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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Born 1959 in a little English village called Newbury which was not far from London. My father an American serviceman, my mother an English girl who worked as a seamstress. I have two older brothers, also born in England and two younger sisters; the oldest born in the U.S. the younger born in Okinawa an island in the Phillipines. at 5 months I left England for the first time and as most military families traveled from station to station in 12 to 18 month intervals. My dad retired after 20 years of service in 1972 at March Air Force Base in California. I was 12 or 13 at the time and in the 8th grade. My first observation about California was that it was fast, at least 20 years ahead of any other place I had been socially. In the 9th grade I was introduced to drinking, drugs and the opposite sex. In the 10th grade I was placed in continuation school for my poor attendance and soon after ran away from home at 16. Living on the streets was hard and a stolen car, a handgun and one armed robbery later and I was in jail.

I was placed in a boys Ranch for 6 months and then returned to my parents just before my 18th birthday. at 18 I was finally able to enter the work force. at 19 I married my 17 yr old girlfriend. I had my own place by now, a car and a good job. I quit my job and sold drugs for a living, big mistake. During this time I went to jail for assaulting a woman, my wife was pregnant and ready to give birth to my son Harry Allen. This was up to this time the lowest point in my life. I was broken and accepted Jesus Christ as my savior while in jail. After being released from jail I thought life was all going to work out but soon I was back into old behavior patterns and life became 7 times worse. My wife left me taking my son with her and I went on a 3 year speed run. one night I pulled into a gas station and tried to drive away without paying for the gas. The attendant who was my age 25 at the time and attended California Baptist College in Riverside studying to be a Minister / Youth Counsellor and served on the music committee of his home church tried to stop me. He was subsequently thrown off the car and died 10 days later. a year and a half went by and I still used drugs, I was arrested for ~~robbing~~ robbing a

connection. The following day I was interviewed by detectives and was to be released. The detectives decided not to file with the D.A. due to inconsistencies in the victims story about the robbery, upon learning this at a second interview and believing it was God's will explained to the detectives they shouldn't release me and I confessed to the gas station incident. I took a deal in court and three months later I was in State Prison with a life sentence.