

# REALITY QUEST

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## FILIAL IRONY

I've tried hard over the past few months to redevelop a filial bond with my family. Even though I feel the family is that which destroys the peace and happiness of a society, in that it perpetuates selfishness and a lack of concern for anyone outside the white picket fence surrounding it, I knew that no matter how hard I tried, I could not convince anyone to breakdown their picket fence and let others in. I know that someday the human race will realize the only way to complete peace and happiness is when we all look at each other as members of one big human family. However, I decided to give the adage, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," a try. Needless to say, it didn't take long for me to find that I will never fit in with those who share my last name.

It's against my nature to pretend to be or believe in something I don't. I respect a person's right to believe in and hope for anything they wish. Nevertheless, I expect the same from them, and it is in this expectation that I was extremely disappointed.

In the summer of 1994, I was surprisingly invited to the Nemelka family reunion. I went knowing that my grandmother protested my coming. Everything went pretty smooth, and for the most part, my presence was accepted well. My aunt Dorothy, who is the wife of the oldest Nemelka of the first generation alive, Larry, demonstrated a love and concern for me which made me feel accepted and understood. Whether she was just trying to be nice, or curious about what "weird" things her nephew believed in, she showered me with love and acceptance. I had a great amount of hope that perhaps things might get better with my relationship with my family.

During the reunion, I went up to my grandmother and lovingly kissed her on the cheek. She barely acknowledged my presence, and left shortly thereafter. It was clear that she was disappointed that I had been invited.

After the reunion, I began to see more of my brothers and my parents. However, except when my loving sister, Alesa, invited me, I was never invited to any weekend get-a-ways, parties, or occasionally card games which my brothers and sisters enjoyed having.

One day James came over to Jackie's house and asked if we were going to Mike and Teena's to play cards. When Jackie mentioned that she knew nothing about any card party, James quickly said, "Oops!" thus signaling that we weren't suppose to know about it.

-And then they hit me with the big one-

Mike and Teena set up a secret dinner that everyone was invited to except Alesa and Leslie, who they knew loved and respected me enough to advise me of the fact that my estranged daughter, Brittany, was coming down from Montana to go to Disneyland with Mike and Cory's family, and the dinner was for everyone to see her. No one had the respect for me to let me know, or attempt to allow me to see my daughter.

I wanted to call my family together and ask them point blank what their problem was with me and attempt to better our filial relationship, but their enthusiasm in doing this was extremely low and the meeting never transpired.

Finally, after many months of being around my brothers and family, and they not being able to look me in the eye, I was told the truth point blank by my sister-in-law, Linda, Cory's wife.

In a further attempt to try to bring myself closer to my family, I planned to send each niece and nephew one dollar for every year of their birthday. The oldest was Amanda Jean Nemelka, Cory and Linda's daughter. I picked out a plain and simple card with a bouquet of flowers on it, symbolizing the simplicity of their uncle, included fourteen dollars for Amanda's fourteenth birthday, and sent the card.

A few days latter I was informed that Linda wanted me to call her. "Finally!" I thought, "I could again establish some sort of bond with Cory and Linda." I assumed Linda was calling me to thank Amanda for the birthday card. Definitely not!!!!

The first words out of Linda's mouth were, "*Amanda beat me to the mailbox; and had I got the mail, I would have sent the card back to you!*" She then proceeded to tell me of her dislike of me; that I was following the devil, full of hot air, and out to, "*...destroy everyone's life...*" She let loose with more hate than I have ever experienced from one who considers herself my enemy. She threatened to obtain a restraining order, if I ever had anything else to do with her children. In other words, she was honest and courageous.

After speaking to her, I waited a few days to see if Cory was going to call and apologize for his wife's actions. He didn't. What he did do is let Alesa know that he wanted to "*...punch me in the face.*"

I sent the following letter to Linda in response to her actions:

*Dear Linda,*

*Foremost, in all sincerity I would like to thank you for your honesty and courage in doing what you did to me. I have always respected you for this trait. There are so many of us who appear two-faced to each other when in the presence of someone we dislike we act as if we can tolerate them, when in reality we can't stand them.*

*There is no doubt that the majority members of my family and many others feel the same way you do about me, yet they lack the courage to tell me.*

*I respectfully disagree with what you have done and with your attitude of hate and intolerance toward me. However, I will always respect your right as a individual to hold your own opinion, no matter what it might be. My only regret is that you do not have the love in your heart to try and understand me. Nevertheless, at your request, I will have no further contact with your family. Also, owing to the fact that most of the Nemelkas hold the same opinion of me as you, yet as mentioned, are not honest or courageous enough to tell me, I will not attend any of the Nemelka functions in the future, so that you may feel unencumbered in sending your children so that they may enjoy their family ties.*

*Linda, I would do anything for you and your family; not because you're my relatives, but because you're my fellow human being. I am sorry that you have a problem with me, and I hope the best for you and your family in the years to come.*

*Sincerely,  
Chris*

Again my family members proved their lack of respect and maturity. They're like little children fighting over toys wanting to end their conflicts and maintain their pride by punching each other in the face. Yet unlike little children, they do not have the love in their hearts to forgive and forget. What I did to them that would require their forgiveness, I'll never know. What they have done to me and my reputation by their lies, innuendo, assumptions, and misunderstandings is hard to forget. Just like I love and understand little children for their ignorance and pride while growing up, I have the ability to love, understand and wait for my relatives to grow up someday also. Until that day, I don't want any part of their foolish squabbles and games.

It doesn't take a scientist to figure out that my family actually believes that I am deceived by the devil. They believe this because I have left their religion, and thus their god. If they are true to their religious beliefs they have no other option than to admit that indeed Chris is deceived and misled by the devil. They claim that it is because I left their "God" and followed Satan that the bad things have happened to me in my life. In their "back-room" circles they are glad that I lost Brittany and Joshua, hoping that they will one day follow their religion instead of that of their dad. They hope that all my children will leave their father and join them. They mock me and my lifestyle.

Their intolerance, bigotry and the hate it perpetuates are the greatest thing that could happen to me to prove to my posterity and any who might read these things with an open mind, searching for truth, that organized religion and its by-products (my relatives) have destroyed love, tolerance and the peace among mankind more than anything else the human race has invented.

My children and their mothers, except for Paula, who has no desire to get to know me, know me better than anyone else. They have chosen me to be the father of their children above many other men. Any of them could choose a religious man, or a materially successful man, but they don't. None of them are

bound to me legally, yet this does not stop them from desiring that I be their child's example and mentor. Why do they choose me over these other men? Because they want their children to learn to love and accept others for who and what they are. They want their children to learn to be independent thinkers that have a desire to help the human race achieve peace and happiness by eliminating everything that causes bigotry, pride, and intolerance.

Jackie has experienced nothing but hate coming from the LDS Church towards me. Her parents can hardly stay in the same room with me, because of their belief that I follow Satan. She was present at my excommunication from the Mormon church and witnessed the arrogance and lack of love the council of men who put me on trial exhibited. She witnessed the lies and lack of respect that members of my own family have perpetuated against me because of my beliefs only. She has been turned off and disgusted by Mormon bigotry and hypocrisy and will never be a member of such an institution that would teach her children to do the same.

Marcee has experienced the same things as Jackie, except she has witnessed the extreme hatred and bigotry that comes from those who take their religious more seriously than others, i.e., fundamentalists. Radicals and fundamentalists are by-products of the religion from whence they formed their roots. Marcee has witnessed the strife and sadness that comes from the religion she has had contact with, which so happens to be the same religion that causes my family to disrespect me so much. She likewise will never raise her children in an atmosphere where they will be taught that their beliefs are better and more true than anyone else's.

Vicky is finding out that organized religion is more interested in making you a member of the said religion than living the precepts which they supposable believe in. She also has witnessed the bigotry and hate perpetuated by the Mormon faith, and has chosen not to let her children be swayed into the belief that there is only one truth, and that truth is Mormonism.

Of course, my family thinks I am a manipulator who has deceived these three women into having sex with me for my own gratification, and then captivating their minds by my magical powers so that I can control their lives and teach their children to follow the Devil as they suppose I do.

In this they are greatly mistaken and have no respect for the intelligence of these three woman. I would bet on any one of them standing up to the most intelligent of any religious group and coming out on top.

If the Devil believes that we should love all people and concern ourselves more with accepting and helping others, than with what lies in our picket fence, then yes, I follow the Devil. If the Devil believes that the pursuit of worldly goods and honors by stepping on or over others is wrong, then I follow the Devil. If the Devil believes that the future of the human race depends on our ability to learn and understand truth by experience, patience, and put into practice the things which we learn so that our society will be a better place to live, then I follow the Devil.

If there is a Devil, then he is the promulgator of hate, arrogance, and bigotry. He causes humans to become angry towards one another because of belief. He teaches us to reject those who don't follow the same path as we do, and forbids his children from learning about anything or anyone but what he wants them too. He persecutes and tries to destroy the peace of others by claiming that his ways are the right ways, and there is no other way. He teaches that it is far more important to build a picket fence, put your family inside, and to hell with everyone else; and the bigger the picket fence, the better. He is the epitome organized religion.

I am not deceived. My desires are and have been since I left my religion to learn to love and accept others and do my best to perpetuate those things which will help the human race progress and not regress. I do not know all things. I search for anything that has proven itself to be good and peaceful. It is obvious that my grandmother and sister-in-law are products of their religion and a good argument for getting rid of the source of much of the world's problems, i.e., religion.

Those who have the love and patience to get to know me understand my desires and why I live my life the way I do. Those who do not know me, and have not the love and tolerance to attempt to, persecute me and spread vicious lies and rumors about someone they know nothing about; it seems they are afraid that if they did know me, they would do like those that do: give up their prejudices and begin to follow the same path of love, acceptance, and tolerance of others that I do.

Maybe this is what scares my "religious" relatives so much! If they weren't afraid, then what problem would they have with me?

Do they have reason to fear me? Fear of me harming their family physically is absolutely absurd. Fear of me taking any of their possessions, or even asking for any temporal help, is also absurd. However, if they fear that someday they might question their religious beliefs because my knowledge of their beliefs is greater than theirs, and I might say something that makes more sense than their blind faith allows them to see, then they should avoid and fear me like the plague.

Nevertheless, I have never intended to take away their religion or their beliefs. I know that many of their children will one day come to the same conclusion about their parents as I have: My father and mother love me and have done a lot for me, but boy, are they ignorant to reality!

It is useless for me to maintain filial bonds with those who live life for and because of different reasons than mine. My reasons are right for me and my children. Theirs are right for them. All though I think their lifestyles and beliefs are childish, bigoted, and arrogant, I do not think they are deceived, only under-educated and blinded by tradition and habits which have been inculcated in them since their birth.

I wish them luck in life and the pursuit of reality as they see it. I only hope that they will have the tolerance of persons like me, and please, don't "...punch [me] in the face...!!!"

## THE END IS NEAR

Volume one of *Reality Quest* is nearing its conclusion.

In the next few issues of *Reality Quest* I will share with the reader two experiences that I have alluded to throughout the newsletter, but never explained. They will enlighten the reader as to why I started my quest and what makes me continue it. After these last issues of volume I, I will not send my writings to any who do not personally advise me that they want them. I will write monthly and continue to express my journey by way of the word. I plan on doing a few interesting things in volume II:

1. Finish the brief biographies of my immediate family.
2. Write a correspondence text with my Uncle Joe, which will be called "Me and Uncle Joe." Joe is a devout atheist and a very intelligent creature, when he wants to be, and this should prove quite interesting to the majority members of the Nemelka family, but very informative to others.
3. Travel across the country on my scooter, interviewing people of every race, town, and creed about their perceptions of reality. I will keep a detailed journal of what transpires.

Therefore, though the next few issues will surprise many, anger some, and harden a few more against me, it might be wise for any interested to let me know that they desire to stay in touch with an extraordinary quest for reality. If I don't hear from you, then good luck in your life and enjoy the reality you have made for yourself.