

SCRIBE - History

Being born in the Southeast, just after WWII had started in Europe, I received the usual education, and was in a Protestant faith. My parents owned a business in town, so my brother and I crossed school districts. By my parents paying a small amount of money, as I recall, we received schooling in the city, rather than in the county. All of our childhood playmates were, at that time, out in the country.

Our playmates in the sticks, as I called it, were made up of black and white kids whose parents were farmers, or tenant farmers. When I started mingling with the city slickers, that lived in the country club section of town, I knew that I did not fit in anywhere. I felt like my clothes were not good enough, because many of my school friends and neighborhood playmates wore jeans, and we were not even allowed to own any; probably because the farmers wore denim.

Several childhood memories that might piece this puzzle together are as follows. Before I could even talk clearly, I said, "I learn how to ride this bicycle if I be dead." I was four years old and the bike did not have training wheels. I still remember the big old oak tree that stopped me abruptly in the Kernoff's side yard. Their side yard had a steep slope, and I did not know about the brakes. Friends, a little bit of knowledge is *still* a dangerous thing.

Some people said, "What a pretty little girl." My mean response was, "I not a girl, I a boy!" Before I started school, my mother told me that she cried when the barber cut my long curly hair. I was already angry before first grade!

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Another time I remember, at eight years of age, on my knees in tears, asking God to let my mommy and daddy get back together. They stayed married for thirty more years or so before one of them finally decided to call the marriage off. My most memorable childhood moment was at a mountain church camp when I heard what is commonly called the Lord's Prayer sung to music at lights out.

I recall buying Christmas presents for friends and relatives one year. I bought all the things that I liked. Needless to say, nobody liked what I had given them. It might have been that I wanted them to return the gifts to me, but they did not.

The real proof of the pudding though, as relates to my rage and anger, was when I walked out of my parent's bake shop, at the age of eleven, down to the south end of town and got a job selling shoes on main street. Right then, I emotionally divorced myself from my family!

I remember some of the persuasion that it took for me to get them to sign the under twelve worker's privilege card. One of my city slicker friends had gotten a job at one of their other stores, which gave me the idea that if I were going to work, I might as well get paid for it. Before that however, I had been helping out in the family business most afternoons after school, on week-ends, and at holiday seasons, for three or four years, as I recall, without pay.

Upon graduation of high school, I attended a State college, studied architecture in the School of Design, and joined a fraternity. Before the beginning of my junior year, my parents jerked me out of college because I had joined a fraternity as a freshman; wonder why?

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At the age of six, on my first day at school, there was a picture in the newspaper of me shaking hands with Mrs. Watson, the school's principal, and her welcoming me to school. I got angry at a lot of people. There I stood, all of about three feet tall or so, in my brown on brown saddle oxfords, knee high corduroy knickers, short sleeve shirt with sleeveless sweater, but most noticeable, my silk lined woolen skull cap with tiny brim.

Somewhere around this time, I can remember playing outside in the side yard for hours on end, by myself, under the trees, building a little village on the ground. Even though it was crude, there were still some good features about it. I remember finding a piece of broken mirror somewhere, which made the appearance of a lake beside some of the roads that I had carved into the dirt for my little cars and trucks.

It seems that I remember playing behind an appliance store about the age of eight or so. My parents had always reminded us not to play with matches, but I did not pay any attention to that. One afternoon a match that I threw away landed in some shredded wood - excelsior - that protected the appliances in their crate. A fire started and jumped out of control in a few seconds. Someone noticed the smoke billowing up while we were trying to put the fire out and called the fire department. When we heard the siren and saw the fire engine turn the corner, we ran!

At the age of ten or so I can remember, with hunting knife in hand, trying to kill a close relative because he had thrown my smokes in the creek. *Maybe by now, you have sensed a lot of anger and tenacity in this youth. It was going to be a long hard pull for this lad for the next forty years.*

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As I recall my parents made me come home and let me enroll in a smaller college in a neighboring town. This occurred before my pin mate even knew that she was pregnant. But we, at the advice of her dad and his wife, he being a very prominent physician in our hometown, decided that the best thing for all concerned was to elope, considering all of the known facts.

Several more of the facts that need to be revealed are as follows: at that time, marriage made me 4-F, and she had a brand new Thunderbird convertible. Being classified 4-F meant that I was ineligible to serve in the military, because of my to be wife's pregnancy.

I had just turned twenty and had no college degree. I had been taught how to shovel dirt and gravel on a construction site by Satterfield, who taught me how to work 1-2 and rest 3-4. I knew, at the age of fifteen, before I even had a girlfriend, if I could just get a quarter an hour pay raise, and make the dollar and a quarter an hour that Satterfield was being paid, *everything* would be all right.

Moving right along now. I was married to a debutante, changed my religion *again*, and had a son and daughter whose diapers I did not change. I could detect the need however, as I walked in the door from work occasionally, when all three were in the middle of the family room floor in tears.

I had been with the cities largest developer for about ten years, and I decided to really get away from my roots. I moved my children and wife by going into business, in a rural setting in the mountains, with a high school double dating buddy, college roommate, and fraternity brother. This suits me to a tee; no more hustle and bustle, no more hurry up and wait.

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Isn't this wonderful, about thirty, and my own boss? No one to bother me now! I'll be OK, and all that money that the big developer made off of my efforts will now be mine. The afternoon that I left the employ of that large developer, the president stood at the entrance to his office, looked at me as I was walking out the front door, and said, "Ron, I will double your pay if you will stay." I kept on walking and said, "Joe, it's too late."

I did not tell him that I was willing to live on half as much to get my own business started. We started this business by my adding a few thousand dollars to the kitty. In a few years, we were doing millions of dollars of construction volume annually state wide. We really prospered until the prime rate soared from four to sixteen, and the oil embargo and energy crisis coupled with the beginning of run away inflation cut the wheels right out from under us, in the mountain resort area that we were in.

The field work force went from over one hundred and twenty men down to several, so I sold out. My reputation was such that people sought me out to help them with their business in and around design and construction. The next good situation came when I was asked to design and build a very large multi-family project from scratch, because they thought that I knew how to handle rough terrain, having lived in the mountains for years.

This project was really fun. It sure was a lot easier to run one large job rather than thirty or so smaller ones. As an example, it was easier to choose the roof color for about three hundred units than to choose three hundred colors. This came off successfully, and in time, I had my own company - lock, stock, and barrel. This was during hostile takeovers of the large companies by even larger ones.

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Maybe I should mention that I planned, for days during this period, which steak knife I would use on my wrist. I knew when they found my body, they would know whose knife it was! Thank God for the wonderful truth in the Scripture in Matthew 11:28-30; "***Come to me and I will give you rest - all of you who work so hard beneath a heavy yoke. Wear my yoke - for it fits perfectly - and let me teach you; for I am gentle and humble, and you shall find rest for your souls, for I give you only light burdens.***"

The only thing left to say is that six years prior the peak of my career, I was destined to die unless I joined, and *became active in*, one of the many Twelve Step Anonymous fellowships. At that time, I would not even drive myself to the hospital for treatment because I was afraid that I would intentionally hit a bridge abutment in the middle of a four lane somewhere along the way during the one hundred and twenty-five mile trip.

In the first eight or ten years I attended several Anonymous programs because I needed more help than the primary fellowship could offer, I thought. I was so unique. Over the last ten or twelve years however, I've had to settle in with the one that treats my primary illness, and learn how to be an effective member in that fellowship, carrying the Conference Approved Literature message, by the book. I entitled myself to learn about unity, so that the *mental obsession, coupled with the physical allergy, that was caused by the di-sease* (accumulation of dis-ease), could be released or separated.

The disease, then and only then could be ultimately conquered by a spiritual experience - not religious - which yielded the **Spiritual Awakening**.

One day, I was no longer needed because of a merger that went down with my biggest client. The larger stock market company already had in place the people that performed the types of services that I had provided for the smaller company.

As I sit here, over four and a half years after I started the process of writing this book - with this section of the book having *never* been thought of or contemplated - with over nine years of passive preparation before the start of writing, I would like to explain where I was, at that point in my life, with my career at it's peak. Let's set the stage.

I was in my very early forties, and was close to being a multi-millionaire, even though the deposit to start the marriage about twenty years earlier was just eighty-seven dollars. Over two years of trial separations and divorce proceedings coming to an end and seven hundred thousand dollars in debt to banks and mortgage companies. Sheriff's deputies brought subpoenas by every week for new law suits, and IRS had just started their thing. Bank foreclosure was starting on a half million-dollar commercial investment property (the interest was a thousand dollars a week) that was virtually complete, in which I was the General Partner; the second of its kind, and not a client's.

My fiance had long since vanished, before my voluntary commitment to a psychiatric lock up, rather than jump off of the top floor of the high-rise apartment building that I was living in at the time. My medical doctor suggested a time-out to see if I could get my feet on the ground. Most of my money had been spent on having a good time, I thought, and trying to hold it together. It took right much cash with two teenage kids in college and thousands of dollars a month for liability insurance, nine vehicles for a family of four, and housing for all.

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lots blank space> yo not hav'n GOOD time, we un'ns might 'jus have call 'yellow buddy' and getz yo ass ride home, ya here?

Sincerely, Ron M.

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