few adjectives as possible.

While objectivity is strived-for, some adjectives are required in order to adequately describe an internal, subjective state of mind, -- thereby achieving a full-spectrum, 4-dimensional, holographic record of events, -- and effectively communicating my ("frog in a gradually-boiling pot of water") growing sense of alarm, -- and feeling of suffocating helplessness.

[A previously-written letter attesting to all of these facts had been composed over the course of many, many hours and accidentally deleted, just prior to e-mailing a close friend, -- so this is a painstaking, approximate recreation of the contents of that message]:

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Prologue -

In early 1997, just a few months prior to encountering the individual in the video (named Richard M.), I confided to my friend, Larry N., that I

was in the midst of a mid-life crisis, -- that I wasn't sure how to proceed in my life, and in particular, that I needed guidance regarding my book, entitled: "Godyssey."

Everything seemed to be "up in the air."

Towards the latter part of May, while I was videotaping a local cable-access show, entitled: "The Most...", -- a large woman of Native American heritage (with a red-feathered, pet bird on her shoulder), led me across the street to where I then met the aforementioned individual.

I sat down next to him outside a sidewalk cafe, ordered an iced beverage, and we began a lengthy conversation about tv, the media, his interest in theatrical acting, -- and he asked what I was taping.

I explained to him that I was producing a "live-on-tape" series of shows based on a list of 777 (randomly-listed) adjectives which I had chosen for people on the street.

A person would select a word which might spark their memory in regard to a particularly amazing, incredible, overwhelming, outrageous, adventurous, unforgettable, orgasmic, horrifying, inspirational, inconceivable, uplifting, etc., etc. experience, person, place, or thing that they had ever had, met, travelled to, seen, tasted, felt, heard, thought, etc., etc.



I showed Richard M. the booklet of numbered adjectives I had assembled (#1 to #777), and I asked him to either choose a word at random or pick a number.

He chose number 666, because, as he said, "six was his favorite number." (Parenthetically, #666 was assigned the relatively neutral adjective: "sensitive.")

Fact #2 -

The more we spoke about wide-ranging, common interests (including baseball, religion, philosophy, -- and WOR-AM radio humorist, Jean Shepherd), the more I became intrigued by his seemingly outgoing and charismatic personality.

He told me that, although he was born in Brooklyn, he was officially adopted by the Native American Lakota tribe and travelled often to South Dakota "to meet with his family."

After an hour or so, I offered, -- possibly at his suggestion, -- to follow him with my video camera, during the summer, -- and produce a documentary series about his exploits in Northampton, MA, tentatively titled: "Paradise Found" (because Northampton's nickname is: "Paradise City.")

He agreed that it would be an interesting idea [and we began production, -- at his request, -- approximately 6 weeks later].

Fact #3 -

As I was taping another episode of "The Most..." in early June of 1997, -- a live, on-camera acquaintance of Richard M. began discussing him, in his absence.

Richard M. suddenly appeared, and the acquaintance commented: "Speak of the devil..."

[This same acquaintance (now deceased, I've been told) professed to be a former employee of the NSA (National Security Agency) and prophetically warned, -- only half-facetiously, -- on-camera, at the very beginning of the "Paradise Found" video: "He (Richard M.) is gonna wind up with your camera, he's gonna wind up with the rights to your production, -- and probably your firstborn... I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw him."]

Fact #4 -

Around the beginning of July, while Richard M. & I were in his apartment, discussing upcoming plans for the video project, I asked to see the view from his balcony, went outside to look, turned around, and was startled and shocked to see a dead bird, pinned in a crucifixion pose, to a plastic mattress.

I asked him, "Where'd you get the bird?"

He refused to answer.

I repeated the question.

He remained silent.

I rationalized to myself that this must be a sacred Native American ritual, which could not be discussed with a non-Native American.

[It must be admitted that one of my greatest weaknesses, -- and paradoxically, one of my greatest strengths, -- is that I often have a tendency to block out negativity and focus on the positive aspects of a person or situation, thereby allowing a grace period, of sorts. Which can keep me blinded to potential danger, -- yet, somehow, in a state of grace, myself, -- until the full picture "develops," and I am presented with the undeniable truth, either for the best or for the worst, -- and must act accordingly and decisively.]

Fact #5 -

On the wall of his apartment, above his bed, Richard M. kept a large poster (approximately 2 ft. wide by 3 ft. high) of a lengthy, irate letter of protest which he had written and sent to the warden of a prison in New Hampshire, during the time which he had been confined there.

Fact #6 -

At one point, I said, "I hope everything goes well tomorrow."

Richard M. then replied, "We never say the word: "hope."

Fact #7 -

He stated that he made approximately \$5000

worth of telephone calls every month, all around the world, to many well-known, powerful and influential people, -- all free of charge, -- using an illegal "Black Box," which reproduced the telephone company's electronic touchtone code system.

Fact #8 -

He claimed that he knew Bob Dylan and other rock stars, and that whenever he wanted to attend any performance, -- even though permission had not been forthcoming and tickets were not purchased, -- all he (and any female who accompanied him) had to do was walk through the turnstyle or past the guard "almost invisibly, -- as if entitled to be there," -- and he would always be able to enter "without anyone ever saying a word," and, then, even go backstage and converse freely with any performers, if he so desired.

Fact #9 -

In mid-July, I lent Richard M. a previously self-published, paperback edition of my book: "Godyssey," and offered him the opportunity to be its literary agent.

If he could find a reputable NYC publisher that would reprint the book, I would give him 25% of the profits. The remaining 75% would be given to my mother.

He said that he would give 10% to Leonard Pelletier, a Native American whom he believed was wrongfully convicted and imprisoned after being accused of shooting an FBI agent. (And he would keep the other 15%.)

[\*In the entire time that I knew him, when I inquired, he never stated that he read the book, never commented upon its contents, nor did he ever agree to accept the offer, -- until after the offer was withdrawn.]

Fact #10 -

In early August, during the annual "Taste of Northampton" food festival, I was documenting the entire event and his activities there (which included dancing, while decorated in war-paint), -- as he stood behind me, at one point.

With video camera rolling, I approached a stage where a group of musicians were performing, -- and, after about 8 or 9 seconds, -- I suddenly, almost irrationally, had the inspiration to reverse my path and return to videotape Richard M.

But, within that short space of time, he had completely vanished from view, and no matter where I looked (and pointed the camera), I was perplexed to discover that he was nowhere to be found!

Following the conclusion of the "Taste of Northampton," when a female acquaintance of Richard's apparently could not accompany him, he offered to take me, instead, up to an annual "political theater" event known as "Bread and Puppet" (located in Glover, Vermont), which I had never heard of before. -- During which time, he suggested, I might "follow him" with the camera.

Fact #11 -

On Saturday, August 9th, 1997, early in the morning (approximately 5:00

AM), we met at his apartment building to drive up to Vermont in my car.

Just after traversing "The Green Mountain State" border, there were literally hundreds (if not thousands) of large ravens often lining both sides of, an occasionally fog-shrouded, Route 91, -- all the way up to the "Bread and Puppet" location in Northern Vermont!

In stunned disbelief, I kept saying aloud, "I just can't believe how many ravens there are! I've never seen so many in my entire life!!!"

Fact #12 -

About midway to our destination, Richard M. saw a dead animal (an opossum or raccoon, -- I don't remember which) along the highway.

He told me to pull over and back up. -- He got out of the car, took out a pair of heavy gloves from his duffel bag in the trunk, -- and proceeded to remove the animal from the road.

He asked me to accompany him as he carried the animal down a slight hill. -- Then, he placed it on the ground, took out some cigarette tobacco from his pocket and sprinkled it over the carcass.

Fact #13 -

While resuming the ride, I confided that I was mystified by some of his actions, but was impressed by the fact that he was one of the most intelligent people I had ever known.

He said that a number of years earlier, when he was working underneath

his car, he was struck by lightning and ever since then he considered himself gifted with supernatural knowledge (along with "a genius IQ of over 200"), -- and with the ability to fix mechanical objects with the energy in his hand.

I mentioned that, as it so happened, the cassette player in my car wasn't working, and asked if he could fix it.

He declined, saying, "Not right now."

Fact #14 -

When we reached "Bread and Puppet," there were literally thousands of people, mostly young, many of whom gathered in nearby campgrounds.

I paid admission to a campground attendant (with extra money that Richard M. had lent me), and we pitched a tent that he had brought along, -- nearby a stream, filled with people enjoying the cool water.

Upon seeing the gates to "Bread and Puppet" and overcrowded, hillside landscape beyond, I had an overwhelming and inexplicable feeling of dread and inexpressible horror that literally made me go "dead silent" for the remainder of that entire first day, upon entering the gates.

But, -- only after Richard M. told me to repeat out loud what he stated was a Native American, warrior-like offering of sacrifice to the Creator, -- while outstretching one's arms to the overhead sun: "Today is a good day to die."

Fact #15 -

As the day wore on and the temperature steadily increased, I was feeling hot, tired and becoming dangerously dehydrated.

There were virtually no available public water supplies left, -- and when long lines of people would form, -- to fill a bottle or container of water from a few, large tanks, -- by the time I reached the front of the line, -- the water inevitably became an unavailable trickle.

Fact #16 -

The white-robed staff of puppeteers offered a simultaneously-forming, long line of people a strange, greyish, ground-up serving of what was said to be garlic (but, which more-closely resembled brain cells) on dark bread (baked in ovens, on the event grounds).

I ate only the tiniest piece, and, almost immediately thereafter, while mesmerized by rhythmic drumming and whirling dancers, I lay down on the grass, between the long lines of people leading to "food and water" / "bread and puppets," -- outstretched my arms almost in a crucifixion pose, -- and was overcome with the feeling that I should just give up. That I should give up my cares and worries. That I should give up my book. That I should give up everything.

To Richard M.

Ultimately, I found that I had to struggle to "awaken" from this powerful, delusionary, narcotic trance.

In order to hold on to my dream of awakening others.



To hold on to the hard-fought-for-knowledge which I had struggled to communicate in my book.

To hold on to my spirit.

To hold on to my soul.

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Observation and Opinion -

What I witnessed at "Bread and Puppet" (which, -- although headquartered in Vermont, -- also consisted of a nomadic troupe of young people who have performed around the world for many years) were some of the most bizarre, absurd, ritualistic, emotionally-charged-and-challenging events and/or "side-shows" I have ever experienced.

For the sake of brevity, I will only describe the most extreme examples:

...While walking up the path of the main hill leading to the event's entrance with Richard M., I saw a long-haired man accompanied by a black dog, walking down the hill and uttering a harsh, irrelevantly-timed swear word, amidst hushed passersby.

At which time, a white-robed woman carrying a wooden shepherd's staff instantly approached him and told him he needed to "leave the grounds

immediately and not return."

He began to swear, calling her "a b\_\_\_\_," -- whereupon she hit him with her staff, as he raised his arms to cover his head, -- until he ran, in terror, with his dog, toward the exit.

...As we were about to enter the main event, at the apex of the hill, there were white-robed staff members standing next to large, barrell-like containers, requesting donations.

Many people just walked in, without offering anything, -- but, I felt that giving everything that I had in my pockets, however meager, was a liberating, non-materialistic, non-attached, spiritual experience in itself.

...A gruesomely-haunting "exhibit," resembling a carnival's game-of-chance, steam-shovel-like machine, featured a claw-arm, automatically, unendingly reaching down into a substantial pile of dolls, which supposedly represented children from all over the world who were dying, -- every 30 seconds or so, -- from poverty, hunger, disease, and war.

The diabolically-designed arm would then grab the dolls, swing them over to a chute, and drop them down to their "death."

Strangely, instead of generating outrage at the way many human beings treat one another, -- because of the calculated way in which this exhibit portrayed an apparently-random and insensitive "meaninglessness of life," -- it elicited the feeling that God was to blame for all of the death and suffering of innocent children in the world.

...Upon a platform (located in the center of a spacious, increasingly-populated field) there were placed a few, oversized geometrical objects such as a sphere, a tube, -- and someone or something in a mysterious, nondescript costume, rocking back and forth, -- with slow, creaking noises heard. This enigmatically eerie tableau was entitled something like: "Rebirth" or "Resurrection."

...An enormous valley, resembling a pit, was surrounded by spectators, and ringed by tall, evenly-spaced, hillside flagpoles emblazoned with medieval-appearing pennants, inscribed with single words appearing on them such as: "Insurrection" and "Emancipation."

...A museum, located at the farthest, upper end of the grounds -- was inhabited by a menagerie of extraordinary, yet extraordinarily-grotesque, oftentimes enormous puppets hanging from wooden rafters, whose seemingly-twisted, sole purpose was to arouse mindless discontent, anger, rebellion, upheaval and revolution.

...Costumed performers with oversized heads, dressed as the "Statue of Liberty," "Big Businessmen," -- or "Uncle Sam" lumbering around on extremely tall stilts, were portrayed as the comically-evil, yet, entirely despicable symbols of greed and capitalism.

Surreal, incomprehensible, babbling and bizarre-to-the-point-of-insane statements were recited aloud by roaming performers alongside the inner perimeter of the hillside spectators, -- a significant number of whom were obviously intoxicated (with marijuana, LSD or other hallucinogens, and hypnotically-entranced by the ceaseless, oceanic wave of rhythmic drumming heard everywhere) and potentially susceptible to the

nightmarish, anti-American images and propaganda being registered upon their subconscious minds.

...The culmination of events was almost orgiastically melodramatized by the ceremonial appearance, "entry into the arena" and subsequent ritualistic bonfire-burning of "The Face," (the term used by behind-the-scenes puppeteers) -- which was a gigantic, godlike, George Washington-esque, papier-mache puppet-head laboriously carried into proximity to the cheering spectators, -- and upon which the fiery wrath of the rebellious and "heroic" communistic, anti-social / socialistic, anarchistic "proletariat" was poured.

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Fact #17 -

The next day, Sunday, August 10th, in 90+ degree heat, Richard M. went to meet his daughter, who arrived from out-of-state.

He asked me to meet them both later, at a designated location, "with the camera equipment, if possible," -- so that I could videotape his activities.

And, he wanted me to bring him a pack of cigarettes [with 3 rows of six inside!] which he had left inside the car.

Just after he departed, -- as the hellish, overshadowing, inescapable reality of events was dawning and breaking through into my consciousness, I lay down in the shade, along a dirt pathway near the

secondary entrance, upon the farthest, upper hillside.

I was praying, while praising God's Grace, -- and, somewhere within the opposite extremes of a desperate admixture of infinitesimal hope, -- and boundless, unspeakable fear, -- I felt a palpable, tangible, personal connection and communion with the Lord.

Asking Him, with all my heart, to save me.

"Please God, please Jesus, please save me. Please." I prayed.

Many people walked by, as I was laying beneath the shrubbery, alongside the pathway.

I covered my already-red, sunburned face with a baseball cap, shielding me from the intense rays of the sun.

After a while, I heard someone place something beside my hand, -- and looked over to see a blue & white paperback book, -- and a person dressed in a black, hooded, monk-like robe, walking swiftly away towards the exit.

The book's title was: "Here's Hope." It was a version of the New Testament.

Fact #18 -

Upon rising, I walked about a mile, down the hill, through the gates and back to the car, to get the video camera, tapes, tripod and pack of cigarettes (for Richard M.)

When faced with re-entering the hellish realm from which I had just exited, I fell to my knees to pray and ask the Holy Spirit for guidance.

[\*\*For a further, detailed description of some of the ASTOUNDING (!!!!) events which followed, and which were also captured on videotape, -- please see the first page of my website: [www.Godyssey.org](http://www.Godyssey.org)].

Fact #19 -

Later that night [\*\*after having been taken by ambulance for treatment of sunstroke], I returned, via the kind offer of a nurse who drove me 20 miles back to "Bread and Puppet," -- on her way home from the hospital in Newport, VT, near the Canadian border.

I retrieved my camera equipment [which was being held for me by puppeteers in a nearby "circus" tent] and proceeded to explore the grounds of the event, while searching for Richard M.

Fact #20 -

Close to midnight, I returned to the campgrounds and my locked car, to find a note attached to a windshield wiper.

It read: "Stay here. I'll be back soon."

I unlocked the driver's door with my keys, got inside, slid over to unlock the passenger's door, -- and waited.

Fact #21:

When Richard M. returned to the car, about 45 minutes later, he opened the passenger's door, looked at the "Here's Hope" book, which I had placed on his seat, -- and said, "Where did this come from?"

Then, he said, "I was just about to smash the rear windshield to get into the car if you didn't get back here."

He was initially low-key in his demeanor, -- and then, after we loaded his belongings into the car, -- he ominously said that we needed to "get a few things straight."

Fact #22 -

As I began to drive to the Route 91 South entrance, he became more and more frighteningly-infuriated, all the while using the sharply-pointed, concentratedly-repeated, angry, menacing phrase: "You f\_\_\_ing..." as in: "You f\_\_\_ing left me here all f\_\_\_ing day." "You f\_\_\_ing didn't even come back." "You f\_\_\_ing think I'm going to put up with it?" "You f\_\_\_ing deserted me and insulted my daughter." "Who the f\_\_\_ do you f\_\_\_ing think you're dealing with?"

Fact #23 -

As this was occurring, I fervently prayed for the courage to resist and endure what turned out to be the most intense time of my life, -- the 3-hour drive home, -- and told him, " Listen, for God's sake, Richard..." as he hurled more and more threatening invectives my way.

Fact #24 -

Finally, my patience was at an end and I was empowered, -- by God, -- with the strength to respond in a manner by which he would undoubtedly understand that I was not going to be intimidated any longer, -- and screamed at the top of my lungs: "I COLLAPSED FROM THE HEAT AND WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL IN AN AMBULANCE, -- YOU IDIOT!!!!!"

Fact #25 -

He abruptly fell silent for about 3 or 4 minutes, then started to reach into his duffel bag for something (a knife???), -- and finally said, "I thought I saw an ambulance."

And a minute later, he broke the silence again, saying, "The entire trip was wasted."

I said, "I'm sorry you feel that way."

He said, "At least you said you're sorry."

Fact #26 -

A while later, in the "desert" of the continuing, tension-filled silence, he began to tilt his head down and close his eyes, as if in a trance, while reaching his left hand over, in the darkness, toward the car radio.

Since he was straining to find the "on" button and the dial, -- out of compassion, I took his left hand and directed it toward the radio tuner.



He immediately turned it on, and the first station and song that became audible was: "The devil went down to Georgia, he had another soul to steal..." (!!!!!!!!!!!) -- and he turned the volume way up, SHRIEKINGLY LOUD, -- and kept it there.

Fact #27 -

At that point, there was absolutely not one doubt in my mind, heart and soul that this "being" seated next to me, who now had his head bowed and eyes shut in a trance-like state, WAS Satan himself.

I PRAYED INTENSELY and PRAYED DEEPLY and PRAYED MORE CONTINUOUSLY than at any other time in my entire life.

Not only for the strength, courage and fortitude to evict this evil entity from the hidden corner in my unconscious mind, where he insidiously "helled" a brutal, unforgiving, psychologically "button-pushing," strangulating death-grip, but, -- because my own eyes and consciousness were closing, -- for the endurance and stamina to merely stay AWAKE!!!!

By the reassuring Grace and Mercy of Almighty God, I had endlessly & repeatedly reawakened myself over and over and over throughout the entire trip, barely avoiding many a high-speed crash and complete destruction.

Until I was finally, prayerfully "home."

Fact #28 -

Just after I exited the Route 91 off-ramp, when returning to Northampton, he lifted his head, -- and I told him that I was going to stop at an ATM to repay him the \$20 he lent me for the campground parking fee.

I took out \$30 (to make sure that "no interest whatsoever" would accrue!) and gave it to him, saying, "I believe that we're even now. -- Keep the change."

Fact #29 -

When I arrived at the driveway to Richard M.'s apartment building, I told him in no uncertain terms whatsoever that, "I'm ending our friendship. I don't want you to be the agent for my book. You can keep the paperback edition, but I want the color photo edition back, now."

He said that he didn't have it because he "mailed it out to someone last night."

(Which was virtually impossible, since I had just given it to him Friday night around 11:15 PM, -- and we left to go to Vermont around 5:00 AM, the immediately-following Saturday morning, -- well before any post office was open.)

At that point, I opened the trunk for him to take his tent, -- and, -- before he jumped out of the car, he grabbed (stole) a folded map (of the "Bread and Puppet" grounds and events) which I had placed inside the front cover of the "Here's Hope" book.

[-- I still have an extra copy of the map.]

He then pulled his duffel bag out of the backseat and took his tent from the trunk.

I stood outside the car on the driver's side as he slammed shut the trunk and then both passenger-side doors.

He looked right through me, as if I weren't even there (!!!!!) and said, out loud to himself, "I was stupid. I didn't have a contract."

With emotional numbness and concurrent chills reverberating through my entire body, I got in the car, drove away and profusely thanked the Lord for QUITE LITERALLY SAVING MY SOUL FROM GOING DOWN AND PERISHING IN HELL.

And, believe me, this malicious-and-devious Devil or insanely-evil-Satanic-incarnation or whatever-in-Hell-it/he-was, STILL would not give up... --

Fact #30 -

About 3 weeks later, I received an ominous, registered letter (addressed to my misspelled name), from Richard M.

Knowing that it had to be a threatening, legal-oriented letter (since he stated that he was currently, at the age of 57, studying law at Holyoke Community College!!!), containing a carefully-crafted, fear-inducing

message, -- regarding either his role as my book's agent and/or the rights to the "Paradise Found" documentary series) -- I opted not to open it.

In order not to be intimidated, not to fear, not to go "down," -- what he was designing as, -- another "pre-destined," hellish path.

[A scenario almost identically-depicted in the later-released film: "The Devil's Advocate."]

I refused to open that letter, -- thereby changing my own path and direction in life.

Now heading gradually upwards in a long, difficult, but ultimately worthy struggle to remain awake, alert and "en-lightened."

And hopefully & prayerfully, -- with the Lord's protection, guidance & Grace -- to an eventual ascension in Peace, Joy & Love... and Re-union with Go(o)d in Heaven.

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Epilogue:

In September of 1997, Richard M. telephoned me, and spoke in subdued, malevolent tones, -- with an obviously-suppressed rage, -- about his claim that "we still had a verbal agreement" regarding the offer I had presented him, -- to be an agent for my book.

I told him that, since he had not acted in good faith, had not contacted any publishers and did not return the color photo edition of my book, as requested, -- I was no longer obligated to extend any offer whatsoever, and had decided to retract my preliminary, yet unaccepted offer.

He replied, "Does the Creator not hear every word spoken? And did you not state that you would offer me 25% of your book's profits to be your agent?"

Now paraphrasing what I calmly reiterated to him: "Nothing was finalized. My temporary and contingent offer was never accepted, nor was any written contract ever drafted or signed; -- and, after learning of our serious differences while in Vermont, I decided that I would prefer not to continue our relationship in any form or manner whatsoever."

...During the fall of 1997, Richard M. anonymously telephoned the public access station which was preparing to cablecast the episode of "The Most..." in which he briefly appeared.

He threatened Greg F. (the station manager of Easthampton Community Access TV) with legal action if any program in which he appeared were to air. (After which, Greg, mentioned this "scary" incident to me.)

I had previously decided, independently, that it would be extremely dangerous to telecast any video footage of Richard M., -- due to any unforeseen, psychologically-implanted, subliminal messages of a Satanic nature.

Prior to learning of this alarming development, however, I almost aired

his brief appearance in "The Most...", -- but at the last moment, raced over to the station, after business hours (when automated playback was scheduled), -- and asked a maintenance worker to allow me to go inside to change videocassette programs.

Fortunately, he telephoned a town official and obtained permission to unlock the studio, just minutes before the program was scheduled to air.

[I shelved plans to approach any potential publishers of my book for over 7 years, -- until finally deciding to re-self-publish, after talking to, and collaborating again with, my longtime, steadfast, talented friend, Larry Medeiros, in a more professional, re-typeset and re-illustrated third version of "Godyssey," -- via the technically-advanced, digitally-feasible and affordable, print-on-demand method of Infinity Publishing.

Also, I decided to sacrifice the entire series of 8 programs of "The Most..." which I already had completed, -- along with any and all plans to edit and telecast the "Paradise Found" documentary series.

...More than a year later, during personal discussions with Greg (ECAT's program director), he eventually convinced me not to let all the positive energy of the people who contributed their amazing experiences (along with my own considerable energy) to just "go down the drain." -- And, instead, to allow the series to air in Easthampton.

Which I then did --

-- with the proviso that Richard M.'s brief appearance would be the only

segment ever edited-out of the entire "live-on-tape" series.]

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...Approximately 16 months after I last saw Richard M., I happened to be very late, one afternoon, in meeting my girlfriend, Fran, at her apartment building.

[Fran & I had both met, via the intercession of an elder, devoutly-religious, mutual friend who extended a "mutually-blind" invitation to both of us, -- to attend a church concert, in November of 1998].

When Fran came out from her building towards my car, -- she said (almost proudly), -- in a controlled, yet scorching burn: "Have you ever seen anyone this angry before?"

"Yes," I replied, " -- and his name was Richard M.!"

[I had previously shared almost every horrific detail of this entire experience with her, -- and she was thoroughly familiar with who he was.]

She got in my car, slammed the door, -- and we drove to Northampton while she was still fuming intensely.

After about 10 minutes of unrelenting heat, -- and 1 light-hearted moment of letting-off pressure and cooling down, -- we were just in the process of making-up, -- finally kissing as we arrived in downtown

Northampton, when, -- unexpectedly, -- at that very same instant, -- I spotted Richard M. walking on the sidewalk, parallel with my car, in the opposite direction!!

I pointed him out to my girlfriend [this was the first time she had ever seen him, -- and the first time I had seen him in 16 months]. And we both commented on how strangely-coincidental the entire set of circumstances was.

It made me theorize that the "spirit of anger" is able to enter into and possess a person when they open the door to their soul via unmitigated anger (and possibly through the deadly portals of hatred, greed, lust and the other sins [human errors and weaknesses] we've all heard about...)

And, when the Light of Love and Forgiveness enters the picture, rekindled brightly within the lighthouse of a person's heart, -- the evil, opportunistic "puppeteer spirit," hiding in the soul's darkest shadows, is expelled, -- and that same entryway is re-sealed (...with a kiss!!!!)

...Then... about 1 year after the above incident, during the winter of 1999, -- Fran and I entered the same cafe where I had originally met Richard M. (on the sidewalk, outside).

Over the cafe's loudspeakers, music was playing and we were both pleasantly surprised to hear "our special song" playing:

"Unchained Melody," -- performed by The Righteous Brothers.



[It happened to be a tune which we had both, independently, loved for quite some time; -- and subsequently discovered our mutual admiration for its poignant words & melody, during the first few weeks of our courtship.]

After ordering hot beverages, we settled into a cozy booth.

I was seated facing the counter, -- when I was stunned to see Richard M. enter the cafe, go up to the counter, turn to face me, while singing the lyrics to "Unchained Melody," -- lip-synching right along with The Righteous Brothers!!!!!!

I told Fran, who turned around to look, -- and after both of us being somewhat shocked and speechless, we just kept saying things like, "I don't believe it!! This is totally beyond belief!!!"

[...And one final, absolutely mind-quaking, destiny-questioning footnote]:

"Unchained Melody" was also the same special & meaningful song for my girlfriend and her previous boyfriend, who, -- after breaking up with Fran, many years earlier, -- was killed in a car crash, -- going over a hillside, while driving intoxicated ...in Northern Vermont.

She remained "kar"-mically broken-hearted, not dating anyone else for 12 long, lonely years, -- until she & I met on that pre-arranged, but not-necessarily pre-destined, November evening, -- in church.

The recurring bitter-sweet quality of life re-manifested itself, -- as just mentioned, -- because our relation-"ship" was apparently not (pre-)destined to reach its final harbor, -- and Fran & I seem to have been aboard two separate "ghost" ships that passed in the night...

...Briefly merging, as if in a heavenly lucid dream, -- and, then departing, -- while awakening to earthly realities, once again.

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Addenda:

a.) The annual "Bread and Puppet" event, in Glover, Vermont, -- which had been attended by hundreds of thousands of people over many years, -- was cancelled after the next season in 1998, after an allegedly drug-intoxicated man was convicted of murdering an innocent, young attendee.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bread\\_and\\_Puppet\\_Theater](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bread_and_Puppet_Theater)

<http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/17930>

<http://www.wbur.org/2013/01/26/bread-puppet-schumann>

<http://breadandpuppet.blogspot.com>

b.) For the Love of God, it has now "taken me over" 29½ long, angst-ridden hours (4 hours to handwrite, -- and 25½ continuous hours to rewrite), -- along with 2 "puppet-tear"-filled years to summon forth

the energy and resolve from deep within my soul) to recompose this message...

c.) Let me unequivocally state, for the record, something which is possibly the only rational explanation for God extending His Saving Hand of Grace, -- and that is: the Soul-shattering self-realization that I am an imperfect sinner (as are we all); -- a broken-mirror-image reflection of a Perfect God.

I am (and each of us ultimately & intimately becomes) a flawed, fractured and disintegrated, -- yet remorseful, -- human being, in dire need of Divine forgiveness & repair, -- and universally "trance-ending" humility.

I am painfully and sorrowfully aware that I DESERVED a visit from Satan, "the appointed prosecutor," (-- AS WELL AS from Christ, my "defending Intermediary"), -- who, "in this case," essentially acted at the behest of the Lord, as an instrument of His Divine Judgement (...and eventual, blessed Mercy).

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[\*\*\* The following webpage also offers some nutritious "food for thought" regarding Albert Einstein's profoundly valuable insights into the nature of God... and His breathtaking / Breath-giving (!!!!) Creation]:



Date: Mon, 29 May 2006 17:57:42 -0400

Subject: "Driven to Salvation

It would literally require a book-length manuscript to describe all of the events which took place between late May and early August of 1997, -- but the following journal presents a number of pertinent, straightforward facts, in the approximate order in which they occurred, with as few adjectives as possible.

While objectivity is strived-for, some adjectives are required in order to adequately describe an internal, subjective state of mind, -- thereby achieving a full-spectrum, 4-dimensional, holographic record of events, -- and effectively communicating my ("frog in a gradually-boiling pot of water") growing sense of alarm, -- and feeling of suffocating helplessness.

[A previously-written letter attesting to all of these facts had been composed over the course of many, many hours and accidentally deleted, just prior to e-mailing a close friend, -- so this is a painstaking, approximate recreation of the contents of that message]:

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Prologue -

In early 1997, just a few months prior to encountering the individual in the video (named Richard M.), I confided to my friend, Larry N., that I was in the midst of a mid-life crisis, -- that I wasn't sure how to

proceed in my life, and in particular, that I needed guidance regarding my book, entitled: "Godysey."

Everything seemed to be "up in the air."

Towards the latter part of May, while I was videotaping a local cable-access show, entitled: "The Most...", -- a large woman of Native American heritage (with a red-feathered, pet bird on her shoulder), led me across the street to where I then met the aforementioned individual.

I sat down next to him outside a sidewalk cafe, ordered an iced beverage, and we began a lengthy conversation about tv, the media, his interest in theatrical acting, -- and he asked what I was taping.

I explained to him that I was producing a "live-on-tape" series of shows based on a list of 777 (randomly-listed) adjectives which I had chosen for people on the street.

A person would select a word which might spark their memory in regard to a particularly amazing, incredible, overwhelming, outrageous, adventurous, unforgettable, orgasmic, horrifying, inspirational, inconceivable, uplifting, etc., etc. experience, person, place, or thing that they had ever had, met, travelled to, seen, tasted, felt, heard, thought, etc., etc.

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Fact #1 -

I showed Richard M. the booklet of numbered adjectives I had assembled (

#1 to #777), and I asked him to either choose a word at random or pick a number.

He chose number 666, because, as he said, "six was his favorite number."

(Parenthetically, #666 was assigned the relatively neutral adjective:

"sensitive.")

Fact #2 -

The more we spoke about wide-ranging, common interests (including baseball, religion, philosophy, -- and WOR-AM radio humorist, Jean Shepherd), the more I became intrigued by his seemingly outgoing and charismatic personality.

He told me that, although he was born in Brooklyn, he was officially adopted by the Native American Lakota tribe and travelled often to South Dakota "to meet with his family."

After an hour or so, I offered, -- possibly at his suggestion, -- to follow him with my video camera, during the summer, -- and produce a documentary series about his exploits in Northampton, MA, tentatively titled: "Paradise Found" (because Northampton's nickname is: "Paradise City.")

He agreed that it would be an interesting idea [and we began production, -- at his request, -- approximately 6 weeks later].

Fact #3 -

As I was taping another episode of "The Most..." in early June of 1997,

-- a live, on-camera acquaintance of Richard M. began discussing him, in his absence.

Richard M. suddenly appeared, and the acquaintance commented: "Speak of the devil..."

[This same acquaintance (now deceased, I've been told) professed to be a former employee of the NSA (National Security Agency) and prophetically warned, -- only half-facetiously, -- on-camera, at the very beginning of the "Paradise Found" video: "He (Richard M.) is gonna wind up with your camera, he's gonna wind up with the rights to your production, -- and probably your firstborn... I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw him."]

Fact #4 -

Around the beginning of July, while Richard M. & I were in his apartment, discussing upcoming plans for the video project, I asked to see the view from his balcony, went outside to look, turned around, and was startled and shocked to see a dead bird, pinned in a crucifixion pose, to a plastic mattress.

I asked him, "Where'd you get the bird?"

He refused to answer.

I repeated the question.

He remained silent.



I rationalized to myself that this must be a sacred Native American ritual, which could not be discussed with a non-Native American.

[It must be admitted that one of my greatest weaknesses, -- and paradoxically, one of my greatest strengths, -- is that I often have a tendency to block out negativity and focus on the positive aspects of a person or situation, thereby allowing a grace period, of sorts. Which can keep me blinded to potential danger, -- yet, somehow, in a state of grace, myself, -- until the full picture "develops," and I am presented with the undeniable truth, either for the best or for the worst, -- and must act accordingly and decisively.]

Fact #5 -

On the wall of his apartment, above his bed, Richard M. kept a large poster (approximately 2 ft. wide by 3 ft. high) of a lengthy, irate letter of protest which he had written and sent to the warden of a prison in New Hampshire, during the time which he had been confined there.

Fact #6 -

At one point, I said, "I hope everything goes well tomorrow."

Richard M. then replied, "We never say the word: "hope."

Fact #7 -

He stated that he made approximately \$5000 worth of telephone calls every month, all around the world, to many

well-known, powerful and influential people, -- all free of charge, -- using an illegal "Black Box," which reproduced the telephone company's electronic touchtone code system.

Fact #8 -

He claimed that he knew Bob Dylan and other rock stars, and that whenever he wanted to attend any performance, -- even though permission had not been forthcoming and tickets were not purchased, -- all he (and any female who accompanied him) had to do was walk through the turnstyle or past the guard "almost invisibly, -- as if entitled to be there," -- and he would always be able to enter "without anyone ever saying a word," and, then, even go backstage and converse freely with any performers, if he so desired.

Fact #9 -

In mid-July, I lent Richard M. a previously self-published, paperback edition of my book: "Godyssey," and offered him the opportunity to be its literary agent.

If he could find a reputable NYC publisher that would reprint the book, I would give him 25% of the profits. The remaining 75% would be given to my mother.

He said that he would give 10% to Leonard Pelletier, a Native American whom he believed was wrongfully convicted and imprisoned after being accused of shooting an FBI agent. (And he would keep the other 15%.)

[\*In the entire time that I knew him, when I inquired, he never stated

that he read the book, never commented upon its contents, nor did he ever agree to accept the offer, -- until after the offer was withdrawn.]

Fact #10 -

In early August, during the annual "Taste of Northampton" food festival, I was documenting the entire event and his activities there (which included dancing, while decorated in war-paint), -- as he stood behind me, at one point.

With video camera rolling, I approached a stage where a group of musicians were performing, -- and, after about 8 or 9 seconds, -- I suddenly, almost irrationally, had the inspiration to reverse my path and return to videotape Richard M.

But, within that short space of time, he had completely vanished from view, and no matter where I looked (and pointed the camera), I was perplexed to discover that he was nowhere to be found!

Following the conclusion of the "Taste of Northampton," when a female acquaintance of Richard's apparently could not accompany him, he offered to take me, instead, up to an annual "political theater" event known as "Bread and Puppet" (located in Glover, Vermont), which I had never heard of before. -- During which time, he suggested, I might "follow him" with the camera.

Fact #11 -

On Saturday, August 9th, 1997, early in the morning (approximately 5:00 AM), we met at his apartment building to drive up to Vermont in my car.

Just after traversing "The Green Mountain State" border, there were literally hundreds (if not thousands) of large ravens often lining both sides of, an occasionally fog-shrouded, Route 91, -- all the way up to the "Bread and Puppet" location in Northern Vermont!

In stunned disbelief, I kept saying aloud, "I just can't believe how many ravens there are! I've never seen so many in my entire life!!!"

Fact #12 -

About midway to our destination, Richard M. saw a dead animal (an opossum or raccoon, -- I don't remember which) along the highway.

He told me to pull over and back up. -- He got out of the car, took out a pair of heavy gloves from his duffel bag in the trunk, -- and proceeded to remove the animal from the road.

He asked me to accompany him as he carried the animal down a slight hill. -- Then, he placed it on the ground, took out some cigarette tobacco from his pocket and sprinkled it over the carcass.

Fact #13 -

While resuming the ride, I confided that I was mystified by some of his actions, but was impressed by the fact that he was one of the most intelligent people I had ever known.

He said that a number of years earlier, when he was working underneath his car, he was struck by lightning and ever since then he considered

himself gifted with supernatural knowledge (along with "a genius IQ of over 200"), -- and with the ability to fix mechanical objects with the energy in his hand.

I mentioned that, as it so happened, the cassette player in my car wasn't working, and asked if he could fix it.

He declined, saying, "Not right now."

Fact #14 -

When we reached "Bread and Puppet," there were literally thousands of people, mostly young, many of whom gathered in nearby campgrounds.

I paid admission to a campground attendant (with extra money that Richard M. had lent me), and we pitched a tent that he had brought along, -- nearby a stream, filled with people enjoying the cool water.

Upon seeing the gates to "Bread and Puppet" and overcrowded, hillside landscape beyond, I had an overwhelming and inexplicable feeling of dread and inexpressible horror that literally made me go "dead silent" for the remainder of that entire first day, upon entering the gates.

But, -- only after Richard M. told me to repeat out loud what he stated was a Native American, warrior-like offering of sacrifice to the Creator, -- while outstretching one's arms to the overhead sun: "Today is a good day to die."

Fact #15 -

As the day wore on and the temperature steadily increased, I was feeling hot, tired and becoming dangerously dehydrated.

There were virtually no available public water supplies left, -- and when long lines of people would form, -- to fill a bottle or container of water from a few, large tanks, -- by the time I reached the front of the line, -- the water inevitably became an unavailable trickle.

Fact #16 -

The white-robed staff of puppeteers offered a simultaneously-forming, long line of people a strange, greyish, ground-up serving of what was said to be garlic (but, which more-closely resembled brain cells) on dark bread (baked in ovens, on the event grounds).

I ate only the tiniest piece, and, almost immediately thereafter, while mesmerized by rhythmic drumming and whirling dancers, I lay down on the grass, between the long lines of people leading to "food and water" / "bread and puppets," -- outstretched my arms almost in a crucifixion pose, -- and was overcome with the feeling that I should just give up. That I should give up my cares and worries. That I should give up my book. That I should give up everything.

To Richard M.

Ultimately, I found that I had to struggle to "awaken" from this powerful, delusionary, narcotic trance.

In order to hold on to my dream of awakening others.

To hold on to the hard-fought-for-knowledge which I had struggled to communicate in my book.

To hold on to my spirit.

To hold on to my soul.

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Observation and Opinion -

What I witnessed at "Bread and Puppet" (which, -- although headquartered in Vermont, -- also consisted of a nomadic troupe of young people who have performed around the world for many years) were some of the most bizarre, absurd, ritualistic, emotionally-charged-and-challenging events and/or "side-shows" I have ever experienced.

For the sake of brevity, I will only describe the most extreme examples:

...While walking up the path of the main hill leading to the event's entrance with Richard M., I saw a long-haired man accompanied by a black dog, walking down the hill and uttering a harsh, irrelevantly-timed swear word, amidst hushed passersby.

At which time, a white-robed woman carrying a wooden shepherd's staff instantly approached him and told him he needed to "leave the grounds immediately and not return."

He began to swear, calling her "a b\_\_\_\_," -- whereupon she hit him with her staff, as he raised his arms to cover his head, -- until he ran, in terror, with his dog, toward the exit.

...As we were about to enter the main event, at the apex of the hill, there were white-robed staff members standing next to large, barrell-like containers, requesting donations.

Many people just walked in, without offering anything, -- but, I felt that giving everything that I had in my pockets, however meager, was a liberating, non-materialistic, non-attached, spiritual experience in itself.

...A gruesomely-haunting "exhibit," resembling a carnival's game-of-chance, steam-shovel-like machine, featured a claw-arm, automatically, unendingly reaching down into a substantial pile of dolls, which supposedly represented children from all over the world who were dying, -- every 30 seconds or so, -- from poverty, hunger, disease, and war.

The diabolically-designed arm would then grab the dolls, swing them over to a chute, and drop them down to their "death."

Strangely, instead of generating outrage at the way many human beings treat one another, -- because of the calculated way in which this exhibit portrayed an apparently-random and insensitive "meaninglessness of life," -- it elicited the feeling that God was to blame for all of the death and suffering of innocent children in the world.



...Upon a platform (located in the center of a spacious, increasingly-populated field) there were placed a few, oversized geometrical objects such as a sphere, a tube, -- and someone or something in a mysterious, nondescript costume, rocking back and forth, -- with slow, creaking noises heard. This enigmatically eerie tableau was entitled something like: "Rebirth" or "Resurrection."

...An enormous valley, resembling a pit, was surrounded by spectators, and ringed by tall, evenly-spaced, hillside flagpoles emblazoned with medieval-appearing pennants, inscribed with single words appearing on them such as: "Insurrection" and "Emancipation."

...A museum, located at the farthest, upper end of the grounds -- was inhabited by a menagerie of extraordinary, yet extraordinarily-grotesque, oftentimes enormous puppets hanging from wooden rafters, whose seemingly-twisted, sole purpose was to arouse mindless discontent, anger, rebellion, upheaval and revolution.

...Costumed performers with oversized heads, dressed as the "Statue of Liberty," "Big Businessmen," -- or "Uncle Sam" lumbering around on extremely tall stilts, were portrayed as the comically-evil, yet, entirely despicable symbols of greed and capitalism.

Surreal, incomprehensible, babbling and bizarre-to-the-point-of-insane statements were recited aloud by roaming performers alongside the inner perimeter of the hillside spectators, -- a significant number of whom were obviously intoxicated (with marijuana, LSD or other hallucinogens, and hypnotically-entranced by the ceaseless, oceanic wave of rhythmic drumming heard everywhere) and potentially susceptible to the nightmarish, anti-American images and propaganda being registered upon

their subconscious minds.

...The culmination of events was almost orgiastically melodramatized by the ceremonial appearance, "entry into the arena" and subsequent ritualistic bonfire-burning of "The Face," (the term used by behind-the-scenes puppeteers) -- which was a gigantic, godlike, George Washington-esque, papier-mache puppet-head laboriously carried into proximity to the cheering spectators, -- and upon which the fiery wrath of the rebellious and "heroic" communistic, anti-social / socialistic, anarchistic "proletariat" was poured.

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Fact #17 -

The next day, Sunday, August 10th, in 90+ degree heat, Richard M. went to meet his daughter, who arrived from out-of-state.

He asked me to meet them both later, at a designated location, "with the camera equipment, if possible," -- so that I could videotape his activities.

And, he wanted me to bring him a pack of cigarettes [with 3 rows of six inside!] which he had left inside the car.

Just after he departed, -- as the hellish, overshadowing, inescapable reality of events was dawning and breaking through into my consciousness, I lay down in the shade, along a dirt pathway near the secondary entrance, upon the farthest, upper hillside.

I was praying, while praising God's Grace, -- and, somewhere within the opposite extremes of a desperate admixture of infinitesimal hope, -- and boundless, unspeakable fear, -- I felt a palpable, tangible, personal connection and communion with the Lord.

Asking Him, with all my heart, to save me.

"Please God, please Jesus, please save me. Please." I prayed.

Many people walked by, as I was laying beneath the shrubbery, alongside the pathway.

I covered my already-red, sunburned face with a baseball cap, shielding me from the intense rays of the sun.

After a while, I heard someone place something beside my hand, -- and looked over to see a blue & white paperback book, -- and a person dressed in a black, hooded, monk-like robe, walking swiftly away towards the exit.

The book's title was: "Here's Hope." It was a version of the New Testament.

Fact #18 -

Upon rising, I walked about a mile, down the hill, through the gates and back to the car, to get the video camera, tapes, tripod and pack of cigarettes (for Richard M.)

When faced with re-entering the hellish realm from which I had just exited, I fell to my knees to pray and ask the Holy Spirit for guidance.

[\*\*For a further, detailed description of some of the ASTOUNDING (!!!!) events which followed, and which were also captured on videotape, -- please see the first page of my website: [www.Godyssey.org](http://www.Godyssey.org)].

Fact #19 -

Later that night [\*\*after having been taken by ambulance for treatment of sunstroke], I returned, via the kind offer of a nurse who drove me 20 miles back to "Bread and Puppet," -- on her way home from the hospital in Newport, VT, near the Canadian border.

I retrieved my camera equipment [which was being held for me by puppeteers in a nearby "circus" tent] and proceeded to explore the grounds of the event, while searching for Richard M.

Fact #20 -

Close to midnight, I returned to the campgrounds and my locked car, to find a note attached to a windshield wiper.

It read: "Stay here. I'll be back soon."

I unlocked the driver's door with my keys, got inside, slid over to unlock the passenger's door, -- and waited.

Fact #21:

When Richard M. returned to the car, about 45 minutes later, he opened the passenger's door, looked at the "Here's Hope" book, which I had placed on his seat, -- and said, "Where did this come from?"

Then, he said, "I was just about to smash the rear windshield to get into the car if you didn't get back here."

He was initially low-key in his demeanor, -- and then, after we loaded his belongings into the car, -- he ominously said that we needed to "get a few things straight."

Fact #22 -

As I began to drive to the Route 91 South entrance, he became more and more frighteningly-infuriated, all the while using the sharply-pointed, concentratedly-repeated, angry, menacing phrase: "You f\_\_\_ing..." as in: "You f\_\_\_ing left me here all f\_\_\_ing day." "You f\_\_\_ing didn't even come back." "You f\_\_\_ing think I'm going to put up with it?" "You f\_\_\_ing deserted me and insulted my daughter." "Who the f\_\_\_ do you f\_\_\_ing think you're dealing with?"

Fact #23 -

As this was occurring, I fervently prayed for the courage to resist and endure what turned out to be the most intense time of my life, -- the 3-hour drive home, -- and told him, " Listen, for God's sake, Richard..." as he hurled more and more threatening invectives my way.

Fact #24 -

Finally, my patience was at an end and I was empowered, -- by God, -- with the strength to respond in a manner by which he would undoubtedly understand that I was not going to be intimidated any longer, -- and screamed at the top of my lungs: "I COLLAPSED FROM THE HEAT AND WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL IN AN AMBULANCE, -- YOU IDIOT!!!!!"

Fact #25 -

He abruptly fell silent for about 3 or 4 minutes, then started to reach into his duffel bag for something (a knife???), -- and finally said, "I thought I saw an ambulance."

And a minute later, he broke the silence again, saying, "The entire trip was wasted."

I said, "I'm sorry you feel that way."

He said, "At least you said you're sorry."

Fact #26 -

A while later, in the "desert" of the continuing, tension-filled silence, he began to tilt his head down and close his eyes, as if in a trance, while reaching his left hand over, in the darkness, toward the car radio.

Since he was straining to find the "on" button and the dial, -- out of compassion, I took his left hand and directed it toward the radio tuner.

He immediately turned it on, and the first station and song that became

audible was: "The devil went down to Georgia, he had another soul to steal..." (!!!!!!!!!!!) -- and he turned the volume way up, SHRIEKINGLY LOUD, -- and kept it there.

Fact #27 -

At that point, there was absolutely not one doubt in my mind, heart and soul that this "being" seated next to me, who now had his head bowed and eyes shut in a trance-like state, WAS Satan himself.

I PRAYED INTENSELY and PRAYED DEEPLY and PRAYED MORE CONTINUOUSLY than at any other time in my entire life.

Not only for the strength, courage and fortitude to evict this evil entity from the hidden corner in my unconscious mind, where he insidiously "helled" a brutal, unforgiving, psychologically "button-pushing," strangulating death-grip, but, -- because my own eyes and consciousness were closing, -- for the endurance and stamina to merely stay AWAKE!!!!

By the reassuring Grace and Mercy of Almighty God, I had endlessly & repeatedly reawakened myself over and over and over throughout the entire trip, barely avoiding many a high-speed crash and complete destruction.

Until I was finally, prayerfully "home."

Fact #28 -

Just after I exited the Route 91 off-ramp, when returning to Northampton, he lifted his head, -- and I told him that I was going to stop at an ATM to repay him the \$20 he lent me for the campground parking fee.

I took out \$30 (to make sure that "no interest whatsoever" would accrue!) and gave it to him, saying, "I believe that we're even now. -- Keep the change."

Fact #29 -

When I arrived at the driveway to Richard M.'s apartment building, I told him in no uncertain terms whatsoever that, "I'm ending our friendship. I don't want you to be the agent for my book. You can keep the paperback edition, but I want the color photo edition back, now."

He said that he didn't have it because he "mailed it out to someone last night."

(Which was virtually impossible, since I had just given it to him Friday night around 11:15 PM, -- and we left to go to Vermont around 5:00 AM, the immediately-following Saturday morning, -- well before any post office was open.)

At that point, I opened the trunk for him to take his tent, -- and, -- before he jumped out of the car, he grabbed (stole) a folded map (of the "Bread and Puppet" grounds and events) which I had placed inside the front cover of the "Here's Hope" book.



[-- I still have an extra copy of the map.]

He then pulled his duffel bag out of the backseat and took his tent from the trunk.

I stood outside the car on the driver's side as he slammed shut the trunk and then both passenger-side doors.

He looked right through me, as if I weren't even there (!!!!!) and said, out loud to himself, "I was stupid. I didn't have a contract."

With emotional numbness and concurrent chills rever-"berating" through my entire body, I got in the car, drove away and profusely thanked the Lord for QUITE LITERALLY SAVING MY SOUL FROM GOING DOWN AND PERISHING IN HELL.

And, believe me, this malicious-and-devious Devil or insanelly-evil-Satanic-incarnation or whatever-in-Hell-it/he-was, STILL would not give up... --

Fact #30 -

About 3 weeks later, I received an ominous, registered letter (addressed to my misspelled name), from Richard M.

Knowing that it had to be a threatening, legal-oriented letter (since he stated that he was currently, at the age of 57, studying law at Holyoke Community College!!!), containing a carefully-crafted, fear-inducing message, -- regarding either his role as my book's agent and/or the

rights to the "Paradise Found" documentary series) -- I opted not to open it.

In order not to be intimidated, not to fear, not to go "down," -- what he was designing as, -- another "pre-destined," hellish path.

[A scenario almost identically-depicted in the later-released film: "The Devil's Advocate."]

I refused to open that letter, -- thereby changing my own path and direction in life.

Now heading gradually upwards in a long, difficult, but ultimately worthy struggle to remain awake, alert and "en-lightened."

And hopefully & prayerfully, -- with the Lord's protection, guidance & Grace -- to an eventual ascension in Peace, Joy & Love... and Re-union with Go(o)d in Heaven.

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Epilogue:

In September of 1997, Richard M. telephoned me, and spoke in subdued, malevolent tones, -- with an obviously-suppressed rage, -- about his claim that "we still had a verbal agreement" regarding the offer I had presented him, -- to be an agent for my book.

I told him that, since he had not acted in good faith, had not contacted

any publishers and did not return the color photo edition of my book, as requested, -- I was no longer obligated to extend any offer whatsoever, and had decided to retract my preliminary, yet unaccepted offer.

He replied, "Does the Creator not hear every word spoken? And did you not state that you would offer me 25% of your book's profits to be your agent?"

Now paraphrasing what I calmly reiterated to him: "Nothing was finalized. My temporary and contingent offer was never accepted, nor was any written contract ever drafted or signed; -- and, after learning of our serious differences while in Vermont, I decided that I would prefer not to continue our relationship in any form or manner whatsoever."

...During the fall of 1997, Richard M. anonymously telephoned the public access station which was preparing to cablecast the episode of "The Most..." in which he briefly appeared.

He threatened Greg F. (the station manager of Easthampton Community Access TV) with legal action if any program in which he appeared were to air. (After which, Greg, mentioned this "scary" incident to me.)

I had previously decided, independently, that it would be extremely dangerous to telecast any video footage of Richard M., -- due to any unforeseen, psychologically-implanted, subliminal messages of a Satanic nature.

Prior to learning of this alarming development, however, I almost aired his brief appearance in "The Most...", -- but at the last moment, raced

over to the station, after business hours (when automated playback was scheduled), -- and asked a maintenance worker to allow me to go inside to change videocassette programs.

Fortunately, he telephoned a town official and obtained permission to unlock the studio, just minutes before the program was scheduled to air.

[I shelved plans to approach any potential publishers of my book for over 7 years, -- until finally deciding to re-self-publish, after talking to, and collaborating again with, my longtime, steadfast, talented friend, Larry Medeiros, in a more professional, re-typeset and re-illustrated third version of "Godyssey," -- via the technically-advanced, digitally-feasible and affordable, print-on-demand method of Infinity Publishing.

Also, I decided to sacrifice the entire series of 8 programs of "The Most..." which I already had completed, -- along with any and all plans to edit and telecast the "Paradise Found" documentary series.

...More than a year later, during personal discussions with Greg (ECAT's program director), he eventually convinced me not to let all the positive energy of the people who contributed their amazing experiences (along with my own considerable energy) to just "go down the drain." -- And, instead, to allow the series to air in Easthampton.

Which I then did --

-- with the proviso that Richard M.'s brief appearance would be the only segment ever edited-out of the entire "live-on-tape" series.]

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...Approximately 16 months after I last saw Richard M., I happened to be very late, one afternoon, in meeting my girlfriend, Fran, at her apartment building.

[Fran & I had both met, via the intercession of an elder, devoutly-religious, mutual friend who extended a "mutually-blind" invitation to both of us, -- to attend a church concert, in November of 1998].

When Fran came out from her building towards my car, -- she said (almost proudly), -- in a controlled, yet scorching burn: "Have you ever seen anyone this angry before?"

"Yes," I replied, " -- and his name was Richard M.!"

[I had previously shared almost every horrific detail of this entire experience with her, -- and she was thoroughly familiar with who he was.]

She got in my car, slammed the door, -- and we drove to Northampton while she was still fuming intensely.

After about 10 minutes of unrelenting heat, -- and 1 light-hearted moment of letting-off pressure and cooling down, -- we were just in the process of making-up, -- finally kissing as we arrived in downtown Northampton, when, -- unexpectedly, -- at that very same instant, -- I

spotted Richard M. walking on the sidewalk, parallel with my car, in the opposite direction!!

I pointed him out to my girlfriend [this was the first time she had ever seen him, -- and the first time I had seen him in 16 months]. And we both commented on how strangely-coincidental the entire set of circumstances was.

It made me theorize that the "spirit of anger" is able to enter into and possess a person when they open the door to their soul via unmitigated anger (and possibly through the deadly portals of hatred, greed, lust and the other sins [human errors and weaknesses] we've all heard about...)

And, when the Light of Love and Forgiveness enters the picture, rekindled brightly within the lighthouse of a person's heart, -- the evil, opportunistic "puppeteer spirit," hiding in the soul's darkest shadows, is expelled, -- and that same entryway is re-sealed (...with a kiss!!!!)

...Then... about 1 year after the above incident, during the winter of 1999, -- Fran and I entered the same cafe where I had originally met Richard M. (on the sidewalk, outside).

Over the cafe's loudspeakers, music was playing and we were both pleasantly surprised to hear "our special song" playing:

"Unchained Melody," -- performed by The Righteous Brothers.

[It happened to be a tune which we had both, independently, loved for quite some time; -- and subsequently discovered our mutual admiration for its poignant words & melody, during the first few weeks of our courtship.]

After ordering hot beverages, we settled into a cozy booth.

I was seated facing the counter, -- when I was stunned to see Richard M. enter the cafe, go up to the counter, turn to face me, while singing the lyrics to "Unchained Melody," -- lip-synching right along with The Righteous Brothers!!!!!!

I told Fran, who turned around to look, -- and after both of us being somewhat shocked and speechless, we just kept saying things like, "I don't believe it!! This is totally beyond belief!!!"

[...And one final, absolutely mind-quaking, destiny-questioning footnote]:

"Unchained Melody" was also the same special & meaningful song for my girlfriend and her previous boyfriend, who, -- after breaking up with Fran, many years earlier, -- was killed in a car crash, -- going over a hillside, while driving intoxicated ...in Northern Vermont.

She remained "kar"-mically broken-hearted, not dating anyone else for 12 long, lonely years, -- until she & I met on that pre-arranged, but not-necessarily pre-destined, November evening, -- in church.

The recurring bitter-sweet quality of life re-manifested itself, -- as

just mentioned, -- because our relation-"ship" was apparently not (pre-)destined to reach its final harbor, -- and Fran & I seem to have been aboard two separate "ghost" ships that passed in the night...

...Briefly merging, as if in a heavenly lucid dream, -- and, then departing, -- while awakening to earthly realities, once again.

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Addenda:

a.) The annual "Bread and Puppet" event, in Glover, Vermont, -- which had been attended by hundreds of thousands of people over many years, -- was cancelled after the next season in 1998, after an allegedly drug-intoxicated man was convicted of murdering an innocent, young attendee.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bread\\_and\\_Puppet\\_Theater](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bread_and_Puppet_Theater)

<http://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/17930>

<http://www.wbur.org/2013/01/26/bread-puppet-schumann>

<http://breadandpuppet.blogspot.com>

b.) For the Love of God, it has now "taken me over" 29½ long, angst-ridden hours (4 hours to handwrite, -- and 25½ continuous hours to rewrite), -- along with 2 "puppet-tear"-filled years to summon forth the energy and resolve from deep within my soul) to recompose this



message...

c.) Let me unequivocally state, for the record, something which is possibly the only rational explanation for God extending His Saving Hand of Grace, -- and that is: the Soul-shattering self-realization that I am an imperfect sinner (as are we all); -- a broken-mirror-image reflection of a Perfect God.

I am (and each of us ultimately & intimately becomes) a flawed, fractured and disintegrated, -- yet remorseful, -- human being, in dire need of Divine forgiveness & repair, -- and universally "trance-ending" humility.

I am painfully and sorrowfully aware that I DESERVED a visit from Satan, "the appointed prosecutor," (-- AS WELL AS from Christ, my "defending Intermediary"), -- who, "in this case," essentially acted at the behest of the Lord, as an instrument of His Divine Judgement (...and eventual, blessed Mercy).

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[\*\*\* The following webpage also offers some nutritious "food for thought" regarding Albert Einstein's profoundly valuable insights into the nature of God... and His breathtaking / Breath-giving (!!!!) Creation]:

<http://www.simpletoremember.com/vitals/einstein.htm>