



What was the toughest time that I got through in my life?

The death of Chelsea, my daughter – the day the world was not the same again, and the whole process of her body being held for autopsy for a month. I experienced friends disappearing from my life because they had no idea what to say, and they thought it was easier to leave. It was easier for them, but they had no awareness of what damage they were adding to the pain.

After everything happened, some friends, a couple who was having a baby at the same time as us, invited us to their house a week into this whole situation. More of our friends were invited as well. The whole evening was about a film that they so wanted to share with us all.

How ironic that the film was about how a couple who had lost their child and the pain they went through. Whatever brings people to do such a hurtful thing was beyond my thinking. At the time, we still had not buried my daughter.

So many things were happening, and it showed how clueless people were in these situations.

I am still biting my tongue at this moment of disbelief; one day that couple divorced, and I gave one of them a place to live.

One would think I would have walked away from them the night of that film. Yeah, so true, but people make bad choices in life. Should we punish such ignorance? No, even though it certainly felt that way from my end.

Plus, there was a real boomerang effect happening all around.

They were the same couple that had asked a stupid question of us all during the nine months before my daughter's birth (What would you do if your child died?

How would it affect you?). Well how stupid was I to even entertain such a question? That's why I hold myself in full responsibility for what happened. I have no one to blame but myself.

We are what we think about; we become what we give focus to. Words have more power in life than we could realize, and for me, this demonstrates such power within our words, thoughts, and ideas.

Many look at laws of attraction as make believe, but I really do see what we can achieve. From that night as I described what it would feel like to me, what I would do, I put myself in the place of someone that it had happen to so that I could feel what it would be like, and that's how I answered that question.

Yes, I was stupid to do so. At the time, I had no knowledge that my words had real power. Worst of all was how I simulated such emotions, which is a big key to this. At her funeral, I carried her coffin alone, with my father walking beside me in case I didn't make it. He was like my back up plan I never knew about at the time. Her funeral was done inside a spiritualist church. At the time, I had lost all faith that there was any kind of god, and I saw religions as the so-called devil, at the time.

You ask yourself daily, "Why would a loving god put you through such pain and trauma?" All are natural feelings to go through. The "Why?" question is so big.

I would surely not be who I am today if it was not for that "Why". I won't settle until I have the answer. Maybe I was too difficult from childhood. If I was told no, I would always follow through with the reply, "why?"

Even when I got an answer, I would still want to know why. The greatest tool I had in life was why. If I had more children today, I would encourage them to ask why, and keep asking, even if they're told to stop.

Great knowledge and wisdom can come from that single word. True learning and growth come from why. If you stop asking, you have stopped growing by the sheer acceptance that all is just how it should be. How can anyone learn from accepting every answer given? You cannot.

And through different junctions of this disaster that had hit my life, I was about to learn the harsh reality of many systems and personalities I would come across. I watched how doctors were so scared of being sued that they did make mistakes that night, but what I learned was what lengths a system would stoop to go, to hide from the world their mistakes.

I sure would have been happier for them to admit there was mistake, hands up, and say I am sorry. That would have been the end, "closure," and no money

would have been involved. For me, that would have cured more pain that followed because of what happened.

Money has no meaning in this situation, but more truthfulness and transparency of why it happened and acceptance of those mistakes does. Now, yes, how I explain what a stupid question I answered months before is the key factor in this, but on that final day, the things they did and did not do, guaranteed this disaster as final. I don't blame them at all; all I wanted was, "I am sorry. I made that stupid call in theatre," not "Let's hide the truth to the best we can; the world must not know the truth."

And to add to that insult, the offering of my daughter to be buried in an unmarked grave, paid by them, a hidden secret buried forever, so no one would ever know what took place. Wow, can this get any worse right now? it was like being trapped inside a nightmare that I just could not wake up from or escape.

And now we have a situation with lawyers, courts, and a whole string of book-reading experts, all cashing in on my daughter's death. Has the world truly gone insane? Have humans lost the will to feel emotions? Can they truly not see what they are doing, how they look? Do they pretend only in life that they can feel and love? What are we doing to ourselves as a planet? Are they really heartless only when it rewards their pocket? What if this happens to them; then what? These were all the questions firing up inside of me. Was I happy? Hell no. I wanted answers now, and I was not stopping until I found them.

I went through a whole phase of so-called experts who were pitying but blind to what they were doing and how they were adding to the disaster, to the point that one night I had enough. In 1996, I said "Go to hell, all of you, my wife, because of what this was doing to us as a family, to the rest of my family, friends, all in life." I took my car and just drove. I had no idea what I was going to do or where I was going, but I had had enough now, that was for sure. "T," time out, driving around for hours, I finally said that's it. Prison is my best route. There I can just stay and rot in life, where I will be forgotten.

The outside world is insane. In there I could just be what people were trying to create in me. I came to a police station, where soon enough attention was coming my way. The only words I would speak were just "lock me up. I have done nothing wrong, but if I am to be punished in life, then at least put me in jail."

For my crime, of which I had no idea I had done, hours passed, and not even the police could get through to me. My father was called; doctors and psychiatrists followed.

None could reach me. I was truly lost inside my own world of, “Go away, shut the door, and throw the key away.” And nothing was going to change that any more. I really came to learn that life on earth was true hell; the key is to climb out of that hell to the heaven of a life: a better life. We all have it in us; it takes real situations to teach us this truth.

I ended up being locked up for three months while doctors had fun giving or trying to pin labels on me, forgetting entirely what lead to all of this. How bizarre people’s memory can be so selective.

I lost the whole meaning of what love was and stands for – what it feels like. I had left my wife and my second daughter, who was born the year following this event.

And to add real value to pain, where they locked me up was right next door to where it all began, the last place I had seen my daughter breathing. Life is wow the surrounding world people have become so overwhelming and attacking me I am sure of this.

One day I was given release to go out alone. I wandered around and saw the building and walked up to it. The door had security like they do, but how strange at this point – I rang the buzzer, and someone just opened the door. They did not come to check who I was or what I wanted, so I walked in. I found the very room where it had all happened and went inside. No one was there. It was empty, so I sat down by the wall next to the bed, just crying, remembering that day, trying to work out why. Why me? What did I do that was so bad in life? Someone please just answers me.

After some time, a nurse came into the room. She was looking for something. She said, “Are you OK? What’s wrong? Can I help you?” It took me some time to even speak to her because I was trying so hard to compose myself to speak.

When I did, I said, “I am OK,” but she could see that was not true and persisted to know what was wrong. I told her about that night, this room, and why I was there, how someone let me in, and stupidly thinking this woman would not judge this, I said I came from next door. Well that was it, alarm bells rang in her head, and all security was coming at me at once.

I was considered to be the most dangerous man on earth, but hold up. Is it me, or did no one follow what I am saying?

So, I just got up and left the building, causing no harm or stress to anyone but myself. I got out on to the green field outside, where I could see charging towards me between 10 and 20 security doctors and nurses fired and ready for battle. By now, I was thinking, oh my god, what is wrong with these people? OK, bring it on. You want war? Let's rumble. I have nothing to lose right now. And the biggest battle was on.

It took all of them and a good 20 minutes to bring me down; that's how much I had had enough of this situation. You want to misread situations one after the other and keep punishing me? Then it's to the death, was my vision by now.

They jabbed me with their beautiful tranquilizers and got me wrapped up nice in their cell, where they kept me dosed up for a few days. By the time I was released from that place, I had every label known to man in that field, and my armory of drugs. They were so kind to give these to me.

One wonders if all who experience the loss of a child must endeavor to go through this. Really, if that's support how does things like that help anyone, is this what a caring planet looks like? One can only wonder after experiencing such.

Over the course of the years to follow, the CRF had begun. It was the one thing that gave me vision and reason to continue, and yes, of course, my second daughter and my son, who I lost all contact with following my daughter's death,

It was a perfect for unnamed people to make sure that now, it was going to become even harder to see him, It got to the point that I had to make a decision, what with all the fighting in courts with my first ex.

My son was truly in the middle of both parents, who could not see what they were doing to the most important thing in their lives, our son. On my last court battle, I had made my mind up to free him from this pushing and pulling war he was so stuck in the middle of.

I thought of a way to get legal teams back up, and then on the final day, I made an outburst of anger and threw my keys at the judge's head, knowing for sure that this would end this pain that my son was going through because of his blind parents. Yes, I was about to lose another, but for me, his sanity meant so

much more to me than anything else right then. I did not want him to experience this harsh reality of life in the ways that I had.

For me, my ex now would forget about me and our little war of love for our son, and when I am out of the picture, she can re-build her life, our son, and her new man, and be a happy family. To me, that seemed like the perfect answer for my son. He would grow up being happy and stress-free.

What I was feeling had to be removed and hidden. I made my choice to help my son, not punish him. My son was what was important. I found out later twelve years later when I found him, that yes, I made the wrong choice, even though I thought I was doing what was best for him. Truth is, I never imagined this, but how could I see that at the time, with what was going on?