

5 August 2000
2:00 PM
Saturday

Dear Dr. deKorczak,

In the past years, I have been guilt-ridden over the fact that I have been representing myself to you in a most deceptive manner. I had continually told you that I'm no killer. Fact is, I'm not only a killer, but looking back, I would have to confess that I'm a serial killer.

Crib to a Mission

Many say it's absolutely impossible to remember back that far, but as an infant, I remember standing in my baby bed, holding the rail, watching my Grandmother as she babysat me. Sir, I remember this far, far better than the yesterday events in my life. Extremely plain.

One of the things I remember so clearly, was a device my Grandmother used for killing these black creatures that always bothered me – and my food. I thought it very neat that when she'd get on one of her killing episodes, that these black creatures would almost disappear and thus a peaceful and restful environment would exist for both myself and my Grandmother – almost like the hand of God.

I also took careful note of the area that my Grandmother had always put this weapon of mass destruction. Always, she put it high near the cabinets near the ice box. It always intrigued me that this weapon was there – and I never forgot that.

A couple of years or so later, I was walking quite well. My Mother had stopped working, thus my Grandmother had disappeared from my daily life. But I knew where this precious white-haired lady lived and yep! it was indeed within walking distance of a four year old. But I had to cross the busy U.S. Highway, and a railroad track that my Mother continually feared, but that's women. At four years of age I'm a man! So, I see no problems at all.

I decide I'm gonna help my Grandmother rid her house of these black creatures, but I need that weapon so desperately. When my overprotective Mother had taken a nap, I start climbing high in the kitchen. Then bingo! On top of the ice box, I locate this weapon. Later I find out it's called a fly swatter, but at present, what is was called didn't matter. My Grandmother needed my help!

So, I take this weapon, and head for the front door. It will not open. I'm locked in, and the latch on the screen door is very high. I think for a second – no problem. I get the broom with a long handle, and again, bingo! The latch slides up and down to the side.

Freedom at last, and I'm on a mission – to help my Grandmother.

Well, I somehow clear the busy highway, a few tires squealing, but duty calls. The railroad was a given. Got over it without any noise. I was almost half way to my Grandmother's, when some monster grabbed me from behind. I was a goner. After, the loud voice, I then knew it was – Yep! my Mother – much more fear than when I thought the monster had me. I immediately found out that this neat weapon of mass destruction could be used for much more. I had imprints of this weapon on my back, legs and arms for days and days. So now I wanted to hide this evil thing much higher than my Grandmother did so no one could find it. But I still had this weapon – and killing – on my mind, deeply seeded.

The World is Mine

My very first trip outside without "you know who", was most exciting! What freedom. A massive world to explore, and what I perceived as heaven: A mountain full of trees and all kinds of animals. I figured I would never have to worry about sin and sinning because I was already in heaven. No monsters – a huge mountainous forest to explore, and to call my home. Neat!

A Lesson in Humbleness

Well, when I entered this garden of Eden (forest), I kept looking up, watching the squirrels jump from tree to tree, wondering if I could do that. As I was walking and looking up, my feet and legs suddenly felt like they were on fire. I was covered with ants – I knew what they were. After I finally got them all off, I was angry. Killing had consumed me. I told them, Yep! you can bet I'll return.

I went to the outside of the forest, got a tin can full of water, and went straight back. I poured the water on those ants, killing hundreds – maybe thousands. I hadn't learned to count. Boy, I wiped them all out, so out of rage, and in my little devious mind, I figured every ant on that mountain had to go – Yes! a mass-killing – and I was on a mission.

I knew that the tin can wouldn't hold enough water, so I found a sand pail. Filled it with water and off I went. I found another ant hill in just seconds. I had completely destroyed every single one. Then another ant hill, then another. I'm now more than just a man. I now had great power. I was King of the Mountain and nothing could get in my way. I WAS power!

When I returned from filling my pail with water, King of the Mountain tripped on a root, and was covered with water. But not only that, my face almost landed directly on an ant bed. My eyes were just inches from my enemies – my victims. I watched the little creatures go back and forth, first it was most interesting. Then amazing, followed by astonishing! Not only did they work so hard to build their tiny home, but they all worked

together with perfection. No group of grown ups could do this, and here I am destroying this perfection. I tried to reason with myself that I was King of the Mountain. But even at such a very young age, I knew differently. I was the outsider and the King was elsewhere. So, I simply told them, *You leave me along – I leave you alone*. The very first historical account of "Détente". Okay, Dr. deKorczak, so my world was tiny.

The King Dethroned

The years passed by painfully slow, but I had learned at about the age of ten, of a new, most powerful weapon that would secure my Kingdom – or assure my reign as King of the Mountain. This neat weapon was called a B-B gun. Had to have it.

That Christmas, as I had been deceivingly good, Santa Claus brought me this B-B gun and enough B-B's to assure my superiority over all my kingdom. I immediately took this secret weapon out to my garden of Eden to show all my importance, and my dominance over all creatures, both large and small. Everything seemed to be gone – disappeared – couldn't figure that out. So, I thought I'd go back inside for Christmas candy.

At about 2:30 PM, I slipped out the front door, and toward the back. Everything looked normal. Squirrels jumping, birds flying. I stalked to an area of many small birds, raised this weapon – then fired – didn't seem to bother them much. I was so let down. I kept firing and firing. Then I saw feathers fly and my success had fallen to the ground. I was truly a King with massive powers. Well, I picked up this dead bird, and called Bruce, the older kid next door. When he arrived, I held my trophy up asking him what kind of bird it was.

He immediately said, "Sparrow".

I was shocked, and demanded, "No! It can't be." And again he said it was a Sparrow.

I began sobbing uncontrollably. When he asked why I was crying, I told him that my Sunday School Teacher had just told me the day before that God cares for even the tiny Sparrow, and I immediately ran, crying upon my mountain. I had destroyed what the God Almighty himself had cared for. Now I knew that even in my garden of Eden, I couldn't hide from God. But I didn't want to hide; I wanted to make things right with my God.

After hours of crying and asking God to forgive my evil actions, I picked a most proper and fitting place, and buried God's tiny creature that God himself cared for, but apparently I didn't. I was a killer. I had killed God's tiny creature. I was no longer King, and never again shall I desire to be. I had violated the most sacred law of nature – Needless Killing. I was indeed a killer. As I write, to this day, my heart is consumed in pain – and the memory of this tiny Sparrow shall never escape my heart. Rest in peace, tiny precious

one – rest in peace.

Holy Covenant from a Tiny Voice

After several days of crying and sorrow, I returned to this sacred burial ground. I had come straight from Sunday School class to put into practice what I had learned about that day. A Holy Covenant. If God could enter into such a holy covenant with people I'd never heard of, then why could God not do the same with me and all the living things in my garden of Eden? So, while turning in circles so I could see in all directions, my tiny voice trumpeted out to all, both large and small, that I no longer wanted to be King. I wanted to be just one of them, and to live in harmony with them and our God. That I had violated one of the most sacred of laws and shall never again be guilty of such. My voice was so tiny that no man heard it, but thousands of other creatures did, and this garden was filled with music. I had been forgiven.

My Holy Covenant in Disarray – i.e., they are surely killing me

While in bondage at the hands of the State of Alabama, I am bound in one of their pits of hell. Simply put, they are trying their very best to kill me. The evilness in their hearts is slowly, and very painfully becoming most successful at yanking the very last breath from my body. They are absolute experts in evil and death, yet can face the world on television cameras with their most deceptive angelic smiles. Evil is not always dark and the worst of evil shall surface where completely unexpected. Yet, as with an isolated cancer, it shall not remain isolated, but eventually, completely, destroy the entire body to the point of nothing being left except death. This is the State of Death. – Alabama.

Stars that Quickly Fade or Dying Stars

When I first witnessed the inside of an Alabama Prison, I was horrified! I knew that historically, Alabama had been noted for its atrocities and had been well documented. But that had been years ago, and in no way was I ready for what was to be revealed. So shocking I felt my mind was playing tricks on me. I started thinking I was in some foreign third world country. Yet, when I look out the window, I could see the stars and stripes – never dreaming that over time, the stars and stripes that I loved so dearly and felt so sacred toward, would become a symbol of persecution and oppression.

I was put in a 5 ft. x 8 ft. cell, filthy beyond belief. So hot I'd swear it was an oven. I immediately started having chest pains. No one cared, not even the nurse. A few days after that, I had my first heart attack.

I then thought things would change. Indeed they did. The State of Alabama is always consistent with changes. Changes are "always" for the worse. They made me lie in a hall chained to a gurney for well over 8 hours. My Mother, being an R.N., and my being

raised in a hospital, I knew the first 72 hours of a heart attack was critical. A patient can go either way in a split second. So, I prayed for death. It never came. They put me in a hospital cell and sometime later the next day, I suffered my second heart attack. I was unconscious, but they couldn't care less.

Due to pressures from outside – my Mother, sister and others – they "finally" sent me to a REAL hospital with REAL doctors and nurses. I was in a world of once again caring – but the long arm of evil is endless.

They're trying to Kill me!

I undergo an Anteriorgram to ascertain the extent of damage to the heart and amount of blockage. 100% in one artery; 80%-75%-55% of others. They send me back to my room where both legs are chained to the bed. IV's in both arms, oxygen in my nose and a telemetry MS (electronic) unit sending all vital signs down to technicians via radio signals. I can barely move.

While in my room for a short period of time, one armed guard started talking to the other saying, "I used to be one of those bleeding heart liberals until I had to start babysitting these goddamn convicts. Now, I rather shoot the bastards than to have to look at the," He then turned, pulled out his loaded weapon, pulled the hammer back. At that point, my Mother, sister and Aunt walked into the room and witnessed it all – heart it all. By a miracle, the warden had granted them a short visit. I so wonder, had they not been there, if this evil old white man would have fired. No doubt whatsoever, he wanted me dead – but why?

The next morning I underwent what they called: *closed chest surgery*. They automatically prepped me for open chest surgery. They prepped me for open heart surgery in case things went wrong. They had to go up the femal artery with a drill and drill out the blockage so they could follow with an angoplasty. They would have had to make a big enough opening for the angoplasty balloon. They wanted me awake, but due to the stress and loss of sleep caused by the deadly assault on me by the guard, when they put the medication in my IV, I was out like a light, sound asleep.

After this procedure and I survived, I was taken back to my room. Same setup: IV's in both arms, oxygen, telemetry unit. My blood pressure was so dangerously low, I couldn't even take nitroglycerin. My left leg was chained to the frame of the bed.

In the room, I now have two new armed guards: one white male; one black female. Immediately, this black female tells me she is going to chain my other leg. I politely tell her that the warden had ordered that off because if I moved that right leg for 8 hours, I would quickly bleed to death. I told her she could check with the warden. She then blurted out, "I've heard about you!" She then pulled her loaded revolver, pulled the hammer back and said, "You hand me one bit of shit and I'm gonna pop a cap right in your ass." At this

point I didn't care. Death would be welcome. The only body part I could move was my right hand, so I managed to push my food tray onto the floor. Then I looked at this poor excuse of a human being and said, *Well, what's wrong with your popper?* With both of these deadly threats, both times nurses and technicians started flooding into my room. Obviously the threats created dangerous adverse changes in my heart which the technicians picked up electronically from the telemetry that was plugged into me. I never once summoned for help. Help automatically appeared. But it was most obvious these agents of the State of Alabama wanted me dead – and badly – but why?

Three's a Charm

About a year later, I got very sick, much like an extreme case of the flu. The guard working the dorm told me to go to the infirmary. They did blood work, then later the doctor told me that my cardiac enzymes were elevated. I knew then: heart attack. But the doctor said it didn't reach the levels of a massive heart attack, so he told me to just go back to my dorm. They continually kept forcing me out into the hot Alabama sun in the morning for 3-4-5 hours, under the guise of cleaning the dorm. Everyone knew this to be a bald-faced lie. Either go, or run the risk of being beaten to death. Hell if you do – hell if you don't. These evil-evil people may not be overly bright, but they know what they are doing – no doubt!

The Lifeboat is Actually a Bomb

I suppose in the past 200 years, the only relief from persecutions and atrocities from the hands of the evil-evil State of Alabama has been the Federal Courts – Our only lifeboat. Yet, when I filed in the Federal Courts in Montgomery, against these deadly threats and assaults, the courts dismissed my case as Frivolous – without merit – without substance.

Then when I wrote a widely published article: "Too Late To Debate???", the Chief Federal Judge in Mobile, Alabama, Charles Butler, got so angry at my article, he ordered me locked in solitary confinement – also known as the hole or hot box – with full knowledge of my medical conditions: i.e., three heart attacks, inflammatory spinal arthritis and emphysema. He knew these things because these were so stated in this article. At first, I thought this Federal Judge was acting like a three year old, throwing himself on the floor, kicking and screaming, because of my article. He'd do this with full knowledge that (1) it was illegal as hell, and (2) would knowingly put my life in extreme danger. I figured this was just for his ego? Well, it turns out, Mr. Butler was a state prosecutor in Baldwin County – the very same place where I was a Policeman – an "honest" Policeman, which is very rare in that county. There, I had an almost successful assassination attempt on my life – left me for dead; but amazingly, I survived. Just one of the attackers was arrested, then someone in Baldwin County dropped the charge against this person from assault with intent to murder (me), to simple assault. The man was only fined (\$50.00). And this was all done without consulting me or the arresting officers of the Gulf Shores Police

Department. It was all done under the table.

Ding!

Bells began to ring. Just before leaving Gulf Shores Police Department, I had uncovered evidence linking the County District Attorney and the Chief Investigator with the Baldwin County Sheriff's Office to racketeering, protection of major drug runners. I submitted this evidence to a Federal D.E.A. Agent and to representatives of the U.S. Customs. Then I left that area. They were later sent to Federal Prison. So it now becomes more clear why they want me dead so badly, and are continually trying, even as I write these words. Would you consider taking away a heart patient's heart medication away an accident, or would you call it attempted murder – with no weapon? That's what they did just a few weeks ago. So their attempts are continuous to this day.

Dr. deKorczak, you know yourself their reasons have nothing at all to the crime I am supposed to have committed. The knowing wrongful conviction is only a part of the greater Evil – Very Evil. My survival has been by the hand of far greater powers than Self. Far, far beyond reasons or happen-so. A power that we are all unworthy of – yet He smiles on us all.

If one could begin to comprehend my struggle over the past 12 years, the miracles within my struggle, and the fact that so far I have physically survived – that along with the First-hand witness of the miracles of birth – they would find it impossible not to fully believe in a higher being, a Universal Power or Consciousness, or as I refer to all of the above as God. Creator of all the universe.

I understand much of the miracles of the Universe. I understand even better the miracle of nature, my squirrels, my ants – my most beloved tiny Sparrow – I understand my own downfalls and short-comings, but Dr. deKorczak, please tell me how men can become so, so evil? Please tell me how they can become so densely populated in a place like the State of Alabama? I cannot understand how life can become so meaningless to a group of human beings, regardless of their title. They thrive on human pain and suffering, thrive on death far more than on life and living. Something appears to be drastically wrong. Please Dr. deKorczak, tell me. Please help me to try to understand.

Yes! they are surely trying to kill me. They will eventually succeed. But the understanding means far, far more to me than life. I am ready to meet my God. I am ready to meet my tiny Sparrow. But Dr. deKorczak, please help me to understand/

"Tomorrow will be a better day,"

Patrick Swiney

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