Sakulna and Michael with Karin and Jennifer 2012 in Pak Thong Chai, Thailand

17 December 2022-12-17

Hi Kevin:

I command you to come to see me and your two sisters in Thailand, having written your father–in–law, Paul Fast, to give not only his okay, but come along for the family reunion. I have asked Paul to give you a copy of my letter, but why not, I'll just enclose it as an attachment.

I wrote you on October 9, 2021 and that letter is also enclosed for your ready reference. It is without reply, and Paul "humbly submits" that, so he says, there is no point in writing, and that I cannot have a relationship with you. Paul says that he is a devout Christian. Christians have invented the notion of "sin," and unless one "repents" the Son of the Word, who loves you, will not "forgive," which is another invention that keep us focused on the Word in everlasting dependency; that is if we hear the Word.

Asia is where I live, and I was told by my friend, a former Ambassador to Thailand, that "forgiveness does not exist in Asia." I have taken Buddhist vows striving "not to harm anyone including myself." My teacher at the time, the late Ven. Anila Ann McNeill of Vancouver, BC, taught me, and I believe, that being a Buddhist — meaning a "listener" to their teachings who do not have a deity — does not mean to be stupid.

The short and long of my command to you is:

1. You were conceived by Petra Illona by my seed, and I am registered on your Washington birth certificate as your father.
2. Petra and her mother went to have you aborted within the legal first three months in SW Germany, but I saved you with strong opposition; and the medical doctor's consent required by law was refused. That was in the summer of 1987.
3. In July 1987, Petra, Gunter, Armin, Ryan and I moved to Kirkland, Washington and you were born at the Seattle public hospital on January 8, 1988, and welcomed home with great jubilation and celebration.
4. On the first of July the following year, Petra, who had been accepted at UBC to complete her BA in Music, moved into her student resident, a town home at 2512 Melfa Lane, but could not cope. About a month later I received an urgent telephone call from Armin that Petra was out of herself, you, who was just 1½ years old "were screaming until you blue in the face," said Armin, because Petra was weaning you and didn't give you any milk. Armin, in his sophomore year in civil engineering at UBC, said he could not help.
5. In about 3–4 hours I was by your side and continued to look after and raise you while Petra continued her studies, because I love you. And that was extremely easy, because you were such a beautiful, handsome and affectionate kid... and Ryan, too.
6. You remember I brought both of you to school, cooked for you, and put you to bed with bedside stories including those train rides until you were asleep. There are plenty of photos, even a video.
7. Petra got her BA from UBC and enrolled in the teacher training program against my very strong advice, and failed.
8. I got her an actual teaching position at the Waldorf School in Hilo, Hawaii, paid for her flight to be interviewed, she was accepted and went to Sacramento, California for an indoctrination course in July 1992. Ryan, you and I went by car and saw her there, unbeknownst that she had a boyfriend at UBC, namely, Assistant Professor of Statistics, Jean Meloche, whose birthday party she had attended with the two of you while I was at Gunter's graduation at Swarthmore College.
9. On our way home to Vancouver, Petra ran away at night from our hotel in Eureka, California, had sex with a taxi driver convincing him that he would be paid on arrival in Eureka, undressed and screamed for help claiming she had been raped, ran away from the taxi without paying tghe $300 fare and jumped naked into the very turbulent and dangerous American River, was rescued by a few hippies in a boat, and eventually apprehended by the police as a 51–50 — a person in danger of herself — and committed to Sacramento mental health hospital, where we found her.
10. She was flown back to Vancouver, BC, moved in with Jean Meloche and got an ex parte order from the Law Courts on the strength of a perjurious affidavit claiming that I had forced her into an incestuous relationship in Germany, and that I should not be entrusted to have you in my custody, and that I was a danger to Ryan and you, and that the court make an order to apprehend you by a request for comity to the Washington State courts, and issuing a no-contact order against me.

The rest of the story is in my two books, which you have ("Fanatical Atrocities in the Court of British Columbia", and "The Holy Incest Inquisition"). Both of these books have been de–listed on Amazon, and in fact my entire account and 60+ accounting, finance, money, banking and belletristic books have been removed these days, destroying my publication work and income since 2009.

There is nothing I can give to Jennifer and Karin from my publication work, and to republish elsewhere is an enormous work, if at all possible, because Amazon holds the ISBNs. Your father–in–law is a doer who has built a small empire for himself, and, although well deserved, should your marriage ever run into trouble I warn you: "Watch out!"

I am not saying that my 11–year cohabitation in a marriage–like relationship with Petra was okay, although it was a happy one most of the time, overshadowed by Petra's bipolar afflictions, which was the one that started it, perhaps, while she was in mania, and ended it when she was in helpless depression. Her condition was not diagnosed until August 1992 at Sacramento, and she told me so when you, Ryan and I visited. And was she ever happy to see you!

Jean Meloche had some means that I had spent, abandoning my CPA and corporate career while looking after you in Vancouver. He was the unrelenting executioner who even attended my parole hearings at Mountain Institution, urging the parole board not to release me because Petra was afraid of me. You were abandoned and put into foster care when the two with their new daughters, Jamila and Julie, moved to Madison, New Year... and I was out of myself when I read the file at the Family Court in Vancouver... You were only 9 and Ryan 11. It is unforgivable and shows Petra's and Jean's true nature. Perhaps as a result, Jean died of Brain cancer in July 2013... There is a things called "*ausgleichende Gerechtigkeit*" (compensatory justice), if you want to believe in it; perhaps loosely translated as "what goes around, comes around."

I have detailed the judicial improprieties in my two books, and in my letter to Paul. The tragedy is that Christianity supports the offense, of which there was none; the offence not known in most of the countries including Christian nations France, Spain and Portugal, and even Israel the legendary home of Moses and his *Leviticus* on which the criminal offense is founded.

Petra's and my 11–year relationship was not intended; it is the result of circumstance. But I cannot say that I am sorry, because it brought you and Ryan into the world, and I love you both, would not have it otherwise. Gunter's demand that I repent falls on my deaf ears, also for that very reason: I am not willing to renounce you; although you are renouncing me. And you are doing this more to be in tune with your supporting peers. So straighten upyoung man!

The 1978 Law Reform Commission has given many reasons, why section 155 of the *Criminal Code* of Canada must be repealed, but the oh so Christian minister of justice under Pierre Trudeau at the time said "no". One man, and of course the church routed in doctrine rather than humanity.

I am absolutely right that, even if incest occurred which I say by the elements of the section in the Criminal Code requiring "knowledge" and "child," none of which existed, it cannot be criminal because the section violates the *Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms*, as did buggery which has long been decriminalized. And without the criminal offence, unlawfully, unconstitutionally upheld by the Vancouver courts, I should have had you back at about Christmas 1992 as I said in answer to your crying question: "Daddy, when will I see you again?"

In closing, you know that I have gone through hell because of the rejection, the no–contact order extended by my own family, not immediately, but rather as Petra's poisoning continued. And then after I moved to Thailand and remarried twice ladies half my age and younger, because age is not a factor here, and youth is not as all–empowering and wanted as in Canada and the West in general. Marriage is about the common care, which, of course, includes the means as sustenance plus some luxuries, if possible, which help raise the wife's standing for herself, in the extended family, and the community.

No one understands why you have not shown, but they are too kind to ask, because I think they may know. Gunter called them behind my back and gave them his story of condemnation telling me to repent, which would give him a big problem if I did.

We will always be sorry in later life for the things that we did not do, and I do regret that when I saw you one evening after darkness, sitting in my car (that old Cadillac Seville) in Vancouver West near your foster home, Ryan and you joking around on the law with some fellows of the home, and not stepping out and simply embrace you.

You did speak to me on the phone, pretending to be someone else, after I had placed an ad in the local Vancouver community newspaper... You said you knew Kevin and could tell me a lot about him, when I asked you "Aren't you Kevin yourself?" Someone called out for the supervisor saying, "Kevin is talking to his dad!" And just seconds before the phone went dead you said to me: "Get the fuck out of my life!" All that was about the year 1999 after my sentence had ended and the system could not put me back into the joint.

I had the good fortune of being the jail house lawyer, was able to get three Native inmates out on grounds they were over their time; and wrote and prepared Ivan Henry's habeas corpus motion that set the wheels of justice in motion again which resulted in his release 27 years after conviction for offenses he did not commit. $8 million compensation by the state could not console him because one of his two daughters who I remember visiting him all the time, committed suicide.

Canadian justice is so corrupt, it is hard to believe. But think of the unbelievable plight of the First Nations with the Christian residential schools. And all the other cases of wrongful convictions because Crown counsel is not interested in justice; their advancement in their careers is measured by the numbers of convictions only.

Was it two or three years ago that I called you on the telephone one evening, and we spoke for a couple of minutes when you said, "what is a good time to call you?" but you never did, excusing yourself because you were on your way to meet someone.

And I saw Ryan during a lunch break at his high school. He was so baffled and ran away, saying, "You should not even be here." When I visited in Vancouver at Armin's in 2005, he wanted to come and see me on Saturday, but unbeknownst because Armin didn't tell me, I took an earlier flight on Thursday to be with Sakulna, my wife, and daughter Jennifer who was born in May. I don't forgive Armin, and kicked myself for leaving early.

Now then, I will see you.

I will continue to communicate with you.

If the mails cannot reach you because you don't give me your address, I will post my letters on the internet with a password that I will send to Paul.

And if there is still no response, I will place an advertisement in the local courier for information, as I had done in 1999. And only then when all remains moot, I will think of going public, and if the press takes notice... Alas! this would not be the first time, as I was the victim of massive pretrial publicity which tainted the jury.

Please let me know when I have a grandkid from you, the name, photo and a video. The Law Courts will hear the motion for an order because grandparents have visitation rights even against the wishes of the parents of the child... which, if defended, will put the whole trial, the reasons, the best interests of the child... and the ever sensational new media back onto the plate.

Thirty years have gone by, and

»Ich hab' es getragen sieben Jahr,
und ich kann es nicht tragen mehr,
wo immer die Welt am schönsten war,
da war sie öd' und leer.

Ich will hintreten vor sein Gesicht
in dieser Knechtsgestalt,
er kann meine Bitte versagen nicht,
ich bin ja worden alt,

Und trüg' er noch den alten Groll,
frisch wie am ersten Tag,
so komme, was da kommen soll,
und komme, was da mag.«

Theodor Fontane, "Archibald Douglas"

With all best wishes,

You're Dad
mschemmann@gmail.com

Michael Schemmann
PO Box 9, Pak Thong Chai
30150 Thailand
mschemmann@gmail.com

09 October 2021

TO
Kevin Alexander Schemmann
c/o Andrea Fast
6449 Cedarhurst Street
Vancouver, BC V6N 1H9
CANADA

My Dear Son !

I am sending you and Andrea my wishes for a happy life together !

Your sister Karin last year 2020. She loves to paint.

There are enclosed two short-sleeve shirts intended for you, Kevin. The shawl is for Andrea.
The stock of the shops here in Pak Thon Chai, the so called silk capital of Thailand, is currently low.
This is the best I could find on the quick.

Your Dad, Michael in Thailand 2021

I am also enclosing a few DVDs that I just burned for you from my files of family that you haven't seen before. They speak for themselves.

I am also enclosing a few booklets of the many that I have written. You may have seen them at Petra's, or you may not have seen them, because they tell a story that is not her side of the story. The videos will give you some idea… whenever there is strife, including war, truth is the first victim.

When I read your wedding announcement on the internet, in particular your story how you met, I read that you, Kevin, proposed to Andrea on 10th August 2021… and she accepted.

10th August has always been my day of morning because on 10th August 1992 I held you in my arms for the last time when you said with a terribly sad and crying voice, "Dad, when will I see you again?" That was in Winthrop, Washington State…. And Ryan squeezed me, having waved at me all the way down from Pearrygin Lake State Park through the back window of the police cruiser. I have been in Court over you, both in Washington State and in BC, but lost time and again. The worst punishment anyone can dish out against anyone else is a no-contact order. Petra and Jean Meloche did it, again and again.

So from now on, 10th August is going to be a happy day for me, too. And I will think of you and Andrea, and your extending and extended family…. Lovely !

I trust you received my bouquet of red roses that sent instantly upon reading the news of your wedding. All these 29 years I have been thinking of you every day, and also of Ryan.

The two of you have gone on world trips, you say on your wedding website. Come on by here in Thailand, if you will. You have two sisters who know about you, have seen online whatever I have. They are Jennifer born May 2005 now 16, and Karin born August 2012 now 9 years old. They have 3 passports Canada, Germany, Thailand. I trust you still have your own 3 as well: US, CA, DE.

Press on regardless !

_____

Your Dad

This is Jenny in SW Germany 2019.

There is a lot more about us on my website www.thaisunset.com ,
also on my professional sites www.iicpa.com and www.aasbi.com

2022-12-15

TO
Paul Fast
6449 Cedarhurst Street
Vancouver, BC V6N 1H9
Canada
pfast@fastepp.com

Hi Paul Fast:

"In the beginning was the *logos*— Greek: ΛΟΓΟΣ [1] — (John 1:1) was translated by Martin Luther as the *word*. The correct translation, however, is not *word* but *reason*, as we use the word *logos* in parlance "logic" (n.) as a system of reasoning as in "Aristotle's logic", or "by that logic we should sell the company tomorrow." [2]

The literature addresses *John's* "In the beginning was the word" referring to Wolfgang von Goethe's tragic play "Faust," who sits in his study and searches for knowledge in his books, saying:

'Tis written: "In the beginning was the Word!"	*Geschrieben steht: Im Anfang war das Wort!*
Here now I'm balked! Who'll put me in accord?	*Hier stock' ich schon! Wer hilft mir weiter fort?*
It is impossible, the Word so high to prize,	*Ich kann das Wort so hoch unmöglich schätzen,*
I must translate it otherwise	*Ich muss es anders übersetzen,*
If I am rightly by the Spirit taught.	*Wenn ich vom Geiste recht erleuchtet bin.*
'Tis written: In the beginning was the Thought!	*Geschrieben steht: Im Anfang war der Sinn.*
Consider well that line, the first you see,	*Bedenke wohl die erste Zeile,*
That your pen may not write too hastily!	*Dass deine Feder sich nicht übereile!*
Is it then Thought that works, creative, hour by hour?	*Ist es der Sinn, der alles wirkt und schafft?*
Thus should it stand: In the beginning was the Power!	*Es sollte stehn: Im Anfang war die Kraft!*
Yet even while I write this word, I falter,	*Doch, auch indem ich dieses niederschreibe,*
For something warns me, this too I shall alter.	*Schon warnt mich was, dass ich dabei nicht bleibe.*
The Spirit's helping me! I see now what I need	*Mir hilft der Geist! Auf einmal seh' ich Rat*
And write assured: In the beginning was the Deed!	*Und schreibe getrost: Im Anfang war die Tat!*

The deed was the Big Bang creating the universe which, says Max Ehrmann (1927) in his "Desiderata" shall unfold as it should:

> [...]
> Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.
> Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.
>
> Before a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

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[1]

by Google Translate.

[2] See *The Free Dictionary by Farlax* at https://www.thefreedictionary.com/logic

> And whether or ot it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

I take authority as an ordained minister, as I will explain to you later, with an LLM, a Master of Laws degree in International Human Rights Law, and simple common sense that I have acquired over the past 82 years, being your senior by a generation, *i.e.*, some 20 years.

And as a quick note on the purpose of your letter, I cite Jeff Bezos at the 2018 reception of the Axel–Springer–Award in Berlin, who quoted his grandfather after the young boy had made his grandmother burst into tears. His grandpa took Jeff aside, then ten–years old, and instead of scolding him said these "incredible words" according to Bezos:

> "You're going to figure out one day, that it is harder to be kind than clever." [3]

My writing is in reply to your letter dated January 2022, which I have not opened it until a week ago, and which I enclose herewith for your ready reference. I have made an electronic copy for myself.

Our writing is important because we do not know each other, have never met let alone spoken, not even by telephone, but we find ourselves to be related to each other as fathers of offspring born to us, namely your daughter Andrea and my son Kevin Alexander who became husband and wife at their elaborate wedding at your home in Vancouver, BC, on 24th October 2022, to which I sent flowers, gifts and letters from far away Thailand learning about it on the internet. Further background information is included in two of my published books that I have sent you. [4]

Continuing with 1 *John* 1:1 of the New Testament whose gospel you as a mennonite Christian, if I am correct, are citing to me in your letter, I do not dispute the *John's* words. As a lawyer of sorts I look for the definition of the term "beginning" in order to learn of the facts surrounding the message.

I come to the conclusion — as I have thought since I was 14 years of age at my confirmation by the Christian church in Göttingen, where I was born and raised, when the preacher could not answer my succinct questions regarding the existence of the deity — that the term "beginning" in 1 *John* 1:1 refers to the legend of God's creation of the world, which is also told in *Genesis* as the very first words in the whole bible, saying:

> 1:1 In the beginning was Élölûm [meaning gods[5]] created the heavens and the earth.
> 1:2 And the earth was without form and void; and darkness [was] upon the face of the deep. And the Spiriti of Élölûm moved upon the face of the waters.
> 1:3 And Élölûm said, Let there be light: and there was light.

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[3] "Jeff Bezos Talks Amazon, Blue Origin, Family and Wealth" on YouTube at 07:00/48:30 (2.7M views. 4 years ago)

[4] Michael Schemmann (2012). "Fanatical Atrocities in the Courts of Canada: Policing Sexual Relations Between Consenting Adults by Criminal Enforcement of Leviticus: The Incest Taboo." ThaiSunset Publications ISBN 978-1477689660; Michael Schemmann (2021). "The Holy Incest Inquisition. Crimes of Justice in Canada." ThaiSunset Publications ISBN: 9798762094955.

[5] Elohim https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elohim

> 1:4 And Élölûm saw the light, that [*it was*] good: and Élölûm divided the light from the darkness.
> 1:5 And Élölûm called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

The Hebrew Bible or Tanakh is the canonical collection — Grrek: *canon* meaning rule or measuring stick — of 24 books, of Hebrew scriptures including the Torah, fixed by the Hasmonean ruling dynasty (c. 140 BCE to 37 BCE) in Judea, a people who have since then been converted to Islam, the present occupants of Israelites representing in the main Southeastern Europeans who have adopted the Hebrew teachings as their religion, forcing their ways into Palestine and creating the State of Israel, defeating the true ancestors of the Judeans or "Jews." [6] The European settlers have taken possession of North America including Canada in the same fashion, except that they kept their Christian religion in tact although the US and the Canadian constitutions prohibit the formulation of religious doctrine into secular laws, in particular the criminal laws (see *R. v. Butler* [1992] S.C.R. 452 — Supreme Court of Canada). The freedom of religion is also the freedom from religion, but the Christian judges, e.g. the biased late Ian Donald, JA (BCCA) adulter the law *R. v. S. (M.).*[7]

I cannot say that *Genesis* and *John* are misrepresenting the facts, which is the courteous judicial jargon for lying. Rather, I think that the preachers do not deliver their sermons correctly, imposing their misconception of the creation upon their congregations — in particular upon the young and receptive children and their propensity enforced by the wish of their parents that they "believe" — but the "creation" of what? *Genesis* says "the heavens and the earth," *John* says "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

In my mind, a clear reading of *Genesis* and of *John* does not say that the big bang an estimated 13.787 ±0.020 billion years ago, which created the universe and during its ongoing evolution over many millions of years also created our Earth, was that beginning as said 13+ billion years ago when humans did not exist, but rather was time frame for the creation of the belief system of Judaism and eventually Christianity, because the scripture referred to says "and the word was God". The "word" as "God" the single deity is not the universe, and creating the Earth means the written beliefs (legend meaning writing) recognized as a human reality, that, if not shared by non–believers is called fantasy, to be complete creates the heavens, adding the word earth, to help in the creation of a belief system, but not the physical earth, a necessary distinction for the professional engineer, but not necessary for the follower of a devotional ritual such as prayer or during a sermon.

The term "heaven" is laden with emotions, including the Christian expectation for a life after death, sitting beside his or her god — a single god, whereas the heathen Germans, pagan Greeks and Romans had many — and the resurrection of the dead however physically decomposed when the son of the word which is God returns, presuming in the mind of the believer that there was such a one who was the only offspring of the word who was born to a maiden on Earth, Mary, died at the cross, was buried and had risen (Easter celebrations) returning to the word (here called the Father). The legend which is

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[6] Shlomo Sand (2009). "The Invention of the Jewish People" published by Verso. A historical tour de force that demolishes the myths and taboos that have surrounded Jewish and Israeli history. After a long stay on Israel's bestseller list, and winning the coveted Aujourd'hui Award in France.
[7] CRIMINAL CODE R.S.C. 1985 JUDICIALLY CONSIDERED R. v. S.(M.), (1996), 111 C.C.C. (3d) 467, 40 C.R.R. (2d) 216 (B.C.C.A.), leave to appeal refused (S.C.C., March 6, 1997)

preached as a belief system is so fantastic, that it can only be true — and the church preaches that God is omnipotent — if God is so powerful that he does not need to exist to save us!

For the legend to be followed through rituals including prayers, church attendances and as a rule and measuring stick (canon), it is no necessary to be proven by evidence of fact as in a court of law; but rather as an accepted truth that is agreeably outside the factual world, and therefore called the spiritual world, wherefore the three divine forces. the Trinity, of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit (a.k.a. The Holy Ghost).

The conclusion at the end my attempt of an analysis is, that among believers to be beneficial for their mental and thereby even physical health and compassionate camaraderie of doing good to themselves and others who are in need, their acceptance of their belief system is perfectly good enough.

My personal belief has been, as I said since I was an inquisitive teenager, that the more I have seen, the more I have learned, about the absolutely mind boggling minute, integrate and ultra–super–complex environment in which we live, including our own human body, the whole matter of creation is far bigger than what is contained by way of rules and obsessions contained in the scriptures to be ascribed to words, spirits unseen, and deities of gods, angels and devils. And the more I know, I learn to know that I know nothing. Now comes you, and you cite me John 1:9, that if I confess my sins the son of the word forgives and cleanses me of all unrighteousness. Yes, of course, in the belief system; but at the same time you write

> "there is no point in sending gifts and letters to your son Kevin together with Andrea, nor visiting with them as it only pricks and agitates what is a very vulnerable wound."

In closing you write by adding:

> "I trust you will receive these words not as from someone that [sic.] considers himself morally superior, but rather one who, being in need of mercy has experienced forgiveness in the crucified and resurrected Savior of the world, Jesus Christ, who will at the appointed time judge the motives and hearts of everyone."

In the meantime, you have access, if not possession, of my son, but how can you, if you are morally NOT superior, as you admit, submit and profess to me? Is it because you are in the faith, while I am out? Or is it because you have been forgiven, and I have not?

Or is it because Kevin is of criminal origin, but if so how could you allow Andrea to go love and marry him?

I am presenting you with the fact of the circumstances of Kevin's conception, his birth, his upbringing and my involvement as his father by blood relationship to use the judicial terminology in the relevant Canadian statutes.

Beginning with his mother Petra, she is the daughter of Helga Kessler, who conceived her in Calgary, Alberta, while I was away in Estevan, Saskatchewan, as a junior accountant at Scurry–Rainbow Oil Company, 23 years of age, taking year end inventory of our oil drilling equipment. When we Helga and married in the spring of 2004, she did not tell me that she was pregnant. We returned to our native

Germany two weeks after Petra was born on September 13, 1964, and started divorce proceedings ten years later after our mutual children Gunter and Armin had been born, following two abortions that haunted me for allowing them to be taken. Our divorce was a consensual no–fault proceeding in which we agreed that OUR children should be with me, and that Helga should have sole custody of Petra, who was not mentioned on our list of children.

Helga and I did not tell my sons or Petra of our divorce for quite a few years because they were young and would have been upset. I took a job in Hamburg, then in Munich, and eventually in a Schwarzwald village nearby, where Petra and her mother visited all weekends.

When I moved back to Canada, first to Vancouver and then to Calgary, my sons were following during the summer of 1981 (my son Gunter was 13, Armin was 11 years of age), I saw how homesick their were, missing their mother, that I took them to Toronto where I was attending a staff meeting and course at Deloitte Touche, CAs, and put the boys on a Swissair flight to Zurich, where they were reunited with their mother Helga, and also Petra — it was on September 13, 1981, Petra's 17th birthday.

One month later, on or about the middle of October 1981, I received an urgent telephone call from Helga at my office at Deloitte Touch in Calgary that Petra had broken down, following fighting with her mother, had not returned home for two nights, and been committed to the mental ward of the Schopfheim hospital, whether I could help? Petra and I had not been very close during all these years, although I had helped her were I could, driving her to ballet and piano lessons in Lörrach on a weekly basis only to find out that her piano teacher, Nikolaus Frei of Hausen near Schopfheim, had taken her on an intimate honeymoon for the two to Murnay near Munich, on the lie that Petra was attending a piano competition, until Nikolaus's wife called and said, there was no competition for his music students, and she would tell him so. Petra was 15 years of age at the time. Two years later, she went home with her English teacher, whose daughter was her best friend, while the teacher's wife was away, and slept with him twice. The wife found out and divorced him; Petra's best friend lost her father.

Petra was released from hospital in Schopfheim because Helga, on my advice, refused permission to have her transferred to the mental ward at Freiburg University Hospital for examination, because the doctors thought she might be schizophrenic. It was until 11 years later that Petra was told at Sacramento mental hospital in California, that she was bipolar (formerly called manic–depressive), an infliction I believe she had in her DNA from her maternal grandmother, Hilda Kessler of Maulburg near Schopfheim, SW Germany. Helga, too, had suffered from periodic "stubbornness," when no one could talk to her, and she didn't know herself what was happening. At one time Helga attempted suicide with an overdose of valium pills from Hofmann–LaRoche in Basel, where I had been working as a summer student and had left these pills in my coat pockets... though never using any. The hospital told me to give her large amounts of water to drink... she came through.

The episodes are chronicled in “Pink Snowberries. The Last Taboo” by Roland G. Mertens (2009).

The said publication ends when Petra sets me up at Pearrygin State Park at Winthrop, Washington, where I was vacationing with Ryan and Kevin, then ages 6 and 4, waiting for her to come and discuss the boys future, because she had experienced another breakdown in Sacramento, had hospitalized, flown back to Vancouver and move in with her boyfriend, Jean Meloche, a 30–year old Assistant Prof

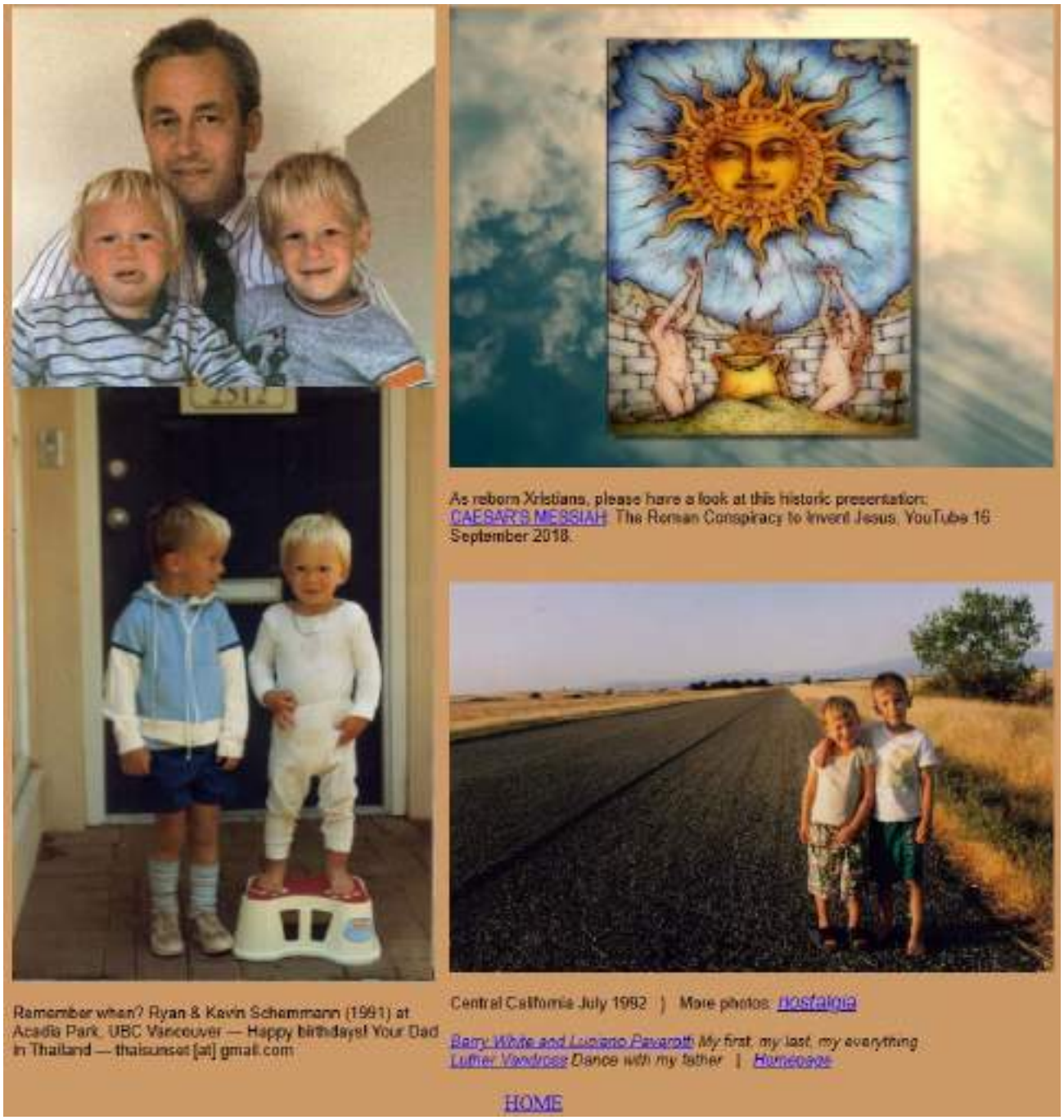
. at UBC, who had gone to the Law Courts, unbeknownst to me, for an *ex parte* interim custody order for Petra over our boys on the strength of a perjurious affidavit alleging that I had forced her into an incestuous relationship in Germany when she was 17 years of age. which she later recanted during the RCMP investigation, saying that no force was ever applied by me against her.

Petra and Kevin at Kirkland, Washington autumn1988

I had legal guardianship of Ryan and Kevin in Washington State, where they had been born and we had lived, with Petra full and informed consent. She had broken down repeatedly over the 11 years that we had lived together, leaving Ryan and Kevin unattended so that at one time the police had picked them up and they were put into temporary 3–day foster care until my older son Armin (UBC civil engineering student at the time) and I picked them up, going through a grueling interview by BC Social Services while Petra was at Vancouver General Hospital's Mental Care.
The police took Ryan and Kevin from me at Pearrygin Lake State Park and allowed the children and me to hug each other in Winthrop before they drove away. You don't know what this trauma does to you until you've gone through it yourself.

I had raised both children while Petra was attending Music School in Basel, the University of Washington at Seattle, her BA at UBC, and then another year going through teacher training at UBC, which I strongly advised her not to, until she was thrown out for failure to lead a class during examinations.

Kevin was an absolute sweet, smart and witty child, and we were close to each other, receiving my bed time stories every night, going to the beach at Spanish Banks, shopping, playing with legos and whatever toys. I hugged him a lot, and Ryan too.



Screenshot from www.thaisunset.com/SE%20Asia%20Links/images/kevin%20schemmann.html

We hugged and Kevin sobbed, asking me with crying voice: "When will I see you again." I answered "Christmas" setting a rather late date to be sure. But in fact, it was NEVER. I have a node in my through today... the hurt just never goes away!

I was over–confident during my criminal trial, even resisting the Crowns application to appoint counsel, and Vancouver has a few brilliant lawyers like Richard Peck at the time. My bad luck was compounded by several improprieties:

- Massive pretrial publicity in the media including the press by Petra's counsel in the family matter: John Owen Richardson and his vicious accusation that she is "now out of my clutches" and mentally fit, not manic-depressive anymore which she, he said, only was because of me.
- The court appointed a supernumerary judge of over 70 years who was in retirement and known to hate Germans. He had been a member of a supply ship during WW2 that was sunk by a German torpedo off the coast of Iceland — in ice cold and turbulent waters where his captain drowned and he survived miraculously being picked up by the Royal Navy. Judge Ken Meredith had to interrupt court time and again, asking the Crown "what was I saying?" He refused my motion that he recuse himself, and unfortunately I did not appeal his refusal to the Court of Appeal instantly asking for the Court to adjourn, etc.
- The Crown smuggled a juror onto the jury, Sylvie Gilbert, who was working for the Solicitor General translating prison reports, and told the jurors during their three–hour deliberations, "I know he's guilty. I work for the prison system. They all claim to be innocent." And the jury, who were threatened to be sequestered and moved to a hotel over the weekend, felt uneasy and simply convicted.
- The jury's conviction was on grounds, following the trial judge's instructions, and the Crown's, as admitted in the Crown's response at appeal, that Petra was my daughter. Section 155 of the Criminal Code does not know that offence, and the step-daughter sexual relation had just been decriminalized. The "victim" must be the child of the accused, and the accused must know that for fact, none of which was true as I had proved... so I thought.
- On appeal, the decision was written by Ian Donald, Justice of the BC Court of Appeal who found my argument "specious," saying the fact that s. 155 was a biblical and therefore religious prohibition not known to most countries in the world, did not prevent Canada from adopting it during its Christian era of development as a morality offence. Academic legal writers contract the judge citing my case (Benjamin Berger, UVic, now Osgoode Hall in Toront, a former Supreme Court of Canada lawyer assistant to La Forest, if I'm correct).
- Ian Donald died of cancer and is buried at cemetery of the church in North Vancouver of which he was a member, says his obituary. He was a stout Christian putting his beliefs into action, says the obituary. He was completely biased against me, just like the trial judge.
- I received a very high sentence — in the very same architecturally beautiful Law Courts by the late Arthur Erickson that your son, Paul Jr., glorifies in his video "Three Things I've Learned About Architecture From Hunting" and I've watched another one "Hunting – Here Be Dragons" — because of Petra's criminal victim statement in which she repeats her lies which was easy because I had been "convicted" although of an offense unbeknown to the law. One month after my removal into Mountain Institution at Agassiz, her boyfriend married her.
- Petra gave him two children, girls Jamala and Julie. Before they moved to Madison, New Jersey, they put my sons Ryan and Kevin into foster care. In her statement to the Family Court judge who had to approve of the move, Petra claimed that she was unable to care for the boys because of their incestuous origin, a made–up offence by the church which does not exist in France (Voltaire had the church removed from power, and Napoleon did not include the incest offence in the revised criminal code in the early 1800s). Same in Spain, Portugal, Italy (where only a public scandal is the offence), even Russia and look at this — Israel, where Moses comes from. Ronald Reagans quote: "I have wondered at times what the Ten Commandments would have looked like if Moses had run them through the US Congress."

The courts have said that I put blame on Petra, which is untrue except for her perjury saying I had forced her into an incestuous relationship that was never on the table for these 11 years that we had

lived together. It is one thing to say it is wrong to marry a person, or wrong to have extra–marital affairs, or to drink over the limit although in private. It is quite another to say that what is wrong must also be criminal, and then be convicted on grounds of immorality by the forceful power of the state. The state pays criminal victim compensation, corrupting the victim as witness, the more money the longer the prison sentence. Petra collected the top... $25,000 enough for a down payment of her and her husband's house in Madison, New Jersey, that she owns since he died in 2013, also collecting the one million dollar life insurance.

As said in my opening remarks that I am an ordained minister, this came about following my appointment as Chapel Clerk at Mountain Institution, which was initiated by the American Baptist monk and priest, James Muth, who had looked at my offence and chuckled. So did the case management officer who wanted me released on early parole but instead was transferred out. I became the joint's jailhouse lawyer and did not have to worry about my safety because everyone came and wanted advice. I was able to get three indigenous offenders out on grounds that they were overstaying their sentence; and I also won in court single–handedly against Corrections Canada who had established a rule that all incoming and outgoing inmate mail must be inspected including legal correspondence. The Federal Court through the regulation out, the CSC did not appeal, and was happy to get rid of me on mandatory release; but Petra objected and so I was brought back to prison to do another year.

- Upon my conditional release I went to the Family Court in Vancouver in the basement of the Law Courts, read the entire file and applied for a review of the no–contact order to see Ryan and Kevin. Petra objected, saying she was afraid of me... without any proof, informing the National Parole Board who acted in her favour and had me arrested on grounds of recidivism. Now the statistics say that recidivism is the absolutely lowest for the category labeled as incest.

My experience in Canada taught me that the country's colonial nature hasn't changed when the indigenous population was put into reservations, their children apprehended and put into residential schools, prohibited to speak their language, the buffalo population decimated to make room for the European farmers... all by the church aiding and abetting. When the Pope visited last year, he said he was sorry for the plight suffered by the First Nations.... not a single word of apology, let alone restitution.

I have read books including "Das Kreuz mit der Kirche" in which the crimes committed by the Christians are listed, explained and discussed.

If only I had allowed Kevin's abortion to go through, which Kevin avoided by a hair because of my massive intervention. Petra was to marry her boyfriend from the School of Musik in Basel, Peter Hörr; although she said later that he wasn't her type after all.

If only I would have staid in Seattle in the summer of 1989 instead of coming to look after Ryan and Kevin at 2526 Melfa Lane, at student housing where Petra refused to give Kevin milk who was only 1½ years old and cried until he was blue in the face... Armin called me, told me and said I must come.

If only I had been represented by counsel... the case against me would have been thrown out, although pretrial publicity... maybe not. Trial by press.

As the Chapel Clerk who did not have to go to his cell during count, I was in a privileged position. All of the congregations attended, and my job was to prepare the hall for seating, clean after the service, and of course enjoy the sumptuous meals that the Punjabi elders brought into the jail for their sons. The Salvation Army was another great help to make our stay as "normal" as possible; and we had two tennis courts, and gardens, and the Natives their sweat lodge in which I was an invited regular guest. So the time at Mountain Institution went on by; the heavy part of the sentence is the one you are dishing out... as Christians! whose Son of the Word said "don't judge!"

> Do not judge, or you too will be judged. For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged, and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you. Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother's eye and pay no attention to the plank in your own eye?
> Matthew 7–1:5.

Upon my release I spent another few months at the CSC's halfway house in Abbotsford where I met Alex Bittner and his wife of the Clearbrook Monnonite Brethren Church. It was Thanksgiving in the fall of 1998, if I'm correct, that one of my friends and I walked along the road and ended up at the Clearbrook church which was open inviting us to come in and have a meal. Alex saw and somehow reconized us, saying "we will never see them again." On the following Sunday, however, I went back myself to say thanks to Alex, who invited me home after church and over the next few months became a good friend, lots of jokes, good coffee and cake by his wife (we spoke German), and the whole Bittner clan of Abbotsford took me in without asking a single question. I said what I had to say to identify myself... Then kind of "so what" — relax.

Alex had been a deist all his life, he said. He felt there was a larger power but did not buy into the church's teachings until, later in life, he met his fabulous wife who married him on condition that he become a believer. Alex, a very versatile and approachable salesman, agreed and went to church which he saw as a benevolent social club, and everybody seemed to accept and love him.

This is exactly the situation I found myself in, when I transferred from Kassel, Germany to Wayne, Pennsylvania during my foreign exchange year 1958–1959, living as the fourth child with a wealthy family of corporate lawyer (American Home Products, Wyeth Laboratories in Radnor, PA) and his medical research wife at Temple University... We all went to Wayne Methodist Church on Sundays... in our Sunday's best as it was.

Years later Martha Smythe told me that she was not a believer, never had been, and upon my queestion why I had to attend church on Sunday said, "there was no harm in it." Now Wayne and my Radnor Senior High School are on Pennsylvania Main Line where the old wealth resides in Mansions surrounded by a couple of acres of manicured grass, ponds and tennis courts. My classmates we bankers' sons who picked me up in their mothers' Oldsmobile Convertibles, and so on. Billy Pew, the heir of Sun Oil Company founders, now Pew Research Center the American think tank, was my classmate who dated the other foreign exchange student, Dörte Dankert from Berlin with his brand new Ford Mustang (the one with the port hole). "Them were the days..."

Ruth talks about mercy in her online sermon on YouTube, which I downloaded "Wait patiently, the Lord is compassionate..." citing James 5:10–11. And I have also watched and downloaded Andrea's reading of the scripture in "Jesus Tempted" Luke 4:1–3. I am very happy to actually see and hear her,

although only digitally. In the video she comes across as a lovely person. And I fully sympathize and see why Kevin and Andrea married. They also seem to have much in common.

We know that the New Testament was written upon instruction by the Roman emperor Vespasian who declared himself a god, and his son Titus the Son of God, to pacify the German tribes in the North because his coffers of gold and silver to maintain the huge Roman Army were empty, and his troops had been defeated in the Teuteburger Wald by Armin der Etrusker. [8] The Vespasian scheme worked: The pagan leaders became the church's bishops and the Pontius Maximus the Pope, continuing in their traditional robes only wearing new hats. And the Pope had an army to boost.[9]

A scribe from Alexandria, Egypt was contracted hundreds of years after Christ's so called birth, who according to very detailed Roman and local records never lived, was never crucified, or otherwise mentioned. Jesus Christ lives as WORD, and written word always speaks... THAT is the fact, and no one should be accused of lying for saying so, provided the word "lives" is not proselytized as in the flesh; no, it is in the word, words are also called legend. Now then, the word forgives sins, means not day–to–day misdeeds that are prosecuted in the courts and punished by incarceration. The call to believe in Jesus and be forgiven is a call for membership in the organization of the church, and the members may forgive as persons, if Christians were not the prosecutors who judge based on their knowledge of "sins" that are created in their minds like adult consensual sexual relations including buggery and incest; the one has been removed by Canada, the other remains at the penalty of 14 years... zero in France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Israel, New Jersey USA (where Petra lives, or lived) and Rhode Island.

I have written on the creation of Christianity in my book (2021), "The Holy Incest Inquisition," of which I sent you a copy until you intervened with Amazon to cancel any further shipments (which you call gifts), so that Amazon in its consequence has deleted all of by 64 titles from my book shelf, the income from which was intended for my two Thai daughters who now have nothing. I've been a contributing author since 2009. Your punishment is disproportionate. Why did you do that?

Karin, who is 10 years of age, and a beautiful child very much like Kevin when I had him, knows of her brothers and told me just today when I picked her up from school, that she wants to visit Kevin.

I have not answered why I have become an ordained minister. I am a member of the non–denominational United Life Church in Modesto, California, being educated in Mahayana (Tibetan) Buddhism and having taken my Buddhist views, that is the first 10, which are all animating from the

[8] I chose the name Armin for my second son, and he does fulfill the omen, becoming a Stanford University PhD in Civil Engineering, building America's largest cable–stayed bridge, the Audubon Bridge over the mighty Mississippi in Louisiana with Buckland & Taylor of North Vancouver (now COWI).

[9] The papacy had its own army and continued to have it until 1870, when the Papal State was annexed to Italy. Initially the papal army was practically a militia recruited in an emergency and used for defensive reasons and public order. During the 11th century the papacy decided to set up its own army, composed in a similar way to the other medieval armies: the noble families of Rome and the surrounding countryside provided units of knights and the commoners fought as infantrymen and crossbowmen. The medieval papacy also hired mercenaries, mainly from Germany. After the peace of Lodi, in 1454, the papacy decided to create a permanent mercenary army, recruiting soldiers from various areas of Europe. A vestige of this army is the Swiss Guard, established in 1506 by Pope Julius II. (Daniele Bologna, worked at Università Degli Studi Firenze. Upvoted by C.J. Skamarakas, PhD History (2009) Author on Quora retrieved 2022-12-15.)

one single precept saying "Don't harm anyone including yourself." Buddha, may be the impersonation of a teacher who may have lived, or may not have lived. Buddhism is a teaching, not a religion and does not endorse a deity, let alone the son of a deity, and if so why not also a daughter, or a wife? Buddha is said to have taught, "Do not believe in what I am teaching," meaning don't make it your own, "if you don't want to. Believe it only if it works for you."

Buddhism is reaching a greater and greater following, and following my release I became a participant of the Vancouver fellowship run by the Venerable Anila Ann McNeill under Lama Zopa Rinposhe on East 1st Avenue under Rhimpoche who had been working with the Dalai Lama in Dharamshala, India, and is now deceased. [10]

Ven. Anila Ann McNeil and Michael Schemmann, c. 1998

The reason I went to accept a university teaching position at Assumption University in Bangkok in 2001 was simply to try and live among a nation of Buddhists. I have the first couple of years of my experience in (2004) "Lady of Isan. Story of a Mixed Marriage from Northeast Thailand" after the end of my 3–year marriage to a young farm girl from Isan, who had returned to her profession in the night life of Thailand's expatriate community on Kho Samui... Alas! We met again a couple years later after I had found my present wife, and reconciled... no grudges, no animosity... just *sabai sabai* which is used for different expression in Thai and can mean "don't worry, smile, such is life". My booklet became a best seller for during the high season in Pattaya and where my first Thai daughter was born, who is now 17 completing her Thai Gymnasium next year at the elite girl's school Suranaree in Nakhon Ratchasima. Like all of my sons and daughters who are multinationals (Kevin is US, Canadian

[10] "Ven. Anila Ann McNeill Passes Away" FPMT at https://fpmt.org/fpmt-community-news/news-around-the-world/ven-ann-mcneil-passes-away/

and German), Jennifer and Karin are Thai, Canadian and German. I hold both citizenships following a ruling by the BVA the *Bundesverwatltungsamt* following a demanding 3–year administrative process. In Mahayana Buddhism it would be a hypocritical abbaration to be a follower of the teachings that are grounded in the precept "Don't harm anyone including yourself" and to take, a high–powered rifle, say a Remington 700 or the kind that I had fired in Kananaskis Valley when it was still "wild country" back in the 60's with a fellow from the firm hunting for grizzlies which we didn't find. The only animal I ever shot and killed was a deer in the Kalahari in South Africa, taking the rifle from the farmer who had missed three times. His workers, the bushmen had asked for meat and were excited when they got it. I would never do it again, though, telling them to go and track down an animal by themselves.

I was a vegetarian as a youth for ethnic reasons, then became a stake eater after my American foster mother scolded me for refusing her delicious beef. In my later years I turned back to refusing to eat dead animal parts, although I admit that *deutscher Leichenteilebrei* called *Wurst* can be quite appetizing. Same for Alberta beef, which is the best.

It is simply cowardice to shoot a beautiful deer into the heart from the safe "ethical distance" as Paul Fast Jr. calls it, against which the living being has zero defense, and if it had must be of equal force and caliber as that of the hunter. Moreover, humans are 97% DNA monkeys of the Chimpanzee kind, and therefore plant eaters and our intestines show it. Our gut is, if I'm correct, about 14 meters long and by the time our gut flora has digested it, the meat is rotten which explains the high rate of colon cancer among meat eating populations. The gut of meat eating predators is short, the digested meat excreted before it rots. The hunting instinct is not natural, but even if it was does not need to be satisfied for the mere collection of food. Proteins are plentiful in beans, nuts, and so on.

And if you have to kill to eat, said Ven. Anila McNeill to us, take a big animal not a great number of small lives. That means to me, for example, a whale but my children would scream if they so me do it, and rightfully so. The concession to his father by sacrificing his love for animals whereas Paul Jr. wanted to become a veterinarian is plain and simply wrong. Even the biblical command is clear without exception, "Thou shalt not kill." Go and shoot with your camera, your video camera, for excitement and air it on YouTube. Tony Fleming does it and has 27 million viewers so far, and rising. I've written his first book, but you cancelled it at Amazon... plus another one which would have been delivered by now.

In closing I wish to say that from all I have seen and gathered on the internet, including your letter, that Kevin and Andrea are a lovely couple. That Kevin has gone through hell that I have tried to avoid for him but have been overpowered. To side with my adversaries, whom I have also supported and helped until Petra fell apart because she put too much on her plate, is the result of her lies, playing a victim to which Madame Justice Mary Southin said, "a willing participant." But there was a husband for her with lawyer, the Crown, and the rewards that worked for her, throwing me into the gutter first, and then our two sons.

The BC Court of Appeal on my application has taken another look at the mistrial but refused to overturn their decision on frivolous grounds because it will put their administration of justice, these political power mongers in black robes, into disrepute.

Madam Justice Newbury is from the old guard who had sat on my case at one point or another, and since I am unrepresented she simply swept me away by reverting to the court's previous decision that a child, as the element in s. 155 of the *Code*, is always a child even as an adult, but that is/was not in issue. I stand convicted of sexual intercourse however consensual with an adult daughter, which is not an element of s. 155 as charged, and therefore is not an offense known to law, let alone all the other improprieties. The question is not what is the good life, the proper morality or permissible immorality, but what is conduct that is criminal under the *Code*. But that's Canada! That's the residential schools all over again! That's forced sterilization of First Nations' women carried out in BC until the mid-1970s.

But the utmost curse is religion. The 30–year war from 1618 to 1648 killed third of what is now Germany's population. The Christian religion irradiated the indigenous cultures in North, Central and South America, and did a number on India, China, the Philippines, only Thailand was spared. And look what is going on in Iran where people are executed for demonstrating against the Islamic regime under a charge for "War Against God!" Religion has never been a matter of faith and belief in a all–loving and caring deity, but as an instrument of power by the high priests instilling fear into the hearts and minds of people in order to control them for own designs. Every city, town and even village in Europe demonstrates their power through the erection of spiked towers of churches and cathedrals, erected from church taxes (*Kirchensteuern*) while the people are toiling away and told to go to church and pray for their salvation in a life after death, which is a contradiction in terms that is unbelievable.

I will see Kevin, and I will see my grandchild too, which the courts cannot deny, unless the hole dirty laundry is run through the system and sucke–up by the news–hungry media all over again. "Oh see, he's back!" Maybe this will help to finally tip the scales and let the 1978 Canadian Law Reform Commission have its way — repeal section 155 of the *Criminal Code* of Canada.

If you have a heart you will send Kevin to come and take his spring vacation with Andrea here in Thailand; and when you do, I really want to know you in person... Welcome! why don't you and Ruth come along for a family reunion. The airline connections are good, the best hotels in the world are here, the food, and things all in all are quite inexpensive. You can see us on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FsNxB5iUh8Q

You are nearing your well–deserved so called golden years, having built a vibrant company and raised nine children. Thailand is gorgeous, and now that the Covid–crisis has abated, the country is open again. Come!

Best wishes,

Michael Schemmann
in Thailand at thaisunset@gmail.com

January 2022

Hello Michael,

I acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 14, 2021 as well as the books you sent me. It has taken me some time to contemplate how best to reply, hence the slower response time.

You are correct in suggesting that some of your comments are blunt in nature, which in my experience is not uncommon when interacting with people of German origin. The ancestral roots of both my wife and I also lie in Germanic lineage, albeit likely with some Dutch influence. German is not only my mother tongue but also that of many generations of my ancestors. I have lived and studied in Germany several years, understand the culture quite well and have an office with 50 staff in Darmstadt and Stuttgart. My wife Ruth and I have always appreciated our German heritage, however of much greater importance to us is the vibrant Christian faith that, despite extreme hardship and persecution at times, was modeled for us in previous generations.

Having read with interest the description of your ancestral roots, I would add that ironically, one of my sons-in-law is a descendant of the Brockhaus family, albeit in no way currently involved in the book industry.

I appreciate your interest in the Gold Medal address I gave in London. It was a most special occasion which I will cherish for a long time. However I am also reminded that 'die Blume verwelkt, und das Gras verdorrt' and that our life is but a vapour that is here today and gone tomorrow. Notwithstanding that both our firm and myself have reached the upper echelons of reputation in the engineering and architectural world, not to mention the professorship I currently enjoy at the University of Illinois, the status I or my children enjoy remains largely unimportant to me relative to the forgiveness, love and hope we enjoy in Jesus Christ our Saviour. I would gladly forfeit all I have achieved and own for the sake of the One I have come to love and know. Having come to know your son Kevin, he would also be the first to acknowledge a similar sentiment and reject any notion that he is a self-made man. I have been moved to tears when considering the grace of God manifest in his life. Where he should, in light of both his birth and childhood circumstances be a bitter, angry young man, he is, since becoming a Christian at the age of 18, developing into an evermore selfless person that at times puts me to shame. We are blessed to have him in our family.

Having read not only your letter but having done a light read of your book describing your experiences in Kasachstan (a country I have also visited, along with annual visits to Russia relating to work amongst orphaned children), I sense lingering bitterness in regard to events that have taken place in your life. Regarding the circumstances surrounding your separation from Kevin and Ryan, there is no need to elaborate as I do not allow this to have any bearing on my relationships with those involved. Furthermore, while I appreciate your pain of separation from the boys, I can also attest that both the circumstances of their incestual birth and the placement in foster care were most hurtful and have resulted in short and long term pain.

It may well be that you consider yourself free of any wrongdoing in this respect. In this case, I would suggest that there is no point in pretending that everything is in order and expect a father-son relationship to develop.

Given that these types of wounds penetrate deep into the soul, healing and ultimately reconciliation is only to be found in addressing matters at a root level. As one who also falls far short of perfection, I can only encourage you as a fellow traveler quickly approaching the end of our journey of life here on earth, to ask God to reveal to you the condition of your heart and lead you to freedom. I share with you two promises of Scripture that are precious to me:

'If we confess our sins, he (Jesus) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. ' 1 John 1:9

And from the Luther Bibel,

'So Euch nun der Sohn frei macht, so seid ihr recht frei.' Johannes 8:36

In the meantime, I would humbly submit that there is no point in sending gifts and letters to your son Kevin together with Andrea, nor visiting with them as it only pricks and agitates what is a very vulnerable wound.

I trust you will receive these words not as from someone that considers himself morally superior, but rather one who, being in need of mercy has experienced forgiveness in the crucified and resurrected Saviour of the world, Jesus Christ, who will at the appointed time judge the motives and hearts of everyone.

Sincerely,

Paul

PS

Having read your letter all over again for the umpteenth time in fact, no, I am certainly NOT without fault if only due to the fact that I am NOT a legend like Jesus. Living with Petra for 11 years was both, beautiful because she is a unique and loveable person, but also wrong because my helping with our children bordering on addiction was my failure to trust that things would work out, which in the end made things worse because Petra thought she was trapped. I was trapped by my love and devotion, maybe my false sense of responsibility.

On the other hand, day to day life was fine. We knew each other. We had the same relatives. On weekends Gunter and Armin came with their bikes and visited with us. Things were like they were before, and Helga could have time with her new boyfriend. I practiced for the TOEFL test with Gunter and got him into the elite Sworthmore College in Pennsylvania where I had been during my foreign exchange year, after having visited and spoken to the Dean of Admissions at CalTech, my first choice for him who graduated at the top of his class at Gymnasium in Schopfheim. I had also visited Harvard and McGill which I thought was a factory, so large. Harvard did not make Gunter an offer, but Oxford in the UK did.

While in Vancouver, I got Armin into Stanford, writing his essay as I had done for Gunter, and checking all the important clicks. When the letter of acceptance arrived, it was a thick one and Armin knew, he was accepted and hard a hard time keeping his happy composure. The fact that he was offered the PhD Program as one of three of their master's class, was completely unexpected. I told him "shit man, I thought you're going to go work," and then added "congrats, go for it!" His dissertation on cableastayed bridge became the handbook for the industry, so an engineer from Turkey told me.

These were the best of times, the years until August 10, 1992, when literally speaking all hell broke loose. First in increments, than massively, but I personally recovered after the end of the sentence by relocating to Thailand... until I realized that the after–shocks through Petra's poisoning, the lies that kept on piling up, and then the resistance of my son's wives for fear of Gunter and Armin finding pleasure by seeing me in Thailand which is the world's greatest brothel, so they read, which Thailand is not. The ladies working the beer bars are only poor farm girls looking for a European, American/Canadian or Australian husband. The cool British, for some reason, figure in the top of the list, followed by American and Australians, Canadians don't come as many; the Germans are pretty much at the bottom of the most although they are the second most wanted (*Neckermann machts möglich*) wanted but many succeed regardless. I was at first surprised to see beautiful young chicks hanging onto the arms of rather old if not ugly guys; but after they're gone, the ladies take another one over night. Western kind of love does not exist in Asia. I've lived here for two decades and find that Asians are non–delusional realists. One woman asks another, "does he have a kind heart." A kind heat means also generous access to his wallet, meaning a new motorcycle for her which maybe a Honda 100 for only $1,000 made in Thailand but very good; plus a new house in the village in her mother's name until it becomes hers when she moves back home eventually, and they all do. There are villages in Udon Thani, the Northeast of Thailand, where virtually all of the houses have been built and paid for by the local ladies' foreign husbands, and the homes are not shabby by any standard. A comfotable home can be built for $15,000. The land is already there. In my village of Kong Had Kai, half of the

population is related to my wife. While working in Kazakhstan, I sent money home buying rice fields, and large plots around the house... from our relatives. Never in Canada or Germany would that have been available, or possible. In a way, we are rich, but in terms of Western wealth we are poor. I should have stayed in West Vancouver, hanging on to our house in the British Properties... and my land in Osoyoos, Okanagan and 200 acres in Ellisford, WA south of the border... Divorce is expensive.

Bodily contact does not have the same connotation of sin as in Western societies, and complaints of rape for monetary rewards don't fly here. The men are father free, and the ladies even more so. The word "sin" does not exist in Buddhism. What does count is karma and family including care for the elderly as a routine. No one is ever alone.

In hindsight, I would not have sent my older sons Gunter and Armin back home to her mother who had sent a pleading letter which I attach so that you can believe me. Her lines that really hit me where: "Ich habe nuch hier wieder einigermassen eingelebt, aber wenn ich abends ins Bett gehe, bekomme ich immer den Moralischen, wenn ich die leeren Betten [von Gunter und Armin] sehe und auch jetzt, wenn ich davon schreibe könnte ich drauflos heulen." (See photocopy below) Petra's fight with her mother in October 1981 was only over a lack of attention, which attention Helga had showered on her home–coming brothers, Gunter and Armin when they arrived, so Petra later told me.

In hindsight, I would not have gone to see Petra when she was in hospital, but that hindsight is unrealistic. Petras bipolar dilemma is in her DNA, was unavoidable, could only be mitigated if properly diagnosed which it was not until 11 years later!

A sick person is incapable of compassion for others, has no power whatsoever, and therefore her lashing out at me in August/September 1992 is excusable in part. What is not excusable, although she has written me a couple of years ago, sending me CDs of her piano recitals and said that she "has forgives me" (basically excusing herself), is her criminal victim impact statement and her continued poisoning of the once loving relationship between Ryan, Kevin and myself.

If Ryan did not have Kevin following into him into foster care — which was absolutely outrageous of Petra because the family judge had asked "where is their father," and the attorney for Social Services answered "there is a no–contact order against him" made back in August 1992, *ex parte*, I wasn't even heard but read this later in the court file— without Kevin being with Ryan a couple of months after his internment. in the same foster home, Ryan, who became an introvert, would not have survived, plainly speaking. What Petra did to Ryan and Kevin, going to New Jersey with Jean Meloche and their two young girls, leaving Ryan and Kevin who are born Americans behind, was needless, willful and unforgivably atrocious to say the least.

And believe, I didn't know that men could really weap, but I did for months on end after Petra had taken them away with a ruse, plus lies upon lies on end in court and through her lawyer, John Richardson to the press. She knows it. But to admit she thinks is too high a hurdle, and she's not capable of it because she can hide behind my conviction, wrongful or not, she does not care. Criminal men kill, women poison.

Maulburg, 21.8.81

Lieber Michael,

Heute kam das Schreiben von der ÖVA u. ich hoffe, daß es für Deine Versicherung genügt. Zuerst wollten sie mir keine Auskunft geben, diese wäre nur unter Versicherern üblich schrieb man mir.
Mit den Bestellungen sieht es nicht so toll aus wie Du Dir dachtest, insgesamt sind es nur 10, davon 3 für das Steuerbuch, welchem ich immer die Ergänzung unter extra Rechnung beilege. Vielleicht wird es nach dem Sommerferien wieder besser. Eine Anfrage kam für das Steuerbuch, aber nur die neue Ausgabe 1981. Geld-Magazin hat in ihrer Augustausgabe nochmals eine Anzeige von dem kl. Buch drin u. vielleicht kommen daraufhin noch einige Bestellungen.

Gestern habe ich die 2. Sendung der geschriebenen deutschen Steuerbuch-Abnehmer Adressen abgeschickt, insgesamt sind es ca. 377.
Wie sieht es mit den amerikanischen aus?
Ich habe ebenfalls Schecks im Wert von $ 225,82 an Deine Bank aufgegeben.
Ich habe nun soweit alles aufgearbeit u. ich werde jetzt nochmals eine 2. Mahnung für die verbleibenden nicht bezahlten DM 58-Bücher rausgeben.

Heute genau vor einer Woche waren wir (nach unserer Zeit) in dem Park in der Nähe Calgarys. Ich denke sehr gerne an die Ferienzeit in Canada zurück u. ich möchte mich recht herzlich bei Dir bedanken, daß Du es mir möglich gemacht hast, auch dabei zu sein.
Wie immer, mit allem Schönen was wir erleben-

vergang die Zeit viel zu schnell. Aber es bleibt im Gedächtnis u. ist nicht mehr auszulöschen. Bald werden die Dias von Brändlis entwickelt sein u. gemeinsam können wir dann in Bildern nochmal alles durchleben.

Ich habe mich hier wieder einigermaßen eingelebt, aber wenn ich abends ins Bett gehe, bekomme ich immer den Abendblues denn ich die leeren Betten sehe u. auch jetzt, wenn ich darüber schreibe, könnte ich drauf los heulen. Günter u. Herman fehlen mir sehr u. ich weiß nicht, ob es mir je anders. Meine Gedanken sind immer bei Euch u. ich stelle mir vor, wo Ihr wohl seid im Moment. Wie geht es den Beiden?

Schreibt mir bitte bald ausführlich, wo Ihr Euch niedergelassen habt u. was Günter u. Herman sagen über machen.

Wenn ich morgens aufwache, bin ich immer beruhigt weil ich mir dann denke, daß die Beiden im Bett liegen u. schlafen.

Für heute viele Grüße

Deine Helga

P.S. Frage Günter + Herman ob sie mir auch die Kassette von der Anne Murray aufnehmen würden. Vor zwei Tagen hörte ich eins ihrer Lieder von der Cassette im SWF 3 u. es gefiel mir gut.