



**HITLER
JUDAS
BUNNDY
& YOU**

Ricky Russ Jr

Introduction

In this collection of pages, we are going to chase after more perspective and gratitude while doing our best to leave judgment far behind. I bet if you were to know people's stories, you'd be slower to judge them. I only say this because it's been true for me. Every time I learn about the details of a man's childhood, I find myself carrying more empathy for him. Whenever I read about the early life that others have lived, I find myself with a deeper well of gratitude.

I understand that one man's difficulty is another man's walk in the park. Still, if you're the type of person who complains about not having enough ice in your 64oz soda while walking around inside Disneyland (because somehow you forgot you were in the happiest place on earth), this little book might just give you a new perspective and a gallon of gratitude.

If (and it's a scary if) you decide to travel down this tragic path of other people's past with me and read the granular details of their lives, you will walk away with more gratitude.

Then, after picking up some gratitude on the journey, maybe your ability to judge others will decrease now that you know the/a reason behind why they acted the way they did.

I challenge you to close your eyes and think of the vilest person that ever lived. Can you picture their face or at least their name? Now, upon thinking of this individual, you probably didn't say to yourself, "You know, I'm not any different than they are." You would probably like to think you're on one end of the spectrum and that evil person is on the other end. You might even say, "Well, I know I'm not perfect, but I have never murdered anyone." Yeah? But what if our previous actions towards a child were the straw that created future murderers?

There are endless opinions about the human "monsters" we all know by name, but I don't think we should look at any human in history as a "monster" - no matter what they did.

A high majority of the focus has always been on the victim's loss of life, with very little being on the criminal's early life. I get it. I understand. But

maybe that's why these cycles continue as well.

I believe every baby (including the "monster" you thought of) that was ever born arrived on this planet loaded with great potential. I believe God wishes that none would choose to walk away from Him.

In the following pages, I will share a few of the numerous stories from the early life of certain humans.

I hope that a handful of people who read this book will get a few pages in, and their hearts will begin to soften, their perspectives will slowly change, and their judgment will atrophy when it comes to how they see (judge) others.

I'm also hoping that you will see your "monster" in a new light by the end of this book. Why?

Because,

You could've been Hitler.

You still could be.

You could be married to Judas.

Your wife might be.

Your dad could've been Bundy.

Your son might be.

Hitler had a mother.
Judas had a father.
Bundy had a daughter.
You have a family.
Everyone had an early life.

Lastly, know this:
I'm not advocating for or excusing the
actions of the humans in these stories.

Also, technically, this book is not about
the humans listed in this book.

This book is about you (and me).

Every day, many of you report to a fu-
ture Hitler. Every day you hand mon-
ey to a potential Judas. Every Sunday
morning, you sit next to a future Bundy.

Think about this:
What if by simply encouraging and
freely helping another human (the
one in front of you as you go), you
could prevent future pain from ever
happening?

I believe some people will receive
crowns in heaven for the good things
they did, while others will receive
crowns for the horrible things they
didn't do.



P

On one occasion, a man was talking to the crowds on the shore of a lake.

There was a vast multitude of people pushing to get close to this man to hear his words. He noticed two fishing boats at the water's edge, with the fishermen nearby, rinsing their nets.

He climbed into the boat belonging to P and asked him, "Let me use your boat. Push it off a short distance away from the shore so I can speak to the crowds." The man sat down and taught the people from the boat. When he had finished, he said to P, "Now row out to deep water to cast your nets, and you will have a great catch." "Master," P replied, "we've just come back from fishing all night and didn't catch a thing. But if you insist, we'll go out again and let down our nets because of your word."

When they pulled up their nets, they were shocked to see a huge catch

of fish, so much that their nets were ready to burst! They waved to their business partners in the other boat for help. They ended up completely filling both boats with fish until their boats began to sink! When P saw this astonishing miracle, he knelt at the man's feet and begged him, "Go away from me, Master, for I am a sinful man!" After pulling their boats to the shore, they left everything behind and followed the man."

This story is one of my favorites. Before we jump into this subplot, have you ever noticed how many different headlines this story has in the ever-growing library of translations? How could this happen? Why do you think this happened? If I was tasked to title the story, there's no way I'd title it *Four Fishermen Called as Disciples*. That title is not only misleading to me, but it's laced with Ambien as well.

Titling this story *Four Fishermen Called as Disciples* would be like writing an article on the JFK assassination and titling it *A 1961 Lincoln Continental in Dealey Plaza*.

So, now it looks like I'm going to do what hundreds before me have done. I'm going to re-title this story to fit how I read it. The title that makes sense to me is *How a Man Connected with Another*.

1. Is it possible that Jesus chose that specific spot to preach in order to create a strategic one-on-one moment?

2. Do you strategically go to certain places to connect with others?
3. Did you notice that Jesus addressed the one topic of conversation that Peter majored in?
4. Do you talk to others about yourself or to others about them?
5. Did Jesus tell Peter about God and then pray with him the moment He got in the boat?
6. Do you try to close the deal before the connection ever happens?
7. Did Jesus find a creative way to pay back the favor with a favor?
8. When was the last time you paid back a favor with a favor?
9. Did other people in Peter's tribe get blessed as a by-product?
10. Can you bless someone in a way that automatically blesses those around them?

Here's another thought:

Technically (according to the translations I've read), Jesus didn't ask Peter to follow Him. Jesus didn't call Peter. Jesus didn't do many of the things that most people think they should do.

Here's one thing Jesus did do. Jesus made a one-on-one connection, and the rest of their time together was simply inspired. Have you ever had coffee with someone, and as you were getting up to leave, they said something like, "I really enjoyed our time today. Thank you. Can we do this again soon?"

Notice, in this coffee scenario; you didn't ask for another meeting. Something sparked inside of the other person to connect with you again. In essence, they want to be around you more, just like Peter did when he dropped his nets to follow Jesus.

Keep these thoughts top of mind as you read about the past of other humans on the following pages. See how many stories you have to read before catching the common theme.



A

A was born in San Antonio, Texas, to R and A. In 1951, A's father moved the family to Mexico, then abandoned them three years later.

Were you abandoned by your father at an early age? And then forced to move to another country?

In 1954 his mother moved A and his siblings (two sisters and a brother) to suburban Los Angeles when he was about 11 years old.

Did you move multiple times as a young child?

In 1960, at age 17, A joined the U.S. Army and served as a clerk. In 1964, after what was described as a nervous breakdown — during which he went AWOL and hitchhiked from Fort Bragg to his mother's house — he was diagnosed with antisocial personality disorder by a military psychiatrist and discharged on medical grounds.

Have you ever experienced a nervous breakdown?

Other diagnoses later proposed by various psychiatric experts at his trials included narcissistic personality disorder, borderline personality disorder, and (from homicide expert Vernon J. Geberth) malignant narcissistic personality disorder with psychopathy and sexual sadism comorbidities.

Have you ever been diagnosed with these disorders?

After leaving the Army, A graduated from the UCLA School of Fine Arts and later studied film under Roman Polanski at New York University.

Wait. After all of these hardships and many other events we don't have access to, A still pushed forward and attended UCLA? Then attended NYU? What would cause someone to work this hard? The hardships listed above are big enough to cause most people to throw in the towel at an early age and have an eternal excuse for what they did while standing on a corner asking you for spare change, but A didn't.

Could the very thing at the core of Fine Arts and Film be a piece of the potential that God placed within A? So, what went wrong? When did things go wrong? Who's fault is it? And I'm not referring to A's crimes. He's responsible for his crimes.

Rodney Alcala



B

B was born on November 24, 1946, to E (1924-2012; known as L) at the Elizabeth Lund Home for Unwed Mothers in Burlington, Vermont.

His father's identity has never been confirmed.

Do you know your father's identity?

His birth certificate is said to assign paternity to a salesman and Air Force veteran, though other accounts state this father is listed as "Unknown". B's mother claimed she had been seduced by an old money war veteran, and the King County Sheriff's Office has him listed as the father in their files.

Some family members have expressed suspicions that B might have been fathered by L's own violent, abusive father, but no material evidence has ever been cited to support this.

If this were true, can you imagine this being your story?

For the first three years of his life, B lived in the Philadelphia home of his maternal grandparents, who raised him as their son to avoid the social stigma that accompanied birth outside of wedlock. Family, friends, and even young B were told that his grandparents were his parents and that his mother was his older sister.

How do you think you'd react if this happened to you?

He eventually discovered the truth, although he had varied recollections of the circumstances. He told a girlfriend that a cousin showed him a copy of his birth certificate after calling him a "bastard," but he told biographers Stephen Michaud and Hugh Aynesworth that he found the certificate himself.

As a child, were you called a bastard?

B expressed a lifelong resentment toward his mother for never talking to him about his real father, and for leaving him to discover his true parentage for himself.

Do you think you would hold resentment towards your mother if you found out the same thing?

In some interviews, B spoke warmly of his grandparents and told Rule that he “identified with,” “respected,” and “clung to” his grandfather.

Why do you think B would cling to his grandfather?

In 1987, however, he and other family members told attorneys that his grandfather was a tyrannical bully and a bigot who hated blacks, Italians, Catholics, and Jews, beat his wife and the family dog, and swung neighborhood cats by their tails.

If this was true, could witnessing these things as a child have negatively affected B?

B’s grandfather once threw L’s younger sister Julia down a flight of stairs for oversleeping. He sometimes spoke aloud to unseen presences, and at least once flew into a violent rage when the question of B’s paternity was raised.

Did you ever see your grandfather do these things?

B described his grandmother as a timid and obedient woman who periodically underwent electroconvulsive therapy for depression and feared to leave their house toward the end of her life.

B occasionally exhibited disturbing behavior, even at that early age. Julia recalled awakening one day from a nap to find herself surrounded by knives from the grandparent's kitchen; her three-year-old nephew was standing by the bed, smiling.

In 1950, L changed her surname, and at the urging of multiple family members, she left Philadelphia with her son to live with cousins in Tacoma, Washington.

In 1951, L met Johnny, a hospital cook, at an adult singles night at Tacoma's First Methodist Church. They married later that year and Johnny formally adopted B. Johnny and L conceived four children of their own, and although Johnny tried to include his adoptive son in camping trips and other family activities, B remained distant.

Did you grow up with a step-dad who didn't love you like he loved his own kids?

He later complained to his girlfriend that Johnny wasn't his real father, "wasn't very bright," and "didn't make much money."

B had different recollections of Tacoma when he spoke to his biographers. When he talked to Michaud and Aynsworth, he described how he roamed his neighborhood, picking through trash barrels in search of pictures of naked women.

Have you ever been tempted to do something in the late night hours when others weren't around?

When he spoke to Polly Nelson, he explained how he perused detective magazines, crime novels, and true crime documentaries for stories that involved sexual violence, particularly when the stories were illustrated with pictures of dead or maimed bodies.

Does his future behavior seem less strange now that you know the previous details of his childhood?

In a letter to Rule, B asserted that he “never, ever read fact-detective magazines, and shuddered at the thought” that anyone would. In his conversation with Michaud, he described how he would consume large quantities of alcohol and “canvass the community” late at night in search of undraped windows where he could observe women undressing, or “whatever [else] could be seen.”

Doesn't it make sense that if you take a wounded, isolated boy and mix in alcohol late at night, that this behavior would play out most of the time? In a way, this neighborhood scenario doesn't sound any different than a college frat party.

B also varied the accounts of his social life. He told Michaud and Aynesworth that he "chose to be alone" as an adolescent because he was unable to understand interpersonal relationships.

How could he?

He claimed that he had no natural sense of how to develop friendships. "I didn't know what made people want to be friends," he said. "I didn't know what underlay social interactions."

Aren't these type of questions normally answered by the father as the child is growing up?

Classmates from Woodrow Wilson High School told Rule, however, that B was "well known and well liked" there, "a medium-sized fish in a large pond."

If this was true, why would he lie?

Downhill skiing was B's only significant athletic avocation; he enthusias-

tically pursued the activity by using stolen equipment and forged lift tickets.

The term "enthusiastically pursued" sounds like passion. Who came along side B to help him pursue this passion further? Looks like no one did since he was forging lift tickets.

During high school, he was arrested at least twice on suspicion of burglary and auto theft. When he reached age 18, the details of the incidents were expunged from his record, which is customary in Washington. After graduating from high school in 1965, B spent a year at the University of Puget Sound (UPS) before he transferred to the University of Washington (UW) in 1966 to study Chinese.

Much like A, despite all of the tragedy in his childhood, B pushed on. Why? How?

In 1967, he became romantically involved with a UW classmate who is identified by several pseudonyms in B's biographies, most commonly "Stephanie Brooks." In early 1968 B dropped out of college and worked at a series of minimum-wage jobs.

I know many of people who fall into this category. Should we be concerned that Starbucks baristas will eventually become serial killers?

He also volunteered at the Seattle office of Nelson Rockefeller's presidential campaign and became Arthur Fletcher's driver and bodyguard during Fletcher's campaign for Lieutenant Governor of Washington State.

What type of people volunteer?

In August of that year, B attended the 1968 Republican National Convention in Miami as a Rockefeller delegate. Shortly thereafter Brooks ended their relationship and returned to her family home in California, frustrated by what she described as B's immaturity and lack of ambition.

Do you know anyone who fell apart after a relationship ended? Have you?

Psychiatrist Dorothy Lewis would later pinpoint this crisis as "probably the pivotal time in his development".

Who was there for B during this time?

Devastated by Brooks' rejection, B

traveled to Colorado and then farther east, visiting relatives in Arkansas and Philadelphia and enrolling for one semester at Temple University.

Wait. While being devastated, he enrolls in college?

It was at this time in early 1969, Rule believes, that B visited the office of birth records in Burlington and confirmed his true parentage.

Why is there such a deep inner yearning for people to know about their father?

B was back in Washington by the fall of 1969 when he met Elizabeth (identified in B literature as Meg Anders, Beth Archer, or Liz Kendall), a divorcée from Ogden, Utah who worked as a secretary at the University of Washington School of Medicine. Their stormy relationship would continue well past his initial incarceration in Utah in 1976. In mid-1970, B, now focused and goal-oriented, re-enrolled at UW, this time as a psychology major.

Time out. He's now "focused and goal-oriented"? What's driving this man? Why hasn't he just succumb to a life of dumpster diving for porn, and stealing from people so he can be a sex-addicted ski bum?

He became an honor student and was well regarded by his professors.

He became an honor student at UW?

In 1971, he took a job at Seattle's Suicide Hotline Crisis Center, where he met and worked alongside Ann Rule, a former Seattle police officer and aspiring crime writer, who would later write one of the definitive B biographies, *The Stranger Beside Me*. Rule saw nothing disturbing in B's personality at the time, and described him as "kind, solicitous, and empathetic".

I'm confused. Are we talking about the same guy? After all that he has been through, he's still striving?

After graduating from UW in 1972, B joined Governor Daniel J. Evans' re-election campaign. Posing as a college student, he shadowed Evans' opponent, former governor Albert Rosellini, and recorded his stump speeches for analysis by Evans' team. Paradoxically, Evans appointed B to the Seattle Crime Prevention Advisory Committee.

What if it wasn't as ironic as it was destiny.

After Evans was re-elected, B was hired as an assistant to Ross Davis, Chairman of the Washington State Republican Party. Davis thought well of B and described him as “smart, aggressive ... and a believer in the system”.

What could be going on at this point?

In early 1973, despite mediocre Law School Admission Test scores, B was accepted into the law schools of UPS and the University of Utah on the strength of letters of recommendation from Evans, Davis, and several UW psychology professors.

During a trip to California on Republican Party business in the summer of 1973, B rekindled his relationship with Brooks, who marveled at his transformation into a serious, dedicated professional who was seemingly on the cusp of a legal and political career. He continued to date Kloepfer as well; neither woman was aware of the other's existence.

In the fall of 1973, B matriculated at UPS Law School, and continued courting Brooks, who flew to Seattle several times to stay with him. They discussed

marriage; at one point he introduced her to Davis as his fiancée.

In January 1974, however, he abruptly broke off all contact. Her phone calls and letters went unreturned. Finally reaching him by phone a month later, Brooks demanded to know why B had unilaterally ended their relationship without explanation. In a flat, calm voice, he replied, “Stephanie, I have no idea what you mean” and hung up. She never heard from him again. He later explained, “I just wanted to prove to myself that I could have married her”.

Brooks concluded in retrospect that he had deliberately planned the entire courtship and rejection in advance as vengeance for the breakup she initiated in 1968. By then, B had begun skipping classes at law school. By April, he had stopped attending entirely, as young women began to disappear in the Pacific Northwest.

What happened? I can't help but wonder what might have happened if B would've had a father figure, mentor, close friend, or a loving family member who loved with action as opposed to just words. But, even if he did, that doesn't negate all the trauma from his childhood that obviously affected him at the core.

While B is responsible for his actions, I believe others are responsible for his actions too.

TED BUNDY



C

C was born on 16 October 1936 in the village of Yabluchne in the Sumy Oblast of the Ukrainian SSR.

At the time of his birth, Ukraine was in the grip of a famine caused by Joseph Stalin's forced collectivization of agriculture.

C's parents were both collective farm labourers who lived in a one-room hut. They received no wages for their work, but instead received the right to cultivate a plot of land behind the family hut. The family seldom had sufficient food; C himself later claimed not to have eaten bread until the age of 12, adding that he and his family often had to eat grass and leaves in an effort to stave off hunger.

Can you imagine eating only grass and leaves? Can you imagine not having any food to feed your children? What happens to a child who lives this way into his early teens? When was the last time that you had to stave off hunger?

Throughout his childhood, C was re-

peatedly told by his mother Anna that prior to his birth, an older brother of his named Stepan had, at age four, been kidnapped and cannibalized by starving neighbors, although it has never been established whether this incident actually occurred, or if a Stepan even existed. Nonetheless, C recalled his childhood as being blighted by poverty, ridicule, hunger, and war.

How does a child handle this kind of information? What level of constant fear might he have faced? Did your childhood resemble C's childhood?

When the Soviet Union entered the Second World War, C's father Roman was conscripted into the Red Army. He would later be taken prisoner after being wounded in combat. Between 1941 and 1944, C witnessed some of the effects of the Nazi occupation of Ukraine, which he described as "horrors", adding he witnessed bombings, fires, and shootings from which he and his mother would hide in cellars and ditches.

Do you have memories of this nature from your childhood? At this point in C's life, what might he be thinking? How could he possibly have any hope after everything he had seen?

On one occasion, C and his mother were forced to watch their own hut burn to the ground. With his father at war, C and his mother shared a single bed. He was a chronic bed wetter, and his mother berated and beat him for each offence.

Where do we begin with this small but concentrated paragraph? Have you ever watched your house burn down? Did your mother ever beat you for something you couldn't control?

In 1943 C's mother gave birth to a baby girl, Tatyana. Because C's father had been conscripted in 1941, he could not have fathered this child. As many Ukrainian women were raped by German soldiers during the war, it has been speculated Tatyana was conceived as a result of a rape committed by a German soldier. As C and his mother lived in a one-room hut, this rape may have been committed in C's presence.

How does a child process seeing this type of event? Is it possible that you might have turned out differently if you saw this happen to your mom while experiencing everything C experienced up to this point?

In September 1944, C began his schooling. Although shy and ardently studi-

ous as a child, he was physically weak and regularly attended school in homespun clothing and, by 1946, with his stomach swollen from hunger resulting from the post-war famine which plagued much of the Soviet Union.

Reflecting back, did school look anything like this for you?

On several occasions, this hunger caused C to faint both at home and at school, and he was consistently targeted by bullies who regularly mocked him over his physical stature and timid nature.

If school was as tough for you as it was for C, did you experience bullying and mocking in addition to hunger and fainting?

At home, C and his sister were constantly berated by their mother. Tatyana later recalled that in spite of the hardships endured by her parents, their father was a kind man, whereas their mother was harsh and unforgiving toward her children.

C developed a passion for reading and memorizing data, and often studied at home, both to increase his sense of self-worth and to compensate for his myo-

pia, which often prevented him from reading the classroom blackboard. To his teachers, C was an excellent student upon whom they would regularly bestow praise and commendation.

How does a child after all of this find a way to pursue anything? What's at the core of this other type of hunger? Could you be like C's teacher to a less fortunate child at least once a week?

By his teens, C was both a model student and an ardent communist. He was appointed editor of his school newspaper at age 14 and chairman of the pupils' Communist Party committee two years later.

How did he become a model student? Why wasn't he out running the streets and causing trouble?

An avid reader of communist literature, he was also delegated the task of organizing street marches. Although C claimed learning did not come easy to him due to headaches and a poor memory, he was the only student from his collective farm to complete the final year of study, graduating with excellent grades in 1954.

How many people with C's past push through limitations

and headaches in order to excel in higher learning?

At the onset of puberty, C discovered that he suffered from chronic impotence, worsening his social awkwardness and self-hatred.

Can things get any worse?

He was shy in the company of women; his first crush, at age 17, had been on a girl named Lilya Barysheva, with whom he had become acquainted through his school newspaper, yet he was chronically nervous in her company and never asked her for a date. The same year, C jumped upon an 11-year-old friend of his younger sister and wrestled her to the ground, ejaculating as the girl struggled in his grasp.

With everything you've read about C to this point, doesn't it make sense that he would do this? How did it not happen at an earlier age?

Following his graduation, C applied for a scholarship at Moscow State University. Although he passed the entrance examination with good-to-excellent scores, his grades were not deemed good enough for acceptance. C speculated his scholarship application was

rejected due to his father's tainted war record (his father had been branded a traitor for being taken prisoner in 1943), but the truth was that other students had performed better in a highly competitive exam. He did not attempt to enroll at another university; instead, he travelled to the city of Kursk, where he worked as a labourer for three months before—in 1955—enrolling in a vocational school with the aim of becoming a communications technician.

Do you know anyone who has ever overcome so much tragedy and they kept getting up after being knocked down so many times?

The same year, C formed his first serious relationship, with a local girl two years his junior. On three separate occasions, the couple attempted intercourse, although on each occasion, C was unable to sustain an erection. After eighteen months, she broke off the relationship.

There's no way he returns from this devastation, right?

Upon completion of his two-year vocational training, C relocated to the Urals city of Nizhny Tagil to work upon a long-term construction project. While living

in Nizhny Tagil, he also undertook correspondence courses in engineering with the Moscow Electrotechnical Institute of Communication. He worked in the Urals for two years until he was drafted into the Soviet Army in 1957.

Wait. He picked himself up again? He didn't settle? He found a way to endure more training? I know people who won't even go for their daily walk if it starts to rain. Who is this heroic guy?

C performed his compulsory military service between 1957 and 1960, assigned first to serve with border guards in Central Asia, then to a KGB communications unit in Berlin. Here, his work record was unblemished, and he joined the Communist Party in 1960, shortly before his military service ended.

Upon completing his service, C returned to his native village to live with his parents. He soon became acquainted with a young divorcée. Their three-month relationship ended after several unsuccessful attempts at intercourse, after which the woman innocently asked her friends for advice as to how C might overcome his inability to maintain an erection. As a result,

most of his peers discovered his impotence. In a 1993 interview regarding this incident, C stated: “Girls were going behind my back, whispering that I was impotent. I was so ashamed. I tried to hang myself. My mother and some young neighbours pulled me out of the noose. Well, I thought no one would want such a shamed man. So I had to run away from there, away from my homeland.”

This has to be the final straw where he begins to shoot up a school or start robbing banks, right? There’s no way he continues to press on now.

After several months, C found a job as a communications engineer in a town located north of Rostov-on-Don. He relocated to the Russian SFSR in 1961, renting a small apartment close to his workplace. The same year, his younger sister, Tatyana, finished her schooling and moved into his apartment (his parents would relocate to the Rostov region shortly thereafter). Tatyana lived with her brother for six months before marrying a local youth and moving into her in-laws’ home; she noted nothing untoward with regard to her brother’s lifestyle beyond his chronic shyness around women,

and resolved to help her brother find a wife and start a family.

In 1963 C married a woman named Feodosia Odnacheva, to whom he had been introduced by his younger sister. According to C, although he was attracted to Feodosia, his marriage was effectively an arranged one which occurred barely two weeks after they had met and in which the decisive roles were played by his sister and her husband.

C later claimed that his marital sex life was minimal and that, after his wife understood he was unable to maintain an erection, they agreed she would conceive by him ejaculating externally and pushing his semen inside her vagina with his fingers. In 1965, Feodosia gave birth to a daughter, Lyudmila. Four years later, in 1969, a son named Yuri was born.

Here's a new definition of making lemonade out of lemons - twice!

C chose to enroll as a correspondence student at Rostov University in 1964, studying Russian literature and philology; he obtained his degree in these subjects in 1970. Shortly before ob-

taining his degree, C obtained a job managing regional sports activities. He remained in this position for one year, before beginning his career as a teacher of Russian language and literature in Novoshakhtinsk.

This guy has nothing on Rocky. Why haven't we seen a movie about C's life? Oh yeah, we love to judge and demonize others.

C was largely ineffective as a teacher; although knowledgeable in the subjects he taught, he was seldom able to maintain discipline in his classes and was regularly subjected to mockery by his students who, he claimed, took advantage of his modest nature.

The fact that he even became a teacher is worth celebrating. Why can't we give him a life-time achievement award for the years 1936-1970? Do you know anyone under the age of forty that endured anything like C did, and is now thriving in his or her career? If so, maybe that person should be arrested now before they commit any crimes? Just for fun, I've summarized C's life on the following page in case you have forgotten the details. I challenge you to soak it in and then ask God to give you more perspective and for Him to help you with being judgemental about others when you don't have all the details.

The Early Life of C:

- Born into famine (1936)
- Lived in poverty and starvation until the age of 12
- Was told that his brother was cannibalized
- Father taken as a POW
- Hid in cellars and ditches during bombings
- Watched his house burn down
- Slept in same bed as mother
- Wet the same bed and was beaten for doing so
- Mother was raped (and possibly witnessed it)
- Stomach swollen from hunger (post-war famine)
- Bullied and mocked for his appearance
- Constantly berated by mother
- Suffered from chronic impotence
- Appointed editor of his school newspaper at age 14
- Chairman of the pupils' Communist Party committee at age 16
- Graduated high school with excellent grades
- Completed two-year vocational training to become a Communication Technician
- Took correspondence courses in engineering with the Moscow Electrotechnical Institute of Communication
- Drafted into the war
- Failed attempt at suicide
- Found a job as a Communications Engineer
- Got married
- Had two kids
- Obtained degree in Russian literature and philology from Rostov University
- Became a teacher in Novoshakhtinsk (1970)

Andrei Chikatilo



E

E was born in La Crosse County, Wisconsin, on August 27, 1906, the second of two boys of George (1873-1940) and Augusta (1878-1945).[9] E had an elder brother, Henry George (1901-1944). Augusta despised her husband, an alcoholic who was unable to keep a job; he had worked at various times as a carpenter, tanner, and an insurance salesman.

Did you know that Despise is a close relative to Contempt? And, we all know what Contempt breeds inside her house. Does Contempt live inside your house? Luther Vandross' *A House Is Not A Home* has a line that goes, "But a chair is not a house and a house is not a home when there's no one there to hold you tight." The same is true when Contempt is in the house - it's not a home!

George owned a local grocery shop for a few years, but sold the business, and the family left the city to live in isolation on a 155-acre farm in the town of Plainfield in Waushara County, Wisconsin, which became the family's permanent residence.

When anyone chooses to live in isolation, we should always have concerns. Of course, I'm not talking about the concerns you might be thinking. I think we should be concerned for why the isolation as opposed to what might be happening in the isolation.

Augusta took advantage of the farm's isolation by turning away outsiders who could have influenced her sons. E left the farm only to attend school. Outside of school, he spent most of his time doing chores on the farm. Augusta was fervently religious, and nominally Lutheran.

Fervently religious is another scary phrase. We've seen what happens to the children of these types of people. Things almost always go haywire. But, let's not judge quite yet.

She preached to her boys about the innate immorality of the world, the evil of drinking, and her belief that all women (except herself) were naturally promiscuous and instruments of the devil.

Well, that didn't take long. So, now let's see how hatred for women gives birth in the upcoming paragraphs. What if there are some women who are upset that some men hate women when it was a woman that made the man hate women?

She reserved time every afternoon to read to them from the Bible, usually selecting verses from the Old Testament concerning death, murder, and divine retribution.

Oh boy! How do these children even stand a chance? What are you teaching your children? And, what's your motive for teaching them what you're teaching them? Could you be training future serial killers?

E was shy, and classmates and teachers remembered him as having strange mannerisms, such as seemingly random laughter, as if he were laughing at his own personal jokes. To make matters worse, his mother punished him whenever he tried to make friends. Despite his poor social development, he did fairly well in school, particularly in reading.

Do you know anyone with strange mannerisms who struggles to make friends? Have you ever wondered if they struggled to make friends or don't have any because of how they were raised? If you don't struggle to make friends and have friends, when was the last time you thanked your parents for how they lovingly raised you?

On April 1, 1940, E's father George died of heart failure caused by his alcoholism; he was 66 years old.

Is your dad still alive? If not, did he die when you were in your thirties?

Henry and E began doing odd jobs around town to help cover living expenses. The brothers were generally considered reliable and honest by residents of the community. While both worked as handymen, E also frequently babysat for neighbors. He enjoyed babysitting, seeming to relate more easily to children than adults. Henry began dating a divorced, single mother of two and planned on moving in with her; Henry worried about his brother's attachment to their mother and often spoke ill of her around E, who responded with shock and hurt.

Do you have serial killers babysitting your children? Probably not. You only hire competent and trusted people. Have you spent time with the parents of your babysitters?

On May 16, 1944, Henry and E were burning away marsh vegetation on the property; the fire got out of control, drawing the attention of the local fire department. By the end of the day - the fire having been extinguished and the firefighters gone - E reported his brother missing. With lanterns and flashlights, a search party searched

for Henry, whose dead body was found lying face down. Apparently, he had been dead for some time, and it appeared that the cause of death was heart failure since he had not been burned or injured otherwise. It was later reported, in Harold Schechter's biography of E, that Henry had bruises on his head.

The police dismissed the possibility of foul play and the county coroner later officially listed asphyxiation as the cause of death. The authorities accepted the accident theory, but no official investigation was conducted and an autopsy was not performed.

Have you ever gotten into an argument with someone? Have you ever had a moment of rage? Is it possible, that in the heat of the moment you could do something you never thought you'd do?

E and his mother were now alone. Augusta had a paralyzing stroke shortly after Henry's death, and E devoted himself to taking care of her.

Now, E's father is dead. His brother is dead. And, his mother is paralyzed? Does this sound like your life? Do you still have family? Do you know people who seem to be losing all of their loved ones?

Sometime in 1945, E later recounted, he and his mother visited a man named Smith, who lived nearby, to purchase straw. According to E, Augusta witnessed Smith beating a dog. A woman inside the Smith home came outside and yelled for him to stop but Smith beat the dog to death. Augusta was extremely upset by this scene; however, what bothered her did not appear to be the brutality toward the dog but rather the presence of the woman. Augusta told E that the woman was not married to Smith, so she had no business being there. "Smith's harlot", Augusta angrily called her.

Where do we start with this evil story? How confused and torn is E over this incident?

She had a second stroke soon after, and her health deteriorated rapidly. She died on December 29, 1945, at the age of 67. Ed was devastated by her death; in the words of author Harold Schechter, he had "lost his only friend and one true love. And he was absolutely alone in the world."

How many people are absolutely alone in this world? When is the last time you looked at a homeless person and thought to yourself, "I wonder if his dad, brother, and

mom have all died? I wonder if he needs someone to talk to?"

E held on to the farm and earned money from odd jobs. He boarded up rooms used by his mother, including the upstairs, downstairs parlor, and living room, leaving them untouched; while the rest of the house became increasingly squalid, these rooms remained pristine.

Why do you think he did this? Do you have any strange behaviors?

E lived thereafter in a small room next to the kitchen. Around this time, he became interested in reading pulp magazines and adventure stories, particularly those involving cannibals or Nazi atrocities.

Again, constrain your brain from thinking you're better than E because of what he began to read. If you chose to watch *Pulp Fiction*, *Silence of the Lambs*, and *Schindler's List* you are now in the same cell with E. Just saying.

E was a handyman and received a farm subsidy from the federal government starting in 1951. He occasionally worked for the local municipal road crew and crop-threshing crews in the

area. Sometime between 1946 and 1956, he also sold an 80-acre (32 ha) parcel of land that his brother Henry had owned.

ED GEIN



G

G was born in Chicago, Illinois on March 17, 1942, the second child and only son of three children born to John (June 20, 1900 - December 25, 1969), an auto repair machinist and World War I veteran, and his wife Marion (May 4, 1908 - December 6, 1989), a homemaker. G was of Polish and Danish ancestry. His paternal grandparents had immigrated to the United States from Poland (then part of Germany). As a child, G was overweight and not athletic. He was close to his two sisters and mother but endured a difficult relationship with his father, an alcoholic who was physically abusive to his wife and children.

Here we go again. An alcoholic father who was physically abusive to his children. I don't believe studies will ever show the depth of trauma that abuse from a father truly inflicts on a child.

Throughout his childhood, G strove to make his stern father proud of him, but seldom received his approval.

Was this the case with you too? If you received your father's approval, can you for a minute imagine not having his approval while being beat as well?

This friction was constant throughout his childhood and adolescence. One of G's earliest childhood memories was of his father beating him with a leather belt at the age of four for accidentally disarranging car engine components that his father had assembled.

Have you ever been beat with a leather belt for making a mistake? Can you imagine this being one of your earliest memories?

On another occasion, his father struck him across the head with a broomstick, rendering him unconscious.

How about this one? What led up to this? You think G saw a certain look on his father's face before the stick made contact? You think G is not scared out of his mind of his father after this incident?

His father regularly belittled him and often compared him unfavorably with his sisters, disdainfully accusing him of being "dumb and stupid", while regularly commenting that he was "never good enough" in his father's eyes, al-

ways vehemently denied ever hating his father in interviews after his arrest.

What? How could you not hate your father after all of this? What's going on deep down inside G's orphaned heart?

When he was six years old, G stole a toy truck from a neighborhood store. His mother made him walk back to the store, return the toy and apologize to the owners. His mother informed his father, who beat G with a belt as punishment. After this incident, G's mother attempted to shield her son from his father's verbal and physical abuse, yet this only succeeded in G earning accusations that he was a "sissy" and a "Mama's boy" who would "probably grow up queer".

It just keeps piling on. How much can a child endure? At this point, G's soul has to be severely fractured.

In 1949, G's father was informed that his son and another boy had been caught sexually fondling a young girl. G's father whipped him with a razor strop as punishment.

Keep in mind that G is seven years old. How ironic is it that G's dad is punishing him for doing something that

he does to G - abuse! Have you ever been beaten with a razor strap? Next time you see a sad-looking boy, I hope this story pops into your head and that you become passionately compelled to reach out and encourage him.

The same year, G himself was molested by a family friend, a contractor who would take G for rides in his truck and then fondle him. G never told his father about these incidents, afraid that his father would blame him.

More fuel on the fire. How many kids is this happening to right now? Has this happened to you?

Because of a heart condition, G was ordered to avoid all sports at school. An average student with few friends, he was an occasional target for bullying by neighborhood children and classmates. Hewasknown to assist the school truancy officer and volunteer to run errands for teachers and neighbors.

Is it just me, or is this story getting worse? Does your heart ache for this little guy? At this point of the story, he is still only ten years old.

During the fourth grade, G began to experience blackouts. He was occasionally hospitalized because of these seizures, and also in 1957 for a burst appendix.

I can only assume, but I wonder when these blackouts and seizures began? If I'm wrong, it doesn't matter because he's still battling these ailments along with everything else in his life.

G later estimated that between the ages of 14 and 18, he had spent almost a year in the hospital for these episodes, and attributed the decline of his grades to his missing school. His father suspected the episodes were an effort to gain sympathy and attention, and openly accused his son of faking the condition as the boy lay in a hospital bed.

At this point I found myself starting to demonize G's father, but then I quickly reminded myself that he could've suffered in the same way as G did as a child if not worse. How many things keep getting passed on from generation to generation like a horrific version of a family relay race.

One of G's friends at high school recalled several instances in which his father ridiculed or beat his son without provocation. On one occasion in 1957, the same friend witnessed an incident at the G household in which G's father began shouting at his son for no reason, then began hitting him. G's mother attempted to intervene. The friend recalled that G simply "put up

his hands to defend himself”, adding that he never struck his father back during these physical altercations.

Can you imagine living in constant fear of the volcano that was his father erupting at any given moment? If your father and childhood was like this, why did you turn out so great in comparison to G?

In 1960, at the age of 18, G became involved in politics, working as an assistant precinct captain for a Democratic Party candidate in his neighborhood. This decision earned more criticism from his father, who accused his son of being a “patsy”. G later speculated the decision may have been an attempt to seek the acceptance from others that he never received from his father.

This poor kid can't catch a break. I'm still shocked that at the age of 18 he wasn't already behind bars for battery or domestic assault. Much like C, G keeps striving forward towards something bigger. I've often wondered why more people don't just commit suicide? What do some people have to live for? What was that B, C, and G had to live for? Why not just end it? It's beyond amazing to me that one of the biggest things you can give someone is not only free but is the very thing they so desperately need - hope!

The same year G became a Democratic candidate, his father bought him a car,

with the title of the vehicle being in his father's name until G had completed the monthly repayments. These repayments took several years to complete, and his father would confiscate the keys to the vehicle if G did not do as his father said. On one occasion in 1962, G bought an extra set of keys after his father confiscated the original set. In response, his father removed the distributor cap from the vehicle, withholding the component for three days. G recalled that as a result of this incident, he felt "totally sick; drained".

When his father replaced the distributor cap, G left the family home and drove to Las Vegas, Nevada, where he found work within the ambulance service before he was transferred to work as an attendant at the Palm Mortuary. He worked in this role for three months before returning to Chicago.

I worked at a mausoleum doing pre-need funeral sales for a few months when I was first married. I even got the opportunity to witness an embalming one day during my lunch break. Also, I got to drive home to a small apartment at the end of each day and sleep in a bed with my wife. Why am I giving you this information?

In his role as a mortuary attendant, G

slept on a cot behind the embalming room. In this role, he observed morticians embalming dead bodies and later confessed that, on one evening while alone, he had clambered into the coffin of a deceased teenage male, embracing and caressing the body before experiencing a sense of shock. This prompted G to call his mother the next day and ask whether his father would allow him to return home. His father agreed and the same day, G drove back to live with his family in Chicago.

Now, before you begin to stir the waters of judgement regarding the previous paragraph, don't think for a minute that you could ever do what he did. You don't know what you're capable of doing. One minute you're selling pudding pops and telling Theo to drive safely, and the next minute you're in prison for raping women. Life happens to everyone.

Upon his return, despite the fact he had failed to graduate from high school, G successfully enrolled in the Northwestern Business College, from which he graduated in 1963.

Again, what? I'm continually blown away at how much drive people have within themselves when they become hungry.

G subsequently took a management trainee position within the Nunn-Bush Shoe Company. In 1964, the shoe company transferred G to Springfield to work as a salesman. He was eventually promoted to manager of his department. In March of that year, he became engaged to Marlynn Myers, a co-worker in the department he managed. After a nine-month courtship, the couple married in September 1964.

Hey. Things are starting to look up. After everything that G went through, people are beginning to see him differently now. I wonder if he listed any of his childhood trauma on his resume in order to give his employers some insight? I wonder if during his interview he was asked, "What's the biggest obstacle you ever overcame?" Where would he begin? His life is the biggest obstacle that he overcame up to this point!

Marlynn's father subsequently purchased three Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants in Waterloo, Iowa, and G and his wife moved to Waterloo so he could manage the restaurants, with the understanding that they would move into Marlynn's parents' home (which was vacated for the couple).

Well, it looks like her parents see a diamond in the rough regarding G. This offer is quite the upgrade.

During his courtship with Marlynn, G joined the local Jaycees and became a tireless worker for the organization, being named Key Man for the organization in April 1964.

“Key Man”? Wow. Are we still reading about the same guy? It seems as if everyone sees a great man.

The same year, G had his second homosexual experience. According to G, he acquiesced to this incident after one of his colleagues in the Springfield Jaycees plied him with drinks and invited him to spend the evening upon his sofa; the colleague then performed oral sex upon him while he was drunk.

Have you ever had too much to drink? Have you ever had too much to drink and then made a poor decision due to your intoxication?

By 1965, G had risen to the position of vice-president of the Springfield Jaycees. The same year, he was named as the third most outstanding Jaycee within the state of Illinois.

How are so many people all seeing that G is such a great person? G has risen from the ashes. G has made it. G climbed to the top.

In 1966, G accepted an offer from his father-in-law to manage three KFC restaurants in Waterloo. The offer was lucrative: G would receive \$15,000 per year (the equivalent of \$115,513 as of 2020), plus a share of profits earned via the restaurants. Following his obligatory completion of a managerial course, G relocated to Waterloo with his wife later that year.

Ok. I was wrong. He climbed even higher. Do you know someone who has made it? Have you made it? Does everyone think you're great? And if so, do you still have that one dirty little secret that you've kept at bay for a long while? Do you still secretly enjoy something from time to time that no one knows about?

In Waterloo, G joined the local chapter of the Jaycees, regularly offering extended hours to the organization in addition to the 12- and 14-hour days he worked managing three restaurants.

What do ongoing, endless work hours do to some people? What happens you find yourself over worked? Over extended? Do you find yourself making poor decisions? Can lack of sleep be just as bad if not worse than too much alcohol?

Although considered ambitious and something of a braggart by his col-

leagues in the Jaycees, he was highly regarded as a worker on several fund-raising projects. In 1967, he was named “outstanding vice-president” of the Waterloo Jaycees.

So, now G is not only Key Man, but now he is also Outstanding Vice President as well? Can we go ahead and just give him the Man of the Year award?

At Jaycee meetings, G often provided free fried chicken to his colleagues and insisted upon being given the nickname “Colonel”. The same year, G served on the Board of Directors for the Waterloo Jaycees.

I know a lot of people who serve on the Board of Directors for various things. Should I be concerned that they are future serial killers?

G’s wife gave birth to two children: a son named Michael was born in February 1966, followed by a daughter named Christine in March 1967. G himself later described this period of his life as “perfect”, adding that he finally earned the long-sought approval of his father.

The pinnacle. The zenith. Life is now perfect.

On one occasion in July 1966, G's parents paid a visit to Iowa, during which his father apologized privately to him for the physical and emotional abuse he had inflicted on him throughout his childhood, before proudly informing him: "Son, I was wrong about you."

Again, why haven't we seen this miraculous movie about G? This is a Hollywood-feel-good plot. We should have shirts printed that read, "If I Could Be Like G!"

However, there was an unseemlier side of Jaycee life in Waterloo that involved wife swapping, prostitution, pornography, and drug use.

How often do we hear about bad things happening inside of good places? How easy is it to go along with things when there appears to be "no harm"?

G was deeply involved in many of these activities and regularly cheated on his wife with local prostitutes. He is also known to have opened a "club" in his basement, where he allowed his employees to drink alcohol and play pool. Although G employed teenagers of both sexes at his restaurants, he socialized only with his young male employees. Many were given alcohol before G made sexual advances toward

them, which, if rebuffed, he would claim were jokes or a test of morals.

Do you know someone who has the perfect life? But, do you also know about the one “little” thing that could undo their life? Have you thought about helping them? Have you thought about being there for them? Even though they might appear to have a perfect life, maybe they feel alone? Maybe you could be there friend. People always need encouragement even when everything appears to be perfect.

JOHN WAYNE GACY



H

H was born on 20 April 1889 in Braunau am Inn, a town in Austria-Hungary (in present-day Austria), close to the border with the German Empire.

He was the fourth of six children born to Alois and his third wife, Klara Pölzl. Three of H's siblings—Gustav, Ida, and Otto—died in infancy.

How does multiple infant deaths affect the home? Did you have any siblings die? Did you have any of your own children die? Sounds like H probably grew up in a home where mourning and grief was ever present.

Also living in the household were Alois's children from his second marriage: Alois Jr. (born 1882) and Angela (born 1883). When H was three, the family moved to Passau, Germany. There he acquired the distinctive lower Bavarian dialect, rather than Austrian German, which marked his speech throughout his life. The family returned to Austria and settled in Leonding in 1894, and in June 1895

Alois retired to Hafeld, near Lambach, where he farmed and kept bees. H attended Volksschule (a state-owned primary school) in nearby Fischlham. The move to Hafeld coincided with the onset of intense father-son conflicts caused by H's refusal to conform to the strict discipline of his school. His father beat him, although his mother tried to protect him.

Do you know any boys that struggle with school discipline? Or do only serial killers struggle with conforming? Did you struggle in childhood with conforming to school? H's behavior regarding school wasn't sinister.

Alois's farming efforts at Hafeld ended in failure, and in 1897 the family moved to Lambach. The eight-year-old H took singing lessons, sang in the church choir, and even considered becoming a priest.

Wow. So, does this mean that H will be in heaven? Do your kids take singing lessons, sing in a choir, or talk about being a pastor? Do you encourage your kids in the positive things they enjoy doing?

In 1898 the family returned permanently to Leonding. H was deeply affected by the death of his younger brother Edmund, who died in 1900

from measles.

Did you lose a sibling or a loved one when you were young? If not, can you imagine how this might affect a child?

H changed from a confident, outgoing, conscientious student to a morose, detached boy who constantly fought with his father and teachers.

Have you noticed a change in behavior in anyone you know after something tragic happened?

Alois had made a successful career in the customs bureau, and wanted his son to follow in his footsteps. H later dramatised an episode from this period when his father took him to visit a customs office, depicting it as an event that gave rise to an unforgiving antagonism between father and son, who were both strong-willed.

What if at this point H's father would have embraced H's dreams and desires as opposed to trying so hard to get him to follow in his own footsteps?

Ignoring his son's desire to attend a classical high school and become an artist, Alois sent H to the Realschule in Linz in September 1900.

What if this was the moment where everything changed for H? How often is this the case with so many children? Why is it so hard for people to simply encourage children in their hopes and dreams as opposed to shoving their own agendas into the hearts of their children? How crazy would it be (And I know it sounds extreme), if thousands of people would not have been murdered if H's dad would have simply bought him a paintbrush and a canvas? To think that painting could prevent genocide is quite an amazing thing. Maybe, next time you hear a child say he wants to be an artist, encourage him.

H rebelled against this decision, and in *Mein Kampf* states that he intentionally did poorly in school, hoping that once his father saw "what little progress I was making at the technical school he would let me devote myself to my dream".

What happens when your dreams are dashed? Can you remember the last time your dreams were dashed? Did you lose little bit of hope?

Like many Austrian Germans, H began to develop German nationalist ideas from a young age.

Do you think if you grew up in the same time and place as H did that it's possible you might have developed ideas from the culture you were immersed in day after day? Consider yourself beyond blessed to be where you are

right at this very moment in time.

He expressed loyalty only to Germany, despising the declining Habsburg Monarchy and its rule over an ethnically variegated empire. H and his friends used the greeting “Heil”, and sang the “Deutschlandlied” instead of the Austrian Imperial anthem.

After Alois’s sudden death on 3 January 1903, H’s performance at school deteriorated and his mother allowed him to leave. He enrolled at the Realschule in Steyr in September 1904, where his behaviour and performance improved.

Does this sound anything like your childhood?

In 1905, after passing a repeat of the final exam, H left the school without any ambitions for further education or clear plans for a career.

How many bearded toddlers are leaving universities year after year without clear plans for a career? I wonder if H will decide to once gain pursue his passion?

In 1907 H left Linz to live and study fine art in Vienna, financed by orphan’s benefits and support from his

mother. He applied for admission to the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna but was rejected twice. The director suggested H should apply to the School of Architecture, but he lacked the necessary academic credentials because he had not finished secondary school. On 21 December 1907, his mother died of breast cancer at the age of 47.

Wow. How does one deal with being rejected twice, not having enough credentials to pursue his dream, and seeing his mother die of cancer? How's your perspective on life after reading the previous paragraph? Is your gratitude growing? Is your judgement shrinking?

In 1909 H ran out of money and was forced to live a bohemian life in homeless shelters and a men's dormitory.

This reminds of the movie *Pursuit of Happiness*, but at least Will Smith had someone with him during his pursuit.

He earned money as a casual labourer and by painting and selling watercolours of Vienna's sights.

Did you know that the French painter Claude Monet was alive at the same time as H? H could've been Monet. Here we have two painters who are both well-known by a two-syllable, one-word name. Did you know that Monet was baptized Catholic, but later became an atheist?

Monet's father wanted him to go into the family's shipchandling and grocery business, but Monet wanted to become an artist. His mother was a singer, and supported Monet's desire for a career in art. Monet entered Le Havre secondary school of the arts. Locals knew him well for his charcoal caricatures, which he would sell for ten to twenty francs. On the beaches of Normandy around 1856 he met fellow artist Eugène Boudin, who became his mentor and taught him to use oil paints.

Hmm. Mentor. Monet got a mentor. Oh. Like H, Monet also lost his mother at an early age. Their early lives have multiple parallels.

During his time in Vienna, he pursued a growing passion for architecture and music, attending ten performances of *Lohengrin*, his favourite Wagner opera.

Why does H continue to pursue his passion? I think he can't help but to! Are you pursuing a growing passion? If not, have you discovered a passion?

It was in Vienna that H first became exposed to racist rhetoric. Populists such as mayor Karl Lueger exploited the climate of virulent anti-Semitism and occasionally espoused German nationalist notions for political effect. German nationalism had a particularly widespread following in the *Mariahilf* district, where H lived. Georg Rit-

ter von Schönerer became a major influence on H.

We don't always control whom makes an influence on us. There are times while we are pursuing our passions or just trying to survive that we unknowingly cross paths with an unknown "monster".

He also developed an admiration for Martin Luther.

Did you know that Luther's translation of the Bible into the German vernacular (instead of Latin) made it more accessible to the laity, an event that had a tremendous impact on both the church and German culture?

H read local newspapers such as Deutsches Volksblatt that fanned prejudice and played on Christian fears of being swamped by an influx of Eastern European Jews. He read newspapers and pamphlets that published the thoughts of philosophers and theoreticians such as Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Charles Darwin, Friedrich Nietzsche, Gustave Le Bon and Arthur Schopenhauer.

This reminds of people today who read their Bible, scroll through endless Facebook articles, and consume a steady diet FOX/CNN news night after night. At the core, it's all the same.

H received the final part of his father's estate in May 1913 and moved to Munich, Germany. When he was conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian Army, he journeyed to Salzburg on 5 February 1914 for medical assessment. After he was deemed unfit for service, he returned to Munich. H later claimed that he did not wish to serve the Habsburg Empire because of the mixture of races in its army and his belief that the collapse of Austria-Hungary was imminent.

At this point of H's story, where he is only 25 years old, nothing malevolent or sinister that he's known for has taken place. While you might not always have the opportunity to positively impact a child, there are always opportunities to impact young people at your job or a coffee shop during your day-to-day life.

ADOLF HITLER



J

There is no record of J's early life. We don't truly know anything about his past. All we know is the one act that made him notorious in most people's eyes. And for some, that details about this act is still up for debate as well.

Before I flip the script and reveal J's identity, I want to ask you a few questions. Have you ever lied to anyone? Have you ever doubted anyone? Have you ever betrayed anyone? If your answer is yes to any of these three questions (which I believe you are a probably a multi-offender of all three), how did you feel after committing these crimes? Did you love yourself more? Did you have a burning desire to be around the person you betrayed? Did you immediately tell the person you lied to them upon lying to them? Did you quickly change your opinion about doubting them because you wanted to give them the benefit of the doubt or did you continue to pile assumptions on top of your doubt?

Let's camp out for a minute of the topic of betrayal. And, for this example let's tie betrayal to someone you love as opposed to someone you hate. What's one thought that might enter your mind after betraying someone you love? Or, to take it a step further, what's one thought that might enter your mind after betraying someone which leads to their demise?

Have you ever heard someone say, "It might have been better if I were never born."? Do you think a person who betrays a loved one might have this thought? And if this thought is profoundly believed, and mentally repeated day after day, could this way of thinking lead to overdose or suicide? I don't believe that a heartless person who justifies their behavior cares enough about the person they betrayed to then go and kill them self due to their act of betrayal.

Lastly, let's add a little fuel to the fire of betrayal. Imagine you betray someone you love, and because of your betrayal, your loved one ends up getting murdered. And, imagine right before they are murdered, they look you in the eye and call you friend knowing that you were the one who betrayed them. Now, what are you thinking? Is it possible that you could say to yourself, "It might have been better if I were never born."? I believe this is exactly what happened with J. That's how I read the following quote:

"For the Son of Man must die, as the Scriptures declared long ago. But how terrible it will be for the one who betrays him. It would be far better for that man if he had never been born!"

We don't know about the early life of J. We don't know if he had the same childhood as A, B, C, E, G, and H. But, don't forget, Jesus chose only twelve guys and J was on them. Lastly, Jesus called J friend in the moment of betrayal! He still calls you friend despite your betrayal.



K

K was born in Burbank, California, on December 18, 1948. He was the middle child and only son born to Clarnell Elizabeth (née Stage, 1921–1973)

and Edmund Emil (1919–1985) Edmund was a World War II veteran who, after the war, tested nuclear weapons in the Pacific Proving Grounds before returning to California, where he worked as an electrician. Clarnell often complained about Edmund II's "menial" electrician job, and he later said "suicide missions in wartime and the atomic bomb testings were nothing compared to living with her" and that Clarnell affected him "more than three hundred and ninety-six days and nights of fighting on the front did."

Contempt. The other silent killer. Did you grow up in a house full of contempt? Is your current house full of contempt? If not, is that something to be grateful for each day? If you have kids, I'm sure they are grateful.

Weighing 13 pounds (5.9 kg) as a

newborn, K was a head taller than his peers by the age of four. Early on, he exhibited antisocial behavior such as cruelty to animals: at the age of 10, he buried a pet cat alive; once it died, he dug it up, decapitated it and mounted its head on a spike.

We are missing a lot of information leading up to this event. No child wakes up one morning and just does this out of the blue. What else could he had been exposed to in the house of contempt?

K later stated that he derived pleasure from successfully lying to his family about killing the cat.

If the above sentence ended at the word family, would he sound like every other young child?

At the age of 13, he killed another family cat when he perceived it to be favoring his younger sister, Allyn Le (born 1951), over him, and kept pieces of it in his closet until his mother found them.

K had a dark fantasy life: he performed rituals with his younger sister's dolls that culminated in him removing their heads and hands, and, on one occasion, when his elder sister,

Susan Hughey (1943-2014), teased him and asked why he did not try to kiss his teacher, he replied: "If I kiss her, I'd have to kill her first." He also recalled that as a young boy he would sneak out of his house and, armed with his father's bayonet, go to his second-grade teacher's house to watch her through the windows.

How often does home-life shape the actions of children? How does a young child become armed with his father's bayonet? What might this insight tell you? What else might had been lying around the house? I never had access to my father's gun when I was a child because my father never had a gun. Long ago in an old western movie, a man said, "Only he who owns a gun needs one!"

He stated in later interviews that some of his favorite games to play as a child were "Gas Chamber" and "Electric Chair", in which he asked his younger sister to tie him up and flip an imaginary switch, and then he would tumble over and writhe on the floor, pretending that he was being executed by gas inhalation or electric shock. He also had near-death experiences as a child: once when his elder sister tried to push him in front of a train, and another when she successfully pushed him into the deep end of a swimming

pool, where he almost drowned.

Sounds like childhood imagination to me. Did you do unsafe things as a child? Has your child done any unsafe things? If your child were to get in trouble when he grows up, are there any isolated events that people could point back to from when he was a child? If so, how might that make you look? How might people look at you? Grace is a great thing to extend.

K had a close relationship with his father and was devastated when his parents separated in 1957, causing him to be raised by Clarnell in Helena, Montana.

The loss of a father is not something most children experience. If your father is still around, and you have a good relationship with him, that's something to be grateful for today especially if your beyond your teenage years.

He had a severely dysfunctional relationship with his mother, a neurotic, domineering alcoholic who would frequently belittle, humiliate, and abuse him.

Does this sound like your mother? Does this sound like your child's mother? If no to either or both, can you imagine your mother being this way to you?

Clarnell often made her son sleep in a

locked basement because she feared that he would harm his sisters, regularly mocked him for his large size—he stood 6 feet 4 inches (1.93 m) by the age of 15—and derided him as “a real weirdo.”

This sounds like something straight out of a movie - a fictional movie. In some cases, such as K's, maybe the mother should be convicted for her child's crimes as well.

She also refused to show him affection out of fear that she would “turn him gay”, and told the young K that he reminded her of his father and that no woman would ever love him. K later described her as a “sick angry woman,” and it has been postulated that she suffered from borderline personality disorder.

At this point, what else is a child to do except possibly run away?

At the age of 14, K ran away from home in an attempt to reconcile with his father in Van Nuys, California.

Reconciliation with a father is a life-long journey for some people. Some people crave this more than anything on the planet. Everyone is hard-wired to desire love from their father.

Once there, he learned that his father had remarried and had a stepson. K stayed with his father for a short while until his dad sent him to live with his paternal grandparents, who lived on a ranch in the mountains of North Fork.

Whatever happens from this point on after everything that has already happened, has to be understood. Again, K is responsible for his actions but like a wise man once said, "It takes a village to DESTROY a child."

K hated living in North Fork; he described his grandfather as "senile," and said that his grandmother "was constantly emasculating me and my grandfather.

If evil was liquid, K would be waterlogged from the hell he was raised in.

EDMUND KEMPER



R

R was born on February 18, 1949, in Salt Lake City, Utah, the second of Mary and Thomas' three sons. His home life was somewhat troubled; relatives have described his mother as domineering and have said that, while young, he witnessed more than one violent argument between his parents. His father was a bus driver who would often complain about the presence of sex workers.

This family picture looks similar to most families I know and that you probably know too. Normal life appears to happen with most families and look normal from the outside as well. I remember watching the news on TV years ago, and there was always some reporter who was interviewing a neighbor about their neighbor being a molester or murderer. I can't tell you how many times the neighbor would say something like, "Yeah. I had no idea. He was such a nice and friendly guy. He went to work every day and took out the trash just like we did. I remember one time he even knocked on our door asking for a half cup of flour." So, how do we spot a killer? Do we keep an eye out for neighborhood dads who drive a school bus, or a neighbor who asks for a half cup of flour?

R had a bed-wetting problem until he was 13, and his mother would wash his genitals after every episode. He would later tell defense psychologists that, as an adolescent, he had conflicting feelings of anger and sexual attraction toward his mother, and fantasized about killing her.

xxx

R is dyslexic, and was held back a year in high school. When he was 16, he stabbed a six-year-old boy who survived the attack. R had led the boy into the woods and then stabbed him through the ribs into his liver.

xxx

R's IQ was recorded as being in the "low eighties".

xxx

R graduated from Tyee High School in 1969 and married his 19-year-old high school girlfriend, Claudia Kraig. He joined the U.S. Navy and was sent to Vietnam, where he served on board a supply ship and saw combat. During his time in the military, R had frequent

sexual intercourse with sex workers and contracted gonorrhoea; although angered by this, he continued this activity without protection. While R was abroad, Kraig had an extramarital affair. Their marriage ended within a year.

When questioned about R after his arrest, friends and family described him as friendly but strange. His first two marriages resulted in divorce because of infidelities by both partners. His second wife, Marcia Winslow, claimed that he had placed her in a chokehold. He had become religious during his second marriage, proselytizing door-to-door, reading the Bible aloud at work and at home, and insisting that his wife follow the strict teachings of their pastor.

xxx

R would also frequently cry after sermons or reading the Bible. Despite his beliefs, R continued to solicit the services of sex workers and wanted his wife to participate in sex in public and inappropriate places, sometimes even in areas where his victims' bodies were later discovered.

According to women in his life, R had an insatiable sexual appetite. His three ex-wives and several ex-girlfriends reported that he demanded sex from them several times a day. Often, he would want to have sex in a public area or in the woods. R himself admitted to having a fixation with sex workers, with whom he had a love/hate relationship. He frequently complained about their presence in his neighborhood, but he also took advantage of their services regularly. Some have speculated that Ridgway was torn between his lusts and his staunch religious beliefs.

With his second wife Marcia, had a son, Matthew (b. 1975).

GARY RIDGWAY



S

S was born in the Georgian town of Gori, then part of the Russian Empire and home to a mix of Georgian, Armenian, Russian, and Jewish communities. He was born on 18 December 1878, and baptised on 29 December.

xxx

His parents, Besarion Jughashvili and Ekaterine Geladze, were ethnically Georgian, and S grew up speaking the Georgian language. He was their only child to survive past infancy, and was nicknamed “Soso”, a diminutive of “Ioseb”.

Besarion was a shoemaker and owned his own workshop; it was initially a financial success, but later fell into decline, and the family found itself living in poverty. Besarion became an alcoholic, and drunkenly beat his wife and son. Ekaterine and Stalin left the home by 1883, and began a wandering life, moving through nine different

rented rooms over the next decade. In 1886, they moved into the house of a family friend, Father Christopher Charkviani. Ekaterine worked as a house cleaner and launderer, and was determined to send her son to school.

In September 1888, S enrolled at the Gori Church School, a place secured by Charkviani. Although he got into many fights, S excelled academically, displaying talent in painting and drama classes, writing his own poetry, and singing as a choirboy.

There's another man who was born in 1899 on the other side of the world from S. This man's father taught him to hunt, fish, and camp in the woods and lakes as a young boy. These early experiences in nature instilled a passion for outdoor adventure and living in remote or isolated areas. After returning from the war, this man continued writing, won a Nobel Prize, a Pulitzer Prize, and became known as one of the most famous writers of the 20th Century. Later in his life was constantly worried about money and his safety. He worried about his taxes and that he would never return to Cuba to retrieve the manuscripts that he had left in a bank vault. He became paranoid, thinking that the FBI was actively monitoring his movements. He later shot himself with his favorite shotgun. Why do I bring Ernest Hemmingway into the picture? Ernest had an encouraging father.

S faced several severe health problems; an 1884 smallpox infection left him with facial pock scars, and aged 12, he was seriously injured after being hit by a phaeton, which was the likely cause of a lifelong disability to his left arm.

There's a lot of time between the previous paragraph and the following paragraph. Ten years to be exact. How many people face huge problems in their teen years and never recover nor move forward?

In 1894 S began his studies at the Tiflis Spiritual Seminary. In August 1894, S enrolled in the Spiritual Seminary in Tiflis, enabled by a scholarship that allowed him to study at a reduced rate.

Here he joined 600 trainee priests who boarded at the institution. S was again academically successful and gained high grades. He continued writing poetry; five of his poems were published under the pseudonym of "Soselo" in Ilia Chavchavadze's newspaper Iveria ('Georgia'). Thematically, they dealt with topics like nature, land, and patriotism. According to S's biographer Simon Sebag Montefiore they became "minor Georgian classics", and were included in various anthologies

of Georgian poetry over the coming years.

"He continued writing poetry." There's so much packed into this short sentence. I can't help but wonder what would've happened if just one mentor or one person with an encouraging word would've showed up.

As he grew older, S lost interest in priestly studies, his grades dropped, and he was repeatedly confined to a cell for his rebellious behaviour.

What could this confinement have done to him? Was this another fork in the road for S?

The seminary's journal noted that he declared himself an atheist, stalked out of prayers and refused to doff his hat to monks.

If his confinement was solitary, for extended periods of time, then I believe others are partly responsible for his mental destruction. Again, it takes a village to destroy to a child.

S joined a forbidden book club at the school; he was particularly influenced by Nikolay Chernyshevsky's 1863 pro-revolutionary novel *What Is To Be Done?* Another influential text was Alexander Kazbegi's *The Patricide*, with

S adopting the nickname “Koba” from that of the book’s bandit protagonist. He also read *Capital*, the 1867 book by German sociological theorist Karl Marx. S devoted himself to Marx’s socio-political theory, Marxism, which was then on the rise in Georgia, one of various forms of socialism opposed to the empire’s governing Tsarist authorities. At night, he attended secret workers’ meetings, and was introduced to Silibistro “Silva” Jibladze, the Marxist founder of Mesame Dasi (‘Third Group’), a Georgian socialist group. S left the seminary in April 1899 and never returned.

Imagine if one thing or one decision would’ve gone slightly different with Hemmingway? If it had, would Hemmingway be famous or notorious today? The same goes for you - not just for your past choices but for the future ones you have yet to make. We’d all like to think we’d react a certain way in certain situations, but we won’t until they happen. Tomorrow, life will happen to someone and you might be given the opportunity to keep the ten year paragraph from happening with a Joseph.

JOSEPH STALIN



T

T was born and raised in Jacksonville, Florida. T's father was an alcoholic who abandoned him, while his abusive mother would, according to T, dress him in girls' clothing and call him Susan.

Can you guess where T's story is headed? We are barely through two sentences of his early life at this point. Do you think T stands a chance at a successful life? Let's continue reading.

T claimed that, as a young child, he was a victim of sexual assault and incest at the hands of many close relatives and acquaintances, including his older sister and a next-door neighbor.

Yup. Here's that village I've been referring to in previous chapters. In case you quickly breezed through the above paragraph, I want to point out the two words "many" and "close". He was an innocent child. He had a whole life ahead of him. Next time you see a sad mugshot of another human, instead of being judgmental, remind yourself of the two paragraphs above regarding T.

He also claimed that his maternal grandmother was a Satanist who exposed him to various Satanic practices and rituals in his youth, including self-mutilation and graverobbing, and dubbed him “Devil’s Child”.

Can you imagine your grandmother teaching you self-mutilation? My grandmother planted a garden, listened to *Alabama*, made Barbie doll clothes, and took us kids to the lake. If your grandmother was anything like mine, how blessed are you? I can’t help but wonder if at times we label a scratch a scar because we lack perspective.

T claimed this abuse began when he came out as homosexual to his family.

If person A abuses person B for B’s action, that A created, it seems to make sense that the same thing probably happened to A at one time. Only a blind and malevolent person does this to a family member unless their malevolence is a byproduct of the cycle. How does the cycle end? If you’ve seen the movie *Slingblade*, I guess that solution could always be an option.

T was often designated as suffering from mild mental retardation, with an IQ of 75.

I wonder at what point mental retardation set in? When’s the last time you gave thanks for your mind? I’m guessing that if you’ve made it to this page, that your mind works

well enough to read. It's amazing that you had the opportunity to learn how to read, huh?

He also suffered from epilepsy, which resulted in frequent grand mal seizures. Throughout T's childhood, he frequently ran away from home and often slept in abandoned houses. He was a serial arsonist from a young age and was sexually aroused by fire.

Do you have epilepsy? Did you have to sleep in abandon houses? Do you find it odd that he was sexually aroused by fire? I don't, especially with all that he's been through up to this point. I've heard of worse fetishes from "normal" people.

In the documentary Death Diploma, T claimed he was forced to have sex with a friend of his father's when he was five years old. He felt he knew he was gay when he was 10, and claimed to have had a sexual relationship with a neighborhood boy when he was 12.

This paragraph adds up to you, right? I'm pretty sure that you can read between the lines on this paragraph. I think this father's name should've been listed as a codefendant for T's murders. This father created a Frankenstein.

T dropped out of school in the ninth grade and began visiting gay bars. He

also claimed to have been a male prostitute as a teenager, and became obsessed with gay pornography.

Of course. You don't find this shocking, do you? I'm guessing it's starting to make sense to you. Like we've all heard many times, "Hurt people. Hurt people." Then, hurt people begin to do things they weren't suppose to do and sometimes things they didn't think they would do.

T claimed to have committed his first murder at the age of 14, when after being propositioned for sex by a traveling salesman, T ran over the salesman with his own car. T was first arrested at the age of 17 in August 1965 for loitering.

Where were you at the age of 14? Did your life look like T's? Also, If this event with the salesman is true, I don't think we should label his action as murder.

Much information on T between 1966 and 1973 is unclear, but authorities believe that he began drifting around the Southwestern United States and that he supported himself by prostitution and panhandling.

Seven years is a long time. If he were alone during these years without any family or friends, while experiencing seizures and trying to operate in a world with an IQ of 75

while carrying the memories of his past, doesn't this line of work seem about right? He's obviously no Hemmingway or Monet. He obviously didn't have a dad or a mentor. It's even possible that those who handed him money while panhandling, didn't even look him in the eye or ask him his name. It sounds like he lived in a populated world all by himself. How many T's do we walk past everyday? How many T's are being created in your neighborhood?

While living in Nebraska, T was one of the prime suspects in the 1974 murder of 24-year-old Patricia Webb. Shortly after, he left Nebraska and briefly settled in Boulder, Colorado. One month later, he became a prime suspect in the homicide of 31-year-old Ellen Holman, who was murdered on October 14, 1974. With many accusations against him, T left Boulder and headed back to Jacksonville.

Be honest with yourself. Do you think you're seeing the above details any differently than you might have before reading this book? Again, for those of you who think I'm trying to remove T's responsibility or downplay the murder of the victims, I'm not. Remember, this book is not about the murders or the notorious men, it's about you and the children in and around your lives. We can prevent A, B, C, H, and T people from ever becoming notorious. This might sound far-fetched, but I believe we can create people who will never become notorious.

In early 1975, T returned to Jacksonville after drifting and hitch-hiking through the American South. On January 14, 1976, he married a woman 25 years his senior. She left him after three days, after discovering his homosexuality.

Why would he marry a woman 25 years his senior? I don't think you have to be a psychologist to answer this question correctly. What is T chasing? What does T so desperately need that he never truly received? Mother Teresa said it best, "If you want to change the world, go home and LOVE your family."

T said during an interview his marriage was a tactic meant to conceal his true sexuality.

Why would T want to conceal his true sexuality? Remember what happened to him earlier in this chapter? Have you ever concealed anything before because you didn't want people to know? What's at the core of this? Shame, perhaps?

OTIS TOOLE



**Mother Teresa could've been Adolf Hitler.
John the Baptist could've been Judas.
Billy Graham could've been Ted Bundy.**

One thing all six of these people had in common was an early life. Not one of these people had control over the things that happened to them in their early life just like you didn't have any control over your early life.

However, you do have control over the early life of the young children in your home today in regards to the decisions you make?

If you want to gain a new perspective, increase your gratitude, and decrease your ability to be judgmental, learning about the early life of notorious people might be a great remedy.

