

REALITY QUEST

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...CONTINUED...

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE "DADDY, I MISS YOU!"

I came to the conclusion that I was not going to have my pro-se motions heard in the court of Judge Ted O. Lympus. I believe that Lympus, a former prosecutor who got stuck with the job of District Judge after Judge Erickson was appointed to the Federal bench, had an axe to grind. Why he ground it on me, I'll never know. What I do know is: if I can get this book published and into the hands of the media and public who reside in Ted Lympus' jurisdiction, his political career as a fair, unbiased judge is over.

(Federal Judge Leif Erickson was lucky the politicians who appointed him to the Federal bench didn't know my story at the time, or he'd be a District Judge for the rest of his life. Now the unethical former attorney turned judge, will be sitting over one of the highest courts in the land, and there isn't anything the poor can do about it.)

I found out that Carl Ladenburg had recently been laid off from his job and was having some financial problems, at least they led me to believe this. Owing to my disgust of the Flathead court and not wanting to hurt the Ladenburg's further financially, thinking that they were having problems, I decided to give up trying to regain custody of my children. (I later found out that the Ladenburg family of Columbia Falls are very wealthy and had promised their filial as well as their financial support to Carl and Paula in keeping my children from me.)

I decided to keep in touch with my children by letter and an occasional phone call, which the Ladenburgs only let me make when they weren't mad at me.

(Appendix ? are the letters I wrote to Brittany and Joshua.)

I know that those dear children missed me, even though poor Brittany's head had been filled with the vicious lies which she overheard the Ladenburgs discuss about me. Paula told me that she and Carl try never to cut me down around the children. When I finally saw Brittany for the last time yet in my life, she insinuated a very different story about the abuse my character had taken by all the Ladenburg family, (who except for Carl, have never even met me,) and the Blades families of Columbia Falls, Montana.

On January 10, 1993, I wrote the Ladenburgs requesting a formal visitation to be scheduled for the summer of 1993. (See appendix ? for a copy of this letter) They had previously denied me the right to see the children since they abducted them in June of 1991. They claimed that they shouldn't have to let me see the children, because I hadn't paid them the \$200 per month in child support that the court had ordered me to pay during the court hearing I knew nothing about, and was impossible for me to attend back in August of 1991.

I have no idea how the Ladenburgs expected me to pay anything, when for the past two years, I was desperately spending all my time trying to obtain justice for my family. However, because they had made me believe that they were close to financial destitution, I did send them what I could; which certainly wasn't very much, but was at least an effort. (If the reader will review the copies of the letters I have included in the appendix, he or she will become aware of my intentions to help with child support when I could.)

If I couldn't even afford to pay the retaining fee to an attorney to fight my case for me, how was it to be assumed that I could afford the child support set under unethical legal actions?

I once again filed a motion for visitation privileges in the Flathead Court.

I guess Judge Lympus was fed up with me, because he appointed a "Special Master" to oversee the hearing.

He appointed Ms. Terese Hash-Fox, who the reader will come to find out was not good enough to be a judge, but very much wanted to be.

I stayed on Hash-Fox in the subsequent days, making sure she understood my desire to see my children. (See appendix ? for the motion I filed and the subsequent orders by Judge Lympus appointing a Special Master, and the letters I wrote to Hash-Fox to make sure I got a hearing.)

The Ladenburgs knew they were required to let me visit my children even though it might be under "restrictive" circumstances. But, the Ladenburgs never wanted me to have access to my children again, so they went to their "trusty" attorney, H. James Oleson, who told them that I indeed had a parental right to see my children under the current orders of the Flathead Court.

Needless to say, Olseon was the one who manipulated the court to make its orders, so why not do it again?

Judges very seldom do paperwork. All the paperwork that is filed with the court is prepared by the attorney. If it is prepared by a pro-se litigant who is representing himself, who does not have a law degree; the judge often biasly assumes the paperwork must be wrong and therefore is reluctant to sign his name to anything that he does not trust to be "legally" correct.

The court is like a big filing cabinet. The attorneys are the secretaries who have been appointed to file things in this cabinet. A judge goes to the filing cabinet, picks which files he wants to work on, and signs the ones he wants. If a judge does not recognize the things filed in his cabinet, because they are not in the handwriting of one of his "secretaries", he pays very little attention to its content.

The Ladenburgs filed to adopt my children and take away my parental rights on May 11, 1993.

They once again lied to the court by telling it that I had "*willfully abandoned*" my children by not paying all of the court ordered child support. I didn't "*willfully*" do anything. I was forced to fight for my kids and this kept me from emotionally and physically working for quite sometime. How much time would one spend earning money when what they earn money for, their children, is maliciously taken away?

Oleson sent me a letter telling me that I could sign the adoption papers or I would have to appear at a hearing and contest the adoption.

Amazing! Oleson was a legal magician! He could file a paper, get it signed by a judge in a matter of hours; he could file a motion and get, not only one, but two separate hearing dates set in the judge's calendar with the stroke of his pen. I tried for months and couldn't even get the judge to consider setting a single hearing date for my motions. I even tried to get the judge's attention on his way home by holding up a sign in front of his courthouse. Wow! I wish I was SUPERATTORNEY!

I called Oleson and told him he could forget my signing the papers to take all of my parental rights away. I tried to explain the reasons why I couldn't afford child support, but he ended our conversation like he usually did, with vulgar language and a dial tone in my ear.

I then called Paula and asked her what she and Carl were trying to do. She explained that she was having problems with Carl, because he felt like it wasn't fair that he had to pay to support the children and then let them visit me.

IT WASN'T FAIR!!!! Carl was the one who decided to make a run with my kids and then hire SUPERATTORNEY to help him, not only exonerate himself of his crime, but take custody of my children from me.

NOT FAIR!!! It was Carl Ladenburg who convinced Paula that taking the kids from their father was in their best interest; and now when things had gotten a little bit tough financially, Carl Ladenburg said it wasn't fair that I should see my kids without paying him for taking them away.

For the first time since Paula's and my divorce, she treated me civilly and with a little compassion. However, it wasn't because she wanted to. Brittany and Joshua had been hounding her for weeks to see their dad and other brothers and sister. Joshua would cry as he told Paula how much he missed his dad. The insistence from the children was too much for her to bear. She made arrangements with me to come and see the kids for a few days in June of 1993.

I was ecstatic. After we had set up the visitation, Brittany and Joshua would tell me on the phone that they couldn't wait to see me. Brittany said, "That's all Joshua's been talking about. He talks about it everyday!" "Daddy, I miss you." My heart sank as tears swelled in my eyes.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO THE WOLVES ATTACK AGAIN

At last, I thought, Paula was trying to work for the benefit of the children.

Since I no longer had to fight for my children, I figured I could relax a little and work more making enough money to send the Ladenburgs some child support. I told Paula if she agreed to set up reasonable visitation privileges with me, I would promise her \$150 per month in child support. She agreed to this, so I sent her some money and told her I would make enough money to give her \$150 when I came to see the children in June.

We arrived on a warm day in June. I drove up to the Ladenburg's door, my heart beating frantically as I anticipated seeing my beloved children again.

I knocked on the front door. The door opened and there stood my little Josh. I grabbed him in my arms and hugged him. I told him how much I missed him and loved him. He hugged me but didn't say much at this time.

Brittany came down the stairs and sheepishly said hello. I grabbed her and gave her a big hug, not believing how much my little girl had grown. She was beautiful.

Choking back tears, Jackie hugged the kids and introduced them again to their other brothers and little sister. Brittany's and Joshua's faces lit up when they hugged their younger siblings.

Paula didn't smile or greet us, but made the indication that she wanted to speak to me alone, so Jackie went with the kids while Paula and I sat in the Ladenburg's front room.

"Chris, you don't know what hell I've taken from Carl for letting you come and see the kids," she said barely able to keep her hate of me from becoming obvious. "You have to understand that I can't make any decision without consulting him, because he has paid a lot for these kids."

"So he figures he bought them," I thought to myself as I watched Paula's eyes distance themselves from my own. She never has been able to look me directly in the eyes. Presently, Carl Ladenburg entered the living room exuding an ambience of hate and disgust.

I have been in Carl Ladenburg's presence for no more than about four hours in my entire life, and each time, I sensed a jealousy from him which always made him feel uncomfortable. Yes, I was Paula's ex-husband, an accomplished athlete at one time, and was more well-read than Carl. He knew that my kids looked up to me and loved me. He knew my ability to get along with people and charm children was strong. He also knew that I was the father of Brittany and Joshua, and his hate for me because of the preceding things I just mentioned was the whole reason behind his wanting to adopt my children.

After I explained that I was happy we could work things out, I handed Paula a check for \$150. I promised them that I would continue to send them the same in the future.

"Before I met Paula, I had a brand new 4X4 truck and about \$10,000 in the bank," smirked Carl. "Now I have nothing thanks to you making us hire an attorney to fight you."

Now I knew the real reason why he hated me-the loss of his money.

I wasn't about to get into an argument with Ladenburg at this time. I knew he was too emotionally upset to listen to reason or understand my side.

The Ladenburgs had the delusion that I would try to take the kids and run for it, so they insisted that we allow Paula's parents to accompany us on our first day with Brittany and Joshua. What an uncomfortable situation that was.

Later that day, when they could see that I had no intention of putting the children through any more confusing situations, they allowed us to take the children by ourselves.

We had a wonderful time together. That night we set up a tent and slept outside together. Brittany asked me to tell them stories like I used to when we were a family. I told them some good ones which fascinated them, as they always did when they were younger.

Just before shutting her eyes to go to sleep, Brittany turned to me and said, "I love you, Dad!" No one heard the silent cries which left my lips; no one saw the tears that wet my pillow as I finally thought I had once again regained my children.

Our visit lasted for three days. Before going back to Salt Lake City, Paula and I scheduled a two-week vacation for the kids to take place the next month beginning on July 8th. I started to argue that this wasn't very much time to come up to Montana, get the kids, drive all the way back to Salt Lake City, and then have to make the long trip all over again in a few days. I asked Paula if I could have a month. She said she would discuss it with Carl. We said good-bye to the kids, who couldn't wait for us to return to take them to Utah, and then left back to go home.

It isn't an easy trip back to Utah from the Northernmost point in Montana. I decided that Paula wasn't being fair in letting us have the children for only two weeks. When I arrived back in Utah, I called to talk with her about it.

Carl Ladenburg answered the phone. I requested four weeks for summer vacation with the kids. He became real upset telling me that I was lucky Paula agreed to "anything". With this he ended the conversation saying he would see me in court.

Like a hungry wolf protecting its prey, Carl Ladenburg was determined to hold on to his. Indeed, Brittany and Joshua were prey of a father who loved them, and a step-father who couldn't bear that they looked up to anyone else but him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE THE WOLVES HAVE WON

The Ladenburgs decided to deny me visitation. They broke my heart and the hearts of Brittany and Joshua.

I had to proceed with my motion which had been assigned to Special Master, Terese Hash-Fox. She set the hearing for the 8th and 9th of July, 1993.

We travelled back up to Montana for the visitation hearing, and when I arrived at court, the Ladenburg's hate for me could be felt East of the Mississippi river. They were determined to tell Hash-Fox whatever they had to in order to stop me from visiting my children.

Before we entered the court room, Hash-Fox called me and Oleson into her office. Oleson began to rail on me and tell me that if I wasn't careful, he was going to stop the proceedings. "What a joke," I thought. "How in the world can this guy stop proceedings?"

Little did I know, but Hash-Fox was not a judge, but sincerely wanted to be one. She was intimidated by her peers-other attorneys-and would have called the whole thing off, if that is what Mr. 25 years of experience, SUPERATTORNEY Oleson, wanted.

I tried hard not to say the wrong thing. Terese Hash-Fox told us she would see us in the court room.

I finally had a chance to get Paula on the stand and cross examine her. In America, according to our Constitution, one is supposed to have the right to confront his accuser. Finally I was afforded the opportunity.

Sure enough, Paula got trapped in her own deceit and lied in open court.

The hearing was convened at my request so that I could be granted legal visitation, because the Ladenburgs refused to allow me to visit the children as Paula and I had previously arranged. Oleson had to prove that the children would be in danger either emotionally or physically. They knew they had no evidence whatsoever to prove any type of child abuse, but to solidify that they didn't, I asked Paula when she was on the witness stand if she ever saw me abuse the children or if she thought I was an abusive father. She testified that I was not, but did so reluctantly.

Oleson could sense that the judge could find no reason why the children shouldn't be allowed to go with me on a summer visitation, so he asked for a recess. Of course, during these recesses I was not allowed to go the Judge's chambers as Oleson was, so I do not know where or what he did.

After the recess, Oleson began to question Paula as to my character and emotional stability. Paula began to ridicule my lifestyle and mentioned that my "relatives" told her things about me that made her believe I was "looney".

Here is how my cross-examination went: (see appendix ? for the court reporter's transcripts of this part of the hearing)

Me: *Name one of my relatives and what they said to you.*

Paula: *Your three brothers, Mike, Cory, and Jody. Your grandma.*

Me: (Referring to my grandma who she had just mentioned) *Tell the court what she said to you. Remember, this is on the court record?* (I said this to her to emphasize that if she lied, she would be guilty of perjury)

Paula: *Okay. They said that I should do anything in my power not to let you see the kids because you are out there, you are looney, is how they put it.*

Me: *Okay. And in what way am I looney?*

Paula: *That is what they said. They said that you just-- (Paula gets flustered) When they talk to you, that you just-- you are not all there.*

Me: *And how often have I talked to my grandma, according to your knowledge; to my grandmother, Cory and Jody in the last six years. (I posed this question because none of these relatives had seen me or talked to me for the last six years, and therefore, could not have possibly formed an opinion on my lunacy or competence.)*

SUPERATTORNEY, Oleson, objected at this point and tried to save his sinking client from further perjury. The judge overruled him and instructed Paula to answer the question.

Paula: *I know you have seen Cory and Jody a couple of times, and you have talked to them a couple of times, I guess. And I am not sure about your grandma. I haven't talked to her at all. She just called and told them to talk to me.*

Me: *Have you ever talked to Jody?*

Paula: (Very beligerently) *Yeah.*

Me: *Regarding this matter. Have you ever talked to Jody on the phone?*

Paula: *Yes.*

Me: *Have you talked to Cory?*

Paula: *No.*

Me: *Have you ever talked to my grandma?*

Paula: *No.*

At the time, I had no idea if Paula had actually talked to Jody, because for the last six years, I had not even talked to Jody. Because of this fact, I knew she had perjured herself when she said that I had talked to my brothers, but I wanted her to prove what a liar she could be when she wanted, and therefore I proceeded with the questioning as I did to get her to admit who she had talked to.

My brother, Jody, has never spoken to Paula Blades Ladenburg about my mental state.

Finally I had viable proof personally testified of in a court of law that Paula would say any lie she had to in order to get what she wanted.

I wanted to include the whole transcript of that hearing as an appendix. Unfortunately, the poor will never avail in "the system". I wrote the court reporter for the transcripts, but like all justice, I couldn't afford to pay him to transcribe all the transcripts. Though I was able to scrap together \$100 to get him started, he said he was too busy to be bothered, returned my money, but most graciously sent the portion of the hearing included as appendix ?, mentioned above, to help me prove my point.

As sure as the sky is blue, except when its polluted, Hash-Fox treated me like garbage through the whole hearing. She stopped me and warned me so many times that I was lucky I could logically proceed with my case.

Needless to say, Hash-Fox called a final recess and decided she had better not give me visitation privileges until a "real" judge made his decision about the adoption proceedings. The opinion she rendered in doing so, (included herein as appendix ?), will show that she didn't like me and thought I was lying and manipulating Paula. For hell sakes! I had told nothing, no nothing, but the truth during the whole ordeal. She assumed I was manipulating the court, because the facts I presented were too astounding to be the truth. Nevertheless, they were.

Obviously, Hash-Fox had taken the recess, conferred with Oleson and Judge Lympus, and rendered her decision. Boy, I love this justice system.

After Hash-Fox rendered her decision, I turned to Paula and for the last time asked her, "Can we see the kids?"

Triumphantly she responded, "No way!"

As we left the courtroom, little Brandon who was holding my hand, looked up at me and asked, "Daddy, don't we get to see Brittany and Joshua?" "No, son." I answered him, barely able to hold back my own tears. "We might not get to see them for a long, long time." Brandon's lip was bent toward the ground along with his head, as the poor 5 year old boy wept for his big brother and sister.

The wolves had won.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR IF ONLY SOLOMON WERE HERE

We once again made the long, but this time very slow, journey back to Utah.

I called the office of Judge Ted O. Lympus to ask that he grant a continuance of the adoption hearing until I could somehow get enough money to *buy* an attorney. His clerk wouldn't put me through to him and took the message.

On August 11, 1993, Ted O. Lympus took all my legal rights as a father away without me being present in court; and I might add, having never seen me, heard me, or given me the consideration to have some time to save enough money to get an attorney.

I had lost my children to an abusive system, what more could I have done?

If Solomon had heard my pleas and given me a chance to speak,
He might of understood my hurt and turned the other cheek.

He would have known that it was I, the only father I can be,
That the other man who claimed he was, was only mad at me.

He'd understand that if in fact, Ladenburg was right,
Then why did he run with the kids and put up such a fight?

The mistakes I made he'd understand were done in ignorance,
But the love I showed after them, would lighten my just sentence.

He would see that little Brittany and Joshua so small,
Were the only ones who really lost; who really lost it all.

They lost the right to see the man who's loved them both since birth,
Who tried to do what he thought was right and shared their times of mirth.

But Solomon isn't here, and one like him not found,
So a *poor* fool like me will have to live with his head toward the ground.

EPILOGUE

In our legal system, judges do not do paperwork. The only thing they do is sign their name to it. The attorney prepares the orders which the judge signs. The orders are signed based on the evidence which the judge either reads or hears. Many times spurious attorneys will prepare a petition full of lies and manipulations in order to get the judge to issue the order desired by the attorney. If the attorney is a friend, or comrade of the judge, they often do not question the request for an order and sign whatever is put in front of them, trusting that the attorney knows what he or she is doing.

Judges are attorneys and therefore, sympathize with an attorney trying to get an order signed. They understand the need for an attorney to have unlimited access to a judge at all hours of the day. They are business partners in what they believe to be the backbone of American justice, and a very good way to make a lot of money.

Federal Judge Leif Erickson should be ashamed at what H. James Oleson manipulated him into signing. Judge David Young and Judge Dennis Fewkes should be appalled at the unethical practice of law which they allowed to be perpetuated in their court by attorney Jo Carol Nasset-Sale. Judge Jack Green should hang his head, as he realizes what District Attorney George Corn was attempting to do in his court. Special Master Terese Hash-Fox should be ashamed for letting her political ambitions outweigh her common sense. Judge Ted O. Lympus should be devastated knowing that he allowed himself to be manipulated and deceived by Oleson and the Ladenburgs into taking away a man's children when he never has met the man or heard his side of the issue.

They all should hang their heads in shame knowing that they took part in allowing a poor farmer from Montana to loose all his parental rights to his children who he loves as much as they love and miss him.

The facts will show, that the poor fool represented himself in a "closed shop" business, and because he had **A POOR FOOL FOR A CLIENT** in their courts, they don't give a damn!