

**Martial Artist Smuggler Bodyguard
.... and Saved by Grace!**

Dead or in prison those are the only chooses you have, there is no third option!

This is the real life story of former Drug Smuggler, Bodyguard and Executive Protection Agent for men that would be President of USA, not to mention foreign dignitaries. The names have been changed to protect the guilty, but the names of the innocent have not, I have pictures, news articles and court documents.

Hope you enjoy reading, if nothing else it will be good therapy for me!

Every story has a start, I should note that I blame my brother (only Kidding) for all the good and bad in my life! He used me as a training dummy when he started in the martial arts. At the age of 11, I was getting the stew beat out of me, it was the early 70's and Kung-Fu was the craze and it had my brother, but not to the degree it would have me for the rest of my life or should I say the martial arts!

We were living in Bonifay, Fl., so the possibilities of my brother learning real Kung-Fu (In China the term Kung-Fu is not used, the word Chuan-Fa is the correct term) is very small. As a training dummy for my brother to beat up on for some weird reason this instilled a love of the arts, so I wanted to train myself! Soon after this we moved to Tampa, Fl. and on a walk to

the school bus I found my dream or so I thought.

The Tampa Karate and Judo School on 7th Avenue. Little did I know that asking my Dad to take me to the dojo that night would affect the rest of my life to this very day! The dojo had dropped the judo part of the program and only taught the very traditional art of Shotokan Karate. Now for those reading this thinking that Shotokan is not combat effective you will be surprised. I had made my Shodan (1st degree black belt) by the age of 15. I trained 7 days a week for two and half years to make this rank in that period of time. Now the fun begins at the age of 16, I am a doorman/bouncer at the "Other Place Lounge" in Tampa, Fl., I weighed in at 150lbs and stood 5' 10" small by any standard for that line of work. This club was a Rock and Roll plus disco music bar. We got the full spectrum of society, drug dealers, bikers, rednecks, fighters, disco dancers, groupies, and people just wanting to have fun. Here I was working the door checking ID's at a club I was not old enough to even get into, back then I just knew the manager, and it was enough to work and that was that,....funny by today's standard!

For a lot of martial arts, working the door at a bar is a proving ground for what they have learned in the dojo, to see if it works and it was no different for me. I was ready to go to War or so I thought! My first battle or test depending on your out look. Wow!....looking back I was an idiot and foolhardy, those were the days! I was at the door when a customer walked out with a drink in his hand, no drinks were aloud outside, and so I sprung into action. I walked up to the customer (male) and asked him to put the drink back inside, all he did was to laugh at me! No way,....had to do something... 4 years of training and I was

ready,...I threw a low side kick to his lead leg, great technique,...one problem perfect technique and all those years of practicing control made me land the kick right on target, but not follow through, that's, right I pulled the kick. Well the fight was on! The Customer came charging in throwing wild punches, I managed to deflect all the punches! We were on the side walk of the club and the wall of the club was to my left. Now you have to remember, this fight was over in less than 30 seconds, which seemed like a lifetime! I was using reverse punches and front kicks, but once again the years of practicing control was keeping me from making full contact! One rule that I live by for training is this: "You fight like you train and you train like you fight!" At some point we had moved where his back was against the wall and I had the edge. One last front kick to the body and then I dropped to one knee and used an inverted punch to the groin, family jewels. At that point he went down and said "he'd had enough." I had won,...I guess not the way I thought I would have, but still a victory!

Now with the first fight under my belt, no pun intended, I changed my training to gear towards the reality of the fighting. I still did Kata, Makiwara, and Kumite, but I added some changes. Now it was the heavy bag and Kumite with shoes with more contact than was allowed in the school. We would go to the Dojo after work at 3:30am to train and be up by 10:00am to do it all over again! I had bought a motorcycle at this point and was making a whole \$100.00 a week for 6 nights at the club, plus teaching Karate in the daytime. Did not get any better than that!

Next fight had to be better for me, as always, was standing at

the door of the club when a customer bumped into me and did not apologize,...wow had to do something! I was building a reputation here and didn't he know who I was? Guess not! After informing the man that he was rude and should be nicer, he informed me that we could take this outside. What more could I ask for? It was a good thing. Back then I had a baby face and hair to my shoulders, nobody took me seriously. We walked outside to exchange a few words, I heard something to my left and turned my head to look....my bad....Fighting is fighting with no rules or referees! When I turned too see what it was he slapped me in the face! That is right, slapped me with an open hand, no punch, no nothing! Now that just pissed me off! He should have hit me. But by then, he had made the mistake of under-estimating the adversary. After being slapped, the anger set in. I used a front kick to the body and then a perfect reverse punch to the face, right on the jaw,...Wow! The guy hit the deck! I just knocked out my first guy! I had been told by my teachers that if you knock someone down they will not get back up to fight,.....this was told to me by men who had never been in a fight. As I was looking at the guy he was in fact getting back up to fight,....my mistake was not staying on him and making sure he did not get back up too fight! Much to my surprise he was charging in with punches of his own! I was able to block them all and landed a solid front kick to the body,...one problem,....no not the control,... the fighting surface, the shoes I had on had no grip, always be aware of your fighting surface or you will do what I did,....fall flat on your face. I hit the ground, but thank God there was no ground fighting back then. He did not stay on top to make sure I did not get back up! I got up and now we were at a very close range. I grabbed his hair and started landing reverse punches to his face. He dropped to his

knees and I used knee strikes to the face! Now this fight went much better than the first, except for the falling down part. I would like to point something out, for a long time there was a theory that was taken as fact that 90% of all fights go to the ground, of all the fights I have had over 30 years only 2 have gone to the ground. A skilled ground fighter might want to go to the ground, but he or she would find themselves in a world of hurt in the real world of street fights!

I worked at the club for 3 years and there were many types of fights. The "all out bar fights" and the "just get rid of the drunk fights", but there are only 2 more worth writing about and one was life changing from doorman being the bodyguard for one of the largest drug smugglers in America!

First I will tell the story of "Godzilla!" It was a night like most other nights at the club, the one main difference was there were new owners of the club and a new name. The club was called the "The Agora Ballrooms" the owners were the Laconti's out of Ohio . They had opened a string of clubs all through America . Now we had big names bands coming into play and where we went from having 3 doormen for a 1,500 person capacity club, we now had 10-15 doormen or security personnel depending on the night. With all the security we had, surely I could stay out of fights, after all I was still the smallest and still the youngest. We had stood post and did rotation every hour,....we were "professionals". A guy came into the club wearing a tank-top, no hats and no tank-tops were the basic dress code. He had walked in the club with a leather jacket on, but had taken it off because of the heat. Yes I did approach him, and yes, he was even very nice. There was nothing to prove anymore, so no reason to

fight, just drawing a paycheck with no life plan. As the night progressed the customer would take off the jacket and then I would ask him to place it back on, which he would do! This happened too many times, so I and one other security staff asked him to leave. This man was built like a linebacker, thick arms and chest. Really, I had no desired to fight, but as security you don't always get to pick and choose the time... only the place.

He was in a chair, and after being asked to leave, he told us what he thought of us and the club. He came out swinging at the other security staff, who was twice my size and 6" taller. By this time in my life I was wearing boots, which I do to this day when on a detail. I caught him with a roundhouse kick square to the face, dead on target, knocked him back into his seat and guess what, he came right back up, ready for the fight of my life. He grabbed the other security member and threw him 5 feet from the fight, then turned to me and threw a metal bar chair at me. I blocked with my right forearm, still have the scars from it. The other staff member got to his feet and we both pushed the customer to the back door. We threw him out the back door, he turned and kept on fighting! I am not going to lie, I hit this guy with everything I had! Front kicks, punches, and knees! In the groin, face, neck and knee-caps! Not one thing hurt this guy or stopped him. He finally looked at the both of us and said "He did not want to fight anymore!" Wow,.....who was this guy and what was he made of? We closed the door and just looked at each other, no words to speak. As we were standing there, a customer runs up and says "The guy you were just fighting is getting ready to come back in the club!" Now a smart man would have stood there and let the rest of the staff handle the

problem. I had at that time been in more fights than all the other staff members put together, plus had worked there longer! Well if I was a smart man, the rest of my life would not have been what it was. I ran to the front of the club outside and told everyone to stand back.... this guy was mine! We were like bulls or gladiators in the arena. We charged at each other ready to fight to the end. I hit him with everything I had... kicks, knees, and punches! Face, body, groin and knee caps, nothing worked and I mean nothing! I was in big trouble, but too dumb to know it! At some point, he grabbed my arm and threw me to the ground, then took what would be called today, "The mount position", back then, just on the top! I had no plan to get out of this, so I did the only thing I could at that point! I put both of my thumbs into his eyes and waited for the screams to begin,....Way wrong answer!! All he did was say "You want to F*&^ with the eyes!?".....I knew my reign as champion was coming to a very bad end. One of the other doormen grabbed the man and pulled him off of me,....THANK GOD!! I had nothing. I jumped to my feet only to be attacked by one of his friends. I was in no mood for him and laid a round kick right on the button, I hit him so hard the heel of my boot came off,....what a kick!

After this, needless to say I was shaken. I heard even my so called friends talking smack about me! Ones that had never been in a fight a day in their life or if they were they came to me for back up. Was I no longer the badest in the land? Only time would tell and I still had a job to do! Life goes on in a bar and so did mine, still training and working the door and keeping America safe, one drunk at a time! We rotated through a lot of staff, so when I knew personnel came in, all of us would go

through war stories, SOP so to speak, at this point, the fight with who became to be known as "Godzilla" was bar lore... the stuff legends are made of! I had just finished telling this very story, and one of the new security staff spoke up and told me/us "Godzilla's" real name,.....his real name was "Cookie",...what? How did this guy know this? He was friends with Godzilla/Cookie and there was a question I had to ask,....I had thought it, but could never prove it! I looked at the guy and asked if he was doing drugs before the fight? The answer came as this " Yes" - PCP, Quaaludes, pot, and drinking all in the same night! The new doorman was at Godzilla/Cookies house the next morning. Cookies eyes were swollen shut, knees bruised, broke nose, and peeing blood! The man was laid up in bed, unable to walk. If not for the drugs and drink, I believe the man would have gone down at some point in the fight! This fight taught me something I keep to this day,.....always you might be the better fighter, but there are things that give the edge to your enemy!

The last of note is this time frame of my life was a life changer! Like I had noted before, I was past the point of having to prove myself in the club. My reputation kept most fights from happening. I was standing my post like any other night and for some reason, 3 men walk up to me early in the night and informed me that they are going to beat me like a dog at the end of the night! Wow! What did I do to them?....Nothing!.....I made light of it, but did inform the other team members, plus the managers of the situation! These guys would not let up. Every so often they would walk up to me and blast me with verbal abuse. I'd just laugh it off and was hoping they would leave or find a new target! At one point the manager (Pat) came

up to me and told me if I wanted, I could mess these guys up,.....always get your orders in writing, still I just wanted to go home at that point! All of the abuse lasted until the very end of the night, if you have worked in a club, you know at the end of the night, you just want to go home! You start at the back and work the left over to the front of the club! We had gotten all the customers out except for the 3 trouble makers and a few others, yep the night was almost over and no fights, I was learning! Well... somebody had to ask these guys to leave and of coarse it was me. Everybody seemed to disappear. I asked what seemed to be the leader of the pack to leave that it was time to go home! The abuse came and I turned to walk away... let the other team member's deal with it! Everybody has buttons that can be pushed, (I had one and did not even know it). As I was turning away from the three, the leader said to me, "You are a wimpy mother f*&^!" That was my button. I spun into the first guy clock wise and hit him with a circular elbow strike, he fell to the ground. The second guy started towards me, he was in a bad position..... up against the bar with no where to go, he caught the next elbow right on the button and absorbed all the energy into his jaw... he also hit the deck! I looked for the third man, but he had run for the hills! The two men were crushed with blood was covering their face as they were helped up by other staff members and led to the front door. These guys did something that no one had ever done before in the history of the club, they called the Cops! Somebody was in trouble... that was me!

The cops would have arrested me on the spot, but I worked for the club! I got a notice to appear, this did little to comfort me as the men were taken to the emergency room. The bar

manager had given me the go ahead, and they had wanted the fight! Remember, I had told you this was a life changing fight and it was... because of what happened after that night! I was back at the bar working,...all was well,.....we had a BIG TIME MUSIC LABEL/RECORD COMPANY COME IN TO WATCH THEIR BAND PLAY AT THE CLUB!

This is the names that get changed to protect the guilty! At one time this music company was one of the largest in the industry. I could name the groups and/or songs and you would know them, so for this reason we will call them "Beach Records." I have to digress a little. After the fight with the three men, two things were in progress. First I had criminal charges pending, and secondly, there was a civil suit pending. The criminal charges were 2 counts of aggravated assault, and the civil suit was asking for \$200,000. Wow! I was named in the suit along with the club. Here I was, 19 being sued for 200 grand,.....made it to the big show. Well,.....this was kind of a big deal in the Agora Ballrooms. The word had spread to the other clubs about the beating I had given those guys. Well,.....Beach Records had come to The Agora Ballroom with the President and Vice President, Producers, and their wives. We had a VIP section set up for important guests, which of course they were. They even had a "Bodyguard" call sign "Boomer." When they walked through the front door, I introduced myself to Boomer and told him if he had any problems to let me know, and that I would keep an eye on everything! Their group was playing and might I say they were good!

For those wanting to be Doormen or Bodyguards one day....Rule 1, Never drink on the detail/post or argue with drunks to try and accomplish your mission!

The night was progressing nicely when I look over at the VIP section to see Boomer arguing with two drunks. Little did I realize, Boomer was also drunk! Now Boomer was about 6' 6" and 270, but still drunk, yelling with drunks. Honestly, I saw the problem and knew what to do (hundreds of times before and years of practice.) I walked over to the VIP section and approached the disagreement. When the two customers that Boomer was yelling with saw me, everything changed, I asked: what's the problem? I was then informed that the two men were in the VIP section and were not supposed to be there. Boomer and Beach Records wanted them gone! The two men knew me because they were regulars. I asked them to leave! They apologized for being there and said this: "Tim, we are sorry. We did not know!" Wow! All those years of being a gunfighter had paid off,...little did I know, I was in the wrong place at the right time!

The Vice-President call sign "Big Blue" asked me to sit down at his table. I don't remember the whole conversation, but it did not last too long,...it ended with: Would I like to come to Miami to be Big Blues bodyguard?! Wow,.....there had been times in my life I'd dreamed of using my martial arts skills as a Bodyguard and now my dream was coming true! Big Blue gave me his phone number and told me to call him Monday first thing in the morning, also gave me \$200.00 like it was water. They left the club, I even went to their hotel room after work for drinks, of coarse they had more than just drinks for the party, lots of

drugs,.....they were in the music industry it was normal? Did not do drugs then and am proud to say have never done drugs! Could not wait for Monday morning!

Well guess what happened Monday morning,.....nope not that,.....I called Beach Records and asked for Big Blue,...and got told to leave a message, he would get back to me! Total bummer,....my dreams of being a bodyguard shot down,.....it must have been drunken talk at the club that night,.....and the hits just keep on rolling. In that same week I get fired from the club because of the fight with the two men that the manager told me to teach them a lesson. In my life at that time I had only had two jobs,.....teaching martial arts and working the door in a club. The school had closed down and the drinking age was now 21,.....so more than likely, I could not get a job in another bar as a doorman. My life sucked,....only up side was that I still had a lawyer for the civil suit. The bar really had no choice on that! All of this in a month,....don't get no better than this!

My oh my how things changed in 45 days,.....here we go,.....out of the clear blue sky the phone rings and guess who it is,.....yep,....Big Blue wanting to know why I was not in Miami yet?,....I told him I had called when I was supposed to,....but he was not in...Well he wanted me in Miami ASAP,...I had a plane ticket waiting for me at the Airport,....let me say, in my life I had never flown before,....fear was not the word to express what I was feeling! I land at the Airport and Big Blue was there to pick me up,....I will never forget how Big Blue was dressed,....tennis shoes, shorts, tee-shirt,...Oh and a \$10,000 Rolex, driving a 450 Benz. Big Blue took me to lunch and asked me when I'd be back in Miami to live and to be his personal Bodyguard.....1 week was

my answer! Big Blue gave me \$500.00 in cash,...I had never seen that kind of money in my life, and I flew back to Tampa and spent mad money on friends and family.

Remember, this is a short story of almost 10 years of my life,...so the stories will be condensed. Big Blue picks me back up at the Airport and looked very worried. I get behind the wheel of a Lincoln Mark V and was told where to drive. Big car and a big city, things were starting fast! We drive up to a home where a man comes up to the car and tells Big Blue that a guy is looking to kill him,.....I was like... Wow!....music guys play hard,.....Big Blue tells me to drive away! The next thing I know a car is behind us shooting at us,.....I am driving down streets that I had never seen before,....at one point Big Blue tells me to ram the other car off the road,...I remember saying "What about your car!" (thinking about the damage),....Big Blue yells to forget about the car and just do it,....I did it,....rammed the car and it stopped following us. Big Blue has me stop at a phone booth and he made a call.

Nothing was ever spoken of that night,....honestly to this day, I don't know if this was a test or not,...if it was, I passed the test. We went to Big Blues house and settled in for a very long stay. I got up and was given a car to drive, not much to do being a Bodyguard,....drove around the family members and took care of the house! Next thing I know, Big Blue tells me he will be gone for two weeks, to take care of the house. I was thinking I should go where Big Blue goes,....but no was the answer, and I stayed at the house and trained everyday. This was great... martial arts, weights, running, and eating right. Living the dream! Went out, met the girls,....that is what you did being a bodyguard right?

Two weeks went by fast,....Big Blue came home and I drove him around as he partied, spent insane money on whores, and did drugs! Just in case you are wondering, in my whole life,....(which I tell my kids with pride),.....I have never done drugs,....anyway,.....

It's really hard to know where to start with some things.....two months after being there, Big Blue takes me to dinner and tells me he wants to see me make good money,....I respond with: "so did I"! He tells me his cousin was going to pick me up in two days and to go with him,....not a problem!

His cousin, "Hottie Tottie" picks me up, we do shopping for food,....spent \$600.00 and went to a yacht, 45' Hatteris. We left pier 66 and headed east in the Atlantic . We actually left in a Hurricane! We tossed and turned, took three times longer to get to where we were going,.....I had never Captained a yacht before,...but there I was 19 keeping a dead east coarse into only God knew what! By the time we made it to Bimini Island I was wore out,....I steered the boat the whole time,.....it took 12 hours,.....we dropped anchor... then waited! To be completely honest, I had no idea what I was doing out there,....Big Blue told me he would pay me \$2,000.00 a day while out. At 19 what would you have done?,.....We stayed for three days and nights,.....doing,....nothing,....just sitting on the yacht. We had VHS tapes to watch,....eat,.....broke no laws! Every once in a while, Hottie Tottie would get on a radio and call out "Big Blue this is Hottie Tottie come in!" Then on the third day we headed

back to pier 66,....still with a storm going on. By the time we got back to shore, I kissed the ground,....for real,...I was so glad to be back! I went back to Big Blues house and swore to myself never to go out again,.....NEVER,.....Big Blue calls me from somewhere and tells me to stay at home,...not to go anywhere,.....not a problem for me,.....the phone rings the next day and it is Hottie Tottie telling me to get ready to go back out,....I say "Big Blue told me not to leave the house" Hottie Tottie tells me; (who do you think told him to call),.....so get ready,.....bummer,.....we go back out! Smuggling in the 80's was far and wide,....pot, coke, and heroin came in and now I will tell you how it was done by the "King of the Pot Smugglers" or so the Newspaper said!

When I went back out we met with a freighter that carried 200,000 pounds of pot which would get off loaded to smaller intermediate boats,....up to 20,000 pounds per boat,...all yachts 45' to 65' in length,...then these boats would off load to other boats that would come into the ports of Ft. Lauderdale and Miami . Which in turn, these boats would go to homes on the inter-coastal.

These would be loaded into homes and then into vans,....which would hit the streets! I worked as the Bodyguard for the brother-in-law of Joe Harry ,....why do I name him,....because Joe is doing life in prison,....."Operation Grouper",.....FBI sting which nailed him,....but a few years after I worked for his Brother-in-law! I worked with men that were 70 years old that would come in on the boats carrying 20,000 pounds of pot. We had DEA agents and former Sheriffs . Smuggling is not a job it is an adventure! With Joe you got a ring

once you smuggled 1,000,000 pounds of pot in the country,....it was gold to represent the pot, with an emerald stone to represent the money and on top, if the ring had the letters S.F.S.A.,....we told any that asked that it meant, South Florida Seafarers Association. It really meant,....South Florida Smuggling Association. My time with Joe's brother-in-law was limited due to Operation Grouper,....but I was in and was looking to start my own smuggling crew.

I will stop here to tell some war stories,....places and names of course changed,....the events real! Fights were not that common, but with Big Blue he liked to show me off,.....to the other smugglers. One guy had a bodyguard called "Mongo",....just like in the movie "Blazing Saddles",.....Big Blue bet this guy I could beat Mongo in a fight,....now you have to understand these were hard men. I was still a kid,...that could fight,....I was young,....but a lot of fights,....Big Blue and the other guy did not know that I heard them talking about the fight,....the bet was \$5,000.00 on the winner,....I will tell you I know I am a cheater in fights,....but then I always win and I have never been in a fair fight,....in the streets! I had told myself if I saw Mongo I would lay him out first! Sure enough one night I am walking out the front door of Big Blue's house and Mongo is walking in at the same time,.....a crushing elbow to the head and the fight was over! Yea,.....not much excitement,...but then real fights are not movie fights, if they last too long you are in trouble most of time! There is a problem with being the fastest gun in the west,....you will always get someone wanting to be the fastest gun in the west by beating you! I was training, that is who I was,....and still am,....but.. (for a better reason),.....Big Blue was an adventure everyday that I was with him,.....but

that was the building blocks of me becoming an Executive Protection Agent,.....that had protected VIP's in the government and Christian world. Most all of the people that were smugglers came from a Military background,...pilots, Special Ops,.....they were for the most adrenalin junkies,.....but like the perks! These men taught me lessons that I have kept in my back pocket for all these years,.....oh yea... I am 49 and going strong.

One night in one bar, Big Blue was in one city, and just has to start a fight,...either him or I was crazy,...but you can be the judge of that,...he starts smack talking, I intervene,...block off the bad guy, he strikes,...two elbows later and a choke hold the guy was done,...oh yea one problem he was with about ten other people,...Wow!,....now Big Blue and I were getting surrounded,...these other men were between us and the front door,.....Big Blue wanted to get close to me,...I had to push big Blue away,...create some space,...give them more than one target,...never fight bunched up,...don't let one grenade get all of you,...be ready to fight,...protect your client,....as best you can,....one Bodyguard or executive protection can only do so much,....or really nothing, so go down fighting! What happened?....The doormen saw what was happening and came to the rescue! I had protected my client,....Big Blue and all was well! Always know your surroundings and the numbers that are with the guy you are fighting.

Just as a side note,....something I tell my children and students,.....any fight you get into... is it worth your life.....insult, a mean look,...or somebody that is rude,...is proving your point worth your life,...you can not draw me into

a fight unless it is to protect a loved one or somebody's life! Here is a great case in point actually two! First,...Big Blue has caused problem in a club,...was attacked by a man with a knife,...I used a choke on the man and put him out of the club,...did not hurt him,...bust his head nothing,...no marks,...all was good! We left the club at this point. We had a second man on the team, part time,...more of a driver,...we were heading "home" and noticed we were being followed. We were not too concerned,.....but kept an eye in the rear view mirror. We were coming up on a curve and the other car shot ahead of us. We lost site of them as they rounded the curve in the road. Well, as we rounded the corner they were parked in the road waiting for us,.....perfect ambush,...we ran right into it,.....they opened fire on us,.....there were two of them,...30/30 and a .22 semi-automatic,...how do I know this,...the bullet casing and the bullet taken out of my body! When they opened up on us I knew there was a 12 gauge shotgun in the trunk,...me being totally retarded jumped out of the car and headed for the trunk,...you know how in movies they hide behind cars and never get shot,...well that is in the movies! Just as I made it to the trunk a bullet hit me right in the middle of my.....left.....foot.....going through the top, passing through my instep and stopping at my heel! Now for those smart asses that would say I shot myself,...if you shot yourself it goes through the top of the foot and comes out the ball of your foot,...mine stopped on the heel of the foot,...if I had not been wearing boots,...I have no doubt it would of exploded my foot into pieces! Self survival or I knew these men would of killed us,...they were starting to roll back on us to get closer,....I grabbed the gun out of the trunk and opened fire in their direction,.....they retreated,.....we lived,...yes I went to the

hospital and had many surgeries on my foot,...yes there were many questions from the cops,...but when you work for a music company and have contacts from Joe P.,.....questions go away,...so was the fight worth getting killed over,....no way,....not a chance,.....if you fight and know if someone thinks they can not beat you,....they will shoot you,....and that was in the 80's, how much more today,....only for a loved one,.....to save a life,....! Second example,....which is jumping way forward in my life,....but is a good example,....I owned a bar,...or should I say a bottle club,....we were open from 3am to 8am. We got people that were already drunk,....but wanted to keep the party going,....my family worked the club,....from bartenders to door staff,.....on this one night around 4:30am five customers came out into the parking lot were I was standing,...as they were walking by, one guy hit me in the back of the head,....Wow!....my bar and my parking lot,....only one problem,....my youngest daughter was standing beside me at the time,....every part of me wanted to beat this guy down,...yea 5 on 1, but my security was 10 feet away! I could not risk my daughter getting hurt,....my daughter would of jumped into the fight,.....because my daughter is crazy,.....and then I would have to protect her instead of fighting,.....so I let it go,....little did I know, my youngest son was in a car that my daughter had came up in to ask me a question,.....to this day my son will ask me why I did not break those guys heads,....he was watching the whole thing from the car,.....because of my daughter,....yes I could have won the battle,....but lost the war if my daughter was hurt,.....it was not worth it then or would it be now! So before you fight make sure your life is worth it!

As stated before,....Joe was busted,....I was still working. I was still living at Big Blue's house,...but was looking to make the next score,.....smuggling with Joe was over, but now I was good at three things,....Martial Arts, Security, and Smuggling! If you are smuggler, drug dealer,...live on the outside of the law,.....you will either: Go to Prison, get dead, or become a whore,....the first two explain themselves,....the third,....means this,....you will do whatever it takes to make the next dollar,....or to stay out of prison!

After much trial and error I found a Colombian connection,...who we will call "Gert" only me and Gert know why,....but anyway,.....Gert had made millions and lost it all and now was looking to make it back,.....another thought for those reading,....you might think how is that possible,....watch any true life crime story,....from Myer Lanski to Goodfellas with Henry Hill and you will see money made in the wrong way is money lost the fast way,.....it never last and if it does, you end up in prison,....the richest men I know that had money that lasted were the,.....Lawyers,....when I first met my Lawyer,...he was driving a 240Z and last time I saw him he was driving a Jag and his own office complex.

Gert and I started small business,....from boat smuggling I had connections still with the other guys that had not been busted in operation grouper,....Gert could get cocaine and I had the buyers,...our first deal was a Kilo of coke and we both made \$8,000 a piece,.....on the boats depending on what you were doing you could make 5,000 to 50,000 a day,.....so this was nothing,....but a start,.....heading to one place or the other!

I know some of you have bought this for the fight stories,....in the years as a Bodyguard for badmen,...I was shot a total of 3 times,.....and more knife scars than tigers have stripes! When it comes to weapons both edged and firearms,....there is another rule never to forget,.....control the weapon or die! If someone just walks up to you and shoots, it is over,....but for some reason men like to talk before they kill you,....want you to beg or something,....that is your chance,...they might beat the hell out of you with the free hand,...but hold the weapon hand and you will have a chance. As a young man I made the statement that there were a lot of ways I was going to die,.....but a knife was not one of them,.....way wrong thing to say,.....to this day a \$30,000 contract is open to the man that can kill me with a knife.

Stay calm and you can win the fight,....but don't think for a second that you are not going to get cut,...a real fight is not the dojo,....I will put a plug in for "No Lie Blades!"

Not a fight story, but has stayed to me until this day,.....I am not really sure where to put this story, so here will do for now,.....I had just bought a brand new 300ZX, Dotson had become Nissan and put out 50th anniversary edition,... I had it and loved it! It was my birthday,....23rd I think,....had just left "Brooks" restaurant in Deerfield Beach of Florida,....one of the best restaurants I had ever eaten in,.....if you get and chance and they are still there go,.....ask for Lisa and say "Fusaro" sent you. Anyway I had just left,....on inter-state I-95 in the south bound lane and it was raining ! Well the car hydroplaned in the far left lane,.....the car was going off the road,....into the median,....I was doing about 65mph,.....this

was not going to be good,.....for me,.....the next thing I know the car is drifting into the north bound lane,...head on into traffic,...if you have been to the east coast of Florida, there is always heavy traffic on the roads day or night,.....this was about 11:00pm,...I see cars and trucks heading right at me,.....my first thought was this,...."I was going to die and it would be a closed casket",.....you die going into head on traffic,.....I see a truck heading at me,...I lay over in the seat of the car hoping just to get crushed instead of decapitated,.....really I don't know what happened after that,...the car stopped moving,.....I looked around and stepped out of the car,...the car was now facing south in the south bound lane,...there was a Ryder truck turned over on its side about 19 feet from me. I was hurt and knew it,...but the adrenalin was kicking in,.....I was going into shock,.....but had to keep my head,.....there was a Sheriff right there,...wow,...that was fast,...I found out that I had almost ran him over,.....a highway patrolman pulls up to the scene and ask were the body is,...standing right in front of him,...my car had melted down to the size of a shopping cart. The ambulance was called,.....as I am standing waiting for the police to finish up,....a man walks up to me,.....NOW I WILL SAY WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE TRUE,....TAKE IT FOR WHAT IT IS WORTH TO YOU,.....this man whom I believe to be an angel,...walks up to me and the first thing he says is "Do you believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God?" right to the point,.....I was caught off guard,.....I was raised Pentecostal as a child,...but needless to say at this point in my life I was not going to Church,.....I told this angel that I did and then he told me that he was going to pray for me! Now for you to understand how retarded I was, you have to know this I did not go to the hospital for three days after the wreck. When I

finally did go I found out that all of my ribs were broken most in several places, punctured lung which was partially collapsed. I was in great pain, but like I said not that smart. Only after a friend made me go to the hospital did I find how bad I was. Now I still believe to this day that if that angel sent by God did not pray for me I would have died in my sleep. You have a boy grew up in the Church and was saved. As a teenager I forgot about God,.....but God did not forget about me! I would tell the reader,.....you can try to run from Christ,.....but you will run right into the arms of Jesus Christ you paid the price for your sins,.....not through works, so no man can brag, but by the scars on his hands,....for what is man that God is mindful of him,.....angels cannot understand,.....but we have seen the salvation by his grace in Christ!

Now Gert and I were making money moving 2 Kilos a week,...but not the money we wanted to make,...we were looking to put together a "Trip",.....trip is slang for a smuggling run,...here is something else for you,...there is a song called "A Pirate Looks at 40",.....this was like the national anthem for smugglers,....Big Blue and Hottie Tottie would listen to it when I did not know what the deal was! Honestly Gert and I got ripped off so many times,.....remember I was 21 and Gert was 37,...but we both had a lot to learn. There was the Cuban that took us to see a DC3 that was "his",....and then paid him \$9,000 to get ready only to find out it belonged to someone else,....or there was Pepe that set us up to do a deal at Bimini Island,....for those that don't know, there is North and South Bimini Island,...we paid \$30,000 dollars for protection, we had Lockheed Loadstar loaded with 3,500 pounds coming into the island. We had boats ready to transport the pot to the states,.....we go over to the

island and get stopped by the local police,...told to turn around,.....not only did we lose the pot,...we lost the plane and pilots,...they got arrested,...which we paid off the police commissioner of the Bahamas to get them back and the plane. Now you think this was a problem, that somebody was going to die,.....here is the difference between Americans and Colombians,...a American will let you work off a debt,....like being a Pilot for free on trips,.....Colombians would rather kill you and have the reputation of being a killer,...Gert was raised in America,....so we were on the same page,.....there is nothing worth taking a life over,.....so you move on and go from there,....learn a lesson and move on,.....the 80's we were the cocaine cowboys of Miami,...but I never considered myself to be one,....it was just business to me,....as I am thinking about it,...here is how most people get busted,....they tell others what they are doing,...me, I never even told my girlfriends,.....everyone knew I hated drugs and that was that,....my cover was that I was a bodyguard for music people and no more was said to me! I knew a guy that would tell strippers that they were smugglers and then get into a fight with them and bingo,.....off to jail and then prison! Gert and I did get along together,...first trip to Colombia was in a DC3 that just fixed the day of the trip,....we flew into Barinqua , Colombia under Military protection from the government,.....I was freaking out that this would go bad and end up in a Colombian prison,....it was a grass strip! We loaded 5,500 pounds of pot into the plane. The owner of the plane comes to me and tells me if the plane is not loaded correctly we will crash and die. DC 3's are tail draggers, the weight had to be towards the front, the next kicker was at the end of the strip there was a metal pole 30' in the air,...why we would never know! We had to wait for

dark... a timing thing... we meet the boats for the drop-off,...the problem was, we could not see the pole,...hit the pole we die,...getting the picture? We had a great idea,...we were using the shake and glow sticks for the bales,...so we tied one to the pole to see at night,...we start rolling down the strip and make the take off,...next thing I knew the DC 3 starts to shake and move down to the left,...the pilot,...a former Med-o-vac pilot from Vietnam,.....yells back for nobody to move,...not a problem,...I was so scared I could not move anyway. We made the trip and all was good,.....we got back into the states. We had a meeting with the Colombians that on the strip,.....Julian tells me he did not think we ere going to make it,...the plane started shaking because as we taking off the landing gear hit the trees at the end of the strip. In a weeks time, by the time we left the states and got back, I had much grey hair,...or so my girlfriend told me,...fear will do that to you!

We moved on from pot smuggling to coke smuggling,...smaller in size and more bang for the buck! We used a King-Air with a Taurus Conversion on the engines,...translation, Colombia to South Florida in 3 hours! 1,000 pounds at a time,.....and only 3 people on the plane, plus, those on the strip, much smaller op and better pay.

Ok,.....a little more of the bodyguard thing,...and one other smuggler! Like I said Big Blue was an everyday event,...he was a

smuggler that would go to the ghetto to do base,...not crack back then,.....they would make phone calls and talk about playing baseball,.....get it,.....baseball,...base!,.....anyway,...we go to the ghetto in Miami,...Big Blue driving a Benz,.....me a 25th anniversary Corvette,.....real low profile,....in the ghetto,.....right,....I just knew the cops would bust us,....but no,.....we go into section 8 housing apartment,....Big Blue could have bought the best,....but for some reason loved to go there. We walk in, 10 black dudes and 2 white dudes,....Big Blue and I,....remember... I don't do drugs,....so while Big Blue is getting 'High',....I am just keeping an eye on it all,....all good,....except everybody is getting very nervous about me,.....I was never one much for firearms,..... then,....but on this night I had a .38 snub nose in my black leather pocket with my left hand on the handle,....well,....there was at least 4 other men doing the same thing with their hands,....we were going to lose if things went bad,....nothing did,....I have been told that I was better then Doberman's for keeping people in line.

Now there was one man that would hire me for special ops projects,.....his name was Terry,...or was it Arthur,.....honestly,....we all called him Terry,....but his Wife called him Arthur,....I don't know to this day! A little background on Terry,....all true,....he carried \$500,000 dollars in gold and silver with him,.....and had a bundle of money duct taped bigger than you get your arms around! Only wore platinum, because gold was a cowards color,.....yellow,.....3 Ferrari's, Jet Ranger Helo, and many jets. Terry had worked for the CIA and done Special ops in Africa ,...newspaper reports and other documents to back it up,....he was crazy and a badass! The only way to work for Terry was you had beat him in

a fight,....I had met him through Big Blue,....he loved me because of the Martial Arts,.....he wanted to train,....but did not have discipline,....working for Terry was truly a life or death scenario,....one mistake and you were out,....forever! You would just be standing and Terry would walk up and try to kick me right in the balls,.....or come walking out of the bathroom and he would throw a knife at your head,...how do I know,...all this he did to me,....or tried,.....Terry was the real James Bond,....even paid taxes on the money he made from smuggling! To my knowledge he never got busted,.....probably dead!

Well there is another phase to this story,.....we had done a DC 4 into Ocala, Fl.,.....11,500 pounds of pot before we started doing coke trips that got busted,...back in 1981,....men that we had paid there lawyers fee's and bail started to rat-out,....you get in the game and think your boys won't rat you out,...you are dead wrong,.....about 20 people had warrants for there arrest,.....just from that,.....then we had a former Sherriff that had the King-Air,...got busted and he was ratting out,....the FBI has nothing,....but time and money,...they will find you and you will get busted,.....I was no different!

Keep in mind, my own girlfriend,....or should I say girlfriends did not know my real name,....I never bought anything in my name,.....the woman who is my wife of 25 years did not know my real last name until after I got busted and we had a 6 month old baby girl! The money, women, cars, and the travel are the world's way of blinding you to the truth! A life without your family,.....and let me totally honest with you,.....JESUS CHRIST SON OF THE LIVING GOD,.....will pretty much always be

empty!

The whole crew was on the run,.....everybody had gone there way,.....like most in this business I had not put back money for the rainy days,....they were here,....The FBI had gone two streets away to another house and missed us,....wow,....how close they were,....many times they got close,....I even got arrested one night went to jail,.....and got bailed out under one of my alias!

My wife to be had gotten a ticket and needed to appear in court,....as I am writing this,.....23 years later I am trying to remember what the ticket was for,....normally I would have just sent the money for the fine,.....I was just asking my wife what happened,....to the best of her memory we got a notice in the mail to appear in court,....weird,....should of known something was up! I believe the FBI thought I would have gone into the court with my wife to be,....I waited in the car! We drove home to my mom's house,....with the FBI and Tampa PD in tow,.....little did I know there was 20 men sent to take me down! I get out of the car and the Law comes screaming in behind me,....5 cars and 19 men plus 1 female,.....all had there weapons drawn pointing at me,.....wanting for me to be stupid! Until you looked down a whole bunch of weapons pointing at you,....you have not lived! They toke me to county jail,....it was kind of funny,....first they show me a picture of myself and ask me if it is me,.....duh,.....next a cop comes up to me tells me he knows about this fight I was in at a club in Miami, Fl., with 2 Cubans and 2 Africans and what I had done to them,.....wow when you get ratted out they go all the way! Another cop comes up to me and tells me, they were told by the FBI that I

could take the guns out of their hands,....I told them they were told wrong,.....well I had to use the bathroom,.....bad,....I asked and 4 officers come in the room with me,....I don't know who was more scared me or them,....I was still cuffed,....at one point they bring me into a room and a Sergeant sits in a chair, un-snaps his firearm, looks me dead in the eye to inform me that no matter what I did he was going home to his family,.....he was telling me he was ready to kill me if I acted badly,....I let the Sergeant know that he had seen the Rambo movie way too many times!

Okay,....here is the deal,.....I was facing 45 years in prison. Two counts of conspiracy and one count of trafficking, each carried 15 years! I was taken to Marion county jail and waited for trial. I had a lawyer,...store bought and all. This was for the DC 3 we had done,.....so I settled in,....everyone else had gotten probation for the DC 3 and so would I. I still have the newspaper clip of my arrest,.....there was a problem,....the newspaper had me as one of the masterminds of the project,...at 20,...wow,....I was good,.....so they were not offering me probation. The state wanted me to rat like everybody else! Now there were many components to this stage of my life. I was a huge reader then and still am! The book cart had stopped coming to my pod and was left with nothing to read but the Bible! Being raised in the Church as a boy,....I had never read the Bible. You can only do so many push-ups, sit-ups, Kata, and train in your cell! I had nothing left to do, but read the Bible! You know what happened the first time I did,.....you guessed it,.....I fell asleep in 5 minutes! Amazing,.....I could read for hours, but not the Bible,.....time was on the Bible's side. I preserved and finally read through the

New Testament, no change in my situation, but did read of someone you seemed to love me no matter what! The state was not giving an inch,....I had to turn state evidence or there was no deal. Big Blue lived in Marion County ,....and probably knew everything that I did in the jail. Secondly I had a family and did not want to risk them,....and I had never ratted! I came to the place of no hope and knew 45 years was a long time,.....my daughter would be grown and never know her Father! After telling the state that I would not rat,.....I came back to my cell and fell on my face and begged Jesus to forgive me,....to save me! I had to put all my trust into Christ,....nowhere else to go,....had nothing to offer,....just like in the movie Goodfellas,....everybody had turned there back on me,.....nothing,....but Christ,.....I will leave some of the story,.....just in case you are a Pastor and would like me to come to your Church to testify,....the Judge you had given out over a million years since he had set on the bench! Long story short,.....the Judge Raymond McNeil gave me 30 months in prison and 10 years probation! KEEPING THIS IN MIND,.....I NEVER RATTED OUT ABOUT NOTHING! The FBI offered me protection, spent showing me pictures of many people,..that I did not know of,.....in one years time I was back home!

Once you give your life to Christ, don't think your life is over or the adventure of living,.....for it is not. I got Saved on 1987 and writing this many memories come to mind,....I went back to Tampa, Fl., to live my life,.....boring I thought,....oh I had left with 1 child and now had 3 step-children living with my wife and I! Something I would like to get on my soapbox for a

bit,.....you go to prison to pay your debt to society,.....for the crimes you have committed,.....I did my time and probation,.....but to this day I still pay my debt,....every job application,..for the rest of my life! You might say why not,.....then why prison to pay my debt,.....unless you have committed murder or offense against a child after so many years it should be dropped from the record,.....that is why so many men and women go back to crime,....can not find a job just to live on and pay the bills! I have been blessed,.....but still it has been very, very hard for me and the family!

In Tampa we find the Church that we would spend the next 10 years of our life in. Pastor Dan Dempsey, a man who I hold in high regards to this day! I had started to teach Sunday school and being a part. It was great for our family,.....now before you get bored thinking this is now just a Church story,.....hold your horses,....remember still an adventure! On one night I am in the hall ways of the church when a member of the youth group walks up to me and ask me not to hurt his Dad! I did not even know who his dad was and really thought he was joking! I look down the hall and see a huge man slapping a kid and then pushing him into an empty office! I go in the office only to find the man holding a gun into this kids face saying he was going to kill him,.....wow,....just like the old days,....but why me,.....oh,.....because I had the experience that nobody else had right then,.....I only found out later that this was the dad I was not supposed to hurt,...he had the guy,...well,.....I step in the middle and start talking,..asking was he going to kill a kid in the house of God,.....he told me this kid had threatened his son,....and he was mad,.....I just kept talking to him,..learn to agree and listen,....I could of been an negotiator. He started to

pistol whip the kid and I stepped in and slapped him in the face,....he settled down,....we talked for about an half hour! He finally calmed down and just in the Church,....I thought my life was going to be boring. It was going to get better.

Out of the clear blue sky the associate pastor of the Church calls my home,.....and tells me that the head of security for the CWA (Concerned Women of America, a very active political group in D.C.) had called and wanted to know if the church had any men with security backgrounds,.....well of coarse there was me,....there I spent all those years protecting the wrong people and now I had the chance to protect the right ones and Christians at that!

CWA was headed at that time by Beverly LeHeye,....who is a great woman of God! Her husband Tim LeHeye one of the co-authors of the "Left Behind" series of books on the Rapture. The CWA was touring America and every city they went to they used private security to help there personal security team. Their head, Steve Aiken was a former Philadelphia policeman and was now their security chief. Steve had done the advance in Tampa and looked in the phone book and called my church,....which had to be God,.....remember the name of the Church was Riverhills Church of God,.....there were a lot of Churches between the A's and RiverHills. I meet with Steve and told him my Salvation story. No problem for him,.....I was saved,...the only place here you don't have to keep on paying for your Crimes is with Christ. Here I was a former bodyguard for smugglers and now learning to be an Executive Protection Agent,....this was crazy! The guest speakers that night included but not limit to Gov. Bob Martinez of Florida,....he had his

private security,...but I was there covering the stage to the right for him. It was a three day detail and I learned a lot,...and knew that God still had plans for me. As time went on I became a Minister in the Church of God ! I had a prison ministry and street ministry,...then a dream come true,...I was added to the staff of Riverhills C/G,...as the Evangelism Director. Well,...let us see,...Martial Arts Teacher,...which I still do,...Bouncer,...Smuggler/Bodyguard, Inmate, Warehouse manager, and Preacher now that is a lot of hats to wear by 33!

I worked for the CWA off and on ten years. During that time I was on details to protect men such as Senator Bob Dole when he was running for President. You are probably saying "how is this possible with your background?";...well the advantage of working with a private organization is you are ok with them, you are ok with the special guest. I worked with Secret Service, DEA, Scotland Yard, Army Rangers, Marines Recon, Navy SEALs, and SWAT snipers! All after being busted,...WOW,... God is Great! With out fail most of these would ask me how long I was in the Military? The training I had received from the Smugglers made me look very professional to other professional. When I would tell men that I was not in the Military,...they would ask what I did to get a Dis-honorable discharge. Others I was assigned to protect were Pat Buchanan, Ambassador Alan Keyes, and Former Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich, Lt. Col. Oliver North, and Former Prime Mister of the UK, Margret Thatcher! Pretty good for a guy who looking at 45 years in prison,...now the flip side of this because of my conviction I can't even be a mall guard!,.....like I said,.....you pay for the rest of your

life,.....!

Almost time to move on,.....but one other story is worth telling. The last time I was with Bob Dole just before he got Secret Service,....we were in Virginia ! Senator Dole had just finished speaking we headed for under-ground parking garage. We had radio communications on the team of about 15, but under-ground they did not work! As I am walking Senator Dole to his limo,.....I hear a voice from behind me and turn to see two men closing fast,.....I am on my palm mic trying to contact the Team leader,....Mic's are dead,.....I am getting ready to lay these men out,.....Mr. Dole was not getting killed on my watch,.....just as I was moving in position I see the team leader waving me off,.....these two men were Captain Mike New (SP?) and his lawyer. Mr. New was kicked out of the US military for refusing to wear the UN blue beret while deployed over-seas and he wanted Mr. Dole's help to get back in the military. Thank God I saw my detail leader before I hurt those men very badly!

Ten years in the Church and five years of being on staff, my family was well and I gave all I had to the service of Christ,.....now this part is for those wanting to be in ministry,.....being saved does not mean everything will be milk and honey. We had problems and struggles like all other families! Of all the jobs I have had ministry was the most draining of them all! My ministry was not the glamour or the just preach in the platform,.....mine was in nursing homes, hospitals, prisons, the shut-ins,.....if you were well I may never visit with you,.....but if you were sick, dying, or locked up I was

there! In my five years of staff as an Evangelism Director I would do an average of 2,000 visits a year and over 5,000 phone calls every year! That is a whole lot of praying,...to those young ministers,...pace yourself,.....it is a marathon,...not a sprint,...you can get burned out,...I have done more funerals than I can remember,....held men and women in my arms while they drew their last breath,....had seen children that had their arms and legs broken by their Fathers,....cancer patients die at the age of 30,....elderly that had been forgotten by their family, who died of loneliness. I had entered the ministry at the age of 33,....I had no training except for the love of people and Christ in my heart. I gave all that I had,....the Church will take every thing from you and at the end of the day,...leave you with nothing! Not Christ,.....I went into the ministry full speed ahead,....held back nothing,.....watching men, women, children die will take all that you have,....quickly,....at times I am surprised I lasted for five years,....The Church had about 1,000 members,...which in my opinion is way to many to take care of! The Church is a living breathing organism,.....do not judge the Church by those that run it or go to it,.....people are people all over the world,.....only difference is the ones in the Church should be saved,.....but also know this that we have a responsibility to treat people better,.....we don't have the right to hurt people in the Church!

So you don't think all my time in the Church was without the blessings of God or the miracles of God, let me tell you the other side of the coin! The power of God is real,.....I have seen what God can do, so now I will tell you. Sister Vandyke,...was a lady

who told she would not leave the hospital alive,.....she had cancer,....the doctors gave her no hope of recovery. She did not believe in a God who healed,.....I was asked by her family to go and pray for her in the hospital,.....I walked in and we talked,.....she told me that she would die there,....then I said with nothing to lose by praying for God to heal her,.....we had prayed,.....two days later she was sent home,...the cancer was in remission,....Sister Vandyke,....did not die of cancer,.....she had a verbal fight with a family member and died of a heart attack! God stills talks to his own today. I was in a Church that had not had anyone saved or baptized in two years,.....while preaching,.....the Holy Sprit fell and God moved in the service. People were saved and gave the glory to God. We would go into the worst drug areas of Tampa and God protected us,...plus touched many people. Salvation stories and many other blessings from God!

Now we enter into the next phase of my life. Executive Protection for Pastor Benny Hinn. I spent nearly 3 years with Pastor Hinn, traveling all over the world! Many of the readers will know of Pastor Hinn from TV and maybe so want,.....you might ask why a minister would need security,.....actually Pastor had about 20 men that were part of his security team! Men in Pastor position have 3 areas of threats: some will try to kill them because God told them too, some will try to kill them because there is no God and want to prove it to the world, lastly,.....they are millionaires and you are always a target! Actually to Pastor credit,....he asked about my background, which I was honest with him! After hearing of the men I had protected and saying if Christ has forgiven me then he has too!

God is God,...in our human minds,...this would make no-sense,...and as I reflected on the matter it did not to me either,...but there I was! At one point Pastor liked me so much I was assigned to his wife and children! Mrs. Hinn is a very kind and great woman of God,...it was an honor to protect her and the family,...but for EP agent this was way too boring! With Pastor Hinn there was always that risk of something happening at any given moment! Of all the agents that were with Pastor very few of us had any real world experience! That had been in life and death situations,.....there was a SWAT team sniper, Army Rangers, Marines, and Navy SEALs! I am proud that these men trusted me with the lives of our clients and with each other lives.

To those readers that are saved,.....hang on to the Cross of Calvary and to those that are not saved,.....Run to the Cross of Calvary and you will find Jesus waiting for you with arms wide open in Love.

Yes, I still train in the arts! Right now teaching personnel from JSOC (Joint Special Operation Command) Ft. Bragg, NC., and still trusting in Christ in my life and my family. There has been many battles and there has been the desert experience in my life.

I reflect on all the things in my life,.....money, cars, and homes,.....none of these compare to my family,.....wife, children, and grand-children! I would spend 1,000 dollars on a dinner and was empty! Now I cook on the grill at home and very happy for my life, if you think you can be the government, you are very wrong my friend! A life without Christ is a life of nothing,.....nothing you can but or have will replace Christ and

the feeling purpose that comes from serving Jesus!

I have left out a lot,.....the story is way to much for me to write,...I saw men that were millionaires that were broke because of drugs,.....if you make your money with God,....it will last. Joe Pegg,.....is now serving life in prison,....he was called "The King of Smugglers", Carlos Leader in prison for life, and Ochoa killed in Colombia by the government. I could go one and on,.....I tell my children,.....listen to the guy that has been there and done that!

Well,....if you were hoping for great writing,....you did not get it,.....but if you wanted to know that Jesus loves you, you are at the right place.

God Bless and trust in God!

Yours in Christ,

Professor Tim Casper, 7th Dan, American Budo Society