

REALITY QUEST

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DAD -vs- ME

Since this newsletter is written for the sake of those who want to know and understand me better, I thought it beneficial to explain various occurrences throughout my life which have impacted the way I think and the way I live today.

There is no doubt that there exists a wide gulf of misunderstanding and hurt between my father, most of my brothers and sisters, and me. I will attempt to explain, unbiasedly I hope, what transpired in the digging of this seemingly unfillable gulf.

It wasn't long after being employed as a security officer for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints that my religious illusions and dreams were shattered. I won't go into the reasons why at this time. It is sufficient to say, that my employ there led me to the determination that the modern Mormon church was just as corrupt as any other earthly church. However, I chose not to give up my Mormon heritage so quickly.

I was determined to find out about God for myself. I began to study what I believed to be the "word of God" as contained in *the Bible*, *the Book of Mormon*, and all the original writings of Joseph Smith, who, though I had found out did some very deceptive things, I considered to be a prophet of God, the last which had lived upon earth. From the scriptures and the original writings of J. Smith, I concluded that the modern Mormon church had corrupted itself and that the true church of God no longer existed.

In the Book of Mormon there is a story of a man named Lehi who belonged to the "church of God" in his time. Lehi found out through personal revelation that the church was corrupt and would soon be destroyed. He decided to take his family and "depart into the wilderness" where he knew that God would direct him wither he should go and what he should do. During his departure, Lehi came upon the Liahona a compass which would lead him where the Lord would have him go. From J. Smith's writings, I ascertained that this "Liahona" was simply symbolic of the "gift of the Holy Ghost" which all members of the Mormon church are given upon baptism and acceptance into the church.

Needless to say, I knew I had the "Holy Ghost", and so I "departed into the wilderness". For two years Jackie and I wandered to many different places attempting to find our "promised land". Previous to this time, Paula had divorced me and given me custody of my two eldest children, Brittany Nicole and Joshua Marc. (Paula divorced me because I married her when I was fresh off a mission for the Mormon church and "hornier than hell", and she was a cheerleader in her senior year of high school who couldn't stand her obnoxious mom. Anyone with common sense could see that this marriage was headed for trouble. Any other foolishness, like has been spread about my divorce by "family chatter boxes" who haven't much better to do than spread vicious lies, such as: "Paula divorced Chris because he raped and beat her", is total garbage. Why would Paula voluntarily give custody of her two children to a guy who raped and beat her? Anyone who could possibly believe this "basura" has a very limited intelligence quotation.) Anyway, I didn't feel too bad about moving all over the place, because Paula kept ridiculing my lifestyle to the children during her visitation privileges and moving around kept her from doing this.

My travels put us in the state of Washington. In Washington I found a farm store which I purchased. I invited my father to come to Washington and take advantage of the store with me. My father is the epitome of the entrepreneur. He came, he saw, he took the store over. This didn't bother me in the least, for I wanted to provide something that my father and Gloria could depend on in their retirement. I

was willing to work for the "family store" for free in exchange for nothing more than food for my family and a little cash to send to a destitute family in Argentina.

My father's and my problems started because of my zealous attitude toward my religious views. I believed with all my heart, that like Lehi of old, I was called away from a corrupt church in a corrupt world to find a better "promised land". I did not think I was to be a prophet to the LDS Church or any other church, for that matter. I was not "riding around talking with my deceased grandpa", which rumor has been circulated by spurious (not genuine) family members. I was simply pursuing what I felt was right in my heart. Yes, what I felt in my heart were "the promptings" of the "Holy Ghost". (Of course, with maturity I have concluded that all these "promptings" are simply my own emotions and ego at work. However, I still to this day believe that there is a spiritual existence which interacts with our mortality.)

My brother James came to work at the store. On one occasion I begin to tell James of my great interest in God and *the Book of Mormon*. I told James that he should read the *B. of Mormon* more often and abide by its precepts. In fact, I tried to get him to read it with me. Well, owing to the fact that our father, which was James' and my common bond, never read the scriptures with us, James thought this request to be rather eccentric and weird. He went back and reported his dealings with me in a most embellished (exaggerated) way to the rest of my family.

Our problems came to a head in the following way:

My father and I were working in the store when a elderly lady entered and asked to speak with Jackie about the LDS Church. I told her I was Jackie's husband and there was no need for her to talk with Jackie about the Church. I politely, if it can be done, ridiculed the woman and her intentions. My father came to the aid of the lady by escorting her from the store, telling her something about what a hopeless case it was to talk to me about religion. In retrospect, my father had every right to do what he did. I deserved his intervention. However, my father then proceeded to make the mistake which has brought him his greatest miseries in life. My father lost his temper. He just didn't loose his temper, he exploded. He came to me with more anger than I had ever witnessed. In front of his grandchildren, he proceeded to reprimand and ridicule me in the most abusive manner. He came very close to punching me in the face. He proceeded to yell at me telling me that, "...you are Chris Nemelka, not Abinadi, Joseph Smith, or whatever". Throughout the whole incident, I was as calm as a summer's morning. I waited for him to finish his hate and anger, then I asked him to leave. He angrily left; taking with him James and any portion of filial love which he once had for me. After his departure, little Joshua Marc came up to me with tears swelling in his tiny eyes and asked, "Daddy, why is grandpa so mad at you?" I couldn't answer the poor, little guy. I didn't know why another human being would treat someone like my father had just treated me. Though I espoused my own religious views, sometimes overzealously, I have never hurt anyone or treated anyone the way my father had just treated me.

My father returned to Salt Lake and began a crusade of the most outrageous lies a human could perpetuate against another. Just what he said, I do not know. But, I do know he turned everyone against me. However, at the time, I was totally unaware of what he was saying about me.

I figured that my dad would settle down and we could once again remain father and son. About one week after the above incident with my father, I called my mother, unaware that everyone sided with my father without knowing the truth in the matter, and informed her that dad could come up to Washington and have the store. That Jackie and I would be moving. My mother did not know what to say, because my father had all ready concocted a most vicious plan against me to take away my store and put me in jail.

My father contacted my x-wife, Paula, in Montana and arranged for her and her father to meet him in Washington so that she could take custody of Brittany and Joshua when I was put in jail. Here is how the incident unfolded and folded:

I was working in my store when I received a call from my father who asked me if one of his friends, whose name I cannot recall, though he lived in Washington close to where my farm store was, was at the store. Puzzled as to why his friend would be at the store, I told my dad he wasn't, and asked if there was something I could do. He told me his rental car had broken down and that he wanted his friend to come to pick him up. I told my dad I would be glad to come to get him. He said no, and that he would find another way. My father hung up and left me quite puzzled as to why he didn't want my help. (Little did I know, that he had Paula and her father in the rental car with him.)

Not too long thereafter, my father entered the store. I greeted him with a smile. My smile soon turned to astonishment when three deputy sheriffs came in behind my dad. Like a rush of cold water hitting

the face of a sleeping man, I woke up and realized what was going on. Before I had a chance to respond, I was ordered to put my hands up and get against the wall. After being frisked, the officer informed me that my father accused me of being a mental case which would not let my x-wife see her children and that I would, "Kill my wife and children and then myself if anyone tried to bother me." My father's diabolical plan was to convince the sheriffs that I was insane, give Paula back her kids, take my store and put me in a "nut house".

To make a long story short, my father's plan backfired against him "big time". The deputies interviewed me, Jackie, the children, and the farmer who had sold me the store. After these short interviews, the sheriff in charge came to me and apologized with all his heart. He told me to go to court and get a restraining order against my father so that he could never attempt the injustice to me and my family again. I told him it was all right. I then faced my father. I asked him how he could do such a thing. He shrugged and told me never to come around him again. I told him that wouldn't be too hard of a request to do in light of what he had just done.

When my father had gone with Paula, her father, and his tail between his legs, I called my brother Cory to tell him I harbored no bad feelings toward him or any other of my brothers and sisters. No sooner had he heard my voice than he began to scream at me that I was a "false prophet". I was stunned at his ignorance of the situation. I always assumed Cory was one who would not fall for the one-sided story, but would not make judgment until he heard the "whole story". This time I was wrong. I can't remember the rest of my conversation with Cory, but I heard all I needed to convince me that my father had poisoned my siblings against me.

At this point I felt all alone, just as Lehi in the wilderness with no family but his wife and children. I decided to write a letter to all my relatives which would let them know how disgusted I was with them. I wrote this letter with anger, vindictiveness and a religious vigor. I wanted to cut them down like they cut me down. For the first time in my life, I didn't want to be a Nemelka anymore. Needless to say, the letter served its purpose and I became an outcast of the family.

In retrospect, I regret writing the letter. However, because of being an "outcast", I have been able to determine which of my relatives really know how to "love" and accept those who don't think like them. I have found that those who embrace a established "faith" that they should love as God would love, have no idea in the slightest, of what it means to love. Indeed they have learned the traditions of their fathers, or better yet, their mother and grandmother.

The preceding is only one of the many times my father and I have locked horns because of his temper and his upbringing. I do not fault my father for believing how he must to find hope and happiness. My past religious views are nothing I am proud of. However, I am happy to know that through it all, I have never done my father wrong or given him or any other person a reason to persecute me. Unless, of course, it is o.k. to persecute because of one's belief.

INSTINCTUAL JOURNEY

As odd as it might seem, very simple things get my simple brain functioning. I was watching a documentary on the salmon. All salmon return to the place where they were first spawned. Why? I then tried to make a comparison of this behavior with some other behavior of another animal. I didn't have to go far. In fact, my search for a similar behavior ended in my "scrotum".

What makes the sperm find its way where it needs to go? Like the salmon, the sperm fights most vigorously to find the place where they were "spawned". Only the strongest sperm are able to finish the strenuous journey. The weak fall behind and eventually die. It seems nature has determined a way to perpetuate the strongest of each specie. Interesting, Huh?

What would happen if we spurned nature and took all the salmon out of the water at the beginning of their journey, transported them by helicopter to their spawning ground, and allowed them to create their species? It would seem that the weak as well as the strong would create offspring and before long there would be many more weak decedents than strong. (Remember it is the few strong salmon who make it back to spawn. There are more weak who don't make the tedious journey.)

I wonder, therefore, if it is smart for us to create human beings in test tubes without the natural safety devices installed by mother nature? Yes, it is great we can do it, but are we so egotistical as to think that we are the first ones in our vast universe to try this? It might be wise to assume that it has been tried before, but was found to create more problems than it was worth and therefore discontinued.

WEAK MIND/STRONG MIND

Through my life's experiences I have learned that human beings fall into two general categories: The "weak minded" and the "strong minded". Most humans fall into the category of the weak minded. I have found that the "strong minds" of the world use their advantage over the "weak" for their own gain.

A great example of the premise I am trying to establish is the story called, *The Emperors New Clothes*. In the story, two strong minded men came into a kingdom and convinced the weak minded king that they could weave fabulous clothes which only fools couldn't see. The fact that the weak minded king is a king, establishes my thought that it doesn't matter what position of status or job one enjoys, anyone, and I mean anyone, can be weak minded. All the people in the kingdom were duped by these two men into thinking they were seeing clothes which didn't exist. Most of the people went along with the ploy because they didn't want to be considered a fool. A small boy finally spoke up and uncovered the king's nakedness.

These two men were able to get rich off their ability to manipulate the king and the people. Likewise, most, if not all, salesmen manipulate the customer into buying whatever it is they are selling. A good salesman is such, because he or she has a strong mind and understands the fact that most people are "weak minded". All humans involved in the process of "profit" are nothing more than strong minded salesmen, if it so be that they are successful, for there are many "weak minded" which try their hand at profit making, but fail due to their "weak minds".

Every person who I have met who follows an established religion usually falls in the category of the "weak". On the other hand, every religious leader who has ever established a religion has been an extremely "strong minded" person. Thus, exercising the control and manipulation over their followers.

Like myself, I believe all people like to think of themselves as "strong minded" individuals. The problem with this is that MOST people are "weak minded", so how can there be so many strong?

I have established a checklist of scrutiny to determine if it is a strong mind or a weak mind which I am dealing with. I find it necessary in most cases to deal differently with the two groups.

I can usually determine how I must deal with a particular individual by knowing his or her religious affiliation, what they make their income from, and how they dress. Though this in itself seems judgmental, it is my perception. I do not believe that all strong minded individuals are good, or do I believe that all weak minded persons are bad. The truth is, I do not know a true strong minded person who doesn't portray a weak mind at times, or have I determined that my mind is strong. I do know that I can manipulate with the best of them, but I have a sincere desire to rid manipulation from my life. I find, however, that manipulation of others is the only way to not offend the very offendable (weak minds).

Remember the lyrics from a popular song:

"What a fool believes, he sees.
The wise man has the power.."

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Charles' or similar, written in a cursive style.