

My Story: Part 12

"There is no act of treachery or meanness of which a political party is not capable; for in politics there is no honour."

- Benjamin Disraeli

"The need for devotion to something outside ourselves is even more profound than the need for companionship. If we are not to go to pieces or wither away, we must have some purpose in life; for no man can live for himself alone."

- Ross Parmenter

Destruction completed

Since January 30, 2008, it has been relentless agony. Every new week bought a new worry, a new nightmare. 14th months on, and the destruction of a happy and loving marriage is completed - it now lays in ruins. The Satanic forces of America have achieved all they set out to complete. I, the author, reprise ...

I had been to the US 5 times and did nothing wrong - unless spending money there and behaving like a good ambassador to the UK, and like a patriot in the US, is so offensive it has to be stopped.

I failed to get any justice for the crime committed against me on January 30, 2009.

I was denied a Visa to go to the US so I could regain what few possessions I had left - and to see my wife. We had already missed our first wedding anniversary together, and sharing my birthday.

Forced to change my name and obtain a new passport, I was then refused entry again to the US and hospitalised, and almost killed, by evil immigration officials at Pacific Highway in Washington State.

These same officials then stole my passport from me and returned me to Canada - in the hope they could incriminate me there and get me deported from Canada. The only respite was that the Canadian authorities were told by my attorney of the corrupt intentions of the US immigration authorities. This ensured my release.

From this point, I was trapped in Canada without a passport as the Americans refused to release it. It took so long to recover it that I missed my return flight to the UK. Now I was trapped in Canada without enough funds to fly back to the UK, barely enough to live on, in fact.

Forced out of desperation to do something to see my wife and get my possessions, I was forced to cross the border illegally. Soon after, I was arrested and detained.

In detention I suffered numerous human rights abuses by the proprietary authorities.

On 30 December, 2009, I was sent back to the UK. My parole application was denied. I could still not get to see my wife or get what belongs to me.

'Laura' (the assumed name I have given to my wife) just gave up completely after this. Already 'involved' with another man, which she continuously denied, she decided that there was no hope of her ever seeing me again. A Visa to come to the UK? It was only when I got back to the UK for the last time that I discovered that there was a chance of getting a Visa for Laura.

It was all too late. 14 months on going through hell, through an endless torment and endless heartbreak came to the fateful point where I had lost my wife completely.

On March 28, 2009, I learned that a notice had been posted (on January 16) in the courthouse in Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon), indicating my wife's application for a divorce. This was followed just under 5 weeks later by the marriage between my wife and the man who exploited her position and preyed on her.

Remaining faithful to a marriage is difficult when couples are forced apart for such a long period of time. I remained completely faithful throughout. Laura did her best - at least until sometime just after my birthday in June, 2008. I reckon perhaps it was 5 months before her new husband began to prey upon her and worked upon taking her away from me. How soon they became physically or 'romantically' involved is another question.

I do know that by the time my Visa application to return to the US was refused on August 11, 2008, that the rot began to set in. Just one month later, Laura had all but given up on our marriage.

It was always at the back of my mind that I could lose Laura. That torment alone drove me to travel to Canada - in the hope I could find a way to get to see her - to save our marriage.

Probably sometime between being trapped in Canada, and crossing the border illegally, the odds of saving our marriage had worsened.

That's it. America has done everything it can to keep us apart, to destroy our happiness. It was only about 1 month ago that I still had hope that Laura would come to the UK later this year, but all in vain. Now my wife was deceiving me. Not that she is an evil person, she just did not have the courage to tell me the truth. But betrayal is betrayal. And I'm sure she has also felt betrayed by my inability to overcome UK law and get her to the UK.

For a woman who was abandoned by her first husband, one can only understand the obvious conclusion to our marriage. But that in no ways justifies in any sense that the American authorities caused the destruction of our marriage.

To the day I die, I shall never forgive the Americans for being so evil. The 'man' who exploited Laura's loneliness and fears is nothing but low-life rat, a piece of degenerate scum who abandoned his own wife and child to indulge in a sordid affair with my wife.

I've suffered so much. Mistreated, threatened, blackmailed, abused, hospitalized, falsely incriminated, and in the end, dishonoured and humiliated. I've endured all of this because my love for Laura is total.

I've also tried to remain honest and true to our cause. I've pleaded with, implored, begged and petitioned politicians, ambassadors and other authorities to help. We have been betrayed by all and sundry. They have betrayed their own duty, they have shown their contempt for love, their dislike of justice, and above all, they have failed to prove themselves human beings. They are the gutter trash of society.

For all that others tried to do to prevent our marriage, I remained loyal to my love for her. She is my 'holy grail', a cause so worthy that to fail is completely unacceptable. It is as much a sin for me to lose as as she has been taken away from me. I hold myself to blame in this respect, so I have to do something to put right what has gone wrong.

Where this will lead, I do not know. But I shall not know true peace until some order has been restored, some justice has been done - and be seen to be done. There will be many more restless nights until an open wound is healed.

As a consequence, this story is long from finished. A course of action must be decided, and one which cannot be put into words. And as they say, deeds speak louder than words.

Watch this space ... and prepare for [Part 13](#).



THE THREAD

Many threads
All but worn
One remains
As if a thorn

A shallow world
No time for love
A single pearl
A wounded dove

Travelling far
To foreign lands
Such precious fate
In a stranger's hands

Slings and arrows
Two lovers wed
Perchance to dream
A single thread

Struck by envy
Another's greed
A love divided
An evil deed

The craving heart
A voiceless scream
A thousand leagues
A shattered dream

A painful end
The heart so bled
A love is lost
A broken thread

I love you Laura - your devoted and heartbroken (ex) husband.