

DAVID AND GOLIATH

When I heard the helicopters' whupputa whupputa whup, I knew my time had come. There were three, and I could see men rappeling down ladders onto the upper forty acres. As I bounced up there in the buggy, several police four-wheelers followed me, and I got that feeling a wraith from my past had arrived. It was true. Agent Bobby Alu of the Drug Enforcement Agency had come to turn my now-quiet life upside down forever.

He snarled something about his friend I'd punched in a bar, and how I should start packing 'cause the farm was his...and pointed to thirty spindly marijuana plants about knee high that some bozo had hidden behind his dog house. At first, I didn't take him seriously, but I lost my farm then and there, after thirty years of hard work to a government thug using new laws of "forfeiture."

The plants were in pots, and may have been put there by him for all I know. I wrote Janet Reno and everyone, including Clinton, the slimeball who'd let legislation make one guilty until proven innocent...creating this deceitful process. I discovered they'd made thirteen-billion dollars in three years on these "forfeitures," so why were they gonna give my farm back?

Alu called me at night a few times to see if I wanted to make a deal and give him the lower five acres in fee. I told him to fuck off and die...fully aware there was no settling with the DEA's gestapo. I felt like David with his slingshot...even getting the attention of such formidable opponents was nearly impossible.

The Department of Defense letters concerning my work in Vietnam were never answered either. It seemed like some deep well I shouted into...only echos of mounting frustration returned. The Veterans sent me on a circuitious route back to myself, and Reno at Justice never answered at all, just like Bill.

I got the same runaround from the DEA. They admitted nothing irregular about their forfeiture stance and defended their field agents' duties, which were "to suppress the growth of illegal drugs" by any means...including terrorism.

I packed up and left for Washington with my migraine shot kit and bottle of pain pills. I'd been surrounded by the most powerful enemies imaginable, but had no idea how well insulated they were. I really thought I could reach them...