

A Diary
of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

This document was most recently revised on Saturday, August 23, 2014.

This document is approximately 13,321 words long.

This page was intentionally left blank.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Introductory Comments

I most recently revised this diary on Saturday, August 23, 2014. The most recent revision prior to that was on Sunday, February 25, 2007. The changes that I made during those revisions, as well as a few earlier ones, were such things as contact information, formatting, spelling corrections, and the addition of images. Also, I added some footnotes during previous revisions. I might have made actual changes in the wording during some previous revisions but I don't remember for sure. However, I have since decided that such changes in the wording of a diary are a bad idea. So, I haven't made any further changes in the wording in the two most recent revisions except for a few places where I corrected grammar or spelling errors. I also checked my collection of old diskettes to see if I still have a copy of the original version. The version of the wording presented in this revision of the diary is the earliest version of the wording that I presently have available. However, any changes that I made during either this revision or any previous revision have not changed the substance of the diary. The facts presented herein and the story told herein remain entirely accurate.

Some Names

Angela	One of Lorita's sisters
Becky	One of Lorita's sisters
Betty	Katrina's baby-sitter during the first year or so of Katrina's life
Brenda	A lawyer I spoke to her about my situation.
Catherine	My adopted daughter
Clarie	A stress counselor I consulted with her occasionally during times of stress.
Comisau	Lorita's landlord for a while during 1985 and 1986
Elaine	My first former wife Catherine's adoptive mother
Florence	Lorita's mother
Jan	One of my former girlfriends She lived with me during part of the time covered by this diary.
Katrina	Daughter of me and Lorita
Lorita	My girlfriend for a while, beginning in early 1984 Mother of Katrina
Ordra	One of Lorita's sisters

This page was intentionally left blank.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Today is December 17, 1986, and I'm beginning a record of events and conversations which relate to Lorita Ann Taylor and Katrina Marie Milam. I'll transfer much of the detail into this record, and all of the dates, from notes that I made, or from letters that I wrote, at the time of the event or conversation, and which I still have. I'll record other material as I remember it. There's much that I won't include; this is a record of only material that I believe to be relevant.

I met Lorita in March of 1984. As it turned out, she was trying to marry a credit card, but I didn't know that at the time. After a brief courtship, she called me and invited herself over to my place on the evening of March 31, 1984. She volunteered to stay all night, and promised me that I didn't need to worry about anything, because she was "on the pill." During the following months, I began to know her better, and realized that I didn't want to continue seeing her. We broke up several times, and each time I was relieved that it was finally over. Each time she vowed that she'd never see me again, but she always came back.

She had financial problems, some of which I no longer remember. I do recall, however,

1. she was trying to avoid a huge phone bill that had been generated on her telephone by a previous roommate,
2. she was being asked to pay a loan she had co-signed for some old friend who had defaulted,
3. she was having problems with some old traffic tickets,
4. one of her roommates wasn't making rent payments, and she couldn't afford the payments alone, and
5. she kept missing the payments on her BMW.

For a while, I tried to help. I gave her over \$1000 before I realized that I couldn't solve her financial problems. Every time I paid one of her debts, she simply acquired another one. Eventually, I told her I couldn't give her any more money. That resulted in a huge argument, after which I agreed to loan her the money she needed. On November 23, 1984, I began loaning her money. The total amount of the loan eventually reached \$1134.83, which she never repaid. See the list at the end of this record, and the table below. I eventually decided that she had no intention of ever repaying the money, and I stopped loaning it.

I spent a lot of money on Lorita. For much of what I bought for her, including a rather expensive baby bed, I don't have receipts. I do, however, have records showing the following expenses which I paid for her, including the loan:

\$20.00	Stroller	10-7-84
\$68.00	Classes for childbirth	10-12-84
\$1134.83	Loan.	11-23-84 through 1-25-86
\$3740.00	child support	\$220 per month, for 17 months, 2-85 through 7-86
\$750.00	child support	\$250 per month for 3 months, 8-86 through 10-86
<u>\$220.00</u>	child support	11-86
5932.83		

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

In May, 1984, I thought she might be pregnant, but she told me she'd had a pregnancy test which indicated that she wasn't. For the next three months, I thought that she was gradually beginning to look (and act) pregnant. For example, she often got sick in the morning, but she always had some excuse. One that I remember in particular was, "I thought the milk on my cereal tasted a little sour, but I was in too much of a hurry." There must be some truth to the stereotypes, because she also started buying giant pickles at the 7-Eleven store. Each time I suggested that she might be pregnant, she acted insulted and said I was accusing her of getting fat. Consequently, I tended not to mention it, but I remained suspicious. It was during this time that she casually mentioned to me one day that she occasionally forgot to take her pills, and that whenever she did, she'd take two the next day to make up for it. Also during this time, she (allegedly) had three consecutive menstrual cycles, which seemed to support her contention that she wasn't pregnant. Of course, all I know is what she told me. I'd also like to mention that during this time she wasn't living with me, but was (and had been when I met her) sharing her apartment with two male companions.

In early September, we were together at my place, and she suddenly jumped, grabbed her belly, and said "something moved." I said that there were very few things that could do that, and I thought she should get another pregnancy test. She did, and this time it indicated that she was pregnant. She then got the opinion from a doctor at Kaiser that she was 5 months pregnant.

Lorita insisted that the baby was mine, and that if I didn't marry her, she would get an abortion. I didn't like the idea of an abortion, but I refused to marry her. By then, I knew her well enough that I didn't want a permanent relationship. I'd have been glad to be out of the temporary one. On September 29, 1984, she told me that if I would promise to help with the baby, she would have it without marrying me. I offered to pay her the same amount of child support that I was paying my former wife. She said that wasn't enough. I said it was all I could pay. Eventually, she agreed to accept it. To pay even that, I had to rent Catherine's room, and move her bed into my bedroom, an arrangement that I didn't like then, and still don't like.

Please note that my agreement to make the child support payments doesn't necessarily mean that the child is mine. Indeed, my agreement was coerced. At the time, it seemed like the easiest way out of a difficult situation. I had only Lorita's word that I was the father, but I wanted to avoid the abortion. Also, Lorita was an extremely persistent woman, and absolutely refused to leave me alone. She pestered me at work, she harassed me over the telephone, and she visited at the least excuse, at any hour of the night or day. She would extract from me an agreement that she could stay overnight, then show up with a suitcase, two over-night bags, and an armload of dresses on hangers. Sometimes it would take me several days to get her back out of the house after her "overnight" visits. My agreement to make the payments bought a certain amount of peace. Furthermore, Lorita worked in a department at AMD which I frequently audited, so I was vulnerable to various charges of misconduct, if she chose to make them. I felt very intimidated.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Lorita and I attended classes at Kaiser, for which I paid, in preparation for the birth, and on February 2, 1985, the child was born. I stayed with Lorita through the labor and delivery, and took a week vacation to stay with her after the child was born.

Lorita decided to name the child Katrina Marie Milam. She dictated the name, and I had no choice in the matter. I hid my misgivings and signed the birth certificate. As with the child support payments, I felt compelled to do something I didn't want to do.¹

On February 21, 1985, I had a vasectomy. Now I can employ the tactic of indifference against the next woman who complains to me of being pregnant.

My relationship with Lorita continued to deteriorate. She expected far more of me than I wanted to provide. I spent far more time fixing her car than I wanted. I gave her far more money than I could afford, trying to solve her many financial problems. She coerced me into driving her to work one week. Three days that week, when I arrived at her place to pick her up, she wasn't even awake yet. I was late to work every day that week.

She had the ability to convert her every problem into my problem. For example, when her car broke, and she didn't have transportation, she wanted my car. Then she had transportation, and I didn't. If I didn't provide the transportation, she accused me of neglecting the baby. If I gave her a ride, then I was trapped in the vehicle with her, and had to listen to her constant nagging. She constantly complained, criticized my choices and actions, and condemned me for everything I did or didn't do. When I went on weekend sailing trips with my friend Andrew, and didn't invite her, she accused me of being homosexual. No matter what I said, she would find a way to use it against me. The thing that most annoyed me was that when she got mad at me, she would refuse to let me see Katrina any more. I eventually decided that she was just using Katrina as a weapon, so I quit giving in. This resulted in her staying mad longer before letting me see the child. She usually relented on Friday evening, when she wanted to go "dancing", and needed a cheap baby-sitter. Of course, I got no advance notice, but I would get to see Katrina while Lorita was out.

When she came back from "dancing", Lorita always bragged about the men she'd met in the bars, and hinted at her exploits. Although she's black, she always went for white men, particularly blond ones. She especially gloated if she met a European. Eventually, as I managed to see less and less of her, she always bragged to me about her new boyfriends. Sadly, none of them lasted more than about a week. I was particularly amused by her account of one man's reason for missing a date. He had to sit up with a sick uncle. But I digress.

For many months, I tried to minimize my contact with Lorita. When she brought Katrina for a visit, I would take the child at the gate, and not invite Lorita in. I would re-

1 (Footnote added July 15, 1992.) Had I realized at the time that my signature on the birth certificate would be construed as obligating me to the jurisdiction of county authorities, I would not have signed it. Since I signed the birth certificate under duress and in ignorance of the meaning of the action, and since the representative of the government who asked me to sign it made no effort to inform me of the facts, I now consider the action to be void from its inception, and of no effect.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

turn the child at the gate, and again not invite Lorita in. This worked most of the time, but not always. However, Lorita soon started finding reasons why she couldn't come drop the child off or pick her up. Then I had to go to her place. If I went to her place to get the child, or to return her, Lorita usually had some reason why I had to come in. Usually, it was some broken thing she wanted me to fix. I tried to avoid going in. If I went in, I tried to leave again as quickly as possible.

On June 9, 1986, Lorita called me at work as a result of some disagreement we'd been having, and instructed me to refrain from seeing her or Katrina under any circumstances, and also instructed me to stop making child support payments. She soon asked for the money, however, and I made the July child support payment 5 days early.

One evening in August, 1986, (I don't recall the date), when I returned Katrina, Lorita was home alone, and seemed unusually quiet, calm, and thoughtful. She seemed to want to talk, and although I didn't want to go in, I decided to sit on the front step and let her say whatever she wanted to say. She talked in circles for a while and finally said there was something she had been wanting to talk to me about. She said that about six weeks earlier, she had been in my house (one of the times I hadn't been able to keep her out) and had noticed that Catherine was watching pornography (Lorita's word). I couldn't even remember at the time what movie we'd been watching, but based on walking past it on her way to the bathroom, Lorita was convinced it was pornography. I told her that whatever Catherine had been watching, I had been there with her. I told Lorita that I believed that answering Catherine's questions was better than restricting what she watched. Lorita said I was going to turn Catherine into a lesbian by treating her that way, and she wouldn't permit me to let Katrina watch anything like that. I said I would treat Katrina however I thought was appropriate. Lorita said she wouldn't let me see Katrina under those circumstances, and I finally lost my temper. I yelled at her, followed her through the door, and yelled that I wanted an answer. I wanted to know if Katrina was my daughter, or somebody else's. Lorita tried to act insulted that I would ask such a thing, but I was yelling in her face demanding to know if Katrina was my daughter or not. I kept insisting that if Katrina was my daughter then I had a right to see her, and Lorita couldn't keep taking her away from me. If Katrina wasn't my daughter then I shouldn't be making child support payments. In this way I backed Lorita across the room, all the way to the wall. Then she started yelling at me, and that made me so mad I wanted to hit her. At the same time, I didn't want to hurt her, so I grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her down on the sofa, which was the softest thing I could find quickly. She bounced up and kept yelling in my face so I pushed her down again. I pushed her down a couple more times, and each time she bounced up and kept yelling in my face and calling me names. Then Katrina came into the room and started crying about what was happening. When I saw how hurt she was, I wanted to cry, too. I left then, and felt very bad about losing my temper with Lorita. I decided to try harder to have nothing more to do with her.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Later that evening, Lorita told her landlord² that I had beat her up, and that she was going to call the police and have me arrested. She didn't look injured, and he apparently had some doubts about her story, so he convinced her to wait until he could talk to me about it. I expect she was easy to convince. She could have called the cops without waiting for Comisau to get home. All she really wanted was an excuse to complain to him about something.

The next day he called to get my side of the story. After that, he volunteered to carry Katrina back and forth between us, so we wouldn't need to see each other again. He also suggested that he could pick up the child support money from me, and sign the receipt "for Lorita Taylor." The first time he picked up the money, he kept it for rent that she owed him, and she accused him of forging her signature on the receipt.³ She then instructed me not to give him any more of the child support money.

Sometime in late August or early September, the former baby-sitter (Betty Ratchford) called me. She was upset about Katrina, because she said that Katrina and Lorita were sleeping in the car at night. I don't know why, since Comisau hadn't kicked her out of her room yet. Lorita does things like that to make people feel guilty, so maybe it was part of the ruckus that was going on with Comisau.

During the last half of September, 1986, Lorita got kicked out. Comisau called me and discussed the situation. He seemed to need to talk to someone who knew Lorita, and who would understand what he was dealing with. He said she was being inconsiderate in various ways. For example, she insisted on having arguments with him in front of his guests. I expect that was a pretty effective way for her to extort concessions out of him. It's a very typical tactic for her. He said he was forcing her to leave because of problems with rent payments, and because it was too difficult to tolerate her. He also said that he thought I should sue for custody of the child. He said that during the year or so that she had lived there, he had never seen her take proper care of Katrina. He said she never prepared food for the child, but only shared hamburgers and fries from McDonald's. He said Lorita never played with the child, but just left her on the bed with some toys, while she (Lorita) watched TV.

Comisau's observations are completely consistent with mine. Lorita frequently complained to me about being trapped in her room at Comisau's place. Yet, when I suggested that she take Katrina out for a walk around the block in the stroller, she was appalled at the idea of actually walking somewhere. So far as I'm aware, she never used the stroller, not even once. Many times, I saw her drive her car from my place to the 7-Eleven store, which is half a block away. When I asked her about it, she said she had a BMW and didn't need to walk. I also recall one time when she refused to walk across the street from work to cash her pay check at the liquor store. Since her car was broken at the time, I had to walk out to the parking lot and get my car, pick her up in front of the office building, and drive her across the street to the liquor store,

2 Comisau Phillips, 1944 South King Road, San Jose, California 95122, 408 926-3515

3 (Footnote added April 21, 1991.) That was the payment for September, 1986. Comisau dated the receipt 8/30/86. I still have it in my records.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

and back. It took longer for me to walk to my car than it would have taken her to walk to the liquor store. That's Lorita, for sure.

On November 20, 1986, Lorita called me with a surprising accusation. She said that her sister, Becky, had told her (many months earlier) that I had called her (Becky) on the telephone in the middle of the night, and masturbated while saying obscene things to her. Lorita told me that her mother had also heard the call. She didn't explain why they kept listening if it offended them, and I didn't ask. She then reminded me of our big argument in August and said if that's the way I felt then I had no right to see Katrina. She told me again that she would never let me see Katrina again, and that she would refuse to accept any more child support money from me, even if I did try to give it to her. In view of the choices I'd given her during the August argument, and since she specifically referred to that argument, this clearly appears to be a statement that I'm not the father.⁴ She also said that she didn't like the announcement I had on my phone machine, and that she would refuse to leave a message on the machine as long as that announcement remained on it.⁵

On November 21, 1986, I sent Lorita a letter to confirm that I would no longer be making child support payments. I sent the letter by registered mail, restricted delivery, return receipt requested, Article Number P-493 672 533. I still have a copy in my files. Lorita made no objection to the letter then or later. I consider this letter to have terminated our verbal agreement of child support, which I discussed on pages 2 and 3 of this record. Incidentally, that verbal agreement is the only agreement under which I ever had any legal obligations to either Lorita or Katrina.

Also on November 21, 1986, I called Becky to ask about the alleged obscene phone call. Becky was out, so I told Ordra (another of Lorita's sisters) what Lorita had said, and asked her to have Becky call me.⁶

On November 24, 1986, Lorita called my former wife, Elaine, to discuss problems between me and Lorita. Elaine called me and told me about the conversation. She was annoyed about being sucked into the situation.

On December 10, 1986, I was called by Florence Taylor, Lorita's mother. She told me that Lorita had been in an automobile accident, and had damaged her car. Florence claimed that the car no longer had a hood and that one of the headlights had been destroyed. She said she (Florence) wanted me to fix the car for Lorita. I refused. She said that I had an obligation to fix Lorita's car because I was able to do it, and because Lorita needed it. What a mush-head. I told her that I had no obligation to Lorita. She told me I had an obligation to make sure that Katrina had food, clothes, and

4 (Footnote added July 13, 1992.) You might want to go back about two pages. What I told her was that if I was the father, then I had a right to see the child. If I wasn't the father, then I had no obligation to make the payments. I told her to make up her mind, and let me know once and for all.

5 (Footnote added March 3, 1991.) I don't remember what the announcement was. Heavy breathing, maybe. Drooling, slurping sounds. Grunts. Who can say for sure?

6 (Footnote added March 3, 1991.) Becky never resolved this issue. However, see the entry for December 10, 1986.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

a place to live. She also told me that Lorita and Katrina had been sleeping in Lorita's car at night. She also said that Katrina was my child and I had a right to see her, and that Lorita had no right to refuse to accept child support payments. I couldn't think of any answer stupid enough to keep the conversation on point, so I changed the subject.

I asked her about the alleged obscene phone call and she said she had picked up the telephone when it rang, but Becky had already answered it and was talking to me. I asked her how she knew it was me. She said it sounded like me. I asked if either Becky or the man to whom Becky was talking ever mentioned my name. Florence said no. I suggested that maybe it was somebody else with a southern accent. Florence conceded that it might not have been me. She didn't know for sure. I told her to have Becky call me so I could ask about it. As of today, Becky has not resolved this matter. I forgot to ask Florence why she kept listening, if the call offended her. I suspect that she simply overheard a conversation between Becky and one of Becky's boyfriends. When she confronted Becky about it, Becky (in a flash of inspiration) made up the idea that I had called.

This is the end of my recollection of things past. From this point on, I'm writing this record as it happens.

Sunday, December 21, 1986

Today, Florence brought Katrina for a visit, which I hadn't expected. She just showed up at the gate and rang the bell. She said that she wanted Katrina to visit me for the day. I don't know if there was any ulterior motive. Maybe she just needed a baby sitter. I suspect that Lorita didn't know about it, but I didn't ask. Katrina didn't seem to recognize either me or Jan at first, but she did after a few minutes. Catherine arrived about 5:00 P.M., so she got to see Katrina. Florence came back about 12:30 in the morning, after we were all in bed, and took Katrina back. When Florence left, Katrina was calling Jan Mommy. I wonder if Lorita has been around much lately.

Sunday, December 28, 1986

Florence brought Katrina over today about 12:30 P.M. Katrina seemed to be very tired, or in some kind of a trance from medicine. I fed her some yogurt and let her sleep a while. Florence came back for her about 1:45 P.M.

Monday, December 29, 1986

At about 5:30 P.M. today the telephone rang, and Jan answered it. Whoever called said nothing, and hung up.

Tuesday, December 30, 1986

Today at about 12:30 P.M., I received a telephone call from someone who chose not to leave a message. As soon as they hung up, I wandered out into the yard, and was near the front gate when someone driving by honked. They honked two short beeps, as if they were signaling someone. I watched the car, and it stopped by my fence. I stepped out of sight, behind the corner of my garage and watched. When the driver

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

got out of the car, I saw that it was Lorita. I suspect that she had just called from the pay phone at the corner, headed home when I didn't answer, and spotted me as she was driving past. I went inside, and made sure all my doors were locked. Lorita rang the bell on my gate several times for about 10 minutes before she left, at about 12:45. She was driving what appeared to be a new car. It was a bright red Hyundai, with dealer plates.

About 3:30, Lorita called and left a message asking me to call her. I won't have anything to do with her. On November 20, 1986, she stated adamantly that I would never see Katrina again, that she wanted nothing to do with me, and that she would not accept any further child support payments from me even if I tried to make them. At that time I accepted her decision, and documented it. Now, I refuse to allow her to play games with my emotions, with Katrina as her weapon. I will continue to refuse to have anything to do with her. If Florence brings Katrina over for a visit, it's done at her discretion, not requested by me, and doesn't cause me any obligation.

Thursday, January 1, 1987

Lorita called today at 1:10 P.M. I didn't pick up the phone. I will not talk to her.

Wednesday, January 21, 1987

I sent Katrina a birthday card today. Her birthday is February 2.

Thursday, January 22, 1987

I suppose they received the card. Lorita called and tried to get Katrina to leave a message. I could hear Lorita whispering in the background to say something like "Hi Daddy, thank you for the card", while Katrina talked. I didn't answer the phone, because I didn't want to talk to Lorita, but it was good to hear Katrina. She seems to be talking well, and she was saying pretty much what Lorita told her to say.

Friday, May 1, 1987

So far as I know, Lorita has made no attempt to contact me for some time now, and I have tended to neglect this record. There is only a little that needs to be added to bring the record up to date.

The last time I saw Katrina was December 28, 1986. Since then, I have twice called Betty Ratchford, the former baby-sitter. Betty lives two doors from Florence, so she sees Katrina frequently. She says Katrina is healthy and growing. She says Katrina is learning to talk well, but is very loud.

About a month ago, I happened to meet Florence at the Post Office. Since she was ahead of me in line, she finished first and was waiting for me outside the door when I finished my business and left the building. She insisted on talking to me, and I had to listen for at least as long as it took me to unlock my bicycle. She again insisted that Katrina needs me for a Daddy, and that I should return Lorita's calls and make an arrangement to pay child support, and see Katrina. I again explained that I refused to associate with Lorita. I said I could not stand to have a woman always yelling at me and criticizing me. Florence said that Lorita wasn't like that any more. She said Lo-

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

rita had got me out of her system. She also said that Lorita had matured a lot and was going to the spa every day after work. These claims of improvement were of no interest to me except insofar as they constitute a tacit admission that Lorita was in great need of improvement when I was involved with her. Also, I don't know what the spa has to do with maturity. My opinion is that Lorita's trying to get back in shape so she can try again to trap a paying husband.⁷

Earlier this week, Elaine (my former wife) said that Catherine has been asking regularly to see Katrina. Elaine said she doesn't really want to deal with Lorita, but it seems important to Catherine, so she has tried twice to call Lorita at work, to arrange something. She said both times, Lorita wasn't at work. I offered to give her Lorita's home number, but she declined. Elaine said that Lorita had given her the work number, but not the home number. Thus, if Elaine had the home number, Lorita would know I had given it to her, and Elaine thought that would be a bad idea.

I'll try to remember to update this record when things happen, rather than later, like I did this time.

Monday, May 25, 1987

Florence called today at about 1:00 P.M., and asked if I could bring her my video cassette recorder to record some movies she had rented. I was out, and Jan took the message for me.

Florence called again at 2:00 P.M. Jan took the call for me.

She called again at 5:15 P.M. Jan took the message. We decided to again start using the phone machine to answer for us.

At 10:00 P.M., we answered a call with the phone machine, but whoever called didn't leave a message.

Saturday, June 6, 1987

This entry is by Jan Hammond

Just after lunch, Florence called. She asked for Sam and I told her he was not here. She said she would call back. I told her Sam was out of town and wouldn't be back for several days. She asked if he was working. I said that it was only temporary. She said that she would come by to talk to him face to face. She seemed to think that Sam should buy Katrina a bike because all the other kids had them. I did a lot of uumm humms while she went on saying the same thing several times.

Tuesday, September 22, 1987

Betty called today. We talked for a long time, and she said (among other things) that she believed that Florence was in danger of losing her house for financial reasons. She said that she had heard that the IRS had taken all Florence's savings, and that Florence had been fired after having failed to pass some kind of examination. She suspected that Florence had tried to commit suicide. Betty said that Katrina was be-

⁷ (Footnote added March 27, 1991) Lorita's problem wasn't her body. It was her mouth.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

coming very unruly due to lack of discipline. She also reported that Lorita has ruined another car, and is now riding to work with someone.

Saturday, October 10, 1987

I ran into Betty and Katrina at the Safeway today. I asked Katrina if she knew who I was and she said "Daddy!" She also said "Mommy won't bring me down." Betty and I speculated that Katrina has been asking to visit me, and Lorita won't allow it.

Katrina's eyes have turned a lighter shade of brown, and her skin seems now to be slightly darker than it was. Her hair is lighter than I remember it. She's also a little bigger, but not much. She seemed happy and healthy. She smiled a lot and giggled a few times. When we parted she said "We'll come back again." I told her I loved her, and she smiled and giggled.

Monday, December 14, 1987

I learned today that Lorita has been laid off by AMD.

For Christmas Jan and I sent Katrina some Beatrix Potter stories (*The Tailor of Glouster*, *Tom Kitten*, *Peter Rabbit*, *Mrs Tiggy-Winkle*, *Jemima Puddle Duck*, another rabbit story about flopsy, mopsy, and cottontail), a stuffed Care Bear, a doll, 4 coloring books and a box of crayons. Catherine sent a pair of mittens and a toy (Mrs. Potato Head). They were sent UPS from Gousha, where Jan works.

Sunday, January 31, 1988

Florence brought Katrina and several of her other grandkids over for a visit today. Katrina recognized me and was happy to see me. She also asked for Catherine, who happened to be here. We went to the school for a while so the kids could play on the playground equipment. That also served to avoid letting Florence into the house. Katrina communicates very well for her age. She's almost three years old. Jan asked her how old she was and she said "two." Jan asked how old she would be next and Katrina said "three." She also very clearly communicates the need to go to the bathroom. I asked Florence if Katrina had received the books I sent for Christmas, and she said yes. She said Lorita has been reading them to Katrina. That was the only mention that was made of Lorita. I also asked Katrina if she had received the books. She said yes, and said she had books about God and Jesus. Those must have come from someone else. We took a few pictures with Jan's camera, and after about 40 minutes, they left.

Monday, February 8, 1988

Betty called. She said Katrina's doing well. She also had various other interesting news for me. Ordra's husband died of a heart attack, but they had already been divorced by then. Lorita's still unemployed. However, Betty thinks that Lorita is too stubborn to try to get any money out of me and, in addition, she speculated that Lorita might be getting more satisfaction out of keeping Katrina away from me than she would get from the money. I told Betty that Florence had brought Katrina over for a visit and Betty ventured the opinion that Florence probably didn't tell Lorita

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

about it. We both wondered if Katrina might have mentioned it to Lorita. Betty said that Lorita's car isn't running, but that Lorita's looking for a job. She said that Florence is now employed as a Buick salesman. She said that Lorita and Becky are still living with Florence, and Angela is living with Ordra. Angela is another one of the sisters. I can't help but observe that, although most of them have been pregnant, none of them has been able to keep a man. It seems that Florence taught them well.

Friday, February 19, 1988

Florence called. She was upset about the change in my will and accused me of leaving Katrina out of it.⁸ She gave me the usual lecture about how I should be supporting Katrina, and said that if she were Lorita, she would have me in court and force me to do it. I told her I would not be pushed around any more. The conversation was long and sort of boring, but that's essentially all we said.

Wednesday, March 2, 1988

Florence called and said that Katrina was to have surgery on a hernia. She said that Katrina would be admitted to Kaiser at 2:25 P.M. on March the 7th. She said she thought that I would want to be there. I said that if I could make it, I would. Actually, I would like to be there, but I'm not willing to deal with Lorita, who will probably also be there.

Tuesday, March 8, 1988

I called Betty to see if she knew how Katrina had done during her surgery. Betty hadn't even known it was going to happen, so she didn't have any information for me. She said she'd try to find out something.

Friday, March 11, 1988

Becky called today and let Katrina talk to me on the telephone. Katrina asked me to come see her. I told her I didn't have any way to get there. I think she was at Kaiser.

Saturday, March 12, 1988

Lorita called today and asked for Catherine. Jan told her that Catherine and I were out. Lorita said Katrina wanted to come over for a visit. Jan said she would ask me about it when I got back. When Lorita called back later, Jan offered for us to meet her at Cunningham Park, but Lorita said she didn't know where it was⁹ and she wanted to leave Katrina here for a while. We agreed. We decided not to let Lorita in, but just to take Katrina at the gate. Lorita didn't ask to come in when she dropped Katrina off or when she picked her up.

8 (Footnote added March 3, 1991.) Right after Katrina was born, I added her to my will. Later, when Lorita indicated that I wasn't the father, I decided to leave the will as it was in that regard. It didn't seem necessary to change it. However, I later added Jan to the will, in the position that would normally be that of a wife. That is, Jan was to inherit my estate if I died. If Jan didn't survive me, Katrina and Catherine would inherit. The addition of Jan to the will is the change about which Florence was complaining.

9 (Footnote added March 3, 1991.) She drove past it every day. There's a big sign. She was trying to get into my house again.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Monday, April 11, 1988

Betty called to say that Katrina had survived the surgery without any problems.

Thursday, May 5, 1988

Becky called. She said Katrina wanted to talk to me. Katrina talked very briefly and said she was coming to my house tomorrow.

Friday, May 6, 1988

Katrina didn't visit today, so I guess she wasn't really going to come over but only saying what she would like to do.

Thursday, May 12, 1988

I called Betty and asked her if Katrina needs a tricycle. She said she doesn't know, but she'll find out for me. I told her that if Katrina needs one, she could have Catherine's old one.

Thursday, May 19, 1988

I called Betty today and asked her again if Katrina needs a tricycle. She said no, they had already bought one for her.

Sunday, November 13, 1988

I called Betty today and asked her about Katrina. She said Katrina's growing, but getting "molded" by Florence and Lorita. I suppose Katrina's going to grow up a lot like Lorita. It's a shame, but not under my control.

Sunday, January 29, 1989

Today, Catherine and I went to Toys r Us and bought some birthday gifts for Katrina. Betty came over to take the gifts to Katrina, and also took Catherine to visit Katrina. When they returned, Katrina was with them, so I got to see her and take some pictures.

Catherine reported that Lorita has changed. According to Catherine, Lorita now has a beautiful body, and is taking good care of Katrina.

Sunday, March 3, 1991

For some time now, there's been little to enter into this record. I seldom see Katrina. I give her gifts on Christmas and her birthday, and have as little as possible to do with Lorita and her family. Betty won't take the gifts to Katrina for me anymore. She says she isn't willing to deal with those people, so getting things to Katrina now involves a greater risk of dealing with Lorita, since I have to do it myself. I try to quietly leave them on the front porch and sneak away.

Yesterday, Betty called to tell me a rumor that Lorita plans to go into court and try to force me to make child support payments for Katrina. Betty said that Lorita had asked her to testify against me, and Betty told Lorita that she didn't want to get involved. Betty also said that someone, presumably in an official capacity, had tried to

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

reach me at Elaine's home, and that Elaine had been quite angry about it. I don't know how Betty knew about that. I tried to call Elaine to verify it, and see if she knows something I don't, but she didn't answer her phone. I declined to leave a message on her phone answering machine.

For many weeks now I've been getting phone calls from someone who hangs up as soon as I answer the phone. I wonder if the calls have something to do with this situation. I no longer own a phone answering machine, and can't afford one, so I can't screen out these calls.

I'm unemployed, and unable to make child support payments to Lorita. I also mentioned in this record the June 9, 1986 and November 20, 1986, conversations in which Lorita forbade me to make any further child support payments. There is also the letter, dated November 21, 1986, which I sent to her by registered mail, and in which I verified the termination of our agreement. She has never made any objection to the letter. That agreement was the only one under which I had any legal obligation, and we have never made another agreement.

Monday, March 4, 1991

I called Elaine today at about 10:25 A.M. and asked her about the rumor. She said nobody had tried to find me, or serve any papers on me, or even asked about me at her place. She said that if any such thing happened, she would reply that she had no interaction with me except with regard to Catherine, and couldn't provide any information about me because she doesn't have any information to provide. Elaine said she has never given Lorita her address, and she isn't sure if Lorita knows where she lives. She insisted that she wants nothing to do with Lorita.

I can't forget Elaine's treatment of me during the divorce, and the ongoing expense that has resulted from it. I'll probably never forgive her for that and I'll always be aware of the potential for treachery that it revealed in her. If I can trust Elaine to not cooperate with Lorita it's probably because paying money to Lorita would compromise my ability to pay money to Elaine. However, I don't particularly trust her to tell me the truth, so I don't really know what she might have told Lorita.

Thursday, March 21, 1991

One of my neighbors told me today that a man from "the state" was trying to give me some "papers." The man said he couldn't get hold of me, so he got some ID from the neighbor, and gave the papers to him. The neighbor even signed for them. What a meat-head. When the neighbor wanted to give them to me, I refused to take them, and also refused to even look at them. He wanted to know what to do with them, and I said maybe he should give them back to the man who gave them to him. I think that was very courteous of me. All things considered, I could have suggested worse. I told him not to take any more "papers" for me. I expect they have something to do with Lorita.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Tuesday, March 26, 1991

Today I consulted briefly over the telephone with a lawyer (Martha Olson, 971-9388) who advised me that even though the authorities may serve papers on someone else, they will proceed against me as if the papers had been served on me. The arrogance of the government appalls me. I went over to the neighbor's house and retrieved the papers. I'll not include a description of them here, but only refer to Complaint No. DA004443, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Santa Clara. The complaint is in the file folder that has my various other notes and letters about this fiasco.

Wednesday, March 27, 1991

I've called various people, including two lawyers, trying to figure out what to do about this situation. I'm dealing with the Family Support Division of the DA's office. They're brutal and ruthless, and have no scruples whatsoever. They're absolutely unlimited by any constraint of constitutionality. The complaint wasn't even served on me. It was served on my neighbor, with no assurance that I would **ever** see it, yet these criminals will proceed against me anyway.

My past experience with the court system suggests that this might be a no-win scenario. If I ignore them, I'll automatically lose, yet the only way to oppose them is in their court system, using their rules, which start by being intolerable and get worse. The instant I "appear", I acknowledge and submit to their jurisdiction. I'll be required to provide information that will be used against me, I'll be assumed guilty unless I can prove my innocence, and I won't have a right to remain silent but will be compelled to answer any question they ask. If I make any constitutional objection, the court will view it as contempt, and I'll probably end up in jail. I don't have enough money to hire a lawyer, and they won't provide a free one unless I'm willing to admit guilt in advance (admit paternity). It says so right on the form. If I want a free lawyer, I must first agree that I'm the father. Greedy scheming blood-sucking scumbags. To cooperate with these tyrants is intolerable, yet to do otherwise might eventually cause them to take my home from me. If I try to defend my home, I'll end up dead.

Thursday, March 28, 1991

I had a counselling session with Clarie today. As usual, it was helpful. One thing she did was suggest that I talk to one of her associates, named Brenda. Brenda is a lawyer.

Thursday, April 4, 1991

Clarie called today and said she had given Brenda my telephone number, and asked Brenda to call me. She said Brenda would see me at no charge, at least for the first consultation.

Clarie suggested that I make a few notes of what I want to talk about. I wrote a summary of my current thoughts on the matter, and kept it down to one page. It's in the folder. I'm now waiting for a call from Brenda.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Wednesday, April 17, 1991

Brenda (the lawyer) called this evening. She seemed reluctant to actually meet me in person and wanted to discuss the matter over the phone. I got the impression that she was talking to me only because Clarie wanted her to. We discussed my situation for about 40 minutes. I read to her over the phone a portion of the complaint. Her advice, and my conclusions, are tentative because she hasn't actually seen the complaint. However, tentatively I believe the best thing for me to do for now is to ignore the slimy blood-suckers. Brenda believes that they will make the same judgment regardless of whether I appear or not, so there's no benefit to appearing. There is, however, the risk that I'll end up in jail for contempt if I do appear. It's best if I stay away.

Brenda believes that they can't arrest me for non-payment of a debt. I had believed otherwise, but maybe I was wrong. She also thinks it's unlikely that they would go to the trouble of trying to take my house away from me. She said they're too lazy. She said they're good at getting judgments, but not so good at following up on them. It's too soon for me to know reliably, but maybe there isn't much they can do to me. Time will tell.

Thursday, April 18, 1991

Today I delivered a copy of the complaint, and the various other attached bullshit, to the Family Service Association office and asked that it be placed where Brenda can pick it up. With the complaint I provided a cover letter, dated today, wherein I asked a few more questions. I'll file a copy of the letter in my folder with the other stuff that deals with this matter.

Friday, April 19, 1991

Brenda called today. After looking at the stuff I left for her at Family Service, she still believes I'd be better off to not appear in court. She still doubts that they will take the house away from me. She said they can charge me only for money that they actually give to Lorita. I asked Brenda if I could put her name on the "copies to" list of any letters I wrote to them, and she said no.

I asked her if I should homestead my property, and she said it's always a good idea to do that. However, she assured me that I can't do it unless I have a state ID card, a driver's license, or etc. She said she doesn't know any way I can get around that except to get the card. I told her my father fought a war with Hitler to end the kind of system where people had to have state ID cards before they could function.

Brenda also informed me that she's initiating a class action suit against the county agency that's suing me. She's alleging in the suit that they've been unjustifiably lax in their pursuit of people like me. She said she didn't think her involvement in that action was affecting her advice to me, but she wanted me to know about it. If she wins the case, it will work to my detriment. She said she works "both sides of the street". No matter who loses, the scheming shysters always win.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Sunday, April 21, 1991

Comisau Phillips called me this morning. I believe that he was trying to get information for Lorita. So far as I can recall, he hasn't contacted me since September, 1986, when he wanted to talk to me about evicting Lorita from the room she was renting from him. This morning, he didn't seem to have any particular reason for calling me, but he'd been talking less than a minute when he asked me if I was working anywhere. I mentioned to him that the county was suing me, and he didn't even ask why they were doing it. It wouldn't surprise me if Lorita had been right there listening to the whole conversation. I got rid of him pretty quickly by starting to talk politics. When I did that, he remembered that his 18 month old son was crying, and said he had to go take care of the kid.

Friday, June 14, 1991

Florence called me this morning just before 8 o'clock to tell me that Katrina was graduating from Kindergarten this morning. It seemed that the ceremony was to start at about 8 o'clock. I couldn't tell for sure, because it's just real hard to figure out what Florence is talking about when she's in a hurry. She seemed to want me to be there and I told her that Lorita could probably handle it. She said Lorita was working and couldn't get off work. I wasn't even dressed yet when she called; I had just got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. Anyway, I jumped into some clothes, jumped onto my bicycle, and got there in time to see part of the ceremony. Katrina seemed a little surprised to see me, and very pleased but a little subdued about it. In general, she seems a lot less agitated than she did in the past. She still seems active and alert, so I don't think they've been medicating her for hyperactivity or anything. I think maybe she's learning to deal with the weird personalities of Florence and Lorita. Also, I suppose I shouldn't forget that there are lots of other influences on her besides Florence and Lorita.

I took pictures, and promised to send some to Florence. I'm a little uneasy that sending



Friday, June 14, 1991
Katrina, beautiful in a red-and-white dress with a red sash
I added this picture to the diary on Sunday, February 25, 2007.



Graduation from preschool
Friday, June 14, 1991
Katrina, climbing a fence
I added this picture to the diary on Sunday, February 25, 2007.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

her pictures might be interpreted as a willingness to start associating with them again. I hope not. I'm not interested in having anything to do with them.

Florence mentioned (during the phone call this morning) that Lorita couldn't be at the graduation ceremony because she was "trying to go permanent" on a new job. Presumably that means Lorita is now off welfare. I haven't heard from the greedy blood-suckers at the DA's office since they served those papers on my neighbor. Maybe my plan to utterly ignore them will work. I can hope.

According to Katrina's report card, she's doing well in all academic ways. The only complaint they had was that she isn't sufficiently cooperative and obedient. I told everybody who would listen (including the teacher) that I believed that to be a compliment. The schools try too hard to teach obedience.

Sunday, December 22, 1991

This morning I delivered a bag of Christmas gifts to Florence's house, for Katrina. I left them on the front porch and snuck away quietly.

Friday, December 27, 1991

Katrina called and asked for a Little Mermaid sleeping bag for her birthday. I suppose she's figured out that I'm a potential source of goodies.

Thursday, January 2, 1992

Today I received another letter from the Family Support extortionists.

Sunday, January 26, 1992

Today I delivered to Florence's house a birthday gift for Katrina. The gift was a Little Mermaid sleeping bag.

Friday, January 31, 1992

Betty called today. She reported that Katrina is doing well with her homework. She also reported that Florence found the birthday gift for Katrina.

Saturday, February 1, 1992

I stopped briefly at Betty's house and she gave me a picture of Katrina that was taken of her in her Halloween costume. She was dressed as a little mermaid.

Wednesday, July 15, 1992

I need to bring this record up to date.

I haven't seen Katrina since Friday, June 14, 1991.



Katrina in her Little Mermaid costume
I added this picture to the diary on Sunday, February 25, 2007.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

I figured out a way to find out what the greedy blood-suckers at the Family Support office are doing without compromising my camouflage, which is my only defense against them. So far, they allege that I owe them \$7148.73 in child support payments. This alleged debt is increasing by \$350 per month, plus interest. There are so many errors in their case, and in their communications to me, that I have difficulty even objecting to them all. I've had to just ignore some of the minor errors, and save others for possible use later. These clowns are astoundingly inept. They've made too many mistakes for me to even try to document them here. I'm putting copies of everything in the folder. If you're curious, go look in the folder. However, I never allow myself to forget how powerful these idiots are. They win not because they're smart, or because they're right. They win because they're very powerful, and because everybody's afraid of them.

I consider Lorita's behavior in this matter to have been willfully fraudulent, with me as the intended victim. I believe that she intentionally got pregnant by knowingly neglecting to take her pills, after assuring me that she was taking them. I believe she did it for the purpose of coercing me into an unwanted obligation. She denied being pregnant until the baby moved. That's an unreasonably long time for a woman to not notice that she's pregnant. I think her claim of ignorance of her condition is phoney. From the moment she could no longer deny the pregnancy, she tried to use it to control me. She tried to coerce me into marriage by threatening to get an abortion and insisted upon my obligation to the child.

My only faults throughout the entire fiasco have been an excess of courtesy and a lack of caution. In spite of her arrogant, obnoxious, and fraudulent behavior, I tried too hard for too long to cooperate with her. On September 29, 1984, I made that verbal agreement with her to make child support payments, an agreement that I shouldn't have made. I honored the agreement until Lorita terminated it on November 20, 1986. I verified the termination in writing on November 21, 1986, and she made no objection. That verbal contract was the **only** agreement under which I had any obligation. A new agreement can't exist between us except by mutual consent, and I haven't agreed to anything. My obligations under the verbal agreement ended upon termination of the agreement.

I signed, under duress, a birth certificate that I shouldn't have signed, thereby unknowingly ensnaring myself in the county jurisdiction. The obligations implied by the birth certificate are void from their inception due to the failure of the government to disclose either the nature of the document or the consequences of my execution of it.

I believe that fraud will extinguish any obligation, even in situations involving children. Any other obligation I might otherwise have had has most certainly been extinguished by Lorita's fraudulent behavior. I will not honor an obligation extracted under duress.

I'm trying to win this fight, but my chances are not good. I have right on my side, but I'm afraid being right is a poor defense. I might be lucky if I can just survive in my home for the rest of my natural life. In spite of Brenda's assurances, I suspect that they might try to take my home away from me. Then I must decide whether or not I

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

will try to defend it. If I let them have my home, I end up living under a bridge for the rest of my life. If I try to defend it, I end up dead. This isn't a very attractive set of alternatives.

Wednesday, July 22, 1992

I spoke to Catherine on the phone today. She said she had recently seen Katrina, and went to Lorita's place to go swimming. She said that Lorita said she has obtained a child support judgment against me, but they can't do anything about me because they can't find me. Catherine also said that Lorita now has a boyfriend. Of course, by next week he might have complied with precedent, and disappeared. Catherine said Lorita asked her if she knew anything about me, and Catherine said she didn't know where I was. I asked Catherine if Lorita had talked to Elaine, and she said no, at least not about me. I asked Catherine if Lorita was getting child support payments from the county and Catherine said no. Of course, she could be wrong. However it's interesting to speculate about the greedy blood-suckers. Brenda said they could charge me for **only** money that they actually give to Lorita. They're charging me effective January 1991, yet the case wasn't even heard until February 1992. I wonder if they've ever given Lorita any money at all. Just how crooked are these guys?

Thursday, July 23, 1992

Catherine called today and said that she's going to visit Katrina today. I cautioned Catherine about Lorita. I explained that Lorita has suddenly become cooperative about these visits after a long lack of cooperation. I told Catherine that whenever Lorita gets cooperative, it means that she's after something. I told Catherine to be careful not to tell Lorita anything about me, because I've been trying to hide from her and the county, and Lorita probably is trying to get information about me. Catherine said that Lorita had asked if she'd seen me, and Catherine told her no. Catherine also told me that Lorita has been laid off again. Lorita's ability to keep a job is almost as bad as her ability to keep a man.

Saturday, August 29, 1992

Katrina called today at about 4:00 o'clock and left a message on my phone machine. She asked me to buy her some kind of doll. I couldn't understand what kind she was asking me to buy for her. I called Catherine so I could play the message for her to see if she could understand it. Catherine wasn't home, so I left a message, asking her to call me. Later, she called and I let her listen to the message.

Saturday, September 5, 1992

Today, I had my new will witnessed in Firth, Idaho. I've eliminated Katrina from the will. If Lorita succeeds in getting a lien placed on my property, then there won't be much left for anybody to inherit when I die. What little there is will go to Catherine. If Lorita doesn't like it, she can stop pushing. I'm tired of being pushed around. I'm tired of Katrina being a weapon against me. Now, Katrina can be a weapon against

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Lorita. Let the bitch see how she likes it. I'm sorry for the hurt it will cause Katrina, but Lorita will just have to learn that in a trap, the bait is the first victim.

Tuesday, September 8, 1992

I spoke to Catherine today. She said Katrina has been calling her and asking about me. Katrina claims that I don't love her. She also seems to suspect that I still live in San Jose, and that I'm still using my old telephone number. She said she knows it because she left a message on the answering machine at the old number, asking me to buy her a specific gift. I suspect she inadvertently revealed her mother's plot to bait me with a gift request and then see if that particular gift shows up. I certainly won't get her what she asked for now. It would prove I received the call. Katrina also said that somebody is coming over to look over my fence and see what I have here. I don't know if she was revealing an intention or a routine practice. The statement can be taken either way, and I got it second hand. Catherine reported that Katrina's turning into "a bitch, just like her mother."

Today, a copy of the new will was mailed from Idaho to Lorita. Included with the will was a copy of the county bill to me showing an alleged debt of \$7148.73. I suspect that Lorita's bright enough to figure out that the bill is what caused the change in the will. If she will get the county off my back, maybe I'll put Katrina back in my will.

Monday, September 14, 1992

I sent the August 30 letter to George Bush. We'll see what happens.

Friday, September 18, 1992

This morning, I received a message on my phone machine from Betty Ratchford, who identified herself as Betty Smith. Maybe she got a divorce. Her voice sounded strained, or tense, and she asked the phone machine to have me call her. Because of the timing, I'm pretty sure that she's calling to ask me about the change in my will. I won't return the call, since that would prove that I received the message.

Tuesday, September 22, 1992

Lorita called Elaine today and asked a bunch of questions. This is how Elaine reported the conversation to me.

Lorita seems to be convinced that I've moved to Idaho. She asked Elaine if Elaine had been aware of it. Elaine said she hadn't been aware of it. Lorita asked if I was continuing to make child support payments for Catherine. Elaine said yes. Lorita asked if Elaine had any contact with me. Elaine said that once a month she receives a plain brown envelope with a money order in it. Lorita asked for my social security number. Elaine said she didn't know it. Lorita said she's trying to get the county to put a lien on my property. She said the county had determined that I still own the property. Lorita also said she's trying to get them to arrest me. They said that first they must verify that I've earned money under my social security number during the time the claim is valid. If not, they can't arrest me. That's why she wanted the social

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

security number. (Note that this is in conflict with what Brenda the lawyer told me on April 17, 1991.) Lorita asked if Donald still lives here. Elaine said she didn't know.

It almost sounds (dare I hope?) like the DA's office is dragging it's heels, and that Lorita is making a nuisance of herself. They have every reason to procrastinate. Their case can't stand the light of day. Time will tell.

Sunday, October 11, 1992

I recently (a couple of weeks ago) received both copies of a questionnaire from the DA's office to AMD, asking for information about me. They print two copies of the questionnaire, and the information is arranged on the page so if they fold it one way into the envelope, my address shows through the window, and if they fold it the other way into the envelope, the employer address shows through the window. The bungling idiots at the DA's office folded both copies the same way, and I got two copies. It seems likely that AMD didn't get one. In that case, the DA's office will not get a response from AMD. (This is beginning to get funny.) The questionnaire contains a warning to the employer that failure to respond will possibly cause the enforcement of a fine. Great. I hope the DA's office tries to sue AMD for not responding. Then AMD can make the same complaint that I've been making. That is, the DA's office moves against its victims without first notifying them.

Yesterday I met Betty Ratchford at the Safeway Store. I tried to be non-specific about what I'm doing, and where I'm living. I asked her to not tell anybody that she saw me. She said she wouldn't, and that she understands exactly what is happening.

Monday, December 7, 1992

Today I received a message on the phone machine from Florence Taylor. She said they received the Christmas card I sent, and that Katrina had the \$20 that was in the card. She said they also received the box and that they would save it for Christmas. She told me that Katrina "needs" a bicycle for Christmas and said I should get one for her. She told me that Katrina loves me. Then she let Katrina talk to me, with some coaching about what to say.

Katrina asked me to get a bicycle for her. She said thank you for the money. She said she really wants to know what's in the box. Florence told Katrina to give me her phone number. Katrina tried, but had to start over because she got it wrong and Florence had to correct her. I had difficulty understanding the number she spoke. I think it was 275-2943. In the background, Florence kept telling Katrina to ask me for a bike for Christmas, and Katrina asked again.

I don't know if the telephone number is Florence's number or Lorita's number. I'm not going to try the number. I won't do anything that will let them know that I received the message. I don't trust them.

I listened to the message several times. It was good to hear Katrina.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Wednesday, December 23, 1992

Catherine wants me to sell her Peugeot bicycle at the flea market. I wish I could figure some way to give it to Katrina without giving away my involvement in the arrangement. It's a nice bicycle, and I'd like for Katrina to have it, instead of selling it.

Tuesday, May 18, 1993

Today, someone left a business card taped to my gate. The card is from Deputy Sheriff Louise Tamm, and has the following hand-written message on the back:

5/18/93

Please call the Civil Division today
after 5pm - or Wed. between 8-10
pm.

Thanks

299-2000

Dep. Tamm #1301

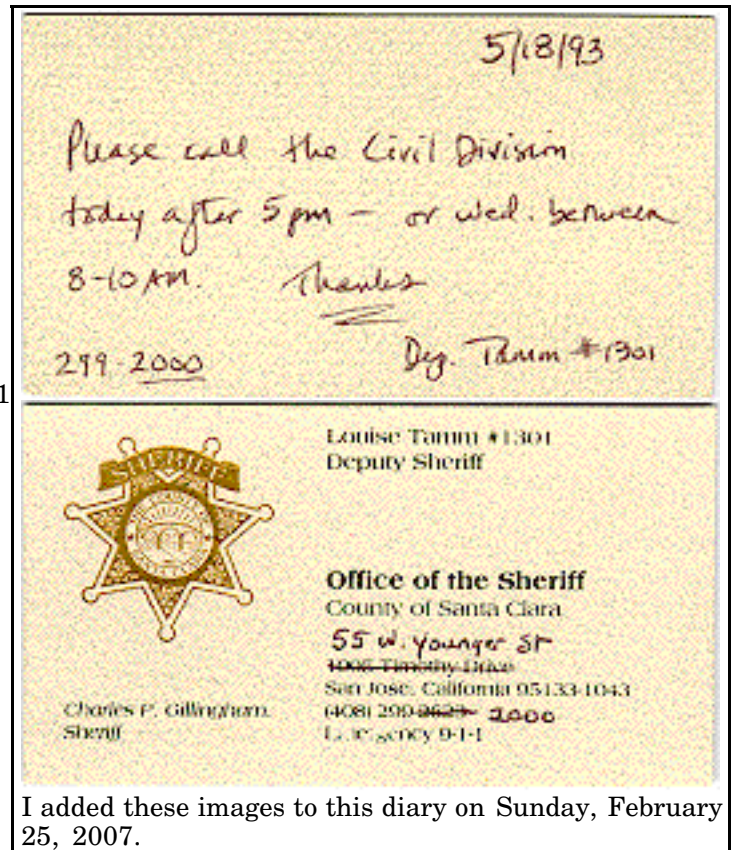
I didn't call them. The card is filed in the folder.

Wednesday, May 26, 1993

Today a deputy sheriff was snooping around, apparently trying to get onto my property. I talked to a friend about it, and she called the number on the business card. They wouldn't tell her much. They said they had to serve some papers on whoever lives in this house. It appeared that they don't know who that is. I can only speculate.

Sunday, July 4, 1993

Catherine called and said that Lorita had visited yesterday and asked a lot of questions about me, like where I worked, where I lived, and how I dressed. Catherine told her that I still worked at a trucking place, and that I was still in San Jose. She also told Lorita that I'm still making child support payments to Elaine. I asked Catherine again to not give Lorita any information about me. I told her that if Lorita knew where I worked she might go over there with the police to have me arrested. I told her that if Lorita knew where I worked, I might have to stop working there, then I couldn't afford to buy food. I told her that Lorita probably wanted to know how I dressed so she could give the police a description. Catherine said she was sorry. I asked her again to not give Lorita any information about me.



I added these images to this diary on Sunday, February 25, 2007.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

Monday, January 31, 1994

I checked today with Betty Ratchford to verify that Florence is still living at the same address. I've been sending Katrina's birthday and Christmas cards there. Betty said that Katrina's been receiving them.

Tuesday, February 22, 1994

I spoke to Catherine today. She said that Lorita is trying to obtain a picture of me to give to the DA, and trying to obtain a social security number that she believes is my number.

Catherine also said that Betty Ratchford has been telling Lorita that she has seen me in this area sometimes. I thought Betty was my friend. Maybe she's my enemy. Well, she's black, and she's female. Maybe she feels more sympathy with Lorita than with me. I guess I won't trust her anymore.

Thursday, December 22, 1994

Catherine visited me this evening. She said that, according to Katrina, Lorita is trying to hire a private detective to check up on me. She also said that Lorita is trying to fill Katrina's head with a lot of information biased against me. That isn't at all surprising.

Catherine asked me for a copy of this record, so she could show it to Katrina someday, when she thinks that Katrina is old enough to understand it. I'll send a copy to Catherine very shortly.

Sunday, January 15, 1995

Catherine called today, and asked a few questions about Katrina and Lorita. Then she went over to visit Lorita, apparently hoping to clear up some of the hostility between us. She called later to report the results.

Catherine said that Lorita is angry and won't be influenced by anything said to her. She just yells and won't let anybody else make a point. Catherine said that Katrina is very confused about the situation and is being told only one side of it by Lorita. Catherine said that Lorita doesn't talk to Katrina but mostly yells at her. She said that Katrina has to request things real fast, to get the request in before Lorita starts yelling. I mentioned to Catherine Comisau's comments about the way Lorita takes care of Katrina. See the paragraph, in this diary, for the last half of September, 1986. Catherine said that Lorita still does things the same way. Catherine said that she believed that I would have obtained custody of Katrina if I had done as Comisau suggested in 1986. I told Catherine that I thought it was important for Katrina to have a mother and that Lorita was better than no mother at all. I also tried to explain about how women usually try harder than men to keep the kids. Catherine complained a little about the difficulty of interacting with Lorita and I said that's part of why I couldn't have anything to do with her.

Catherine had her copy of this record in front of her while she was talking to me, and she made several comments and asked several questions. She commented that what

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

I was telling her was exactly what was written in the record. I told her that the record that I had written was an accurate account of what had happened. She made some comment about showing the record to Katrina and I told her I didn't think Katrina was old enough. Catherine said she intended to wait until Katrina was 18 years old. I also told Catherine that she probably shouldn't tell Lorita about having a record of events or Lorita would start trying to find ways to force Catherine to turn it over to her.

Catherine is now starting to ask relevant questions, and asked several things about my will, particularly as it relates to Katrina. I tried to explain why I took Katrina out of the will. Catherine wanted to know my wishes for dealing with my stuff when I die, and I tried to explain to her my desire to be covertly "buried" in the ocean and to have my will informally executed outside the probate system. Again, I tried to explain why. It might not have made a lot of sense to Catherine, because there's a lot of political doctrine behind it to which Catherine hasn't yet been exposed. If possible, I'll expose her to it as time goes by.

Monday, April 10, 1995

Today I unexpectedly met Betty Ratchford at the Safeway store. She said that Katrina had recently been hit by a car. She didn't remember exactly when it happened. She said it happen in the street in front of the house. She didn't say which house, but for some reason that I don't now remember I have the impression that it was in front of Florence's house. She said she didn't know exactly what kind of injuries Katrina received, but that it apparently wasn't too serious because Katrina has now recovered.

I decided, based on some other things that we talked about, to send Betty copies of some articles that I have. When I tried to verify her address in the phone book, I discovered that there's no listing for Ratchford. I checked under Smith, and there she was. I don't know the pedigree of her name, but I suppose that all this time I've been using the wrong name. Apparently, Betty Ratchford is really Betty Smith.

Saturday, April 29, 1995

Today I called Betty Smith and told her that the county has transferred my "case" to the state. I asked her to assure Katrina that I love her.

There are not any further entries in this diary.

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

This is an itemized list of loans that I made to Lorita.

<u>Amount Owed</u>	<u>Nature of Transaction</u>	<u>Date of Transaction</u>
\$70.60	Loan to repair her car	November 23, 1984
<u>-25.00</u>	Payment	November 23, 1984
45.60		
<u>+10.00</u>	Loan	November 29, 1984
55.60		
+2.00	Loan	December 7, 1984
<u>+50.00</u>	Loan	December 7, 1984
107.60		
+180.00	Loan	December 12, 1984
<u>+3.00</u>	Loan	December 12, 1984
290.60		
<u>-200.00</u>	Payment	December 14, 1984
90.60		
<u>+3.00</u>	Loan for oil for her car	January 1, 1985
93.60		
<u>+10.00</u>	Loan	January 2, 1985
103.60		
<u>+60.00</u>	Loan	January 3, 1985
163.60		
<u>+20.00</u>	Loan	January 7, 1985
183.60		
<u>+20.00</u>	Loan. She needed a lawyer for something. I think she was trying to declare bankruptcy.	January 15, 1985
203.60		
<u>+240.00</u>	Loan, so she could pay her rent.	January 16, 1985
443.60		
<u>+9.00</u>	Loan	January 17, 1985
452.60		
<u>+22.00</u>	Loan	January 31, 1985
474.60		
<u>+20.06</u>	Loan, so she could pay some insurance bill.	February 3, 1985
494.66		
<u>+1.37</u>	Loan, for motor oil	February 7, 1985
496.03		
<u>+2.11</u>	Loan, for transmission fluid	February 8, 1985
498.14		

A Diary of My Relationship With Lorita Ann Taylor

<u>+3.74</u>	Loan, for breast pump	?
501.88		
<u>+64.35</u>	Loan, for transmission hose	March 2, 1985
566.23		
+20.00	Loan	March 9, 1985
<u>+5.07</u>	Loan for transmission fluid	March 9, 1985
591.30		
<u>+100.00</u>	Transmission work on her BMW	April 23, 1985
691.30		
<u>+50.00</u>	Baby-sitter	April 26, 1985
741.30		
+5.00	Loan	May 1, 1985
<u>+9.00</u>	Loan for gas	May 1, 1985
755.30		
<u>+50.00</u>	Baby-sitter	May 2, 1985
805.30		
<u>+50.00</u>	Baby-sitter	May 9, 1985
855.30		
<u>+3.00</u>	Loan for baby bottle	May 12, 1985
858.30		
<u>+5.00</u>	Loan for food	May 13, 1985
863.30		
<u>+20.00</u>	Loan	June 18, 1985
883.30		
<u>+100.00</u>	Loan to buy a car	November 27, 1985
983.30		
	Loan for exhaust pipe and frame work on the car	
<u>+20.00</u>		December 8, 1985
1003.30		
<u>+88.92</u>	Loan for car parts	December 31, 1985
1092.22		
+20.00	Loan	January 2, 1986
<u>+7.61</u>	Loan for car parts	January 2, 1986
1119.83		
<u>+15.00</u>	Loan. She was goin' out partyin'.	January 25, 1986
\$1134.83		