

My Story: Part 6

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

"I have always found that mercy bears richer fruits than strict justice."

- Abraham Lincoln

I arrived in the UK via Heathrow Airport. I was homeless and my only option was family back in Wolverhampton. I just had to take one day at a time now. Near-future events were to cause even more disasters and I was wondering where it would all end.

I had little help being re-housed, despite my situation and medical needs. In the UK today being housed is virtually impossible. If you are homeless you cannot go on a housing register. If you give an address as a reference then you are not considered homeless. Typical. 'Catch 22' in every sense of the term. So, not being able to give an address as there was no space for me at either of my relatives homes, I went to the homeless section of Wolverhampton City Council. I was told that despite my medical needs, I was wasting my time making an application for housing. I got more or less the same message from South Staffordshire Council, though they appeared to be more interested in my needs. I never got as far as finding out how much.

I was also still feeling desperately for my wife and our situation. I had to find some way back, or get as close as I could to the US to try and sort out this mess.

Without proper planning, and while my mind was in a turmoil, I was able to get a relative to buy me a ticket to Canada. From here, I could achieve more. I may even have been able to get over the border. My wife was being helped by a friend who also had friends in Vancouver, British Columbia (Canada). They would offer me a room in their home, and I could use this as a base to try and get our lives sorted.

But arriving in Canada, I was refused entry by immigration. Although I had some limited funds in my bank account, I had no bank statement to prove as much. There were no cash machines in the area of the airport between the arrivals area and immigration control. I could not show I had sufficient funds to survive the time I was going to be there.

As there were no immediate return flights, I had to spend the best part of the day in custody at the airport. I was taken care of, fed and watered, and had a 'hospitality suite' all to myself. It was, in effect, no more than a prison cell, but with a shower room attached. It also had a large colour TV. But how could I keep it all together when I was consumed with grief and worry? I couldn't. That 23 hour spell between flights was a complete nightmare. I was a complete wreck, suffering a nervous breakdown, and spent most of the time curled up into a ball and grieving for my poor wife. All I could remember saying over and over again, was "I'm so sorry, honey". 'Honey' is the word my wife learned in the US. We each then began to use it when speaking to each other.

The only redeeming factor about my trip to Canada was that I was allowed to withdraw my application to enter the country - so no record would be made of my attempt. But there was so much paperwork involved with my detention, that I've hardly disappeared off the system. Not that I would wish to return to Canada. Going there was just a means to an end.

I was going back to the UK again. Now I had no chance of rescuing my wife or my possessions. I had also squandered an airfare trying to reach my wife. Although I did not agree with the immigration officer not allowing me into Canada, I take most of the blame for not preparing properly. Immigration to Canada has changed since I went there in 2004. This is due to pressure from the US.

Things were going to get worse ...

I was back in the UK. The next thing that happened was my Incapacity Allowance was suspended. I went to the US for health reasons, get better and to re-start my life. Although I had spent most of the previous twenty years campaigning, and when unemployed due to my chronic fatigue, working 7 days a week, I was sick of my low income existence. I had a wife to support now and things had to change. Unfortunately, being forced to return to the UK under the prevailing circumstances, meant my health just plummeted back to square one.

After about 7 weeks of moving around, spending odd short periods of time in my sister's house, or just travelling on National Express buses on economy tickets and sleeping in their depots, I found a place to live.

My Incapacity Allowance had been restored by now. I needed it as my current location is a hotel. I'm a 'permanent' resident and rent a room at special rates. Despite having to move out a couple of times due to pre-bookings, I've survived and recovered at least a little of my health.

But those 7 weeks were sheer hell. In this time I also had to endure these ordeals ...

When my wife learned that I was not allowed back into the US, at least without a Visa (what chance of that now?), she was forced to vacate our apartment.

Everything we had in the US has either been lost, been given away to the Goodwill charity organisation, or has been put in the possession of people of whom at least one I have never personally met. I don't know what I have left. Some of my critical documents are still in the US - somewhere. I am at serious risk of identity theft and losing possessions of personal importance to me - such as items previously belonging to my deceased brother.

It is only my wife that has been able to keep her own personal possessions. Our joint possessions have been lost for good. My wife has even tried to return goods we have purchased in an attempt to get refunds. So desperate is our situation we have lost a small fortune.

As for my previous landlord, they had the rent paid up to date. Nevertheless, we have lost our £200 (\$400) deposit, and they have even outrageously levied charges to the tune of £500 (\$1,000) against us for leaving our apartment before our contract was seen out.

In the time I spent in the US, I have spent all of my money there. Nothing has been left in the UK, nothing was sent to the UK. The US has benefited exclusively from my income and yet it now has taken so much away from me for no good reason.

How can a country be so evil towards an innocent tourist? How can it take all my money and then destroy my life there? How can a tourist spend too much money in the country?

Protests

I have always tried to comply with the US authorities and try to maintain a good relationship with those in authority. During my early time back in the UK, I wrote to the US Ambassador in London, in the hope he would take an interest in my plight:



1ST MESSAGE. Please note my name and address has been withheld from this copy.

FROM: [MY NAME WITHHELD]

TO: THE AMBASSADOR OF THE USA, LONDON, UK.
CC. THE INDONESIAN AMBASSADOR, LONDON, UK.

DATE: 11TH FEBRUARY, 2008.

Dear Sirs

I am throwing myself at your mercy. I have a very critical situation on my hands. However, this situation can be resolved amicably, successfully and to the best interest of all parties concerned - providing I receive compassion and assistance.

The enclosed fax message will explain my current predicament. I have an Indonesian wife ('Ling-Ling') 'trapped' in the USA while I am likewise in the UK. It is causing very severe psychological and physical distress to both myself and my wife.

I desperately need urgent access to the USA to resolve my affairs there and to rescue my wife. Unless I can do this very quickly, I fear for both our lives. The distress we are both suffering is severely detrimental to our health and wellbeing.

I will say no more except that I am currently virtually destitute of all my possessions and critical necessities. This is severely hampering my attempt to obtain information which is vital to my future in the UK.

I beg, implore and humbly ask you to help me return to the USA in the next few days so that I can be with my wife while we are waiting for news of an application for a Visa for my wife to come to England. On this note, I should tell you I am seeing an attorney on Tuesday to process this application.

My wife and I are also sad that we no longer have any hope of life in the USA. It is a wonderful country and will cause us a great deal of heartbreak knowing we shall never see our friends there again.

With all of this in mind, I hope you can understand exactly how urgent this appeal is and will act quickly. We desperately need a sign that you can act mercifully and compassionately and without delay. I cannot wait at least 2 months for a Visa application which may ultimately be refused.

Yours sincerely,

[My name withheld] and 'Ling-Ling' (in absentia).

PS. I am trying to arrange Diplomatic representation through other sources. Please keep this in mind as I need to exploit all avenues of opportunity to protect the wellbeing of both myself and my wife.



Action by the Ambassador? No chance. he simply deferred the matter to an office in the US who were only interested in covering up the matter. No interest, no justice.

I was so disgusted with the attitude being shown to me, I thought the gloves should come off and I should say exactly what I think about the way I was being treated. Hence, my second message to the Ambassador ...



2ND MESSAGE: Please note my name and address has been withheld from this copy.

FROM: [MY NAME WITHHELD]

TO: THE AMBASSADOR OF THE USA, LONDON, UK.

CC. Other sources at my discretion

DATE: 23rd FEBRUARY, 2008.

Dear Sir

I wrote to you on the 11th February telling you of my terrible predicament where I was victimised at the hands of corrupt immigration officials in San Francisco on the 30th January, 2008.

I told you of the crisis this has caused in my life, that your administration has left me destitute and left my wife in terror. I urged you, compassionately, to allow me immediate access to the USA to clear my affairs there and to be re-united with my wife so we could move onto another country.

You have done nothing but 'pass the buck'. The letter you sent me is totally worthless. After speaking to a senior port official in Seattle, and after speaking to an official in the office to which you forwarded my letter, I have drawn a blank. Unless I get a Visa I have no chance of returning to the USA. You have the power to act let you willingly allow me and my wife to suffer. You have shown no mercy, no compassion, no love for the so-called freedoms your country claims to be fighting for. All the US administration seems to be interested in is making enemies and behaving like the proverbial 'playground bully'.

My one saving grace is that I know a lady in the USA. She has rallied around some friends to go and rescue my possessions so they can at least be put into storage for a short time. My wife will also be aided. This old lady broke her back some years ago, has serious heart trouble and lives from day-to-day. She is so severely crippled and yet she will do more for me in the matter of hours than you will condescend to do for me at any time.

And while this old lady, who may be making her last gesture in life, is helping me without question or reward, you sit back and do nothing but wash your hands of my problems. So much for an administration which just strolls into other countries at will, bombs, murders, mutilates and tortures people, and yet cannot find an ounce of compassion to help a heartbroken couple who just want to be re-united. This old lady is what America should represent, not what you represent.

You should hang your head in shame. Perhaps it is no surprise your country is often referred to as the 'Great Satan' when you behave like this. Your administration deserves such a title. What a pity all of the decent Americans I have met also have to carry this label because of your country's 'sickness'.

Perhaps Islamic-dominated Indonesia will treat me and my wife with more compassion and respect when my Indonesian wife and I (hopefully) arrive. They certainly can do little worse than you.

Signed,

[My name withheld] www.nohumanity.com



NB. Both the above letters can seen in separate links: [Ambassador 1](#) & [Ambassador 2](#)

Time for further action. See Part 7.