Sunday

Rick and Kari Passman:

It was very kind of you to remember me due to the loss of my mother. She passed two weeks after her 100th birthday. She broke her hip on June 5th and after that it was the hospital and the nursing home until she finally gave up and went home (I don't think I know where home is at).

Mom was well acquainted with Camp Waupaca going back to my first days there in 1965. During my final 4 years and during Camps final years mom would be up there at least a month and a half before the camp opened helping me to get it ready. During the summer of 86 mom went in and painted the camp craft shop many colors for me since I agreed to do the craft shop for Manny. No, I did not stay in Erv's apartment. It was such a fine place, with great décor, but it just never appealed to me. It may have appealed to Erv and Squeaky but it just wasn't my home.

Mom's yard here in Centralia is full of rocks taken from the Camp Waupaca area. Most of the rocks at camp were brought in by me at one time or another. Out West on Stratton Lake Road there are at least two of my favorite spots to pick up the glacial boulders. Farmers created these two rock piles as the rocks work their way up each year and they are forced to remove them each spring. It's like the farmers there have a rock harvest before they can put in their seed.

I felt forced to move here 13 years ago because mom needed my help. She had taken care of herself for a long time without help and it was time for me to jump in and I assumed I would be here a year or two at the most. That was 13 years ago.

I used my Masters in Psychology here and got a job in Centralia so I could be here, take care of her, and help her maintain her home and pay the expenses of keeping up a home. That all ended 8 years ago when they fired me. To be honest with you I was in trouble there on more than one occasion. My main complaint was about client abuse. Both client and staff abuse went on the entire time I worked there. I had no idea the entire mental health system was corrupt due to taxpayer money. And our school systems are suffering from the very same type of corruption because it's only about money these days.

Later on I found out that drug dealers (attorneys, business people, educators, bankers) were running the place from the boardroom and that the agency had a terrible reputation for decades. Now I'm not talking weed from Rick's plot over near the mini bike trail. I'm talking the hard drugs which are killing kids in this area, in this state, and in several other states in the Midwest. We have a drug underworld here that serves the entire Midwest. Those filthy rotten no good bastards! One of my former clients, which I saw when he was blonde and ten years old, went to his grave last year (about 22 yrs) because of a drug overdose. Jacob should be working, making love to his girl or building a family but instead he's lying horizontal in a casket 6 feet down. So I worked there for 7

years and never had any idea. So I began to blow the whistle thinking I could eventually get some results. The results did occur. I have been arrested twice, fined, put on court supervision, probation and then on last New Years Eve they jailed me. So drug dealers had me jailed (jailed with black crack cocaine drug dealers from E. St. Louis – now all in federal prison, lifelong criminals who totally respected me as a cellmate), the police arrested me for these druggies (they own the police here), the states attorney who prosecuted me was in their camp, and the judge who jailed me is a cocaine addict. So I fought the system and lost. At least I fought them.

Over the past 8 years I have lost everything and am deep in debt without any hope of ever getting out of it. I'm now over the hill and I doubt many would hire me at my age. I may not be in prison with Michael Euer but it's not much different. You can be in prison on the outside. I am an outcast in this community and my fellow workers, who once loved me, now hate my guts. They see me as a danger to their jobs. I guess if kids die it's all right with them as long as they get their paychecks.

The business people in Centralia have warned me over and over again that they will kill me if I don't keep quiet. I'm at such an age that I really don't care what they do to me. Having debt leaves me so humiliated and shamed since I have never owed anyone in my life.

So my mother's death is just another part of the pain that I feel. I don't even have enough money to live in the old and worm out home that she left me. And to stay in this community is a big risk since I am not safe here. I think I really know now what they mean when they say you cannot fight city hall.

Your card was wonderful. When we met back at the mall in Tahoe City I was working at that agency without any idea that criminals were running the place from the boardroom. Those were happier days for me since I was doing my counseling, collecting my paycheck, without knowing how this was all going to come down. I've just sort of given up on everything but your card helped.

Some of the best times at my life were at Camp Waupaca. We had warm summer days there that were something akin to Paradise. Camp Waupaca was Fiji for many of us. A good cool swim in the cooling waters of Stratton Lake is something none of us will ever forget. Eating together with friends in the dining hall is a memory we will all have forever. And I was fortunate enough to be there to rescue some of the trip canoe paddles and to make sure that Rick got his. Yes, there were lots of problems there but we all left with more than just sand in our suitcases.

Thanks for remembering me,

Bob Mowen
Cc: Mike Lurie, Warren Metzdorf