

Delivery request:

To: Jim Kiraly aka James Francis Kiraly. DOB: May 10, 1933. 86th birthday is, or was, on Friday, May 10, 2019. It's an impressive age for an impressive man.

To: Grace Kiraly aka Grace Violet Kmeta Kiraly. DOB: Oct 01, 1933.

Reported address as of December 2018: 636 Atterdag Road, Solvang, CA 93463. This is a community address as opposed to a unit address.

This letter consists of 13 numbered pages. If you don't have 13 pages, you're missing part of the document.

The sender, Robert Kiraly, is seeking to have this letter delivered, separately, to each of his parents listed above (unless either or both are deceased). This document may be delivered subsequently to the city as a whole and to news media. Redistribution is permitted under the following license: Creative Commons BY-NC-ND 4.0 International.

If you're able to assist with delivery, this is requested.

If either or both of the recipients are deceased, notify the delivery agent, if there is one, and/or write to the email addresses listed in the next section.

If there is a delivery agent, he or she has been asked to accept no verbal message other than notification that a recipient is deceased. Other communications need to be in writing and signed.

Sender information:

The sender is OldCoder aka BoldCoder and Robert Kiraly. Email addresses: oldcoder@yahoo.com and oldcoder@protonmail.com

Email isn't guaranteed to be delivered. If in doubt, re-send letters. If you're familiar with IRC, you can chat directly with OldCoder in the following IRC network: irc.oldercoder.org Additionally, OldCoder's Twitter name is: BoldCoder (Feel free to follow in Twitter)

OldCoder is, unsurprisingly, an Old Coder. He has 45 years experience, 40 of them professional. He's worked hard all his life.

Subjects: Happy Birthday, title fraud, unfinished business, family members, moving forward.

Addressing Jim Kiraly (if he is not deceased):

1. Introduction.

Jim Kiraly, Happy Birthday. I trust that the occasion will be, or was, as pleasant and cheerful as you deserve.

We have, as you know, unfinished business of other types.

It's been reported to me that you and Grace Kiraly had not passed away as of December 2018. However, Grace was said to be in declining health.

What is your status, as far as being alive goes, and that of Grace?

If you haven't departed, continue to eat right as Grace tried to teach you to do. Exercise to the extent possible. I wish you years of health so that our business may be concluded.

2. Regarding Grace Kiraly.

If either you or Grace Kiraly is deceased, I'll learn of the fact in due course.

It would be polite of you to notify me if Grace is gone. Politeness is, of course, a virtue that was never a core component of your portfolio.

I'll put condolences, related to either of you, on hold until I have the facts.

If you've passed away, and Grace remains with us, this leaves me without the opportunity for closure in one context. However, rest assured, or rest in peace assured, that your attempt to impose a gag order on me related to the violent abuse of Grace and the associated destruction of my life won't change my sunny disposition.

Let a smile be your umbrella, I always say.

3. Title fraud.

3.1. Report from P.I.

In December 2018, I received a credible report from a private investigator to the effect that you and your wife Grace might be the victims of title fraud. This was in connection with the sale of the Twinberry Circle property listed near the start of this document.

In fact, the investigator found the property unlocked and abandoned; located the person who was in possession of the keys to the residence; and observed that that person was behaving in a suspicious manner.

The investigator suggested that the person in question, "Jim Lawson", might have given a false name. He stated:

"We ran a data base report of 6313 Twinberry Circle Avila Beach CA [the residence of the alleged Jim Lawson] to attempt to determine whether the resident was 'Jim Lawson', the name given to us by the man who had the keys to your parents' home. The data base report that we obtained did not list Jim Lawson as a resident of that address."

For what it's worth, this particular P.I., Keith Krasnove, is apparently well-known due to having a movie made about him decades ago. I found him pompous, though, and have moved on to P.I.s who are less full of themselves.

3.2. Competence issue.

Jim Kiraly, provide information related to “Jim Lawson” and the circumstances of the alleged sale discussed above sufficient to confirm that title fraud isn't an issue.

Failure or inability to respond, if you're not deceased, will be treated, formally and at the appropriate levels, in connection with the P.I. report, as suggestive of lack of competence.

If you're not deceased, you're faced with a conundrum. Should you voluntarily seek to have yourself declared incompetent so as to retain some control over what happens next? Or should you gamble that I won't relocate to your county so as to see the process of declaring you to be an abuser in dementia through?

The sharp judgment that you've displayed in the past will see you through.

4. Jurisdiction for civil litigation.

On a separate note, Jim, will you agree to name a city in which you may be served and a jurisdiction in which you'll agree to face civil litigation?

In the past few years, you've hopped from Pismo Beach, CA to Avila Beach by way of, allegedly, Newport Beach, then to Solvang and, according to remarks made to neighbors, possibly to Austin, TX in the future.

The Newport Beach address is unconfirmed and might be a data-broker error. I don't know. One of my people there, seeking to establish physical presence so that I might initiate litigation, talked to a neighbor who suggested that she'd seen you. The whole thing is muddy.

There's no doubt, regardless, that you've been more mobile than is usual for a man of your years. So, let's settle where things are going to be settled. Name the city where you'll face your past at the end of your days.

5. Legal representation.

On a note related to that issue, are you presently under representation? If so, this will address the legal service issue, but the jurisdiction question will remain until I'm able to communicate with your attorney.

Name the attorney. Be advised, first, of one thing. You should have shown me the respect that you demanded yourself even though you never earned it.

I was all that you could never be. The next tier above Ken, which he's acknowledged to Grace. I'd never have liked you, but if you'd demonstrated even the tiniest amount of depth perception, I'd have seen you as having some nuance. As it is, you're a cardboard cutout.

Oh, well, comme se, comme ca. Let's get on with sending you to jail.

The thing is, these days, attorneys are an important part of my diet. They're crunchy in milk, you know, and a delicious part of a complete breakfast.

Send me an attorney, Jim. Let your victim show you what he can do.

6. Thoughts related to attorneys.

I couldn't "take" an attorney on a Pro-Per basis in Court. But, Jim, you taught me that the Law is about more than Court.

I'm diligent when I focus. In recent years, I've focused. I'm a quick study and I'm far more intelligent and capable than you are. Your decision to force me to confront the meaning and purpose of my life was ill-advised.

During the gag-order cases, I started to understand what I was able to survive and to accomplish. I'd like to show you.

A relevant fact, something that readers can use, is that attorneys often cross lines in a way that makes them vulnerable. It's odd how casual they are about it.

Harmeet Dhillon didn't cross the line. It's just as well. If she'd crossed the line, it would have put Virginia Chang Kiraly's career at risk.

Virgina Chang Kiraly is, of course, a minor politician in the S.F. Bay Area. The wife of my brother Ken Kiraly, a V.P. of Amazon Lab126, and your daughter-in-law.

7. Regarding secrets.

This reminds me. It turns out that most of us had secrets.

Mine are ground to dust. You shattered my life and succeeded in erasing my previous existence. It's gone. But what's left stands tall.

I've publicized your own secrets to the extent possible. This will continue, for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S. laws, long after you're gone.

We'll come back to Tom. I assure you that Tom Kiraly, CFO of Hanger, Inc. in Texas, isn't forgotten. I wouldn't want him to feel neglected.

However, what I'm curious about right now is, are you aware of Ken Kiraly's one significant personal secret?

Is Ken's secret the reason that he stayed technically out of the gag-order cases? Though, of course, he was involved. To the extent, in fact, that the Law was violated. But it was nothing compared to your own actions.

I'm sentimental about this brother, the one that I protected from you for years as a child, the child for whom I smashed my hand one day so as to distract the monster, the one whose eyes literally bulged with rage, so it wouldn't kill him, Kenneth Tiger, the ferocious boy a quarter your size who, unlike his big brother, wasn't terrified of you.

The boy who repaid me by threatening, through his subordinates at Amazon, to have me killed.

Ken, your son and my brother, is a sociopath. That part isn't secret. By the way, are you my biological father or was it Bill?

Anatol, beloved Tony, the would-do-good, the man I should have valued more and demonstrated love to, seems to have taken Grace to get at least one abortion before I was born. Is this what happened or not? Was it Bill's child? And am I?

You're in poor health. Your life expectancy is limited, if you haven't passed away already. People have talked as though you'd be gone in, like, hours. So, as you prepare your baggage for the trip, tell me the truth.

I resemble you, I think, more than I do Bill. It's not a resemblance, to be clear, that I'm proud of. I suspect that everything else is coincidence and you're the one that did the deed.

Did the deed, but take heed. You're not worthy of us. You were given a gift that you wasted.

Grace chose you over Bill because she perceived you as a good provider and as better in bed. Yes, the woman actually told me this. Such Oedipus. It would have been fine, ordinary middle-class, but you couldn't rise above what you were.

Why does it take until twilight until we're able to see things? Do you see things, at last, yourself? It seems unlikely. Like most people of your type, you're not sentient.

The take-aways here are that I should have told Anatol how much I valued him. And on that day, the day in 1975 that bound the boy named Twisted Time and me for a lifetime, when you came after me, the raging abuser bull, I should have picked up a hammer as I ran terrified from you and done that which was appropriate.

Twisted Time never forgot that day. Which is good, as he was able to step out of Time, out of four decades, and help me to bury you in Court. He was in screaming pain, you know, after about 45 surgeries. But he remembered and he didn't hesitate. Or did your abuse-of-process attorneys tell you about any of this?

What do you know, Jim? When you look in the mirror, do you see a hero? Speak.

Why didn't you turn your rage inward and do the world a favor? Grace, the only person in the world that you feel bonded to for other than genetic reasons, would have been better off. In your heart, you know that it's true.

8. Learning from attorneys.

Other attorneys are more careless than Harmeet Dhillon is.

The head of one of the law firms involved in the gag-order cases – Tom Stutzman, perhaps you saw the name on legal papers – retired after failing to take down my websites related to his sexual misconduct with female clients. However, perhaps I simply added momentum to a decision that had been coming for a while.

I'm working with the Feds, or rather I've just concluded my part, on a case involving the General Counsel of what used to be your medical plan. There is no direct connection to you.

That General Counsel and I interacted last year. I didn't have enough to take his job away from him. But I have a specific reason to believe that he assessed me and decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

In between, I've dealt with a number of attorneys. Often in the context of age discrimination.

By the way, thanks for erasing my life savings in a failed attempt at a gag order related to you being an abuser. I'm in a profession that considers people over 30 to be antiques. And I'm double that age.

It's pleasing to be told "We're looking for somebody fresh out of school", to know that that's illegal, and to need to fight with attorneys over just how illegal it is.

I've dealt with two different General Counsels of Twitter, the regular one and the acting one. The context was credible death threats made against me by people who found the fact that you used to beat up Grace to be humorous.

One of those people told me that he'd contacted you in the process of assessing me. Allow me to provide context. I disagreed with the thought that your fist smashing into a woman's face was humorous. But to children of the modern age, violence isn't important because everything is seen as a video game, transient and without consequences.

On the other hand, what consequences did you ever face? Let's see what we can do about that before you pass away.

The General Counsels of Twitter were helpful. It was no big deal. The point is that I'm not in awe of anybody any longer. Not President, Emperor, or little desert god invoked as a shield by abusers who are not simply violent but smug as well.

I'm certainly not in awe of you.

By the way, Fundies consider "smug" to be the Unforgivable Sin. Didn't you read the literature that you kept around your own house?

The same Kiraly household literature which stated that Black people were lazy and were better off as Slaves because they ate better than their masters.

I remember how Grace used to tell us, "There are good Black people as well as bad Black people". Being a literal autistic child, I wondered why she never said this about White people.

The two of you are national treasures, Jim.

What matters is the way that things work. The Law isn't about settling facts. It's about abuse of process. Attorneys hired by the wealthy, the only parties who can afford them, to make sure that the victims of the wealthy aren't allowed to speak.

But there are legitimate and reasonable approaches, steps that are protected and inviolate under U.S. laws, to fight back. I trust that you understand this now. That you understand just how great your miscalculation was.

And that I'm no longer the passive and frightened fool that you came after with your wealth, thundering "Shut him up! Make it so that he can't talk!" I wasn't even going to talk. A lot of people are self-destructive, but you're gold medal in this category.

I'm no longer your prey, Jim. And, as far as attorneys go, I can "take" the ones that cross the line on the playing field that matters.

Send me an attorney. Or, you know, I'm going to sue your ass regardless as soon as you stop hopping about.

Or you've escaped to the undiscovered country. I'll be disappointed if this is the case. However, I'll manage to smile through my tears, somehow, in the years to come as I commiserate with the others who are bereaved.

Tom Kiraly, to be clear, is my property. Tom belongs to me. I'll be the one to decide his purpose in the world.

But, Jim, you're the abuser that has captured my heart. Tom is sloppy seconds. In a legitimate and reasonable sense that's protected under U.S. laws, he won't be overlooked. But as I tell my students, one step at a time.

9. Regarding speech.

9.1. You tried to stop me from speaking. For no reason that made sense. You were so enraged, the pretentious mad bull, that you overreached and lost everything.

Well, not everything. I lost more than you did. But not the thing that mattered. I only lost my home of 25 years, medical care, my retirement, most of the books that the boy had loved, hope for the future, inconsequential things of such nature. I kept the right to speak. I'll continue to exercise it long after you're gone.

9.2. As you know, the Court ordered the attorneys to end the gag-order cases. There was no "settlement" as there usually is in civil cases. The Court refused to be involved. It would have been nice if the decision had been made a year earlier, before you'd erased my life savings. However, one can't have everything.

So, you were forced to sign a non-Court agreement in which I promised to talk about you for the rest of your life. About everybody, actually. Which is a point for you to remember as you prepare for death from natural causes.

I resent the need to emphasize the part about natural causes. If somebody was going to kill you, the time to do it would have been four decades ago.

In the lifetime that has passed, I myself have shown you, until you threatened me over the book, little but misguided politeness and simulated respect.

More fool I. Why did the scatterbrained child that I was run? Why didn't he turn to face you in 1975 and to end you under conditions where nobody could have said "Boo" to the overdue departure of a violent abuser?

But the boy ran, ran without clothes as you charged at him, the half-dressed, terrified youth. He had to live for a lifetime with the memory that he'd run, run instead of turning, facing the monster, fighting back using whatever was at hand – there must have been something, you chased me, I think, through the garage – and observing the surprise on its enraged brute-like countenance as it dropped, the last expression that it would ever display.

Grace and I didn't discuss your treatment of her and me often. However, once, when I mentioned things that had happened, she shrieked, "My husband is not a brute!" You know, actually, you are. This is known as the Fundie Cognitive Disconnect.

In 2013, I made promises in the non-Court agreements. It didn't balance my failure in 1975, but I meant every word. I trust that I've kept my promises to your satisfaction.

9.3. Past Agreements.

You didn't physically sign the document. This was clear. Your attorney had either forged your signature or had added a copy with your consent. I figure the odds are about 50-50 that it was without your consent.

My attorney asked me, did I really want to make an issue of a possible forgery? I considered the matter and decided, no, because the outcome must have seemed, to you, less than ideal. Especially when you freed me from my side of the agreements by threatening me shortly after signing. Not to mention DDoSing me after that.

DDoS is a felony, Jim. And the blackhat had talked to you. He referred to Grace as "sweet" and mocked Scott. The picture frame that he proposed to use for you was that you were an upstanding citizen. And? What was his point?

Who was he, Jim? I got as close to him as talking to somebody who knew his name. There was even a brief technical exchange.

I got no closer than that, though, because I was occupied with the loss of my home of 25 years. It was a minor distraction. I spent that Christmas Eve waiting in line at a Walmart. Waiting to buy an electric blanket because, where I was going to spend that night, it would be cold. At least there was limited electricity.

If I need a pleasant moment, I pause to imagine your expression when you realized that you'd spent enough to buy a house on litigation and had ended up with a diet of excrementum meum, sapidum et salubri that would last for the rest of your life.

How does it taste?

10. Causes for action.

10.1. To be clear, causes for action remain. Jim, don't you worry about that.

You know, I assume, that every instance of defamation you've committed which I don't know about yet may provide a cause of action regardless of time that has passed. Or we'll find out in Court. But this is, of course, just the tip of the iceberg.

Any cause of action, or multiple actions, will work. By the way, try to approach it as a Vexatious Litigant situation and it'll backfire. You are, after all, a violent abuser who tried to impose a gag order on your victim in a wheelchair despite the fact that phone records, that part by itself, demonstrated that the cases were egregious abuse of process.

What I dream of is to get you, at last, on the witness stand. To have the opportunity that was denied me when you came after me. The opportunity to shove your lies up your fundamental assumptions in public, as public as it's possible to be.

As a related note, the fact that you and/or Tom persuaded Riane and her brother James to sign the agreements means I have legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S. laws related to those two.

Any statements that the two of you made to them, as I don't know them yet, might be causes of action not subject, yet, to calendar deadlines. Whether or not that's true, I have the right to find out what happened.

10.2. What did happen, Jim?

I worked for far more years and earned far more at our respective peaks than you did, in today's dollars. You must have understood this at some level.

You're my inferior. Overweight bully, wife beater, abusive toddler into old age. Frightening to an autistic child, but mostly just embarrassing to others. Not very bright.

How, exactly, did you come up with the fantasy that you tried so hard to persuade people was a reality? The notion that I was a lazy bum, a drug addict like my dead cousin Russell Kerechanko, or less than 3 tiers above you? What were you thinking?

10.3. And why did you feel the need to hide the fact that you're the explanation for your son Scott? The fact that his genes, the whole obsessive-compulsive, morbid obesity, mental illness, and physically dangerous enchilada, came from you?

Regarding the "physically dangerous" part, by the way, this was your assessment. Not mine. Yours.

I considered Scott to be a horror that would have been better off born dead. I was polite to him, regardless, far more so than the brothers he tormented. As with you, though, politeness rolled off of his mind as water rolls off of an abuser duck's feathers.

You, for your part, are the one who sent Ken to stay with me so that Scott wouldn't kill Ken while you prepared to ship Scott to the prison in the woods where wealthy Fundies sent the children that they didn't wish to talk about.

You were good at hiding your own OCD. But neighbors who observed you from a distance told me the truth. I try to imagine the scenes. The little dances, for example, that you did at the mailbox when you thought that nobody was looking.

ADHD and OCD aren't bad, Jim. My adopted son is more ADHD than you are. To turn these conditions into a justification for wife-beating, sexual misconduct, attempted murder, and the rape of the Law, that's not appropriate.

How do you explain yourself? Speak, before your soul drips down to its final destination and meets its new master.

10.4. You destroyed lives, Jim. More than one. It's time to man up and explain yourself. This time, in a forum where the victims of abuse are allowed to speak.

What you did, years ago, to your wife and children wasn't right. The attempt at a gag order, though, was the point at which you became irredeemable.

It was really stupid.

10.5. If you're deceased, or if you hope to be deceased before you're required to testify, at last, regarding the physical and emotional abuse of your wife and children, be advised that the matter won't end with your departure.

Each living person who knew you directly, at any stage of your life, should know the truth.

I tell my associates and students, in life, do what is possible. I try to take my own advice. We'll see what is possible in this context.

I can say this much. Your descendants, including the ones you'll never meet, will know the story. You won't disappear when you pass away. You'll be remembered. This is a goal that many seek and you're going to achieve it.

I'll see to it. You can count on me.

11. Moving towards a conclusion.

11.1. Jim, there is more that needs to be said. Your Pleadings, for example, where would we even start with those? But start we must.

I need to find out if you're alive or dead before I decide what to say in this context. If you're dead, things will be said regardless.

If you're alive, you need to answer for a crime that's more damaging to society than rape and the abuse that you committed. It's the rape of the Law.

11.2. This reminds me. I'm formally alleging sexual misconduct on your part.

You really are a fool, Jim. What did you think would happen? What the end result of your actions would be?

I wasn't going to talk about the physical violence. Or about anything. Where did the suggestions you made to the effect that I was going to talk come from?

I wanted nothing to do with you. However, the situation has changed. It was your "choice". I want the life that you smashed to pieces. And that isn't possible.

All that is possible is the truth. I'll take that. The truth belongs to me. You, for your part, belong to your new master down below.

I'm aware of the rules that apply in Court to statements related to sexual abuse. I'm fine with them. Especially since what I'm alleging is sexual misconduct as opposed to sexual abuse. We'll let the Court sort out whether or not the distinction is relevant.

Tell any attorney who doesn't run when he reviews your history – the full history, including your treatment of Grace – to put that in their pipe and smoke it.

This seems like a cheerful enough note to close on. But, whether you're living or dead, it would be impolite to close without thanking you for your contributions.

12. Thanks that are due.

Thanks, Jim Kiraly, for abusing my mother Grace Kiraly, shallow harpy that she is, for decades. Not to mention the kindness that you showed me.

By the way, it isn't appropriate to brutalize an 8-year-old because he's neurodiverse and doesn't look you in the eyes. It's caused "autism", fool, not "attitude".

Thanks for erasing the boy at age 13. Sending him into the shadows to exist for decades as a ghost.

In 2011, even though I was in screaming pain and couldn't get to food or water at times, I tried to hide that. You and I spoke by phone a number of times that year on a civil basis. We discussed your little projects, painting the house, computers, volunteer work. I listened to your boasts and told you that you were doing well.

Every conversation during this period was civil. Every single one. Thanks for lying in Court and trying to suggest that these were non-consensual calls.

Thanks for trying to hide the fact that we didn't speak for months after you threatened me over the book. For hiding the fact that Grace came to visit me and that every phone call, for months, was from your household to mine.

Thanks for suggesting that I was harassing you and a danger to you when I never called you. When Grace called me instead as I proved in Court.

Except for once, circa your birthday, in May 2012. You'd been threatening me for months. You were enraged at the thought that the book might be about you.

So, one day, I worked up my courage and told you at last, “You can't hurt me any longer, Jimmie. Wife beater. Child abuser.”

God, the God whose existence the life of this mindless beast arguably disproves, forgive me for running in 1975 and not turning to face the beast and to end the horror of rage and violence that was its life. It's the one sin that I'm truly guilty of and that I can't seek absolution for because there is no excuse but cowardice.

Jim, in 2012, you'd already prepared litigation. You'd been stalking me for months. What, exactly, was your problem?

Thanks for smashing my life right after I'd spent the second half of 2011 recovering from an illness that put me in a wheelchair and left me in screaming pain. No, that isn't something that I “deserved”.

Smashing my life because you thought I was going to talk about what you did. It wasn't going to be about you. It certainly is about you now.

Thanks for lying in Court. And for not being man enough to face me after you lost.

Thanks for running, hopping and skipping about like a frog on amphetamines, all to try to stop me from getting my day in Court.

If you're dead, Jim, if you're in the undiscovered country, those who helped you to do what you did, to make a mockery of the Law that I believed in, will answer, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws, for you.

This is your legacy. Happy Trails, Cowpoke.

Regards, Robert (the Old Coder)

Addressing Grace Kiraly (if she isn't deceased):

13. Grace, if you're dead, Bon Voyage, Christ Follower and Child of Love.

For what it's worth, you were never “sweet” as the person that you asked to threaten me told me. Was that my cousin Brian Kiraly, by the way? It seems unlikely, but he's on the suspects list. He was technically still associated with Texas at the time.

When your father Ivan died, nobody's feelings mattered, including yours. You had none. You were concerned about one thing and one thing only: appearances. Truth be told, you were cold. A fish in human skin. Shallow and pretentious as well.

How do you suppose that Ivan would feel about having his books of gentle religious poetry characterized in Court papers as physical violence? The answer is that he wouldn't be able to process it. Your own actions, the fact that they were even possible, disprove the existence of God. You're the Christ-Killer, Grace.

Looking back, Jim and you deserved each other. But why did my life need to be Hell because of your decisions?

You should never have gone back to Jim after the time that you left him. Dragging small children with you. I remember vomiting on the plane. Did you know that? You should never have let Jim back into the house after the time that you kicked him out. It was the only period when life in Walnut Creek wasn't ugly.

My own decisions... Grace, snake of sweetness, loving statue of ice, plastic doll dressed up and pretending to be real, I spent decades supporting you. I was the one you complained to for 30 years. Why was that my role?

The fact that you forgot that and, in fact, tried to hide it is the reason that you'll never see Ivan or Olga or Eddie or Anatol again.

You won't see Jim either. The two of you will serve your new master, the Light-Bringer, in different capacities. Jim will be his personal lubrication. You'll be his Song. The Song of self-deception and the delight that is brightly-shining lies.

14. Grace, if you're alive, there isn't much more to say here. However, don't worry, for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S. laws, plenty more will be said elsewhere. People will know the truth. Either way, Christ won't have you. You're the seed that came up wrong. You'll be discarded.

So, Child of Love

Love is a dove from above

God isn't about Hate, up your ass goes your Song

He'd revile you. He doesn't, though, because He can't perceive you.

You're the failed crop, the seed that came up wrong

You hate the different, you're not to be treasured or even measured

You're the chaff, the part that doesn't belong

You'll be remembered for what you actually did as opposed to the picture that you tried to paint. I promise you that. And I keep my promises. If you understand nothing else, you understand that. Don't you?

That which is real, Grace, that which is fact, that is what matters. Ask the Christ who will have nothing to do with you.

Regards, Robert (the Old Coder)

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