

(NOTE: The following account was written while I was still hiding the reality of my calling to translate the sealed portion of the gold plates. I wrote this account keeping all aspects of my calling secret, yet attempting to portray a true account of the abuse perpetuated against us in the manner in which Brittany and Joshua were taken from us. The events are real. The religious accounts are also real, but purposefully hide any relation to my mission. When I wrote this in 1992, I was attempting to get this published as a book someday.)

A POOR FOOL FOR A CLIENT

(How I Lost My Children To An Abusive Court System)

CHAPTER ONE

THE LOVE OF A PARENT

"It shouldn't be too much longer before this spray runs out," I said to myself as I neared the end of a barley field I was spraying with herbicide.

I was working for Shane Morris, a farmer in the small town of Corvallis, Montana. It was a warm day in the late spring of 1991. I was thinking how wonderful it was to have a beautiful wife and four wonderful children who shared a five acre parcel of land with me near the Snoqualmie river in Eastern Montana.

The week before, I had brought my oldest daughter, Brittany Nicole, with me to the Morris farm where she helped watch Shane's young boy, as his father and I herded the cattle to pasture in the low hills just above Corvallis.

Shane was a single father who had custody of his young son whose mother had left him in pursuit of the wilder things of life that Shane couldn't provide for her on his Montana cattle farm.

Shane noticed the care which Brittany took in watching out for his son; and mentioned what a wonderful little girl I had and hoped that someday his boy's mother would come back and care for her family, as my little girl cared for his son.

Brittany loved being with me at work. She would fight with her kid brother, Joshua, as to whose turn it was to go with Dad to the farm. Shane preferred that Brittany came, because she was able to keep an eye on his boy.

Brittany loved to ride with me on the motorcycles we used to chase the cattle and herd them to pasture. I loved my little Brittany and was proud that I received compliments on her demeanor and personality.

I was proud, because I had raised her and Joshua from two years old and six months respectively. My ex-wife, Paula Rae Blades, left me in 1986, and gave me

custody of the kids after she decided they would be better off with me than with her, a decision she would later regret.

As I was nearing the middle of the forty acres I was spraying that spring day, I noticed Shane's speeding 4x4 truck, which ironically carried license plates that said "L8AGAIN" coming towards me. (What ever he was coming to the field for, it was apparent he did not intend to be late again.)

Shane didn't stop at the steep dikes which surrounded the barley field, but bounced his truck over the dikes without slowing down.

"What in the world is wrong?" I thought. Shane drove towards me through the barley field never letting up on his gas pedal. "Did someone get hurt?" I wondered. I shut down the sprayers and idled the throttle on the tractor, so that I could find out what my boss, who leaped from his truck in a dead sprint, had to say.

"Your x-wife and her husband just kidnapped your kids," he yelled to me. "Your neighbor called me and sent me to get you," he continued, gasping for the air he had lost in his anxiety to help me.

When he had caught his breath, Shane explained that Brittany and Joshua had been kidnapped by Paula and her husband, Carl Ladenburg; that Jackie, my wife, and our neighbors had chased the fleeing Ladenburgs down the highway where they were finally stopped by Ravalli County Sheriff Deputies 20 miles from the Idaho/Montana border. Shane informed me that I was suppose to go the Ravalli County Sheriff's office as soon as possible.

"Well, they blew it this time," I said. "I am not worried," I told Shane. "I'll finish this load of spray and go down and see what's going on."

Shane told me to leave the tractor and he would drive me to Hamilton, where the Sheriff's office was located. "No need to worry," I assured him, "I have full custody of the children, and Paula has got herself into a mess this time!"

I knew that Paula and Carl had taken the children the previous day on a set visitation, and that they were suppose to pick the children up this morning at 8:00 am. I had to be to work at seven, so I knew Jackie would get the children up and ready to go by 8:00. I figured that Paula and Carl had let their hate for me and my lifestyle overcome them to the point that they didn't want Brittany and Joshua to be with me any more, and therefore, decided to make a run with them.

I thought about Brittany's long, beautiful, blonde hair blowing in the oncoming wind and whipping against my face, as she sat in front of me on the motorcycle. I thought about the times she would hold my hand and ask me about life and all the other things which made no sense to the innocence of a child's mind. Little did I imagine, as I proceeded to the Sheriff's office in Hamilton, that I would never again feel the tender hand of my little girl's in mine, hear her inquisitive questions, or feel her soft hair blow against my whiskered cheek.

CHAPTER TWO

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

In 1984, I went to work for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (the Mormons). I was employed as a security officer assigned to the headquarters and the

surrounding buildings owned by the Mormon church in Salt Lake City, Utah. It was with this kind of employment that I thought I had found the ultimate way to dedicate my life to God and what I thought at the time was his only true church. I would serve God every day for the rest of my life, as I protected the property of His church.

Previous to 1984, I was stationed at the Military Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California. It was at this base where a normal, well-adjusted, young Mormon boy made an extraordinary transformation.

I was very popular during my school years, and found myself predestined to succeed in life. I was Senior Class President, Ricks College Dorm President, Stake Youth Leader, and held many other coveted positions that made many believe I was a born leader.

Paula and I were very poor living on a military E-3 wage in an expensive area near Monterey. It was here that Paula and I first experienced the problems that would eventually end our marriage.

I was a star on our Company's basketball team and acted the part. During a practice, I got mad at my best friend, Gary Yarn. (Paula and I shared an apartment with Gary and his wife, so that we could save some money.) Having lost my temper, I ended up punching my friend in the face. The incident devastated me. I had never felt like hurting someone like I felt like hurting my dear friend. I felt terrible and couldn't imagine what had happened to me. I cried most of the day; and that night, got on my knees and prayed that the Lord would forgive me for striking one of my brothers.

After this prayer, my life changed forever. During the prayer, I felt a calmness and serenity that I had never felt before. I thought it was God cleansing my soul and giving me a second chance. Many people have this same sort of religious experience when they encounter a situation in their life that has brought them to an emotional low and a high level of humidity. I woke up the next morning a different man.

Because of this feeling of spiritual enlightenment that I had experienced, I wanted to be perfect, as I had been taught the Lord wanted of us all. I told Paula that from that time forward, we would serve the Lord with all of our heart, might, mind, and strength.

I set up our week with service project after service project, and dragged my stunned wife along on my journey to perfection. I figured that if I belonged to *the only true church of God*, then I was going to obey **all** of his commandments.

"You don't need that makeup to be beautiful," I told Paula. "If the Lord wanted you to wear makeup, he would have put it on your face when you were born." Paula quit wearing make-up for a time, until she asked me if it would be okay if she wore make-up "*just to feel better about myself*". I reluctantly acquiesced.

Paula was barely seventeen years old when we got married. At the time, she hated her mother, and wanted desperately to get away from her mother's dominance. I provided the escape.

She was a popular cheerleader in her high school, but left it all for what she thought would be a handsome, destined to be successful, husband.

It wasn't long into our marriage that little Brittany showed up. Paula found being stuck in a small apartment with a baby and no friends something she could not get used to very easily at her age. She missed her family and friends in Montana, (we lived in Salt Lake City), to the point that she even wrote a letter to an old boyfriend.

I eventually led Paula to California where we lived in a very economically tight situation for a full year before we returned to Salt Lake City where Paula felt a little more comfortable.

It wasn't long after we returned to Salt Lake from California, that Paula got pregnant with little Joshua. Paul and I were convinced the Lord would have us deliver the child at home with a mid-wife who shared our faith. We soon found one, and Paula went through an extremely hard delivery without the aid of modern anesthesia.

Paula did love me and I loved her. She followed me in my desires to live a more "perfect" life. I was too concerned about pleasing God to see what effect my zealousness was having on my young wife. Nevertheless it all came to a head one day when we were sitting at the kitchen table.

"What's wrong?" I asked. Paula began to cry and said she was not happy. She explained that she had been unhappy for a long time. "You're the best husband and father in the world!" she cried. "But I am not happy living the way we do."

I felt very sorry for her at this time and told her to go back to her family, if that was what she wanted.

Paula hugged me and kissed me goodbye before I left for work. I came home from work that night, and Paula, my kids and most of our things were gone. I cried the whole night.

I had never abused Paula. I thought I was doing what I was suppose to be doing in the Lord's church, i.e., becoming perfect. What went wrong?

I came to the conclusion that it was Paula who had rejected the church of the Lamb of God and joined the church of the devil. This made me even more determined to improve my life and be the best member of God's church that I could be. Any woman who has been married to a Mormon male who lives his religion rigidly, would understand why Paula wanted to leave.

CHAPTER THREE

THE DIVORCE

My uncle is a practicing attorney in Salt Lake City, and would handle our divorce for free. I contacted him and he filed the appropriated papers in court. It would take about 90 days before the petition could be heard by a judge, so Paula took the kids to her parent's house in Montana.

Paula left me in May of 1986. In August of the same year, just three months after she left me, she called me up to tell me that she could not handle the kids, and that they would have a better life with me. She agreed to turn the children over to me and sign over custody.

I cannot, nor will I attempt to speculate, as to why she didn't want to be the children's mother at that time, but I knew it had something to do with her not being able to do the things that she wanted to. I believe she had a nervous breakdown, but this is only a speculation.

I had arranged with my father to have him go to Montana and get the kids and have Paula sign the custody papers. He went and met with Paula at her parent's home.

Alvin and Dora Mae Blade sat at their own table; and in the presence of my father, Michael J. Nemelka, my step-mother, Gloria, and my sister, Paulette, watched their daughter sign over custody of Brittany and Joshua to me. My father later told me that Paula's parents protested and told her not to sign the papers. At that time, Paula wasn't listening to anyone but Paula, so she did not hesitate to sign the papers. (See appendix A for the decree of divorce and the affidavit Paula signed, along with the affidavits from my mother, father, and uncle attesting to how the custody of the children was transferred.)

(Some spurious individuals in my family have spread the rumor that I made Paula sign the papers while she was in the hospital almost ready to die. How they came up with this ridiculous fable is a mystery to me. However, it will be revealed later how Paula herself lied about the transference of custody in order to win favor in the eyes of a judge.)

Our divorce was finalized on October 9, 1986. I was the legal custodial parent and Paula was awarded visitation.

From the time that Paula gave me custody of the children in August of 1986, to the time that I remarried in April of 1987, Paula saw the children only a few times. At one point I begged Paula to please come back to me so that the children wouldn't suffer. I told Paula, "...that if I get married again, I will not allow you to interfere in the lives of the children, if you do not respect my right to raise the children how I want to raise them." I let her know that if she caused problems with me and my new wife, I would move away and make it hard for her to see the children.

Paula called me on the day of my wedding to Jackie Stoll, April 7, 1987, and said, "This is the worst day of my life. Knowing that my children have another mother besides me, really hurts."

Paula would visit the kids periodically, but every time she did, the children would come home confused and upset.

At this time, my journey to religious perfection was preceding at a good pace. Jackie was a wonderful woman who had the same desires to serve God as I did. We were a good match for religious fanaticism.

Everyone who I had trusted from the day I was born had let me down. I trusted no one. I became an independent thinker. I didn't need the church, the government, family, friends, or the laws of society to tell me what to do. I began to convince myself that if God had something to tell me, he would tell me himself. With this attitude, I began to receive "revelation" from God.

I left Salt Lake City and went to Missouri, where I hoped to find other disillusioned Mormons searching for the "promised land". (Joseph Smith, the Mormon founder, prophesied that Missouri would be where the Mormons would gather to await the second coming of Jesus.)

Before leaving for Missouri, I was served with an affidavit that outlined the complaints Paula had against me for not allowing her to exercise her visitation privileges. One will notice that the attorney who represented Paula had failed to serve me with an *Order to Show Cause*, which should legally accompany an affidavit, telling me when to show up in court. I had no idea that I was suppose to be in court, nor did I understand what was expected of me by way of allowing visitation to a woman, who I thought at the time, didn't deserve to see the children she had abandoned.

Needless to say, I left for Missouri before Paula's attorney was able to serve me legally and properly. (See appendix B for the papers the attorney filed in court. Notice that I was supposedly served the *Affidavit* and *Order to Show Cause* on the 8th day of December 1987, but the order was not even filed in court until the 11th of December. I was only served the *Affidavit* on the 8th, and knew nothing about the order to appear in court. How was I supposed to show up at a court date I knew nothing about? I met with Paula's original attorney in this matter in 1992, and she admitted that she had made the mistake.)

I formed a transient, self-employed company that would require me to continually move from place to place in search for work, thus making it difficult for Paula to establish formal visitation rights.

It wasn't long before Paula stopped trying to track me down; and not having heard from her, I decided to settle my family down in one place.

CHAPTER FOUR

WITHOUT FILIAL LOVE

I never understood why Paula stopped trying to legally obtain her visitation rights to her children. My immediately family knew of my where whereabouts most of the time, and since my eldest brother, Mike, was married to her eldest sister, Teena, I figured Paula could find me if she wanted.

It soon became apparent that my most of the members of my family had cast me off as a fool, crazy, and deceived for leaving the LDS Church. The only reason they had done this was because I had left the religion that they belonged to, and claimed it was no better than any other. If any one knows the pride a Mormon carries in his and her heart, they will understand why my family ostracized me. My eldest brother is a staunch Mormon, and his religious conviction and relationship with his wife caused a hate for me to swell in his heart that left me without any support from those who once called me a member of their family.

Paula had a chance to take me to court and sue for visitation. She didn't do anything, and thanks to my religious-leaning family, my hope of any filial help and testimony in the future was shattered.

CHAPTER FIVE

FORGIVE ME, PLEASE

Ironically, it was on my search for the "promised land" that my whole idea of life, religion, and what I was doing with my life and that of my children changed.

I was always a strong willed person, yet I loved people and generally got along with everyone I met, (even though at the time, I thought they all were wicked). However, it was my associations with these people who were not religious, that began to help me break away from the religious dogma which blinded my mind to reality and hardened my heart against those who didn't believe as I did.

I came to know many good people who smoke, drank, and looked at nude magazines. In fact, I felt more at ease around these typed of people than I ever did around good, so called, "Christians".

I concluded that if these kind of people are going to inhabit hell, then I wanted to go there too. I certainly didn't want to be put in the same place as those who *thought* they were going to heaven.

I put down my scriptures and began to investigate the other side of religion, i.e., reality. I always knew that there were two sides to every issue; and I began to investigate the opposing views of others. It wasn't long before I came to the conclusion that all religion really was, is a fool's attempt to prove to the world that they are not.

I came to know many people on my "journey", and gained some lasting friendships which broke down the walls of bigotry that religion had built around me.

It was in the first part of 1991, that I began to understand that I had made a mistake in keeping Brittany and Joshua away from their mother.

After I had thrown out the bigotry which my religion had formed in my heart towards everyone that was not a member of, what I believed at the time was "*the church of the Lamb of God*", I was able to clearly see that Paula had every right to see the children and be involved in their life. I became extremely sorrowful for not allowing her to do so. I knew Paula was a good woman- I was married to her for three years.

I came to the conclusion that if I had been married to me at the time Paula was, I would have wanted a divorce too. Thus having humbled myself enough to realize I was no better than Paula or anyone else.

In February of 1991, Jackie and I were living in Kent, Washington, next to the home of some wonderful, non-religious people who adored our family as much as we adored them.

I decided to drive all the way to Columbia Falls, Montana, find Paula, tell her I was sorry for keeping the kids from her, make amends, and invite her out to see the kids and take them on a visit.

I traveled to Montana thinking the whole way how wonderful it would be to work things out with Paula.

When I reached Columbia Falls, I called Paula's parents and asked for her number. Paula had recently married Carl Ladenburg, and they lived in a house in Columbia Falls.

Upon hearing my voice, Paula was a little stunned. She mentioned that she had given up hope of ever seeing her children again. I told her that I wanted her to see them and that I wanted us to be friends. We made arrangements for me to go to the Ladenburg's house and discuss how we would set it up for Paula and Carl to see the kids.

I thought the meeting went great. I told Paula that I was sorry that I had kept the kids from her, but that I would hope that she and Carl would only respect my lifestyle and not try to entice the kids away from me, because of their hate and personal prejudices. They promised me that they just wanted to see the kids and that they had no intentions, ever, to take them away from me.

We set up a time for the Ladenburgs to come to Washington and see the kids. I shook Carl's hand, gave Paula a hug and left to go back to Washington.

I really felt good about what I had done, and was equally peaceful about the promises Paula and Carl made to allow me to raise the children how I thought proper.

In March of 1991, Paula and Carl came to Washington to visit the children. The visit went great. The Landenburgs took Brittany and Joshua on an over night visit to Carl's aunt's house who lived close by in Kent.

The children loved seeing them, and I was happy things had worked out the way they did.

Paula and Carl went back to Montana. I decided that the best thing for the children would be that I moved them closer to the Ladenburgs in Montana so as to facilitate visitation with them.

I loved Montana and wanted to settle my family down and buy my own land. We left Washington for Montana at the end of the next month, in April of 1991.

I found some land near Victor, Montana, and sent Paula a post card telling her where we were and where she could contact us to set up visitations with the kids.

We took possession of our land on the 1st of May 1991. The family from whom we had bought our land was building a house adjacent to ours, and as of yet, did not have it completed. We told them it would be okay for them to stay in our home, because we had the renovated school bus I had made into a nice mobile home for us to live in.

It wasn't long before the Ladenburgs came and took the children on some visits to Paula's grandparent's house who lived in a small town near where we had purchased our property.

It was after at least two different visitations that Brittany began to talk about how much she wanted to live with Paula because she had, "promised us new bikes and new toys." I overheard Brittany tell Joshua that if they ever got in trouble at our house, they could run away to Paula's and she would not care.

It wasn't until Brittany told Jackie that she wasn't her real mother and she didn't have to do what she said, that I took another stance against Paula.

I wrote Paula a letter telling her how I felt. I told her I would never again deny the kids seeing her, but that I would expect her to treat the kids in a way that would not ruin our family life at home.

Brittany's and my relationship has always been very close, but Jackie and Brittany grew further and further apart the more Brittany saw Paula.

The letter must have made Paula pretty upset and brought out the hate that she had held inside towards me for all the time I had kept her from seeing the kids, because it was during her next scheduled visitation that she and Carl Landenburg decided to make a run with the kids.

CHAPTER SIX

THE LEGAL ABUSE BEGINS

I do not blame Paula for being upset and hurt for missing out on a few years of her children's lives, but I told her I was sorry and wanted to work things out for the children's sake.

However, no matter what might have been her reasons, she used lies, innuendoes, and the money of the Ladenburgs to *buy* the justice that she thought she deserved.

Her hate outweighed her forgiveness and any care for the tender feelings of her children. All she wanted was to get the children away from me; and with the help of an

abusive legal system, which was taken advantage of by an unscrupulous attorney, she fulfilled her desires.

The first thing the Ladenburgs had to do was find an attorney who would handle their case, pay him a retaining fee, and get the legal process going.

They found an attorney who had practiced law for some 25 years in the area, and enlisted his aid. They would soon find out that they had found the right attorney for the job.

His name is H. James Oleson. One will soon come to realize that Mr. Oleson had the contacts in "the system" which would enable him to practice some of the most unethical jurisprudence allowed by the courts of justice.

When Paula and Carl met with Mr. Oleson for the first time, they must have made it seem like the best thing that could happen to the world was to get rid of me. They enlisted Oleson's services to petition the court for custody of Brittany and Joshua.

Oleson knew he had to show just cause in the petition in order for a judge to consent to hear the matter in his court.

Therefore, on behalf of Paula Ladenburg, Oleson filed a petition on June 11, 1991, full of outright lies and malicious innuendoes. (See appendix ? for a copy of the petition Paula filed against me.)

Somehow the Ladenburgs got the impression from Oleson that it would be okay to take the kids on "*an extended vacation*" without my consent. Though the Ladenburgs deny that their attorney gave them such an indication, it is obvious from the facts of the case that he did just that. (In their denial, it is quite evident that the Ladenburgs are only trying to protect Oleson's integrity as an officer of the court, as I am sure, Oleson instructed them to. In the police reports taken at the time the fleeing Ladenburgs were stopped, Carl Ladenburg indicates that his attorney told them it was okay to take the children, if they left me a note. This is obviously the truth, because why else would Ladenburg have taken the time to return to our house and give Jackie a note, if he did not believe that his attorney knew what he was talking about.)

Paula had previously asked to visit the children on the 12th and 13th of June, 1991. The visitation was set up not to be an overnight visit, but required that the children would be returned at 8:00 in the evening. The visit on the 12th went without incident.

On the 13th, the Ladenburgs came at 8:00 in the morning and picked up the kids as scheduled. Later that day, while I was at work, Carl Ladenburg returned to our house alone and handed Jackie a note that said, "*We are taking the kids on an extended summer vacation and no one will know where they are at.*" It was at this point that they took the kids without my consent or knowledge, thus breaking the law.

Again, why would they have taken the time to write out a note, unless they thought that they were obeying the law as instructed by Oleson?

Later on, when questioned by the police, The Ladenburgs claimed that, "*their attorney was working on the papers in Kalispell.*" This led the officer to assume that there was an attorney involved which had initiated a civil suit.

Carl Ladenburg admitted to me that his attorney had led him to believe that there would be no problem with them taking the kids as long as they gave us a note, but as mentioned before, Oleson depended on his clients loyalty to protect his integrity.

Obviously, the Ladenburgs misunderstood their attorney, or it is possible that neither they or their attorney thought I would pursue legal means to stop them. They certainly didn't expect Jackie to respond the way she did.

Whatever the underlying situation might have been, Paula and Carl Ladenburg had no legal or moral right to take those kids without my consent. The facts will show that they did, and their attorney did some slick maneuvers to protect both their butts.

Even though there was a legal petition filed on June 11th, in court to take my children away, Oleson knew that the defendant in the matter, me, had to be served a copy of said petition so as to be able to respond to the court on the hearing date the judge would set for the petition.

I was never served any legal papers at anytime. This was Oleson's first mistake, which one will soon find out took some fast talking, lying, and judge manipulation to cover up.

The Ladenburgs had no intention of letting me know that they were suing me for custody until they had the children safe in a unknown place where, *"no one would know where they are at"*.

CHAPTER SEVEN

JUSTICE FOR SALE

After Jackie received the note from Carl, she went outside and screamed to the neighbors to come and help her. She cried, "Help me, please, they've taken the kids!" The neighbors came running and their daughter put Jackie in the car and pursued the fleeing Ladenburgs

As indicated in chapter two, the authorities stopped the Ladenburgs and took everyone down to the Ravalli County Sheriff's office to sort things out.

It didn't take the investigating officers too long to find out that I had legal custody and that the Ladenburgs were facing custodial interference charges.

When I arrived at the sheriff's office, Jackie and Tracy Kreis had been there for about an hour. When I arrived, I was briefed on what had happened and asked if I was planning on filing charges. I responded that I would file charges and that I wanted to see my children. The deputy who was in the room with us, informed me that the Ladenburgs were trying to contact their attorney, and that nothing would be done until they did so.

Now Oleson had a big problem. His clients had just broken the law and were facing custodial interference charges that could get them some jail time.

Oleson got a hold of another attorney in Hamilton who he knew had a lot of clout there. His name is, Jeff Langton. (Mr. Langton eventually ran for District Judge in that district, and now sits on the bench.)

With Mr. Langton managing the situation, things began to get worse for Jackie and me. It wasn't long after Mr. Langton arrived, (we knew he had arrived, because he had never personally met the Ladenburgs and entered the office where Jackie and I were and offered us his hand. The deputy quickly told him we were not the Ladenburgs. Embarrassed, he left quickly.), that another deputy entered the room and said that there were allegations of child abuse and that the Department of Family Services was being contacted.

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what the Ladenburg's attorney had told them- cry abuse to justify your taking the children without their father's consent; that you feared for the children's safety, and this caused you to want to take them from their father. Ha, Ha, good one Oleson/Langton.

They knew that we did not have an attorney representing us, nor did we have the money to obtain one.

Oleson/Langton had devised a way to keep the kids from going home with us that night and keep the Ladenburgs out of jail. They knew that if they could somehow get enough proof of child abuse out of interviewing the kids, they could justify taking the children from us until they were able to get a court order the next morning to accomplish their desires.

This was all happening at about 5:00 in the evening; therefore, Oleson could not run to his favorite judge and get an order signed immediately. He had to wait until the first light in the morning, catch the Judge first thing, and get his signature before I had time to think about what was going on and obtain my own legal advice. This is exactly what took place, and will be mentioned later.

When the deputy came in and mentioned that abuse charges were being filed, I immediately deciphered what was happening and stood up and said, *"If you take those two kids from these two abusive parents, then you had better go get the other ones we left at home and not allow them to stay with abusive parents, or I'll sue the hell out of this state for playing into the hands of my x-wife!"* This statement startled the deputy who told me to hold on and they would go confer with the District Attorney.

It was quite obvious that if we were suppose to be abusive parents who would put the life of a child in jeopardy, then we were equally abusive to all of our children. I knew I had given those so-called law enforcement officers something to think about.

"How in the world are we going to get around this one?" they must have thought after my threat of a suit. "If we claim they're abusive parents, then we justifiably must remove all the children from the home." "But we only want Brittany and Joshua, because they're the only ones the Ladenburgs and their high-powered attorney are concerned about."

Another hour past and a social worker, Kathy Ostrander, came in and told us that it wasn't me who was the abusive parent, but Jackie, because she was not the natural parent of Brittany and Joshua. *"Therefore, there is no need to take your other children,"* she said.

I almost lost it at this point, but managed to retain my composure long enough to respond to the social worker's request to obtain my permission to let the children go with their mother, Paula. I told her to forget that option; that I would never acquiesce to the malicious plan initiated by the Ladenburg's legal counsel.

Ostrander decided to put the kids in a foster home for the night until she talked to a judge and completed her investigation.

This was precisely what Oleson had wanted. He knew he could now secure a judge's order the next morning, 150 miles away, in a completely different jurisdiction.

CHAPTER EIGHT

LEGAL COMRADES

The next morning, June 14th, was a Friday. Oleson must have been up at the crack of dawn wondering what he was going to have to say to the Judge to get him to sign an order to take the children from me and put them in Paula's custody.

On this morning, Oleson managed to prepare an "*Amended Petition For Contempt of Court And For Modification Of Decree Of Divorce*", miraculously have Paula Ladenburg, who was 150 miles away, sign it, get Samantha M'Less, who resides in Kalispell, (remember 150 miles away from where Paula Ladenburg was at,) to notarize Paula's signature, file it with the clerk of Flathead County Court, find Judge Leif B. Erickson, a District Judge in Flathead County, convince him that the allegations made in the amended complaint were valid enough to get him to sign an order taking my kids away, and then fax the order to Jeff Langton, his legal conspirator 150 miles away in Hamilton, Montana.

I guess Langton couldn't afford a fax machine, because Oleson had to fax the "speedy" order to Mary M. Interiors, a business down the street from Langton's office. The fax date and time is clearly printed on the faxed copy of the order: June 14, 1991, 09:53am.

Boy, did Oleson hustle to get all this accomplished before 10:00 am!

Now, Oleson had made his second vital mistake. He had Samantha M'Lees notarize a signature that she did not witness in person. The person who Judge Erickson assumed had signed the amended petition was Paula Ladenburg who was 150 miles away.

Oleson had to have faxed the order to Hamilton, had Paula sign it, and fax it back to him where he had his secretary, M'Lees, notarize the document. Needless to say, M'Lees broke the law. She witnessed that Paula had signed the petition in her presence: "*Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of June, 1991*" Signed: Samantha M'Lees, Notary Public for the State of Montana, Residing at Kalispell, Montana.

Anyone could have signed Paula's name to the document; how did M'Lees know it was Paula who signed it?

This flagrant disregard for the law did not deter Oleson who was able to convince Judge Erickson that being with me would harm the children irreparably, and that an immediate order was what was needed to remedy the situation.

All of the sudden, a District Judge, who later became a Federal Judge, was guilty of unethical jurisprudence. How in the world does an unbiased judge take children away from a parent he has never met, spoke to, or had any time at all to review the allegations against? The answer is simple, and could be one of the biggest abuses of "the system": The Judge knew the attorney personally, had probably been to his house for dinner a couple of times, had a few drinks with him at times, played a few rounds of golf, and had been associating with him for the better part of 25 years. No unorthodox, poor farmer fighting for his children in Victor, Montana was going to ruin this camaraderie!

Oleson knew that he could not put allegations of child abuse in the petition for an order, though this was the only legal justification he had to take the children away from me, because they were not, nor could they ever be proven to be true. However, he filled the petition with other lies which he must of assumed could be proven later in court, but will be shown hereafter to be nothing more than that what they were- lies. With the perjured document, Oleson convinced the judge to sign the order.

Where Oleson got Judge Erickson to sign the order is unclear. Whether in his chambers or at his home, Erickson in no way had enough time to review, or let alone, think twice about the order he was signing. But with one stroke of his pen, he took away my children.

Oleson makes four main accusations against me in the petition (See appendix I), and all four are blatant lies and manipulations.

Allegation one states as follows: *"...that all the paper work that was signed (alluding to our original divorce in Utah), was signed in the office of Richard S. Nemelka; that at that time, the Petitioner was led to believe that there would be no problems with this divorce, or subsequent thereto specifically as relates to child custody and visitation periods; that that is one of the reasons why there was no child support included."*

Did Paula lie to Oleson, or did Oleson lie to the court?

In chapter three I explained the truth:

"I had arranged with my father to have him go to Montana and get the kids and have Paula sign the custody papers. He went and met with Paula at her parent's home. Alvin and Dora Mae Blades sat at their own table; and in the presence of my father, Michael J. Nemelka, my mother, Gloria, and my sister, Paulette, watched their daughter sign over custody of Brittany and Joshua to me. My father later told me that they protested and told Paula not to sign the papers. At that time, Paula wasn't listening to anyone but Paula, so she did not hesitate to sign the papers. (See appendix B for the papers Paula signed, along with the affidavits from my mother, father, and uncle attesting to how the custody of the children was transferred)

The second accusation states: *"That pursuant to said Decree of Divorce, Respondent has failed and refused, and continues to refuse, to allow Petitioner to exercise the "liberal rights of visitation" ordered therein...."*

Of course, Judge Erickson had no idea that Paula and Carl Ladenburg had just tried to kidnap the kids during one of their supposable visitations which I, *"...continues to refuse..."*. Oleson flagrantly lied to the court to manipulate it into thinking that I was not letting Paula see the children or that she has never had the opportunity to sue me before to secure visitation rights to her children.

In the third accusation, found in article IV of the petition, Oleson alludes to my moving around to keep the kids from Paula. He lists states where I have never lived, and forgets to tell the court that Paula knew exactly where I was in both Missouri and Washington, and could have sued me had she wished.

Oleson goes on to contradict his previous allegations that I continue to refuse Paula to visit the children when he alludes to the fact that Paula has in fact seen the children. He then perjures himself even more by stating, *"...nor could she speak with said children outside of the hearing of the Respondent...."*

Again, I ask, "Did Paula lie to her attorney, or did the attorney lie to the court?"

The final allegation states, *"That the living conditions the Respondent has subjected to said children is deplorable, i.e., living in a bus that has been refurbished..."*

In chapter five, I state, *"We took possession of our land on the 1st of May, 1991. The family from whom we had bought our land was building a house adjacent to ours, and as of yet, did not have it completed. We told them it would be okay for them to stay in our home, because we had the renovated school bus I had made into a nice mobile home for us."*

In appendix J one will see a newspaper article written quite awhile after the June incident when we were once again forced to live in, (according to Oleson's petition), "...*living conditions ... deplorable...*" However, at the time the newspaper article was written, we had parked the bus in a good, family oriented neighborhood where all the neighbors knew me, my family knew where we were, Jackie's family knew where we were, and many people, including a reporter from a local paper, had visited our bus and didn't seem to mind the "*living conditions*". Oleson had never seen the bus, and the Ladenburgs had taken some videos of it during their visit to Washington when they, by the way, took the kids on an overnight visit, certainly "*outside the hearing of the Respondent*", (unless of course it can be assumed that the Respondent is Superman), to Carl's aunt's house.

Again, who lied to whom?

The petition filed by Paula Ladenburg, and the subsequent order issued by the judge, were not only illegal, due to the fact that Paula was never legally witnessed as to signing the petition; the fact that a District Judge 150 miles outside the jurisdiction that we resided in signed the order; and the fact that I was never served a copy of it in order to be afforded the chance to answer the false allegations made therein; but far worse, it was unethically signed by a busy judge who obviously cared more about his upcoming appointment to the Federal Bench than he did about a poor family who had just been railroaded by a corrupt system of justice and his "legal comrade", H. James Oleson.

CHAPTER NINE

WHAT COLOR IS THAT DRESS?

There has always existed a controversy among legal administrators as to whether or not the testimony of a child can be believed as actual fact, the imagination of the child, or the manipulation of an adult.

When considering whether or not a young girl could competently give testimony in a case before him, a judge pointed to a woman in the courtroom who was wearing a blue dress. The judge directed his question to the eight year old girl sitting on the witness stand, "What color is that dress?" he asked. Hesitantly, the girl responded, "Blue." "What if I told you that the dress is not a blue color, but more of a red?" he questioned poignantly. "Well, maybe it could be red," answered the little girl. "I am a judge," he continued, "I have on this black robe which says I'm a judge. I sit behind this bench and can send people to jail for lying. I say the dress is red."

"What color is that dress?" the judge asked again, pointing to the same blue dress. "Red," answered the little girl.

The judge in this case disqualified the testimony of the child, and that situation led many to doubt the validity of the testimonies of young children.

The following is an excerpt from my *Reality Quest*, volume one, issue XX:

McCARTHYISM OF THE 90'S

In the middle of the 20th century, a political attitude arose called McCarthyism. This attitude, which was first attributed to Joseph R. McCarthy, a republican politician,

was one in which accusations were made publicly against another individual, mostly politicians, with no evidence to back up the accusation made. The attitude caused a lot of unwarranted heartache and hatred.

Child abuse is the McCarthyism of the 90's. During the last decade, the reporting of child abuse has reached epidemic proportions. Like McCarthyism, child abuse allegations have ruined families, careers, and the lives of thousands. There is no doubt that child abuse exists. But what constitutes child abuse?

My father would beat the living day lights out of my brothers and me when we were younger, but we never cried child abuse. Our beatings were caused by the short temper of a father due to the financial stress of trying to provide for a big family, (there were twelve children,) and the obnoxiousness of a child. The last time my father hit me was when I was seventeen years old. He put me up against the wall and hit me in the face with his fist. Though I didn't like the beating, I knew I deserved a reprimand, but it never once occurred to me that my father abused me. To me, my father was a pretty good father with a short temper.

If I were a teenager of the 90's, I could have shot my dad for hitting me, then sued his estate for damages. A 90's teenager who doesn't want to listen to Dad and Mom can simply report child abuse to the police and move in to a more liberal foster home while Dad or Mom goes to jail.

Accusations of child abuse have risen largely due to the rise of divorce and the custody battles that ensue. Any parent can cry child abuse to attempt to sway the court to side with them in their pursuit of custody. Even a child who wants to live with the non-custodial parent will lie, deceive, and manipulate to get what they want. This usually happens when the child is prompted to do so by another adult who will gain from the child's lie. I speak from personal and devastating experience:

I was given custody of Brittany and Joshua when Paula Blades Ladenburg and I divorced in 1986. Paula had a nervous breakdown and gave me the children. She saw the children very few times during the year that I was single. I told her repeatedly that when I remarried, she would be denied visitation rights if she tried to turn the children against me.

During the time that I was a single parent, Paula moved back to Salt Lake City, Utah. I desperately wanted us to get back together. I even gave her custody of Brittany for a while in an attempt to lure her back to me. After about two weeks, she returned Brittany to me and told me that Brittany was better off with me and her little brother. I begged Paula to please come back to me and make our family work. She refused. I soon found Jackie Stoll whom I married.

The day of my wedding to Jackie, Paula called me and said, *"This is the worse day of my life, knowing that my children have another mother."* I told her I had given her every opportunity, but she had refused. I refused to let her see the kids after I married Jackie until the kids got a little older and could understand the divorce situation better.

I kept the kids from Paula for about 3 years. I finally realized I was wrong and drove to Montana where Paula was living with her new husband, Carl Ladenburg, and her new daughter, Alyssa. I met with them both in their home and told them I was sorry for keeping the kids from them, but that I was scared that they would confuse the children by ridiculing the lifestyle which I had chosen for my family to live. They assured me that

they would respect our beliefs and lifestyle. They were glad that they could now visit the children.

I soon moved to Montana so that the children could be closer to their natural mother. I bought some land, and Paula and I arranged a visitation schedule. Well, it wasn't long before Brittany and Joshua would come back from their visitations with Paula and Carl ridiculing our lifestyle. Brittany wanted to go live with Paula. I told her she could do so when she was twelve years old, if that is what she wanted. Things got progressively worse after only two visitation times. I wrote Paula a letter in which I outlined what I believed her relationship with the children should be for their sake. This letter made her very upset.

Behind my back, Paula and Carl were devising a plan to take the children away. They picked them up for a scheduled visitation while I was at work. Later that day, Carl came back where we were living, handed Jackie a note, and hurried off. The note said they were taking the children and "*...no one would know where we are at.*" Jackie panicked, ran and got the neighbors, and a car chase ensued. The chase ended with Paula and Carl facing custodial interference charges. To exonerate themselves, they claimed they were only running with the kids for the kid's sake. They told the police, at the obvious promptings of their attorney, that while eating with the kids at a fast food restaurant, Joshua and Brittany began to tell them of abuse which Jackie and I had inflicted upon them. This is how the scenario played:

After the Ladenburgs had been stopped, about twenty miles from the Idaho border, the police took the situation down to their headquarters. Jackie was there for about an hour before I showed up from work. When I got there, I demanded that kidnapping charges be filed against the Ladenburgs. The officer interviewing Jackie and me told me it would have been easier to make the charges stick, if we had allowed the Ladenburgs to cross the Idaho border. He said that custodial interference charges would be considered, but that the Ladenburgs had contacted their attorney who was on his way over.

We sat there for another hour before an officer came into the room where we were and said, "Oh, boy! There's going to be abuse charges filed." My brain went a hundred miles an hour as I figured out what was happening. I stood up and said, "If you charge us with child abuse and don't go and take our other two children (Brandon and Caleb) from these "abusive" parents, I'll sue the hell out of this state." The officer got a pretty serious look on her face and told us to hold on, that she would go consult with her supervisor and the District Attorney.

Another hour went by before a Department of Family Services lady came in with other officers and told us that the reason why they didn't have to take the other children out of the home, was because Jackie was the one who was abusive to Brittany and Joshua who weren't her natural children. At that time I knew we were getting railroaded,-big-time!

I played the game, let them put Brittany and Joshua in foster care, and the next day took Joshua and fled the state.

Obviously, Paula and Carl had enough money to *buy* the right attorney and judge to allow such a miscarriage of justice to take place. We had no money to *buy* an attorney, nor were we given the opportunity to consult with one.

Now, the Sheriff's department who handled the case, the Department of Family Services, the County Attorney, Paula and Carl, and all involved in this miscarriage of justice had to cover their butts. So how could they? They had to have just cause to take the kids in the first place. Their cause: child abuse.

The following are excerpts from the actual police reports:

Ravalli County Sheriff's Department, Hamilton, Montana

*Date of investigation: 6/13/91
Abuse*

Type of investigation: Child Custody/Child Abuse

"Both children state that their father is really mean and angry most of the time. Both of them state that they feel their father hates them, and, again, Brittany states that her father tells them that he hates them on occasion.

They live in a 30 foot converted school bus. All of them have their own beds, but they all sleep in the same room. One strange reaction that I noted in Brittany was that when we were talking about where they slept she stated in the same room, she began saying that sometimes Chris and Jackie kiss and that really upsets her. When Brittany stated this, she began crying, and again said that it really bothers her when Chris and Jackie (kiss), and when I attempted to clarify why the kissing made her upset, it was obvious that she did not want to expound on why this upset her, and only cried harder, therefore we did not push her as to why this was so upsetting.

Brittany stated that in the converted school bus, there is a bathroom with a shower, but there is no door on it, and this appeared to upset her a little, also. She did say that there was a curtain that could be hung up over the opening for what little privacy the curtain can afford.

Brittany states that her father does not believe that girls should wear pants and that boys should wear robes, and that all clothing should be homemade and plain. Joshua stated that if they wanted a pillow to sleep on in their beds, that they have to gather feathers from the chickens and sew their own pillow and stuff it with the feathers they have collected, and went on to say that he didn't even know how to work the sewing machine, but stated that he knew how to hand sew.

Both children expressed fear of having to go back with Chris and Jackie because they state they will be punished severely. Several times while talking with these kids, they began crying and stated that they did not want to be with their father and Jackie anymore, and both expressed a desire to live with their natural mother.

We asked the children what kinds of things are said about Chris and Jackie when they are with Paula and Carl, and both stated that Paula and Carl try to say nice things about them around them. When asked the same question about Chris and Jackie, they state that both Chris and Jackie tell them that Paula and Carl are wicked.

Brittany states that Jackie never says she loves them, and it is Brittany's belief that she enjoys hitting them. Brittany began crying again, stating that she is scared to death of Jackie, further stating that Jackie calls them stupid and dumb. Joshua added that they don't get hugs very often, and that neither Chris or Jackie will read them bedtime stories, adding that Jackie tells them that they can read themselves. Even though

Joshua is only 5 years old, he can read, according to Brittany. She states that Paula had a video tape of Joshua reading.

We asked about fun things at Chris and Jackie's house, and the children state that sometimes they play games, such as some kinds of card games, but that most of the time, they are busy with home schooling or accomplishing the chores they are directed to do. Also, when they are told it is time for them to go to bed, if they do not get ready for bed and get into bed fast enough, Chris tells them that he hates them.

The children told us of spankings that both Jackie and Chris Nemelka gave them, stating that they were spanked on their bare bottoms with belts, sticks, and hands. Brittany stated that on many occasions there were marks left on their bodies from these spankings, and she recalls seeing marks on Joshua, as well as having marks on her bottom as well. When we asked her to describe the marks, she stated that there was sometimes welts, and there was bruising, however, she also stated that the marks would fade away after a few days and eventually would go away so they could not be seen at all. Brittany stated that Jackie spansks with the belt doubled over, and that Jackie is very angry with them when she spansks them.

In addition to being spanked with a belt, stick, or hand, they are slapped across the mouth, and, again, Brittany stated that red marks are sometimes visible on their faces in the mouth area after being slapped across the mouth. Brittany also stated that she was lifted by the neck on one occasion. When asked to describe how this was done, and to demonstrate by using a teddy bear, it appears as though which ever parent did this, and I did not ask her which one it was, stood behind her and put both hands around from the back of the head and lifted her in a quick upward motion.

We asked the children what they did for fun at their house, and they stated that sometimes they got to watch Sesame Street, but that was only on rare occasions. Brittany stated that in order to earn the privilege of watching Sesame Street, they had to have been quiet, have had to have kept their mouth shut and not made any noise, and have to have all their work done.

We asked what happens when they are with Paula and Carl and they misbehave, and both children stated that Paula and Carl talk to them about whatever they have done, and after they talk to them, they give them a hug. They have never been spanked when they are with Paula and Carl.

When I first read the Sheriff's reports, I cried. I couldn't believe my little Brittany could say such things. Jackie was devastated. I soon realized, however, that the reports were manipulated to justify the actions of the individuals involved. I still wondered how Brittany could give them the slightest indication that any of the absurdities in the report took place. Anyone who knows me as a father, knows I am very kind and hardly ever spank, if at all, my children. I am known for my bedtime stories that in Brittany and Joshua's case, were told almost every night. Jackie is one of the kindest women one could know.

Yes, they did an investigation into the charge of abuse, and dropped the charge immediately. There is not any person alive that can claim that they ever saw Jackie or me abuse Brittany and Joshua, because we never, ever did; not in any way.

When I took Joshua from the Department of Family Services, one of the first things he told Jackie and me was, "I hate Brittany!" When I asked him why, he said,

"Because she lies about you and Mom (Jackie)." This led me to believe that Brittany did in fact make up some of what was said so that she could go live with Paula.

I do not blame Brittany, who was only seven years old at the time. I blame a corrupt justice system and a vindictive ex-wife who would cause such misery to another human being by manipulating a small child.

My case is not unique, but very common in the 90's. Anyone who believes that a child doesn't lie, either doesn't have any kids, or is blind and deaf. Children are selfish individuals who will say what they have to and act like they must in order to get what they want. The last time I spoke to Carl Ladenburg, he accused me of teaching Brittany to lie, because he states, "She lies so much to me and Paula." When I asked Brittany about this, she told me that all she had to do was cry and claim that, "You don't love me," and she would get anything she wants from Paula and Carl.

Brittany will know someday what she has caused. At the time children accuse a parent of abuse, they do not fully understand the complications that such claims could have for their parent. However, it is the paid attorneys and therapists who are responsible for the problems of McCarthyism of the 90's.

I chose not to fight the situation in court and eventually gave up trying to save my rights as a father to my children. Paula and Carl have to look at themselves in the mirror each day and live with themselves. They also have to live with two children who love their father and want to see him. Of course, when the children question as to why they can't see me, they are told that a judge decided that I am not a good father and that they should be Ladenburgs instead of Nemelkas. (I hope someday they can explain this to my other children who know their father for who he really is.) The only reason why the Ladenburgs don't want the children to see me, is because they know the children will long to be back with their father; and Carl also realizes that his "fatherly image" would be destroyed when Brittany and Joshua come to know their real father.

I do not agree with physically abusive punishment for children. However, I believe a little spank on the butt never hurt any obnoxious child who learns from no other way. I wonder why we should treat our children any differently than we should other people. Perhaps it is the way we punish our children that determines how they treat others in their adult life. I tend to disagree with this conclusion, however, because of my own experiences with my father. My dad punished with physical beatings, however, very few- I don't think any- of my brothers and sisters punish their children the way our parents punished us. It seems that we learned from experience instead of being taught by it.

I would never charge my father with child abuse. We were beat, but not abused. Parents who beat their kids usually can be helped in ways which benefit our society instead of hindering it. I don't believe a parent should have his or her children taken away and then spend time in jail for punishing their child the only way they know how. Love and good, selfless therapy should be initiated by our society to help parents find alternative ways to discipline their children. The truth is, children are the most selfish, abusive, and belligerent creatures that exist. We must help the adult, who is only an adult by age, learn not to be as a child, before we can expect the adult to teach the child to be an adult.

What we have is a bunch of kids running around accusing older kids of treating them the same way these younger kids treat everyone else.

The philistine, power hungry attorneys, judges, law enforcement officers, social workers, and therapists need to grow up before you can expect anyone who you accuse with your McCarthyism tactics to act like an adult. I believe that most of these Philistines (A Philistine is defined as one who puts more importance on possessions, money and the pursuit of these things, rather than justice,) mean well, but as long as money guides their actions, only the poor will ever reach adulthood and the rich will forever remain children. This, because the poor must learn from heartache and experience while the rich hide behind their money which buys them their attorney, judge, and therapist, which in reality, is their abusive parent.

(end of *Reality Quest* article)

It should be quite obvious to the reader why the Ladenburgs and their "legal guides" needed to manipulate Brittany into saying things about Jackie and me, and making false accusations based on the manipulating questions they posed to her, that they felt were necessary to justify their miscarriage of justice.

The last time I saw Brittany in June of 1993, she denies having said any of the things the authorities report her as saying. What is even more confusing to me, is why none of these police reports on how Jackie and I supposedly treated our children were used in court to try and convince the judge that the children would be better off by being Ladenburgs. The answer: the Ladenburgs and their attorney knew the reports were blatant lies and fabrications sought by an attorney and his clients using the justice system by trying to keep from being sued for legal malpractice.

When I had Paula on the stand during the hearing for visitation in July of 1993, I asked her if she thought I was an abusive parent and if she ever saw me abuse our children. She denied that I ever abused any of the children.

Did Brittany see a blue dress or a red dress? When she was seven years old, scared, and unsure what was going on, and afraid of getting in trouble, she was convinced she saw a red one. But I have no doubts that Brittany to this day, knew the dress was blue all along.

CHAPTER TEN

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

After the worker from the Department of Family Services told us that she was going to authorize the Sheriff's department to take Brittany and Joshua and place them in foster care, Jackie and I left the sheriff's department in Hamilton devastated.

Jackie has never felt, nor will she ever feel the pain and sorrow that she felt that night. She cried the entire night. I was unable to comfort this woman who had just been accused of abusing the children she had nurtured and cared for for four years.

Jackie has never abused any child, nor is she capable of doing so. Ever one that knows Jackie, knows what a wonderful, selfless, woman she is. Never have I met a woman like her, and I doubt very many of her caliber exist.

Though our religious views might have seemed unorthodox at the time, everyone that knew us envied our family and lifestyle as much as many admire the lifestyles of the Amish and Mennonite peoples. In fact, we lived so much like the Amish people, that

most would refer to us as such, and therefore, I named my company, "Amish Labor Service."

After returning to our home, I began to see that we had no hope in obtaining justice dealing with the small town legal system of Hamilton, Montana. Jeff Langton, Oleson's counterpart in Hamilton, was a well known, successful attorney who had the same type of camaraderie with the legal system in Ravalli county as Oleson did in Flathead county.

Police records and court records will show that on the same day that I was up for my first bail hearing in a Ravalli county court, Jeff Langton was representing a client who had been arrested for getting in a fight in a bar, driving all the way to his house to get his gun to kill the guy he fought with, driving back to the bar with his gun, but luckily being intercepted by Ravalli county sheriffs who arrested him before he killed anyone. Langton got the guy released on his own recognizance, as the judge raised my bail to \$75,000 when I was all ready out on a \$20,000 bond issued in Salt Lake County, Utah, where I had recently left in order to turn myself into Ravalli County authorities, so they wouldn't have to extradite me.

Obviously, if Langton had this kind of clout with the court, I made the right decision on the night of June 13, 1991, when I decided to take my children and family and run to Utah where my original divorce had been decreed.

Brittany and Joshua were placed in a foster home for the night. Of course, this was exactly what Oleson and the Ladenburgs had in mind. This would give him the small amount of time he needed to secure a judge's signature in the jurisdiction where he was, 150 miles away, to take the kids away from me.

I had no idea what Oleson was doing. All I knew was that a corrupt legal system was railroading us.

I talked to our neighbors, my boss, and all those who knew us and told them what had happened. They were astounded and were determined to help us get our kids back and escape the abuse of the "small town justice" which many of them had experienced in the past.

My boss, Shane Morris, provided me with his brand new 4x4 truck, (L-8AGAIN), money, and a big hug. The Kreis family and others, offered us support in taking care of our land and farm animals until we could find justice somewhere else.

The next morning I planned to call the Department of Family Services and ask to take some clothes to Brittany and Joshua and assure the kids that everything would be all right. Kathy Ostrander spoke with me about 10:00 A.M., and told me she would try to arrange something and call me back to let me know when I could bring the clothes.

We waited desperately for her call. The call came about 1:00 P.M., Kathy Ostrander advised me that she had *received* an order from the County Attorney's office instructing her to turn the children over to Paula pursuant to a judge's order. "What!" I exclaimed. I caught myself quickly before I lost any composure and said very sincerely, "Well, I guess your department knows what is best for the kids, so we will cooperate." "But, please, please set up a time that we can say good-bye to the children and give them some clothes to wear." Ostrander said she would set something up and call me back.

When I hung up that phone, I was more determined than ever to get my family out of Montana. "How in the hell," I yelled out, "can a Judge sign an order to take away my

children without talking to me and getting my side of the story?" However Oleson did this, I didn't care. I was going to take my children and run for justice.

When our neighbors and friends heard what had happened, no preacher in the land could bear to hear the words that left their lips. If only we could again, elect attorneys and judges, and their true actions known, Montana would have all new ones after the next election.

Ostrander called back and told us we could come and say goodbye to the children at 2:00 P.M.. It was already 1:30, so Jackie and I threw a few things in a bag, said good-bye to our friends and left for Hamilton in our 1974 Mustang.

My mind was going 100 miles an hour as we drove the 25 miles to Hamilton. As fast as a computer, I thought about what I was going to do when I entered the Department of Family Services. I decided that I would stay calm and follow my instincts, something which one police officer later commented where "*some of the best criminal escape instincts*" he had ever known. I figured that if what had just taken place was any indication of the thinking mentality of the law enforcement of Ravalli county, it wouldn't be too tough for me to outsmart them.

When we reached Hamilton, I went to our bank and closed our account taking all the money we had.

We proceeded to the Department of Family Services where I met Kathy Ostrander in the front lobby. Luckily, Brandon, who was three at the time, had fallen asleep in the back seat of our car, so Jackie stayed with him and Caleb, who was one year old.

I smiled at Ms. Ostrander and held up the bag of clothes I had brought to give to the kids. Little did she know that the only clothes in the bag were a few sets of underwear Jackie had put in there for our escape. I put on my charm and could see the confused expression on Ostrander's face as she probably wondered why such a kind man would marry such an abusive woman that would take advantage of my children. I didn't care what she was thinking; I had her where I wanted her.

I entered the room where Brittany and Joshua were. Both were crying and Joshua ran and clutched on to me and said, "Daddy, I don't want to go with Paula!" That little boy clutched on to my arm as if he was drowning in water. Brittany buried her head in her arms and cried. I asked her what was wrong and she responded, "I want to go live with Paula." What ever was going through that little girl's mind, I'll probably never know. Paula had somehow manipulated the poor thing to the point that she became confused as to what really was taking place.

I put my arms around Brittany and she immediately turned toward me and hugged me and wept. I was confused. What was the cause of her confusion? Why did she say she wanted to live with Paula and why couldn't she look me in the eyes. For a good moment I held Brittany as she cried. I comforted her by telling her that she was going to live with Paula, but that Jackie and her little brothers wanted to say good-bye to her. She calmed down and put her hand in mine as I arose from the table at which we were sitting.

I told Ostrander, who appeared teary-eyed herself, that Jackie was out in the car with the sleeping children. I took Brittany by one hand and Joshua, who had never let go of me for a moment, by the other and was heading out to the car to say good-bye to Jackie, when I made a decision which almost brought me to uncontrollable sobs.

I looked at Brittany and saw the little girl I had raise by myself since she was two years old. I saw the little one who had asked me the many questions which any little girl

would want her father to answer. I saw the little hand that held mine as we went on many father/daughter walks alone. For just a moment, I was back on that motorcycle with Brittany sitting in front of me, smelling the innocence of her clean, blonde hair as it lashed tenderly at my face by the oncoming wind. "I'm going to miss you sweetheart," I thought to myself.

Not knowing what the consequences would be, I decided not to take Brittany with me, but let her go with Paula. I left her in the Department of Family Services by saying, "Brittany, you wait here and Joshua and I will go get Jackie and your brothers and we'll come back in and say good-bye."

I left the building with Joshua at my side and Kathy Ostrander about four paces behind me. When Jackie saw Joshua, both of them wept profusely as they held each other tightly. I looked at Ostrander and said, "This is bull-shit!" as I put Joshua in the car and shut the door.

Stunned, Ostrander told me that the police were going to arrest me if I took Joshua. "Well, wish them good-luck," I said as I gave her a very vindictive smile and drove off.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE GREAT ESCAPE

I calmly drove through downtown Hamilton and took the back roads leading to Corvallis where Shane Morris lived. While in route to my boss' farm, Joshua said, "I hate Brittany!" "Why,?" I asked, being very surprised at his comment. "Because she lied about you and Mom (Jackie)." Not really understanding what he meant by this, I didn't push the issue. Joshua was very happy to be with his father and the only family he had known since birth. He said he hated Paula and Carl for trying to take him away. I assured Joshua that Paula and Carl would never take him away from his dad again. I assured him of this, trusting that one day justice would be served for what had happened to our family. I never realized that the promise I made to my little boy would turn out to be a broken one that would emotionally affect him for the rest of his life.

We drove to my boss' farm where he had "L-8AGAIN" gassed up and ready to go. We squealed to a stop in his driveway. He traded me sets of keys, helped put the kids in the front cab, gave me a hug with tears in his eyes, and said, "Good-luck, Chris. May God be with you and your family!" He waved and shook his head as I yelled out the window that we would leave his truck somewhere where he could come and get it.

I hid Jackie and the kids behind the seat of the extended cab of the truck. I took off my shirt and pulled down my bib-overalls that I always wore, so as to be less recognizable. Our plans were to go North to Missoula, Montana, where we were going to buy a used car and leave "L-8AGAIN". I took a county road that ran adjacent to the highway that went to Missoula. As we were proceeding, I could hear many sirens on the nearby highway racing towards Victor, where our land was located. I bypassed Victor on back roads and eventually made it to Missoula.

We arrived in Missoula at one of the worst times possible for finding a motel room where we were going to rest, change our clothes, buy a car and plan our next move.

The local University was holding its commencement services and all the relatives of the students were visiting and staying in the local motels. We drove to three motels with no success. Finally I found one that didn't have a room available, but had a sister-motel down the street where they had made arrangements to send their overflow. I asked the clerk if she would call the motel and see if she could get us a room. The clerk made the call, found out that there was a room available, and asked me what my name was to secure a room. There I was, hadn't slept for 36 hours, unshaven in a pair of bib-overalls. "Tell them to save it for Dan, a farmer," I said meaning for the clerk to let them know they could recognize me by my appearance as a farmer. (I always enjoyed having fun in unpleasant situations, so I was not going to stop at this most unpleasant time.) The clerk gave us directions to the motel and we left.

When we arrived at the motel, I went to the clerk and told her I had been to the other motel and they had sent me here for a room. "Oh, you must be Dan Farmer," she courteously responded. "Yea," I sheepishly responded, "I'm him." The clerk smiled, registered me in a room, and handed me the key.

We were most fortunate, as one might conclude later, that the motel where we were staying had a front door and a back door. We parked "L-8AGAIN" in the front area, planning to park our new, "used" car in the back. We went to the room and collapsed for a moment on the bed. Jackie was extremely tired and the kids were rambunctious as ever, thinking what an exciting vacation they were on.

I went to a nearby store and bought us some sweat clothes to wear, some food for the kids, something to shave with, and some scissors so Jackie could cut my hair. When I got back to the room, I could see the strain the ordeal was having on Jackie. At that moment, I felt sorry I had brought her into this situation.

Jackie was born in Salt Lake City, Utah and lived in the same house all her life until she married me. Her father is a successful pharmacist and her mother worked as an office manager for a dentist where Jackie also worked as a dental assistant for many years before marrying me. All who knew her loved Jackie. She was her parent's favorite because of her love for others and her ability to cook. How she ended up in a Montana motel room running from the law after such a normal, peaceful childhood, is another story in itself.

Nevertheless, Jackie was at my side. She knew the lies against her were malicious and wrong, so she was intent on seeking justice with me. There is no way that I could have convinced her to leave me and let me run by myself. She was my partner and remained so until the end.

I looked in the local paper and found a car for sale that we could afford. I called the guy and told him that our car had broken down and we were staying in a motel. I said that we needed the car as soon as possible, but had no way to come and get it at his house. I must have been pretty convincing, because the guy was a college professor who felt leery about selling a car to someone staying at a motel, fearing that perhaps it was a set up to steal his car. Whatever his justification for doing so, he showed up with the car and his wife.

Once he met us, his fears subsided and I proceeded to concoct a story to try to get him to let us use his license plates until we got to Idaho, where I told him we lived and would immediately send them back to him. He didn't feel good about this and refused to let us keep his plates. He obviously watched the

...television news that evening, because when he saw my picture and that I was wanted for kidnapping, he immediately called the police and reported the incident. How stupid he must have felt- the poor guy.

I took off the front plate of "L-8AGAIN" and put it on the front of our new car. Then I made the first mistake of my getaway.

I had to let my boss know where his truck was, so I called his house but no one answered. I remembered that he had a good friend that worked at the Safeway in Hamilton. I didn't know it at the time, but his good friend had a wife who didn't know me, but knew that I thought all born again Christians were lunatics. Shane Morris was a born again Christian, but he knew I held my opinion in jest. Shane and I had discussed religion on many occasions and I believe he came to respect my views enough that he began to discuss some of the things we talked about at his church. He must have mentioned my name to other members, because he later told me how much this particular woman detested the views I held.

Anyway, I called up the Safeway and asked to talk to the manager of the grocery department. I couldn't remember the guy's name, but knew he was the manager of the grocery department. He wasn't working that day, but I found out his name and got his home number from directory assistance. I called to leave a message with him to give to Shane. I trusted this guy somewhat, so I thought I could tell him where I had left "L-8AGAIN". When I called, his wife answered the phone. I proceeded to explain where I had left the truck. She was very nice on the phone, and had already heard about what had happened and wished me the best of luck. Little did I know that she would hang up the phone, call the police, and anonymously give them the address where I was at. I had no idea this lady hated me enough to do this, nor did I concern myself in the least. However, about 30 minutes later, I announced to Jackie that we had to leave immediately. What prompted me to do so, I do not know. Jackie was tired. She tried to convince me that we could stay at the motel for the night, get a good rest, and leave in the morning. I don't know why, but I was determined to pack up the kids and leave for Idaho.

The second mistake I made was to call my best friend, Kyle Williams, in Idaho Falls, Idaho collect. I called him and explained what had happened. Kyle knew me well and offered any assistance he could to help. Stupid me! I forgot that the motel had a list of all the calls made from that room. I didn't think about that at the time I called Kyle to tell him we were coming.

We packed the kids in the car, and left out the back way where our car was parked. When we drove around the front of the motel, there was a police car with two officers getting out. I didn't think anything of it at the time and joked to Jackie, "Boy, wouldn't that be funny if they were looking for us?" Little did I know, but they were. I guess Shane's blessing of, "...May God be with you and your family," paid off.

CHAPTER TWELVE

MY FRIEND, JUDAS

I drove all night without stopping until we reached Kyle's house in Idaho Falls. He greeted us with open arms and made our first night after taking Joshua very comfortable.

I woke up the next morning and asked Kyle if he would go with me back to Montana, so that we could get some of our stuff we had left behind. He agreed, so we left Jackie and the kids at his house and took his car and headed back up to Montana.

We had a wonderful trip going back to Montana. Kyle and I first met when we both served together as missionaries for the Mormon Church in Buenos Aires, Argentina. We were wonderful friends and I trusted Kyle with my life. We talked the whole way up, which made the eight hour drive go by quickly.

When we reached Missoula, I wanted to go back to the motel where we had stayed and see if my boss had picked up his truck okay. When we got to the motel, I noticed that the truck was not where we had parked it the night before. Curiosity overcame me as I wondered if in fact those police officers I had noticed upon leaving the night before, were looking for me. I went into the front office and asked about anything unusual that had taken place yesterday. The clerk, who was the same woman who had checked me in the day before, and who obviously couldn't wait to tell someone about her involvement, said, "Oh, you wouldn't believe what happened!" As I stood there with Kyle, my heart began to beat faster.

"This guy came in and said he was Dan Farmer. But he was really a kidnapper who the police were looking for. He cut his hair in his room, changed his clothes, stole a car and took off for Idaho." "How do they know he went to Idaho," I asked, trying to keep my heart from beating out of my chest. "Well, we keep track of all the phone calls made from the rooms," she responded triumphantly, as if she was helping to enforce justice. "I gave a copy of his calls to the police and they found some collect calls to Idaho Falls." I thanked the clerk kindly for her wonderful efforts in trying to bring about justice, because what she had just done enabled me to escape injustice once again.

Kyle and I calmly left the office. I yelled to Kyle to keep up, as I sprinted around the corner where I noticed a pay phone. I frantically called Jackie collect. Jackie answered the phone, accepted the call, and I said, "Jackie listen carefully!" I then proceeded to tell Jackie that the police knew we were at Kyle's. But before I was able to finish the sentence, Jackie screamed that they had already been at the house, talked to her, saw the kids and left.

About three hours before, a police officer knocked on Kyle's front door and asked if anyone knew about the whereabouts of Chris Nemelka, a.k.a. Dan Farmer. Jackie, who has never told a lie in her life, wasn't about to break tradition today. She answered him, "I'm his wife." The officer then asked if she knew where I was. She told him that I had gone with Kyle for a couple of days and that she didn't know when I would be back. Miraculously, the officer left his name and number and told her to have Kyle call him when he got back.

The officer obviously assumed that Jackie said that she was Kyle's wife, assuming that since Jackie was also wanted for kidnapping, she would not be so cooperative. Later, that poor cop beat his head against the wall when he came to realize that he came face to face with a wanted kidnapper, and the kidnapped child, and let them get away.

Shane's blessing was still working.

I instructed Jackie to call a cab and take the kids to a motel in Idaho Falls and stay there until we got back. Kyle and I turned around and immediately went back to Idaho Falls. On the way back, Kyle told me he was going to give me his birth certificate, college diploma, and anything else I needed to take on his identity.

Kyle and I made that eight-hour drive back in about five hours.

We went straight to the motel where Jackie was. I knew the cab company now had a record of where they dropped her off, so I took my family to another motel in the area. Once Jackie was safe in the motel, Kyle and I returned to his house where he gave me the license plates off his car, his identification, and a big hug. I thanked my friend and told him I would stay in touch.

The next day, I loaded up the family and left for Twin Falls, Idaho, where I was going to apply for a license under the name of Kyle D. Williams. We arrived in Twin Falls about 6:00 p.m., that same day. I was very tired, having driven all the way myself without stopping. We checked into a motel and finally I felt like we could relax.

Later that evening, I had the strongest premonition to call Kyle and tell him that we were okay and what we were doing. I called him collect. Kyle accepted the collect call and started to cry. "What's wrong, Kyle?" I asked quite surprised. "Chris, I am Judas," he sobbed. "What did you do?" I asked. "Chris the cops are listening right now. They've bugged my phone and are going to arrest you when you try to get a license under my name. They told me I was going to jail if I didn't cooperate. I'm sorry my friend, I love you!"

"What have you done," I said and then hung up the phone.

It didn't take that police officer too long to figure out that he had made a big mistake the day before at Kyle's house. Before long, Kyle's house was surrounded by police cars as they interrogated him about my whereabouts. They intimidated and scared my poor friend until he gave in. However, they were listening when Kyle turned on them and informed me what they were doing.

Kyle disappeared the next day, not to reappear again until all charges against me were dropped.

Yes, Kyle was Judas, but it was not me he betrayed.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN NO REASON TO RUN

Because of Kyle's help, I was able to elude the authorities for some time. I was scared. "Why is the government doing this to me?" I often thought to myself. "I have done nothing wrong! I was only trying to protect my family."

Back in Ravalli County, Montana, the system began to role with its injustice.

I guess the District Attorney, George Corn, was a little bit worried, at the time, about what his office was getting involved with, so he turned the case over to Deputy District Attorney, Gerald D. Williams. An election was coming up and Corn must have smelled some dirty underwear in this case, and didn't want to get caught with his pants down. Later, I believe he wished he had never heard about this case, especially if this book gets published.

On the 14th of June 1991, the day I took Joshua from the D.F.S., Williams went before Judge Nancy Sabo, Justice of the Peace, and got a warrant for Jackie's and my arrest for the charge of "VISITATION INTERFERENCE", a misdemeanor. Bail was set at \$1,000.

Well, I had "pissed off", which is the term used by a Sheriff's Deputy involved in the case, the authorities in Ravalli county, by making them look like fools in trying to

catch me. So what did the brave, just County Attorney's office decide to do? On June, 15, 1994, a Saturday, Williams found Judge Sabo at her home, or wherever she could be found, and got her to sign another warrant upgrading the charge against me to "KIDNAPPING", a felony, and increased my bail to \$20,000.

You see, these corrupt attorneys wanted this lowly farmer who had embarrassed them. They knew they couldn't get him on their own, so they enlisted the aid of the Federal Government. They turned me into a "Wanted Felon" so that the F.B.I. would get involved and help them track and find this, *"felon who is armed and dangerous, willing to take lives if necessary."* I didn't own a gun or had I ever threatened so much as a bird in my life. I had not even received so much as a parking ticket in the past, but all of the sudden, I was on the front page of all of Montana's newspapers, on the 5 o'clock news, and on the computer of every law enforcement agency in the country.

What is amusing are the ensuing stories which the media concocted while I was on the run. In one of the news story, one will note that even though the police knew we were on our way to Idaho Falls, and had even spoken to my wife, who, by the way, was also wanted for felony kidnapping, this newspaper had my smiling picture on the front page claiming we were trying to get over the mountains into Canada. Most other stories were just as ridiculous.

Eventually, we ended up in Salt Lake City where I felt that the justice there couldn't be as bad as Montana's. It was here that I learned just how serious things had become. I was still confused as to why the system couldn't figure out the injustice that had occurred. It became obvious that many of the main characters in my case were frantically trying to "save face" by making me out to be someone and to have committed something I did not.

I decided to turn myself into the authorities, but only after I told my story to the media in order to put pressure on "the system" to give me a fair hearing.

I talked to the Salt Lake Tribune, a local Utah paper, who interviewed me and ran my story. I soon found out that the legal system despises the media, unless they serve their purposes; and the media cooperates with the legal system as much as possible to stay out of trouble with "the system".

Why should I continue to run when I am not guilty of anything but protecting my rights as a free, United States, parent? I trusted that "the system" would treat me fairly and understand my actions. I did not want to run any more. But, had I known beforehand what was going to happen after I turned myself in, i.e., how the system works to protect its own and punish all those who stand up to it, I would have had reason to take my family and run forever.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN FILIAL LOVE RETURNS

After I had taken Joshua back from the State of Montana and proceeded to run, Paula called my relatives in Utah and perpetuated lies that has destroyed her credibility with many to this day.

She called some of my brothers and told them that I had kidnapped Joshua and that I had gone crazy. She continued that the authorities were desperately looking for me and that she thought I might come to Utah and seek refuge with some of my relatives.

She continued claiming that I could be armed and dangerous and could possibly harm members of my own family.

I previously discussed in chapter five how my own father turned against me and began to persecute me. After my father received a call from Paula informing him of Joshua's abduction, he very soon thereafter left for Montana to aid Paula in her cause. My father figured I had flipped out and that his grandchildren were in danger.

My dad proceeded to Kalispell where he spoke with Paula and Brittany. After his conversation with Brittany, my father began to doubt the allegations against Jackie and me. Notwithstanding his doubts, he gave Oleson \$500 to aid Paula and now him, as a party to the cause, in that he was concerned for the welfare of his grandchildren, and wanted custody taken away from me.

My father is an ex-policeman and a very intelligent individual. Even though he didn't understand me and had estranged himself from me, he felt he needed to do his own investigation. He went to Ravalli County, did an investigation and became pretty upset with the Ladenburgs and their attorney. He found out that I was being railroaded and persecuted beyond anything he had yet witnessed being involved for over 25 years in the legal system. He called up Oleson, told him to stop the case against me, pay him back his retainer, and send all the confidential information which he had provided the case against me back to him.

Oleson was a proud attorney who didn't like to be told what to do. He refused to cooperate with my father. The Ladenburgs got very upset they had lost the help of my father and from that day forward, have called him a liar, manipulator, and many other words that would be up for censoring.

Even though my father didn't agree with my religious views, he wanted the truth to be known. If I had been guilty of any crime, my father would have let me be punished. But seeing that I had been abused far worse than he ever persecuted me, he decided to do all he could to help me.

I have included his statement which he prepared for his attorney to be presented to the court, as appendix ?. Though I disagree with my father in many ways today, I can honestly say that his statement presented in the appendix is straightforward and truthful. However, his accusations against the Ladenburgs are merely his opinion of them and not necessarily the truth.

After I turned myself in and my siblings were able to hear my side of the story, they immediately determined that their fears about me were simply false accusations made from Paula's wild imagination. Some of them never believed them for a moment.

My eldest brother, Mike, who is married to Paula's eldest sister Teena, was another story. Though I had never done anything to Mike or his family, he hated me and felt that I was trying to disrupt his family. Mike was in a hard spot. If he took my side, he would lose his wife who would take his kids away. Being a staunch Mormon, and me being an ex-Mormon, was all that was needed for Mike to make his stand. However, I trust that my big brother will see things a little different when he has the facts presented to him, so that he can make a better judgment not based on religious bigotry. It is sad to admit that Mike, who was once my idol, and I will never share the closeness that two brothers should, just because of the "wrath of his wife", something Mike will avoid even at the peril of any other relationship, or truth for that matter.

My father and sisters arranged bail for me and I was soon free to get my case together and fight the injustice that had taken place.

It is nice to have one's family backing one in this sort of situation, but it would have been even nicer had the filial feelings stayed in the heart where they belong instead of in the mouth where they can cause tremendous pain and sorrow for a family. For it wasn't too long after the charges were dropped against me, that my father again turned against me and continues to persecute me because of religion to this day.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

LEGAL MALPRACTICE

Now that I was out on bail, I could finally relax enough to get the facts together to pursue my case against the State of Montana and the Ladenburgs. However, the problems for my family got worse.

The Ladenburgs hired an attorney in Utah to convince a judge that I had better turn over Joshua immediately, or I would get thrown back into jail.

They hired Jo Carol Nessel-Sale, who like her comrade in Kalispell, pulled some very unethical stunts to get what she wanted.

The first thing that Ms. Nessel-Sale did was file an Order to Show Cause that would require me to appear before a judge and show cause as to why I shouldn't turn Joshua over to the Ladenburgs immediately.

When an attorney files an Order to Show Cause, they must serve a copy of the same upon the defendant, me in this case, so as to enable the defendant to appear at the hearing to defend his or her actions. Nessel-Sale mailed a copy of the Order to my uncle's office, who was the original attorney in my divorce case five years ago, and who I hadn't spoken with since, and figured that was a sufficient attempt to advise me of the court date and time. She later explained to a newspaper reporter that she didn't know where I lived because I was "*on the lamb*," and therefore couldn't be legally served by a regular process server.

How in the world could she possibly not know where I was living? I was out on a bail bond, talking to the press, and making my presence known to any that asked? She did not want to know where I was living, because she knew that she would then have to serve me a copy of the said Order To Show Cause, and that I would then be able to defend myself by telling the judge what had occurred in Montana subsequent to the legal divorce I had obtained in this same Utah District Court in which I was awarded full custody of my children in the first place. The judge, if he had any integrity as one, would have smelled a rat and probably not granted the order at that time.

Not only did I have no idea about the Order to Show Cause, but a copy of the said order got to my uncle's office the afternoon of the day that I was suppose to appear in court that same morning. But this was not the lowest thing that Nessel-Sale stooped to get her clients what they wanted.

She scheduled the court date for 9:30 A.M., in District Court on September 6, 1991. She knew fully well that I was scheduled to be arraigned in Circuit Court at 9:30 A.M. on the **exact same day**. She arranged this so that I could not present my case to the judge and tell him what had happened in Montana. How in the world could I be

arraigned in Circuit Court, and appear on an Order to Show Cause in District Court at the same time?

The legal immorality didn't stop there. Having no idea about Nessel-Sale being in front of Judge David Young pleading for an order to make me turn Joshua over to the Ladenburgs, I was ready in circuit court to make my plea of not guilty. I was the first case to be called by Judge Dennis Fewkes. He called my case and I arose and stood before him. His clerk interrupted him and whispered, "Jo Carol Nessel-Sale is in District Court securing an order against this defendant, and has requested that you call Nemelka's case last to give her time to do so." Judge Fewkes, I am sorry to say, because I kind of liked the guy, acquiesced and told me to sit down. He saved my case until last, giving Nessel-Sale ample time to convince Judge Young next door in District Court that I had been given every opportunity to attend the hearing but didn't show, thus giving the judge every reason to issue the order.

Judge David Young was outwitted by Nessel-Sale and signed the order.

Nessel-Sale took the order and ran from District Court to Circuit Court where she rounded up a constable and waited for me to exit my arraignment.

Right outside the courtroom door, which by the way is illegal in the State of Utah, I was served the order by the constable with Carl Ladenburg, Jay D. Blades, Paula's older brother, and Nessel-Sale standing nearby with their tongues dripping in anxiety to rip my son's heart out by taking him away from the only family he has ever known.

When the constable gave me the order from Judge Young, I asked him if he was going to arrest me right there, because I was going to defy the order. No way was I going to break Joshua's heart by turning him over to the Ladenburgs. I made a promise to my son months earlier and I wasn't about to break it.

The constable told me he had no authority to arrest me; that Nessel-Sale would now have to get a bench warrant issued to put me in jail; and that's exactly what she did.

I came to the conclusion that judges were nothing more than referees between the attorneys of both sides, and when one side doesn't show up to play, because they didn't know there was a scheduled game, the referee forfeits the game to the side that shows. Likewise, if one team doesn't have a coach (attorney), the judges assume the team isn't going to win anyway, so why not forfeit the game to the team that has the coach there ready to play?

I lost all respect for the legal system that day, especially for judges. I called Judge Fewkes to ask him how he could have possibly allowed what he did in his court. He told me, "Well it might be unethical, but attorneys always do it." "Why didn't you stop it?" I asked. "If you want to sue me, go ahead," he said, and that was the end of my attempting to talk to biased judges whose success depends on the opinions of their peers- other attorneys.

I could see that things were not going to be done ethically at all. I didn't have an attorney, and at this time didn't feel one was necessary if I just told the truth in all things.

I called Nessel-Sale and attempted to negotiate a possible solution in reuniting Brittany and Joshua together and then letting the Ladenburgs take temporary custody of them until this mess was resolved in court. I told her that Joshua was scared to death of the Ladenburgs, and that it would emotionally destroy him to be taken from the only family he has known and place him somewhere he didn't want to be. I told her to have the Ladenburgs bring Brittany to Salt Lake City and let her and Joshua get back together

and gain one another's trust. I told them that the Ladenburgs then could visit the children together and gain Joshua's trust before they destroyed the poor kid by taking him away from Jackie and me.

Through the whole ordeal, no one considered the tender feelings of a five-year-old boy who loved his father and the only family he had ever known more than anything else. Though it was me to blame for keeping Joshua from knowing the Ladenburgs in the past, I only wanted to protect his innocence and work out the product of my mistakes in a way that would not harm the poor boy. Joshua loved Jackie as the woman who had cared for him since the age of one. He loved Brandon, his kid brother, and Caleb his littlest brother. He was quite comfortable in our family, and when questioned whether or not he wanted to live with the Ladenburgs, he would burst out into tears.

Nesset-Sale, like most attorneys, didn't care that what she was doing would destroy a little boy. To be fair to Nesset-Sale, I don't think she had any idea what the truth really was behind the whole incident. She was hired and paid good money to get Joshua from me; and she was going to do what was necessary.

Nesset-Sale must have thought I was stupid, because she tried to set up an appointment with Joshua and me where an independent mediator would talk to Joshua to determine what was best for him. She told me to bring him to a predetermined location that she would set up. The only mediator that was at that location was Carl Ladenburg to take Joshua, and a policeman to give the poor boy to him and throw me in jail again.

I could not negotiate at all with Nesset-Sale, who proved to be very arrogant in her dealings with me accusing me of manipulation and putting myself above the law.

I didn't care about anything but the feelings of Joshua. I knew Joshua better than anyone else. Had Joshua wanted to go with the Ladenburgs, I would have let him. I had let his sister go upon her request and would have done the same for him. However, it will be shown hereafter, how the wolves, i.e., the Ladenburgs and their legal entourage, finally captured their prey, i.e., my dear son Joshua, ripped his heart out and ferociously devoured him.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

NOTHING TO HIDE

Not at anytime during the dealings with the Ladenburgs have I ever said anything but the truth. When I turned myself into authorities, I was interviewed by the FBI and other law enforcement agencies in Utah. They read me my miranda rights and offered me an attorney before I said anything.

"I do not need an attorney to tell the truth," I told them. "The only people that need attorneys are those who need someone to lie for them."

All along up to this time, I thought that I would be fine and justice would be served, as long as I told the truth. What a fool I was.

I thought about fighting extradition to Montana on the basis of the injustice I had experienced with them. However, the public defender in Utah who was appointed to represent me, was so bogged down with cases that he had no time to look into my request.

I finally decided that I would get this mess over with and go to Montana, turn myself into authorities, and get on with justice. Had I known what was going to take place when I arrived in Montana, I would have fought extradition to the Supreme Court.

Before going to Montana, my father had arranged and posted the \$20,000 bond to get me out of jail. He had phoned the bail bondsman in Salt Lake and had him arrange to transfer the bond to Montana so that I wouldn't have to go back to jail when I arrived there. The bondsman called George Corn, the Ravalli County District Attorney, and made sure that there would be no problem with the bond transfer. Corn told him there would be none.

I drove to Montana, turned myself into authorities, was booked into jail, and waited overnight until the next morning when my bail hearing was set. I assumed that the judge would understand that I was out on \$20,000 bail from Utah, and that Corn had all ready been expecting me to transfer bail to that Montana jurisdiction. Boy, was I mistaken.

The puesdo-judge, (I say this because the guy was some kind of small town part-time judge who filled in when he was needed,) called my case to the bench. When he asked the State what my bail was to be set at, the Sheriff stood and said, "\$75,000 your honor"

I was stunned. "There must be some mistake!" I shot off to the Judge, not remembering that this guy really thought he was a judge. "I was told that I could transfer my bail from Utah to here." This took the judge by surprise and he listened to my protests, but exclaimed, "I'm setting the bail at \$75,000 according to the request of the state."

I was devastated. "What the hell was going on," I thought to myself. If Montana was going to continue to harass me and persecute me when I have been cooperating all along, then I will try doing what many have done before me to bring attention to their unjust treatment. "If you set that outrageous bail, your honor, I will not eat or drink until I am free!" I protested. This pocket-judge fumbled with some papers, mumbled to himself, and asked me if I needed a court appointed attorney. I accepted the public defender whose card the judge handed me.

When I sat down, the judge called the next case. Guess who came forward? The guy I mentioned previously, who was on his way back to a bar to kill some guy he had earlier fought with. This guy approached the bench with a smile on his face, because who was at his side, none other than Jeff Langton, who had manipulated the law so well back on June 13, 1991, that led to the destruction of my family. (By the way, Langton now sits on the bench as a District Judge himself. There goes any justice I might try to pursue in Ravalli County in the future.)

This "would be murderer" was released on his own recognizes. There I was- a father trying to defend his right to be a father, and I was in jail with a bail the authorities knew fully well I could not make. Yes, a bail that rarely gets set even for rapists and felony murderers in that small Montana town.

They put me back into my jail cell and I cried. I cried as I realized that "the system" was a business, a game, which over educated businessmen used to get gain. All I wanted was to confront my accusers, the Ladenburgs, tell the truth, and let a jury of my peers render a decision. All I wanted was the constitutional rights I thought everyone was supposed to be guaranteed.

Well, I soon found out that these rights are not guaranteed unless someone is paid good money to guarantee them for you.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

UNBEKNOWNST TO ME

Little did I know, but at the time I turned myself into authorities, I no longer had custody of Brittany and Joshua and was ordered to pay child support to the Ladenburgs in the amount of \$200 per month.

I was totally unaware that Oleson had filed a petition in Flathead Valley to take custody away from me. However, he did so in a way that made it almost impossible for me to find out about it.

What I was unaware of was that the "speedy" order issued by Judge Erickson on the morning of June 14, taking my children from me and giving them to Paula, also included an order that I appear in his court on the 15th day of August, at 1:30 p.m., to show cause why the children shouldn't be given to the Ladenburgs.

This is what happened back on June 14th:

Oleson got the order signed, faxed it to Langton, who then instructed Paula to take the Order To Show Cause to the sheriff's office and tell them to serve it on me. Included therein is my address where I should be served the Order, and the best time I could be served the said Order ("*Best time to serve will be 8:00 to 8:30 PM*").

The Sheriff would have left at about 7:45 P.M. in the evening and probably fulfilled his legal obligation perfectly had it not been for one minor problem:

I had taken Joshua and was on my way to Idaho Falls, Idaho at 8:00 P.M.. I had taken Joshua, unbeknownst to Paula Ladenburg, who was probably filling out the praecipe at the same time I was at the Department of Family Services pursuing my strategy to get my kids back.

I was never served that order, nor have I ever been legally served any order from any judge in Montana telling me to give my children to the Ladenburgs or appear in court to defend myself.

Oleson had a big problem now. He knew that I wasn't served the order, but he also knew that he couldn't find me to serve one, because I had fled the corruption of Montana's small town justice.

However, Oleson soon found his pinhole of light through the dark clouds that were covering his case.

When I called the Department of Family Services to set up a time to go say goodbye to Brittany and Joshua, the social worker called me back and said that she had received an order "*...from the County Attorney's office instructing me to turn the children over to the Ladenburgs...*" When I arrived at the Department of Family Services, Kathy Ostrander showed me the order she had received, (the exact document she showed me is included herein as appendix ?), which she asked me if I wanted a copy of.

"Why not," I said. She could have received an order for her to take me out to dinner and give me a hundred dollars, but I wouldn't have paid any attention to her or her order. I was there to get my kids and make a run for justice.

I accepted the copy of the said order to play a long with Ostrander, so that I could gain her trust enough to be able to get Joshua out of the building. I didn't look at the order or worry about it. When I loaded Joshua in the back seat of the car, I threw the copy Ostrander had given me on the floor of my car, where Sheriffs Deputies later found it when they impounded my car at Shane Morris' farm.

The fact is, Ostrander received the order from the District Attorney, which gave her office the authority to turn the children over to the Ladenburgs. She was not instructed to serve me with a legal service, or did she ever have any intention to do so.

Needless to say, Oleson jumped with joy when Ostrander told him what had happened. He had Ostrander affirm that she did indeed legally serve me the order which would convince Judge Erickson on August 15th, that I was fully aware of the hearing, but refused to appear.

If Oleson had intended for Ostrander to serve me, then why did he instruct Paula to fill out the praecipe at the sheriff's office instructing them to do the same at 8:00 P.M.. Oleson knows to this day that I was not legally served anything. He has been covering his butt since then with all the means at his disposal.

So, now I no longer have custody of my children based on an order which was signed by a judge, who read the lies of the petition for the order, signed it, issued an order for me to appear in his court, which I knew nothing about, went through with the hearing on August 15, believed Oleson's lies in the petition, believed that I had been served a copy of said order, and to top it all off, ordered me to pay \$200 per month child support to the Ladenburgs when he had no idea what my financial situation was. (I was making \$4.25 per hour supporting six people)

Alas, now I was in jail fighting to keep my children who I thought I had custody of, but in reality did not, and was required to pay child support to the Ladenburgs in the amount of \$200 per month while sitting behind bars. Right!!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER

Public defenders are assigned to defend members of society who can not afford to pay for their own defense. (Why one has to pay to be able to give their perception of the truth, continually perplexes me.) Attorneys become public defenders in order to further their career climb and gain the experience necessary in order to be successful at their own practice where they can charge their clients ten times what they charge for their services as public defenders.

I'm sure there are some who become public defenders for the sake of justice to the poor, but few on this planet.

My first experience with a public defender was when I was arraigned on the felony kidnapping charge in Salt Lake City, Utah. At my arraignment, I stood in line behind about twenty other defendants who were patiently waiting their turn to be handed the business card of the attorney assigned to them.

When I got to the front of the line, I was handed a card and told to call his office sometime and set up an appointment with the secretary.

"But that is exactly what he said to the other twenty individuals he had given his card to before me," I thought as I looked at him puzzled. I couldn't for the life of me understand how he could possibly understand the issues of a case as complex as mine and defend the other defendants assigned to him.

I soon found out that he didn't understand the issues, nor did he care.

I called his office and set up an appointment for the following week. I was out on bail. "But what about the guy who can't afford bail and is possibly innocent of the charges against him?" I wondered. "How long does he have to wait in jail for an appointment to see his attorney?"

When I entered the public defenders office, I took my seat beside many other defendants who were waiting to see their court appointed attorney. I thought I was in a doctor's office waiting to see the doctor who had scheduled my appointment at noon, but was still seeing his 9:30 appointment.

As I looked around me, I saw the faces of anxiety which were etched strongly on the countenances of other indigent people who had made a mistake, or possibly been accused of making one, by their own government and were now coming to *their* government for help in *their* defense against their government. Ironic, huh?

I finally got to see my attorney who fumbled through his very cluttered desk to locate my file, which, by the way, he never did locate. He asked me what my charges were, and when I told him, he said, "Oh yea, you've been getting some media coverage." He told me that he had thought about my case and told me that it would be useless to fight extradition, because unless I could prove I was not Chris Nemelka, Montana would win extradition.

Our meeting lasted about ten minutes, and after this inconvenience I seemed to have caused this "busy" attorney, I decided not to fight extradition, but take my chances in Montana.

In Montana, I was in jail for two days before I met my public defender. I received his business card during my preliminary bail hearing and read his name to myself, "J.G. Shockely, Attorney at Law." "Okay," I thought, "This is a small town and there aren't too many felons in jail with me, maybe this guy has more time for me."

After getting his card, I was returned to my cell where I asked the other six inmates of the felony wing who shared my 10' X 16' cell, who their attorneys were. Four of the six had the same attorney as me. The other two had another attorney, Donald Spadone, the other public defender in the area.

"How is Shockley?" I asked them. I got good reviews and bad reviews, but soon realized that these poor guys didn't know the difference between a good attorney and a bad one. All of them were poor, uneducated men between 19 and 35 years old.

I first met Shockley just before, and I mean, just before, the beginning of my arraignment. He approached me and asked me who I was. I told him and he informed me he was my attorney and then asked me what I was going to plead. "He was the attorney. I thought he was suppose to advise me of what to plea," I thought to myself as I gave him the same puzzled look I gave the Utah public defender.

Shockley must of read my thoughts, because he said, "Why don't you just plead "not guilty" and we can change the plea later if we want." I was stunned at his arrogance and incompetency of understanding my situation. Before I had time to say anything else, the court was called to order by the Bailiff.

I pled not guilty and went back to my cell. A few hours later, the jailer came and got me and told me my attorney was here to see me. I was led to a small room off the jail where I was locked up. Moments later, in came Shockley in Levis and tennis shoes, a cowboy hat and a pipe stuck out of his mouth. Without taking his pipe out of his mouth he said, "Hi! Nemelka." "I understand you have been fasting for a while. I'll tell you, its not going to do you any good." Before I said a word, he continued, "Right up front I'm going to tell you that I think all my clients are liars." I assured him I had no intention on lying to him. He then let me tell him my story.

As I was concluding the facts of my case, he thumbed through the Montana Code Annotated, which contained the laws for the state of Montana, and found what he was looking for about the time I finished.

He had looked up the definition for "kidnapping" as outlined in the Montana code, and told me to read it. It basically said that a kidnapper was one who, "*without legal authority, conceals or detains any person against their will.*" He knew as well as I did that at the time I supposedly kidnapped Joshua, I had legal custody of him and that Joshua wanted to be with me. He then said, "I'm going to make a fortune off this case."

He then told me of his experience as a Federal Prosecutor and that with all his experience as such, he would never have attempted to prosecute this case. He then told me that I had "pissed off" the local authorities and that was probably why they were doing this to me. I then asked him about the \$75,000 bail they had set and why Corn had went back on his promise to let me transfer my Utah bail bond to Montana. He knew nothing about this, but said he was sure he could get my bail reduced.

We met for about an hour before he said he had another client to see. I went back to my cell pretty confident that maybe Shockley knew what he was doing.

After a day or so, I called Shockley on the phone in my cell and asked him if he had made any progress in reducing my bail. He told me that the State wanted me to turn over Joshua, and that is why they were keeping me in jail. I then said, "You are supposed to be my attorney; defending me and explaining why I haven't turned over Joshua." He was quite upset at my persistence and said something that he has regretted ever since, and when this book is published, will regret the rest of his career:

"Look!" he told me. "The County pays me \$45 per hour to defend you. If you're willing to pay my normal fee, maybe I can go about this a different way!"

He said this to the wrong guy at the wrong time. I told him I would see him in court tomorrow where I would fire him and represent myself. Shockley was madder than a disturbed hornet's nest and hung up the phone.

Shockley knew he had made a big mistake. I had a court appearance scheduled for a bail hearing the next day. The night before, I prepared what I though was a wonderful case to get my bail reduced by representing myself.

The night before my bail hearing, I made the hardest decision I have ever made in my life. I decided to turn Joshua over to the Ladenburgs. I thought that I would be given ample opportunity to get him back when the truth came out in court.

I called my father in Salt Lake and told him to tell Jackie to turn over Joshua to the Ladenburgs. My father, who also loved Joshua immensely, was devastated. He refused to do it himself.

My mother and my sister, Paulette, (ironically the same individuals who four years earlier had watched Paula sign the papers to relinquish custody to me,) went where

Jackie was keeping Joshua and told him they were going to give him to the Ladenburgs. Joshua screamed in horror. He cried profusely and held on to Jackie's legs and wouldn't let go. My mother had to pry little Josh's arms away from Jackie's legs and carry him away screaming from the only family he had ever known.

My mother took Joshua over to my brother Mike's house, (he's married to Paula's eldest sister), and while she and my sister wept, handed Joshua over to Teena, Paula's sister, never to see him again.

Good job Oleson, Judge Erickson, and the Ladenburgs, you're quite the considerate bunch!

Joshua's never been the same since. I sure miss my little Josh. I cried all that night in my jail cell as I pondered the fact that I had broken the promise I had made a few weeks earlier to my little boy.

Shockley had other ideas to protect his butt. The next day, he took advantage of being an officer of the court, and cornered the judge to tell him what I was going to accuse him of in court. Somehow he biased that judge against me by telling him something that I can only speculate on based on how the judge treated me in court. (This can all be verified by court records which transcripts I was not able to afford at the time I wrote this book.)

Before entering the courtroom, Shockley came up to me and asked me if we could work this out; that he could get my bail reduced if I gave him a chance. I refused and told him he was through representing me. He left me and made a beeline for the judges chambers. When my case was called to the bench, Shockley came up and stood by my side. He told the judge that I wanted to represent myself. The "Honorable" Douglas Harkin presided and asked if it was so, and mocked me by saying, "Mr. Nemelka, do you believe you are going to receive some divine intervention in your defense?" I was shocked as I answered no. Harkin then dismissed Shockley. Then this judge said, "Mr. Nemelka, you've got five minutes to tell me what your going to say- about bail only!" This I am sure he said to stop me at that time from telling the court what Shockley had done.

I proceeded to present my case for a reduction in bail when he interrupted me and told me he would lower my bail to \$20,000. Gerald Williams of the prosecution objected and gave the judge a letter I had sent to Paula while I was on the run, which said I was going to come and get Brittany and flee to Canada from the injustice that had occurred to me.

I did write the letter, but never intended to flee to Canada. I wrote it from Utah, sent it to some relatives in Canada, and had them send it, so that the postmark would read Canada, thus throwing the FBI off by making them think I was in Canada when in reality I was living in Utah where I had been living with an incognito identity.

Judge Harkin raised my bail back to \$75,000 based on the letter. I then blurted out, (something I did regularly in open court,) "Why in the hell would I have turned myself in, if I was going to flee to Canada?"

"I don't know," the judge responded, as he hit his bench with his mallet. "Next case!"

Shockley had got to Harkin. This judge hated me, but luckily for me, there was a new judge every week, and the following week I was in front of one of the kindest, most considerate judges I have ever met. His name was John S. Henson.

I had set a rehearing for my bail reduction. When my case was called to the bench by Judge Henson, he spent a little time reviewing the papers before him. He looked up briefly to ask, "Mr. Nemelka, why did you change your name to Stohl?"

A few years before, I wanted to make a new life for my family and me so I changed my name to Christopher Abraham Stohl to escape religious persecution from my own family and my ex-church. I did so based on The Bible's account of Abram changing his name to Abraham, thus my new middle name, and Saul changing his name to Paul. I figured, at the time, that the former Chris Nemelka was not the same person as the now, Christopher Abraham Stohl.

I told the judge that I had done it for religious purposes, and he lowered his head and continued going through the paperwork. He finished reading, took off his glasses, reclined a little in his chair, and asked me to proceed.

"Your Honor," I began, thinking maybe I was finally in front of someone I can truly call "Your Honor", "During my last court appearance the judge asked me, 'Mr. Nemelka, do you believe you are going to receive some divine intervention in your defense?' "I do not think so your honor, because the last time a man depended on divine intervention to help him in a court of man, he was charged, prosecuted, and crucified." You could have heard a pin drop in that courtroom.

I then proceeded to tell the court what had happened with Shockley. He looked at me, he looked at George Corn, the District Attorney, then he looked back at me, then at Corn, then at me. I knew I had made a friend.

When I finished, Shockley came out of the audience and denied everything that I had said about him. He said that, as an officer of the court, he had a right to defend himself. I just shook my head as he perjured himself. The judge told Shockley that his protest would be noted by the court.

I then proceeded to explain why I was being charged with kidnapping. Judge Henson let me speak until I was finished, but all the while looking over his bench at me, then Corn, then me, then Corn.

He lowered my bail to \$20,000, and again Corn objected and presented the letter to the judge as evidence. The judge looked at the letter, asked for my explanation, listened to it, and told Corn that his objection was overruled.

Judge Henson is one in a million.

From that time on, Shockley would tell his other clients not to talk to me about their cases. He told one client who shared my cell, that he was on Judge Henson's bad list; and that anything he did in his court would be a struggle.

I won my first court argument. However, my victory was short lived. When I left the courtroom, I was served papers by the Sheriff that were again prepared by Oleson in Flathead County, in another jurisdiction, and signed by Judge Erickson.

The papers ordered the Sheriff to keep me in jail until a court date that was set for me to appear on an Order To Show Cause in Flathead County in two weeks. I didn't take this as a set back. It was all right for me to stay in jail where I could prepare my defense against Oleson in the Flathead Court. Also, I was assured a free ride up to Kalispell, Montana in a Sheriff's car.

However, it didn't take too long before I figured out that Oleson had no intention of letting me testify in front of Judge Erickson. He filed the petition to keep me in jail

and keep me from going anywhere. He knew he had a lot of "butt covering" to do, and with me behind bars, he had time to think.

I worked in my cell and my father worked on the case from the outside. We had a case prepared that would have surely reversed the orders of Judge Erickson when he heard the truth. I made the mistake, under extreme emotional strain, by writing Judge Erickson the morning after I had told my father to give Joshua to the Ladenburgs, and told him I didn't want to see him in his court. Being devastated by what I had just done to my son, I ripped him a new jurisprudence nostril. After I calmed down the next day, I rewrote Erickson, told him I was sorry for the last letter, and that I looked forward to presenting my side of the story in his court.

Of course, Oleson was the mastermind behind the whole thing. He let me sit in jail for two weeks, when I could have been out on my reduced bail, before he got the court date cancelled in Flathead County and withdrew his Order To Show Cause. Boy, this Oleson character really hates me.

After this happened, I was furious. I refused bail and told George Corn I wanted to take him on in court. My father offered to hire me a good attorney from Missoula, but this parasite wanted \$16,000 to take the case. I told my father that if I am a fool, then I have a fool for a client. I was sick of attorneys and corrupt judges. If I couldn't count on a fair hearing from a legal system I was taught to trust in, then I would obtain my own hearing; and if I went to prison, so what!

I went up in front of Judge Jack Green and asked him to dismiss the case based on the fact that the State's only purpose was to persecute me instead of prosecute me for any misdeed.

Judge Green, hardly looked up from the papers before him on the bench. He denied my request for a dismissal, but told me to work on a *habeas corpus* that he would review.

I had previously sent Judge Green a letter in which I asked for his patience in presenting my case owing to the fact I was proceeding pro-se. I explained why I dismissed my former public defender.

Well, the attorneys once again got to the judge and prejudiced his mind before he even met me. I asked Judge Green if he had received my letter, and if in fact, he had read it. He responded, looking up over the bench at me for the first time, "Mr. Nemelka, I am a very busy man and would appreciate it if you wouldn't send me any letters." He was rude and very to the point.

I couldn't hold back my emotions any longer. Months of taking abuse from a biased judicial system took its toll on me. I wept profusely. I couldn't regain my composure as I stood before Judge Green shaking. My sobs were heard by the court and noticed by the court reporter whose eyes began to swell with tears. The court was completely silent as I wept and said, "What's the use?"

I sat back down behind the defendant's table. Judge Green stopped reading the papers before him, took off his reading glasses and looked at me, this time in a very different manner. He almost had compassion on his wrinkled face.

"Mr. Corn," he said. "Who is the next public defender in line after Shockley?" Mr. Corn told the judge that Mr. Donald Spadone was next in line. Still shaking and weeping, I informed the judge that the public defenders office was very upset with me for

counseling some of the other inmates in my cell to not plead guilty and thereby disrupting that office. I continued that they all hated me and would not defend me properly. Judge Green directed himself to the side of the courtroom where Mr. Spadone was seated, and said, "Mr. Spadone, you will represent Mr. Nemelka for the rest of these proceedings."

Spadone stood up and refused to represent me mockingly stating, "Your honor, Mr. Nemelka has all ready fired Mr. Shockley and thinks he is well able to defend himself."

Judge Green glared sternly at Don Spadone and ordered him to defend me properly. With the bang of his gavel, Judge Green called the next case.

For the rest of the time that I was in the courtroom that day, Spadone just stared at me.

"That's it!" I thought to myself as I was led back to my jail cell. I sat down and wrote a letter to George Corn telling him I wanted to plead guilty to the charge of kidnapping, to get the whole mess over with. I finished the letter, sealed it in an envelope and called for the jailer to deliver it to the District Attorney's Office, when, as the jailer came to my cell, he informed me that Spadone was outside waiting to talk with me.

When I met with Spadone, I could tell he didn't like me or appreciate being forced to defend me. I told him I wanted to plead guilty to the charge of kidnapping and go to prison if that is what will end the ordeal. He told me that Corn would not accept my guilty plea, that they were lowering my bail to \$5,000.

Two hours later, I was back in court in front of Judge Green, who I could tell had quite a discussion with the prosecuting attorney and Mr. Spadone, where my bail was lowered to \$5,000.

The next day, my father secured a bail bond for me and I was free once again on bail.

I have no doubt that it was not Mr. Spadone who won my reduction in bail. I feel that perhaps George Corn felt that persecution was indeed what his office was doing. He knew he could never bring the case to trial. He just wanted to show me who was boss.

I went back to Salt Lake City and joined Jackie and my family. The kidnapping charges were dropped and the case against me by the State of Montana was over.

No thanks to the public defender's office, (or that parasite of an attorney in Missoula who wanted \$16,000), who will continue to abuse the rights of other indigent defendants who are unable to pay for justice, but are forced to depend on an attorney who is being paid, and not too well according to them, out of the same pocket that is paying the judge and the prosecutor who is trying to put them in prison, so that these poor Americans, too, can be taken care of by the deep pocket of the public. Ugh!!!

CHAPTER NINETEEN

PUTTING MY LIFE BACK IN ORDER

Since the abduction of Brittany and Joshua on June 13, 1991, by the Ladenburgs. I lost my land in Montana, had my name and character slandered, and lost custody of my two oldest children.

Jackie and I brought our bus down to Salt Lake City and parked it adjacent to my brother's house located in Rose Park where I had lived when I graduated from High

School. My friends and relatives could not believe what had happened to my family. However, some of the most ignorant blamed my misfortunes on my leaving the only true church of God- the Mormon church. Most of these, however, never got the full story of what had happened to us, and like most bigoted individuals, didn't bother to find out the truth.

We were finally getting a little peace in our lives when one of these ignorant ones, who thought that we were still running from the law and were hiding out in our bus at my brother's house, thought they would do their government a favor and report us to the FBI.

When the FBI received the anonymous call, they immediately checked their trusty computers to see if they had warrants for Christopher M. Nemelka and his accomplice in the terrible kidnapping, Jackie Nemelka. They didn't find my name, because the Montana authorities had dropped the charges against me, but they did find Jackie Nemelka who was still wanted for kidnapping.

They came to our bus, took our two month old daughter, Sariah, away from Jackie, hand cuffed her, and took her away in their car.

I was not only devastated again, but furious. I stormed down to the U.S. Marshall's office demanding to know what was going on. I explained the situation to them, but they concluded that they had a valid warrant and they weren't going to let her go.

I called Don Spadone in Hamilton, Montana, and in no uncertain terms told him if he didn't get Jackie released immediately, I would spend the rest of my life suing Ravalli County in court. Spadone was pretty agitated by the call, but it didn't take but 24 hours for Jackie to be released and all charges dropped against her.

I still don't know who turned us in to the FBI, but I hope whoever did, reads this book and feels a deep, warm, fuzzy feeling about separating a two month old baby, who was breast feeding, from her mother, and humiliating one of the kindest women I, or any that have known her personally, have ever known.

I finally found an old house that I bought and remodeled. It didn't take me long, however, to begin to miss my children desperately and desire to regain what I had lost.

I filed a pro-se motion in the Flathead Court to finally get in front of a judge and try to explain the terrible lies Oleson and the Ladenburgs had perpetuated in order to win custody of my children.

I had very limited knowledge of the legal procedures of a civil law suit, but I proceeded anyway.

Appendix II is a copy of the motion I first filed in June of 1992, to challenge everything that Oleson and the Ladenburgs had done. I attempted to talk to Oleson on the phone on two occasions, but in each instance, he cursed me out and hung up. His hate for me was enormous. (Also included in appendix ? is a letter dated July 25, 1992, I wrote to the Ladenburgs asking them to work things out with me without going to court.)

He told me on one of these occasions that I might win custody back, but that they would immediately file to take custody back from me. When I asked him to explain on what grounds, he cursed and hung up the phone.

I hadn't seen my children for at least a year. The Ladenburgs refused to let me have any visitation to them, all though the order of the judge, obtained by the lies of the Ladenburgs and their attorney taking custody from me and telling me to pay child support, allowed me "restrictive visitation".

I decided to return to Montana so that I could fight for my kids in person. I intended to make my home in Columbia Falls, Montana, where the Ladenburgs lived. When we arrived in Columbia Falls, I called the Ladenburgs and asked to see the kids. They refused.

I wanted to see my kids and knew that if I could only talk to a judge, he would understand and order the Ladenburgs to let me see them even if it was under supervision.

Now, if the reader recalls, back On June 14, 1991, H. James Oleson was able to get out of bed in the morning, prepare a petition for an order to give the Ladenburgs immediate visitation privileges for eight weeks based on the outrageous lies and innuendo made in his petition, fax it to Paula 150 miles away in Ravalli county, have her sign it and fax it back, have his secretary notarize it, file it in the Flathead county court, and then find Judge Erickson wherever he was, and have him sign it. All before 10:00 A.M.!

If Oleson could do all this in one morning, surely I could get a judge to allow me to see my children, which I hadn't seen in over a year, by reading my petition and signing an order instructing the Ladenburgs to allow me my "restricted visitation". Not!!!!!!

I prepared a motion for visitation, filed it with the clerk, and asked to see the judge. My motion was filed and that is as far as it got. The judge refused to see me. I guess I hadn't yet wined and dined him or paid for his green fees on the local golf course, or bought him a drink at the country club. The fact is, I wasn't part of "the establishment". I hadn't paid my dues with six years of law school to get a piece of paper that would promise me unlimited access to "YOUR HONOR" and all kinds of money.

I couldn't believe this injustice.

Jackie and I bought some poster board and made some signs which said the following:

I carried a sign that said:

STOP CORRUPT ATTORNEY/JUDGE RELATIONSHIPS.

Jackie carried one that quoted:

**WE WANT OUR DAY IN COURT
EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL**

And little four-year-old Brandon carried a sign that said:

GIVE ME BACK MY BROTHER AND SISTER

We stood in front of the courthouse hoping a kind judge, or even a publicity seeking attorney, would help us out. No one offered to help at all, except for a court clerk who came outside where we were, and under oath that I wouldn't tell anyone she had spoken to me, told me that I needed to file a "Notice of a Hearing" and serve a copy on the Ladenburgs. I did this, but Judge Ted O. Lympus informed his clerk to tell us that we would have to wait until a hearing date came up on his calendar.

Ted O. Lympus was the judge who had taken over the cases of Leif Erickson who had recently been appointed to the Federal Bench. An attorney came by where we were picketing and told us we were "pissing off " the judges "up there" and that he wouldn't do that if he were us. I asked this attorney for his help, so he went into the court, looked at our file, and told me it would cost me \$3,000 for his retainer fee.

Nothing was going very well for us. I couldn't find a job in Columbia Falls, the Ladenburgs had hidden themselves, and to make matters worse, Carl Ladenburg and Paula Blades belonged to two of the most popular and well-liked families in the small town of Columbia Falls. It was hopeless.

We returned to Salt Lake City where we patiently waited for a hearing date on my motions, while we attempted to put our lives back in order once again.

I waited and waited. I called the Flathead Court Clerk at least five times asking if the judge set a hearing date. I heard nothing.

Then Oleson filed a motion wanting the judge to throw out my motion owing to the fact that I hadn't filed any "legal briefs" with my motion.

I had no idea what legal briefs he was referring to. In appendix II the reader will find the response to Oleson's motion I filed with the court. (Note: I didn't have access to a typewriter at the time.)

It doesn't take a very high IQ to figure out that I was not trained in court procedure. I just wanted to tell the truth. "Why," I wondered, "does one need to go through all this ridiculous paperwork in order to go in front of a supposable unbiased judge and tell the truth?"

Well, I guess Lympus wasn't too impressed with my legal jurisprudence, because he never set a date for the hearing of my motion, (though I had filed for a hearing date according to the law.)

I finally wrote Judge Lympus on August 31, 1992, and have included a copy of said letter herein as appendix IV.

CHAPTER TWENTY

"IF ANY MAN SUE THEE"

At the time, I was a practicing Christian who firmly believed that Jesus loved the sinner a lot more than he did the hypocrite.

I knew that Paula and Carl Ladenburg had slandered me to the court with lies and plenty of "false witness". Yes, they were sinners, but was I a hypocrite?

I read a passage in *The Bible*, which said, "*If any man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.*" (St. Matthew 5:40)

Paula sued me and took away my children. Would I be a hypocrite for suing her back instead of "*turning the other cheek*"? I began to really believe that I was being a big hypocrite in taking Paula to court.

I read other biblical passages that said:

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you" (Matthew 5:44)

"If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for he that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they."

(Ecclesiastes 5:8)

I made the somber conclusion that I was not a Christian, but a hypocrite. Surely if I left all judgment to Jesus, the only true judge, he would love Paula and Carl Ladenburg, who had sinned in their ignorance and were blinded by their pride and hate, and then punish me the true hypocrite.

I pondered on this for many days and finally decided that the most "Christian" thing to do was to write everyone involved in the situation from the beginning, apologize, and try to work out our disagreements in a civilized, Christian way.

I wrote to everyone I could think of whom I thought I should *bless and pray for* instead of hate. Though it was a very hard and humbling experience, I even wrote to Oleson and the Ladenburgs asking for their forgiveness and pleading with them to work things out with me outside of court.

I told the Ladenburgs that we didn't need to fight in court; that we could work out our differences as reasonable, responsible adults. Well, the Ladenburgs and Oleson, though I have no idea if they are even religious, are certainly not Christians.

All my kindness, love, and repentance could not break the hard shell of bigotry and hate which consumed their souls. They refused to work anything out. And then Oleson pulled another one of his Attorney/Judge manipulation acts.

I had not withdrawn my motions I had filed in the Flathead court. Behind my back but Oleson filed a motion to dismiss my motions based on the sincere letter I had written him asking for his forgiveness. Though it is alluded to in the letter I wrote to him, I never had any intentions of withdrawing my motions, **unless**, the Ladenburgs would work things out with me.

How did Judge Lympus find it justified in his all ready biased heart against me to simply sign on the front of Oleson's order, "*So ordered*", when I had given his court no indication at all that I intended to withdraw my motions?

I couldn't believe it! In order to get in front of a judge, for the very first time, mind you, in Flathead County, I now had to re-file the motions I had been waiting for months to be assigned a hearing date.

I later found out that Judge Lympus had personally interviewed Paula and Carl Ladenburg and obviously had no intention on giving me an audience, being convinced and biased by what the Ladenburgs.

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.

I know that those dear children missed me, even though poor Brittany's head had been filled with the vicious lies that 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. 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 X 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 that always made him feel uncomfortable. Yes, I was Paula's ex-husband, an accomplished athlete at one time, and was better 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 traveled 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 courtroom.

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 conveyed 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 XI 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 belligerently) *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 an 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 five 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 that 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 that they allowed to be perpetuated in their court by attorney Jo Carol Nessel-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 lose 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.