

I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE HEARD MANY MONTHS AGO THAT I WAS WRITING THIS LETTER TO YOU.

I know that Debbie had my phone hacked and contacted a friend of mine and convinced her like she has convinced until now so many of my “friends” to spy on me for her.

I know that that friend was one of the people who betrayed me and spied on me for money from Debbie and told her soooooo many things that I told that person in confidence. I know that one thing that she told you all was that I was writing this letter to you.

I know that Debbie had planned revenge on me and to hurt me before I could send the letter.

You both are the 2 MOST EVIL people that I am related to.

MAY HASHEM BLESS YOU, MORDECHAI BEN RIVKA WITH **EXTREME** SUFFERING LIKE YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN BEFORE IN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MAY HASHEM BLESS DEVORAH BAT RACHEL WITH **EXTREME** SUFFERING LIKE SHE HAS NEVER KNOWN BEFORE IN HER ENTIRE LIFE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MAYBE THAT WILL CLEAN YOUR FILTHY SOULS.

Marshall Alan Klein (aka “Marshal Dennis Klein”, search for “DOD 2007” in this letter for a description of how you changed your identity to hide yourself in 1959) -

Dear Marshal,

You are such a fucking asshole.

You are a loser of a human being. You are a failed son, a failed father, a failed husband and a failed human being.

You let Sharon Ashworth, your girlfriend chas veshalom, when I was 20 years old, sit in your car with us while you were driving down the freeway and tell me:

“You are better off that your mother died”.

You did not say ANYTHING. You just kept driving as if nothing had happened. I said, “What?” She repeated herself.

I told you **REPEATEDLY** over the next 18 years from time to time that I could not **BELIEVE** that you let her say such a thing to me. I could not even believe that she would say such a thing. You always made up some bullshit excuse for IT (your wife). But I NEVER forgot it and I NEVER felt any type of respect nor goodness towards that disgusting demon ever again.

In my entire life I have NEVER SAID “bad words” to you. I have NEVER called you names using “bad words”.

You have said NUMEROUS “bad words” to me during my entire life. You told me to “F----- Off” and you used the F word to me FOUR times in one conversation just two years ago as this letter shows, with the recording of you saying that included here. You have used bad words many, many times over 50 years in your communications with me.

The recordings of some of the times that you said these things to me are links in this letter.

When I was writing this letter, and ever since I decided to write it and to send it to you, which is also detailed in this letter, I wanted to express myself just like you have to me.

It’s the first time in my life that I have used this language to you. Maybe it will get into your hard-ass head how much I DESPISE YOU now.

SHAME ON YOU YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE THAT YOU STAYED WITH SOMEONE WHO WOULD SAY THAT TO ME, THAT YOU JUST SAT THERE LIKE THE FUCKING PUSSY THAT YOU ARE AND DIDN’T REBUKE HER, AND THAT YOU HAVE SPENT THE NEXT ALMOST 3 DECADES MAKING PUSSY-ASS EXPLANATIONS FOR WHY SHE SAID IT AND FOR WHY YOU LET HER SAY IT AND FOR WHY YOU DID NOT **DEMAND THAT SHE APOLOGIZE TO YOUR SON AT SOME POINT OVER THE NEXT 18 YEARS.**

YOU ARE A FUCKING PUSSY.

Nineteen (19) years later, after knowing for so long how upset I was that you let her say that; and that you did not stop her, and that you never suggested to her that she apologize to me once over those 18 years, you told me on the phone that she wanted to apologize to me. **You asked if I wanted to listen to her apologize to me.** Of course I told you no. I

did not even want to speak with her. That's why I didn't even say hello to her when she answered the phone when I called you in 2009 after me not speaking to you for 10 years, and just said, "Hi. Can I talk to my dad please" and she replied, "Who's calling?" **CUNT** (search for "who's calling" in this document for a longer description of that). Not only did she know my voice, but no other male voice in the world would call your house and ask to speak to "my dad" (or do you have another son somewhere?).

You asked me again a few months later if I wanted to listen to her apologize to me.

Then you came to visit me in Israel a few years later. When you were here you again asked me if I wanted to listen to it ("she") apologize to me. I told you that I did not think that any apology from it would be sincere, and that it had waited 22 years to apologize for something, and that the only reason that it was apologizing now was **because it wanted to come to Israel with you the next time that you would come to visit me, and so it was just trying to make "peace" with me so that it could come with you next time.**

WHICH, AS IT TURNED OUT, WAS ALL 100% TRUE.

(see more about that later in the document).

Let's start with your first marriage. How you treated your first wife, Peggy Bowman, like a dirt rag. Your wedding picture is attached here.



You and her dated in 1964. **The relationship ended because she could not STAND you after a while.** You charmed her at first, as you have with many women. But afterwards

you were overly jealous and obsessive. You always thought she was cheating on you. So she left you. The funniest thing is (well, actually not so funny nor surprising at all once you study about and understand Narcissistic Personality Disorder (NPD), which you have had since you were a teenager) that YOU were almost surely cheating on her (search for “cheated on Joy”), knowing you and your huge ego that always needs to be filled with everyone’s “approval” of you, like you might think you get from woman who went to bed with you. I know that mindset because I lived it myself for a while, until I finally woke up to what was going on.

Then you met and dated Cheryl Estes. She was your big, big love of your life. But after dating her for years, she also left you. I wonder why.

Then you reconnected with Peggy. Poor girl. In 1967 you and her married.

After you were married, a short time later, you started being a totally different person to her than you had been during the years that you had been dating (except for the womanizing, which most likely just continued). You complained to her almost every night about her cooking, even though she was doing her best. You complained about many things in a loud voice.

Your marriage was so bad and so short that the marriage was **annulled at Peggy’s request**, because she did not want any record of EVER having been married to you. **There is still a PUBLIC RECORD of the court filing for the annulment.**

The night that she left you, after which you never saw her again, went like this.

You came home from work. She had made spaghetti. The color of the sauce was brown.

You said to her, “What the hell is this?? I come home from a hard day at work and you give me spaghetti with brown sauce??!! Why is this spaghetti sauce brown? This looks like a plate of shit!” Peggy had had enough of your bullshit. **She came over to you, took your plate of spaghetti, and threw it in your lap.**

Then she grabbed her bag and **ran** out the door. You never saw her again. She really, literally **RAN** out the door.

You obsessively called and called her at her grandmother's house, over and over. She was never there. Like a little wuss, a few days later you went to her grandma’s house all the way in downtown LA, asking to see her. **Her grandma told you that she had left to go to Germany and that she would be living there for a while.** You were heartbroken. And you got what you deserved. You never saw her again. She stayed there for quite a while. **Shortly afterward she had the marriage annulled.**

LEFT TO GERMANY WITHIN A DAY OR TWO OF LITERALLY RUNNING AWAY FROM YOU IN YOUR GUYS' APARTMENT ??????????

Why do women do that (and men as well)? Easy answer. because they are AFRAID that the narcissistic abuser will try to find them, and then will hurt them or kill them to keep them from leaving the relationship.

Going to Europe in the late 1960s was not nearly as easy as going there today. Preparing and packing for a life abroad takes time even today, and it was much more difficult then. **Peggy must have been SUDDENLY TERRIFIED of you to so suddenly and unexpectedly run away from you, after having known you for over 4 years, romantically for over 2 of those years, to the OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET, to a country she knew that you hated.**

Gd you are so evil and horrible.

And you kept looking for her until AT LEAST 2012!!!! (search for "Peggy" in the document for more information). You kept trying to find her **for 55 years !!** At least !! You are an obsessive, manipulative narcissist.

Didn't you get the memo????????? SHE DID NOT WANT TO EVER SEE OR HEAR FROM YOUR PSYCHOTIC, PATHETIC, WOMAN-DOMINEERING, CONTROLLING, CHILDISH SELF EVER AGAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You chased a woman around the planet for at least 55 years. That says so much about you.

Whenever you and I met during the mid-late 1990s, you talked about her **favorably all of the time** with me a few times. You said that you would like to talk to her, and that she lived in Ojai as far as you knew. You said you had tried to find her but you could not. I told you to keep trying. You made it sound like she was soooooo great. From what I understand from others, she was great. I just knew that she would be better for you than your current bitch-on-wheels. Well, almost anybody would have been.

When you came to visit me in Israel in 2012, you told me that you were still looking for Peggy online. You said that you had used Facebook and the internet to find her. You said that you had tried calling a few numbers but none worked. I told you that I would start looking for you. It was a dream for me to connect you with anyone to get you away from the evil soul-draining dog you were/are with.

When I was told the story about her throwing spaghetti in your lap, I suddenly understood why my stepmom Joy had **always** made BROWN spaghetti sauce in the later years of your marriage to her (during which she was fairly unhappy with you, see below). I used to think "That's weird that she always makes brown spaghetti sauce, but whatever". It was especially weird considering that Joy didn't elaborately cook too much and usually just bought the red sauce in a bottle. So she must have purposely added something to it to make it brown just to piss you off. And those were during the later years when she was pissed at you a lot. Because you are such an ASSHOLE to your women. Except for your

current one, who is such a demon that she learned how to manipulate you to get you around her finger so that you are now a robot who does whatever she wants you to do.

You treated Peggy Bowman like shit, you treated my mom like super shit, and you treated Joy like shit. That's why she didn't give you sex during the last 7 years of your marriage.

Can you believe that?? You repeatedly told me and my sister, after your divorce from Joy, when I was 14 and Debbie was 12 (!!!!!!!!), for 4 years, that "Joy stopped having sex with me after our first 2 years of marriage!". Hm. I wonder why. When you are an asshole to your wife she might not want to have sex with you.

But why would you tell that to your (and to her) kids???? DISGUSTING!! Too much information from your dad. Yuk!! And to tell your 12-year old daughter?? Disgusting prick. You told us that soooooo many times, and it was hard to hear every time. She had been our mother for 9 years, and you were our father. Which kids want to hear about their parents' sex life???? Oh yeh. Maybe you do actually. Ask your sister Edie like you do about everything else.

You were telling us that in your attempt to make her out to be such a bad person. It was one of your many many ways to try turn us against her, so that we would not choose to go and live with her. Why? Because you were terrified of having to make child support payments to her, just like you had been terrified of making 16 years of child support payments to my mother. (See more about this by searching ahead for "Joy" and separately for "alimony" and "child support").

In reality, YOU are the bad person. YOU are the asshole.

You always used to tell me about soooooo many other people that "s/he has gotta lotta hang-ups".

You would talk about Edie Biewer your sister a lot like that. Whenever she would come to visit us with her son Jerry, you would always talk to Debbie and me behind her back. "You see how she treats Jerry? That kid's gonna become a nervous wreck. You see how she treats her kids? Look at her relationship with Frank. My sister is a piece of work. She and my mom gotta lotta hang-ups".

Actually, Jerry turned out to be the sanest and most put-together person in Edie's family. He is the only one who didn't marry an alcoholic and/or a physically/mentally/emotionally/spiritually abusive spouse.

That is unlike your sister Edie (about whom you always used to say has "gotta a lot of hang-ups"), who married two alcoholic, physically abusive, mentally abusive, emotionally abusive men within just a few years of each other.

Her second husband strangled her on the floor right in front of her young son (Jerry). By the time he stopped strangling her, she was almost dead.

Edie's oldest daughter Kathy married an alcoholic, physically abusive, mentally abusive, emotionally abusive man. And of course like her mom Edie's husbands did to Edie, Kathy's husband beat her and emotionally abused her.

Edie's other daughter Kim divorced her first husband after years of abuse.

You married 3 different women inside of 8 years (1967, 1969, and 1975). You have married 4 different women inside of 27 years (1994).

Your daughter married a man for his money, and then a few years after being married to him, tried to divorce him so that she could keep his money and get alimony and child support from him and be on her own with her 2 kids - but he set her straight, b"H - and then she fakes to the world that she has a pleasant marriage while it in reality is currently quite strained and uncomfortable.

Jerry is the only one in your family who has been happily married to one person who is mentally stable and kind to him.

But anyways you used to tell us all the time about how everyone around you was so "crazy" (your overused word along "she/he gotta lotta hang-ups"). You said my mom was crazy. You said her brothers were totally crazy. You said that her parents were crazy. You always said that my stepmom Joy was crazy after your divorce from her. Edie was crazy. Your mother was crazy. When you were single while I was a teenager, almost every woman that we met randomly outside who knew you, you would fake talk for a few minutes to her, as she sincerely chatted with me and you (and Debbie if she was with us) and you always said after we walked away from her, "She's a piece ah work".

You were always saying " 'Your mom' (you didn't call her "your mom" until about 10 years ago; before that you always referred to her to me by her first name) 'Joy' 'my mother' 'my sister' 'the neighbor' 'my niece Kimberly' 'my nephew Jeremy' 'the guy at the dry cleaners' has gotta lotta hang-ups".

You would never say that your father was "a piece of work", or that he "had a lot of hang-ups". You are just like my mom's idiot, dweeb brother David Page, in how he idolizes his father and refuses to see the wrongs that his father did, despite his own family telling him the things that his father did. He is in lifetime denial about that just as much as he is in lifetime denial about his own state of clinical depression. But he has verbally and in writing disparaged his own mother and my mother multiple times, trying to paint them as having problems, while he goes around thinking that he is totally ok, even after he attempted suicide at 17 by almost drinking himself to death by consuming an entire bottle of scotch in one afternoon. He paints it sometimes as a laughable thing, like he didn't know what he was doing or whatever, but it wasn't. He ended up in the hospital for days. Both you and my mom went to visit him there. Only my mother's listening to Gd saved

his life. If she had not, he would have ended up dead. She followed her “intuition” (Gd telling her to go over to his house), after he hadn’t been answering the phone for a few hours, which really isn’t too weird on its face for a restless (as he was and still is) 17-year old who may have gone out. Chas veshalom.

LINK

Email of David Page telling me how my mother saved his life after he attempted suicide by alcohol poisoning, because he was depressed and because he was being emotionally neglected by his mother.

But you would say things like, "Look at Grandpa Sam. He lives in a tiny shit apartment with Minnette. He RENTS his apartment, he doesn't even own it. I am NOT gonna end up like my dad, working 3 jobs at the end of my life, living in a little shit apartment that I rent, not own". You always, always said since I was 6 years old, "I am nothing like my parents. I am nothing like my parents. I am NOT like my parents AT ALL".

Newsflash Psych 101 everyone knows this since 1972 (also in Gd's Torah):

ANYTIME that someone goes around ALL THE TIME saying, "I am not like __fill in the blank__", and especially that, "I am not gonna be like my parents" or in your pathetic wife's case, "I am an independent woman", they are the **EXACT** opposite of that. People who are TRULY not like their parents are....just not like their parents. They are not professing it all the time. Truly independent women (whatever that really means.....) are just independent women.

People who sit in their truth have 0 need to tell everyone their truth, and for sure not two or three times a week.

I don't think that in my entire life that I have ever said, "I am not like my father" or "I am never gonna be like my father".

Only about 10 years ago, after days of thinking about certain things about you, I suddenly realized that I was not like you in many ways. The parts of you which I did not like, but which I had subtly been afraid of being like you; I realized that I was not like that. But I knew realistically that there were other parts of me that were still like you. So I had no reason to say that.

Since that time I have realized more things about you, which I never want to be like. I abhor you now. I have finally, Thank Gd, woken up to see that EVERYTHING that you did “for me” was never for me, it was ALWAYS for you. In my late teens I had just thought that you were changing because of your temporary, weird, girlfriend. In my early twenties I had thought the same thing. I finally saw your marriage start cracking around 1997, and I thought that finally you would wake up, divorce that piece of shit, and return to the person that you had been in my childhood, and so, so much in my teens. After you had let that thing try to murder my grandfather, I gave up on you.

After being in Israel, and after being around so many nice families, who were soooooooooooooo FUCKING different than you in that they were

open,
warm,
accepting,
supportive,

NOT trying to actively subvert and derail their kids;

not seriously discussing with their spouse about MURDERING their own kids (!!!!!!!);

helping their kids FINANCIALLY when needed (search for “250cc” to read about how you blatantly refused to loan me \$3000 for 3 weeks so that I could get a safer form of transportation to commute to my first salaried job after college);

helping their kids EMOTIONALLY when needed;

allowing their kids, who were my age, to move back in with them when needed (can you IMAGINE Debbie telling my nieces, “No, you can’t live with me after college”??????? Can you imagine your sister telling her kids that????? (search for “October 2013” to hear your sister tell me about how her 50s-year old daughter moved back in with her).

ONLY EVIL FUCKING DICKHEAD YOU would do that); a friend of mine’s sister, who was around my age, had a daughter and had recently divorced, moved back in with his/her mother for years until she got her own place when I knew him, and he moved back in with her for also!!!!

and just overall being normal people, I thought that I would give it another try.

So I called to find out that your jealous, psychotic, BITCHCUNT Beavis wife had not changed at all (search for “Who’s calling” to see that), but I still had hope for you. Through the 2010s I saw your evil side and what I thought was your good side alternate, and I STILL held out hope for you, especially when you told me when you came here in 2012 that you were still looking for your first wife Peggy Bowman, and by the way that you talked to and openly flirted with Lior, the 30s-something blond, bubbly woman that you sat us down with at the bar in Tel Aviv, after asking her to light your cigarette (search for “That gal had huge knockers” to read about how she still talks about you to me).

But then more and more of your evil side started coming out. I STILL held out hope for you to someday return to the dad that I had seen you as when I was a teenager. Until that day in 2020, when you sent me that whatsapp message, telling me that you never wanted to be in touch with me ever again. Within a few days, I FINALLY started to wake up all the way. I realized then that I had been wrong about you my entire life, ever since I had been a child, looking up to you.

I realized that what I had seen for the past 32 years **HAD been, indeed,** the real you. I realized that, like EVERY person who has been closely involved with a narcissist, the person whom you always want and wish that they would go back to being is the illusion that they had presented you with back when they were “love bombing” (a clinical term for people with NPD) you. The person that you see later is the real person, who had only previously been holding a mask and a fake persona up to you.

Rabbi Paskow saw it also. Interestingly, just after my eyes fully opened during the last 2 years, he had started respectfully, but directly and specifically, commenting on yours’ and Deborah’s behaviors. Before that, he had, like me, sounded hopeful that one day “you” (the illusion of you that you had presented to the world in the 1970s and 1980s) might show up again. But when we talked fairly frequently in 2022 and 2023, I understood that he had also given up on you both.

Why wouldn’t he, after you and she had basically thrown him under the bus ?????? You, because your jealous, possessive monster Sharon Lee Ashworth, who is only worth its own ashes, told you to stop being friends with him because he wouldn’t marry you because he didn’t want to lose his Rabbinical ordination, job and career. And Debbie, because well, easy one – Daddy threw his rabbi under the bus, so Debbie would too. If Daddy moved to Timbuktu, Debbie would also. If Kim divorced her husband and got her alimony and child support from him (as she did), Debbie would too (as she tried to - nice try, Debbie, you bit off more than you could chew that time, didn’t ya (more about this later in the letter)).

Debbie also didn’t contact him or his wife for YEARS. Even though, besides Bat Mitzvahing her, he, um,married her. And he told me every time that that topic came up, “I told your sister that she should have invited you to her wedding. I told her right there”.

So I never **want** to be like so many things about you. But I do not go around saying a few times a week, “I am not like my father. I will never be like my father”, like you did for all of my childhood and teen years about your parents. I never say those two things.

I never have even thought to say those things because they seem futile. I am who I am. NOT like you? What does that even mean? There are so many aspects to a person. How can I know what will be, to proclaim something about the future that only Gd knows about?? I pray that I will not be like you in certain ways. I despise so many things about who you are that I don’t see myself being like that at all. I also make an effort to watch myself to NOT be certain ways because I see how I do not want to be like those ways.

Me saying that, “I never want to be like you”, means that in some ways that I see you as being, I don’t want to be like that. I acknowledge that people have infinite aspects of themselves, and that I don’t care if I behave in certain ways that are like you, or like a guy I never met who lives in Paraguay, or whatever. But certain things about you, I never want to be like; and through prayer and my own effort, with His help, I will not be like you in those ways.

The bottom line is that, almost all of the time, I don't focus on you. I focus on me. I try to be the best servant of Gd that I can be. Sometimes, I reflect on who I am and who I have become. I continue certain ways or adjust them as needed to fulfill my purposes. Sometimes, I think about aspects of you. When I reflect on aspects which I don't like, which are an affront to Gd, I reflect on me to see if I am like that at all. And when necessary, I adjust my behavior. Most of the time, thank Gd, I see that I am not like you, and then I continue on my mission. That should be clear enough for you to understand me, even for you.

I know that you will say after you read this, "He blames me for everything about his life". Pathetic.

In this entire letter, I do not blame you for ANYTHING about my life. Why not? Because I do not blame you for ANYTHING about my life. It is MY life. Nobody is responsible for it except me. I love that.

Show me one place where I blamed you in this letter for my life. There isn't.

I just want you to know how much I hate you. I want you to know how much I have given up on you. I want you to know, that like so many other people who have known you since the 1980s and before, that I see who you really are. I see that you are the evil, conniving, selfish, ultra-narcissist who puts himself first; who tries to manipulate everyone to do his bidding; who does not really care about anyone, not even his children nor grandchildren; and that you will stop at NOTHING, nothing, to get what you want, which is money. I want you to know that I know that you never really loved your children any more than what they could provide for you. When I was a kid, you wanted custody of us so that you could get Joy's mom's money that she would give Joy if she was married with kids. I was your favorite because I held the most promise to be a future gold mine between your two kids. When Debbie married into money, she became your favorite. In mid-2012, when Debbie decided to cozy up to you more (because when you planned your trip to Israel, she suddenly became afraid that she might "lose you" to me (i.e., you would favor me again as you had when we were kids), pathetic control freak that she is), then you realized that you had her as your money source if you ever needed one, almost guaranteed, and you dropped me like a hot potato. Its been that way ever since, just ups and downs here and there.

I don't blame you for anything about me. I love me. I love who I am, baruch Hashem. I am happier in my life than I have ever been. I have overall been getting better and better all the time in my life. How in the world could you EVER be responsible for that?

Do you ACTUALLY think that because I don't have a ranch with 3 shitting horses that I have to clean up and feed and brush every day, and some truck, and some basketcase, half-plastic surgery, fake breasts, bipolar, HFD depressed, passive-aggressive narcissistic wife that I have something to blame you for?? Are you kidding me??

Look at Debbie. You **can be** responsible for that train wreck. She is an emotional car crash. She just hides it from some people well, because she had you as a teacher. But in her effort to be a carbon copy of you, and then your wife, and then your mother, and then your sister, and then your niece, she is a total and complete mental, physical, emotional and spiritual mess. THAT you can be blamed for. You and Joy abused her in so many ways and for so long. Then, after your divorce from Joy, you disparaged the female gender so much, and repeatedly said to me, right in front of her, so many times, "I hate fat women. I can't STAND fat women. I like 'em thin! I like 'em thin! Cant STAND fat women".

You have ALWAYS been **exactly** like your parents in so many ways. Read this letter to see many ways.

So everyone in your life except your wife Joy while you were married to her, me and Debbie were a "piece ah work", or lived a shitty life like your father.

But not you, no way. You would always talk about yourself like you were the world's perfect person, like you were perfect. You always used to tell Debbie and I, all the time, from the time of your divorce from Joy for about 3 years afterwards (until you met your now demon wife Sharon), that "Your daddy only makes 1 mistake per year. 1 mistake!" And you were very, very serious. And we would hear this from you about 3-4 times a week. And sometime during that year, you would add to that by saying, "...and he already made it". And you would say what the mistake was, and until the next New Years Day you would repeat that line. The "mistake" would be like that you said that a particular team would win the World Series and they lost it.

After you would tell us how messed up your parents and your sister were, then so many times we would ask you, "**Daddy, howcome Nan (your mom) and Grandpa Sam (your dad) and Auntie Edie (your sister) are so messed up and you are ok (because as kids we believed your bullshit)?**", and you would inhale, sigh a big sigh (it was all an act), and then shake your head (acting) and say, "**I just got the hell out of Chicago.**" As if 17 years of harsh, childhood physical, emotional, and mental abuse by your parents left absolutely no lasting effects on you just because you left your hometown at 18.

STUPIIIIIDDDDDDD.....

Did you ever tell people about how you went to jail for stealing a car??

You were 17 in Chicago. You stole a car and got caught. **You got convicted of GRAND THEFT AUTO.** You spent some time in jail. But then very suddenly....you got released and your record got expunged. WTF??!! How did that happen? Maybe your ultra-rich uncles (your mom's brothers, who had been financially supporting your family whenever it was needed, and they used that as leverage to try to get your mom to divorce your dad, whom they disapproved of, even though he was a sweet man who treated your mom very

well, just because he was not rich when he met your mom) bribed someone to expunge your record?

But the record is still there, isn't it? Even your bribes couldn't get it totally removed. It requires a special clearance to get to it, but it is attainable. **THE RECORD OF YOU BEING A CONVICTED FELON STILL EXISTS.**

But, the “deal” that they made for you forced you to leave Illinois, so you joined the military so that you would not live any longer in Chicago. Maybe it made you enlist and leave the area as a condition of your bribed expungement?

When I wrote earlier drafts of this letter, I always remembered what I am about to write here, but I didn't include it because I didn't think it was important to write about. But just thinking about it now, I realize how significant it is. I had heard it for years and years from you, even way into adulthood, so it just became normal to me.

You have told me for decades this. “I asked Grandpa Sam which branch of the military I should enlist into. He told me that the Air Force sees the least amount of real combat, so that would be the safest branch to enlist into”.

Yeh. So you didn't join the military to defend the country. You didn't enlist because you loved the country, or out of a sense of duty. You chose a branch that would be least likely to put your life at risk. You were forced to join, and you joined the quietest branch.

You told me the story about your conviction for Grand Theft Auto in Chicago on the day that I graduated with my first Masters degree. It was after the ceremony. We all went out to eat. When we got back to the university to get our cars, you told everyone, “I need to talk to Al for a while.” You gave me the keys to your car and told me to drive us around. That's when you told me this story. I remember thinking, “Why the heck is he telling me this now??”

Then I understood that you always decided to tell your kids about all of the skeletons in your closet as they “succeeded” more and more in life. And that is what you always did. After any milestone in our lives, you told us more about your shady past. After graduations, after Debbie's weddings and births, you always had a shady story to tell us. It's like you thought that “I can't tell my kids (nor anyone virtually) about my shady past UNTIL they get to a point to where they will no longer possibly do the things that I did.” As if that prevented Debbie from stealing a car just because she had a baby.....

Or, were you just trying to bring us down after an achievement or a life event, by showing us what bad stock we came from?

Or were you trying to influence us to feel guilty, because SURELY we only achieved this achievement or participated in such a life event because you had provided us with such a wonderful, wonderful upbringing, and you could have never done any of those things because your parents brought you up so differently. In other words, “Don't forget, Albert

and Debbie, that you only got here because of me; otherwise you would have ended up like I did, with so many bad things that I did in my past, because waaa waaaaa, because of my bad parents. I am a victim, Albert and Debbie, of my parents' bad parenting, so I could never have done what you have done. You both on the other hand, can do these things only because I gave you a different upbringing (which you only did for selfish reasons, because you wanted us to be your slaves in later life if you needed money or other types of support)".

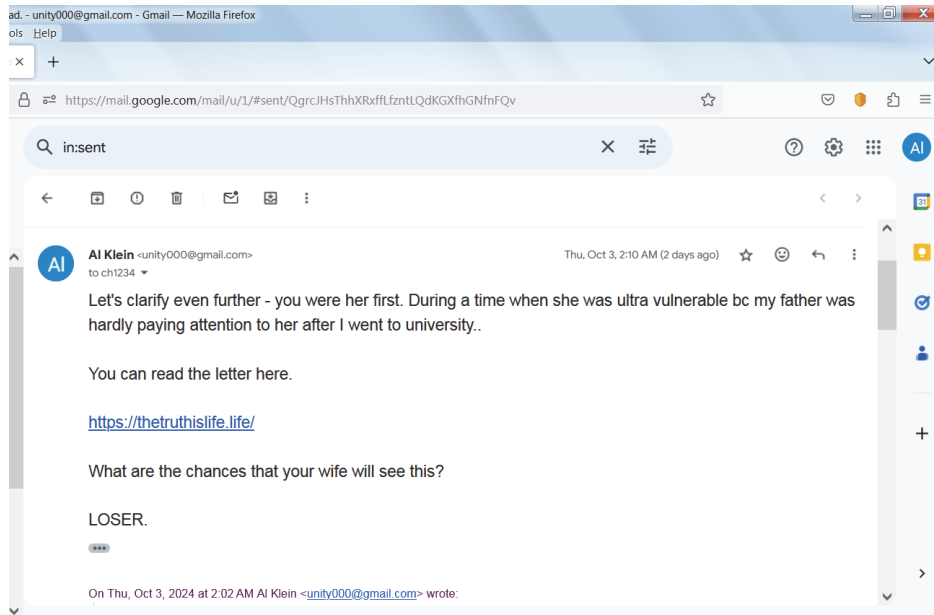
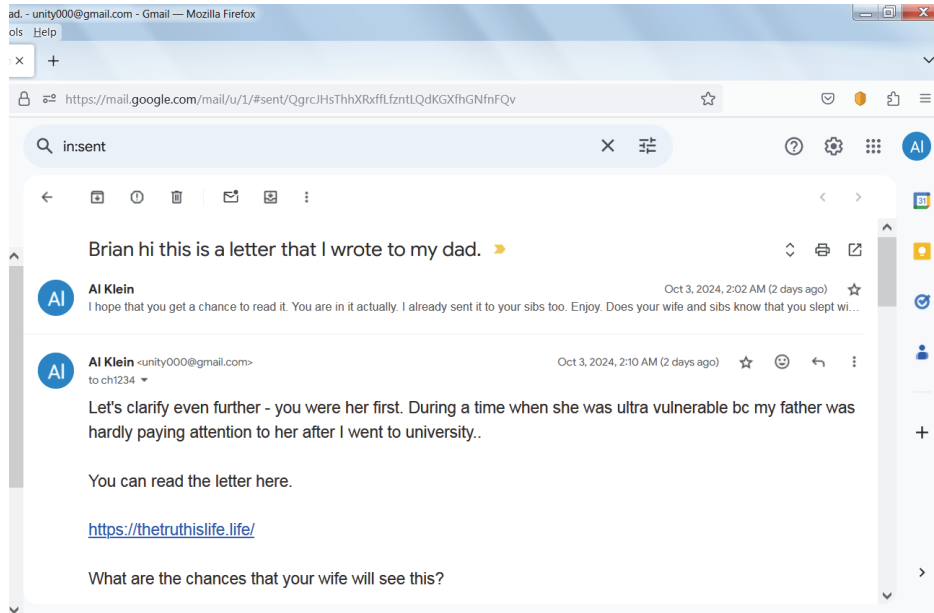
You are a disgrace of a parent. You are absolutely the WORST parent in the Klein-Winick line from today for as far back as I personally know, at least back to your great-grandparents. No matter what sins your parents did to you or their parents did to them, **NONE of those people disowned their children.** Shame on you, you are a total failure of a parent since you did that. Shame on you.

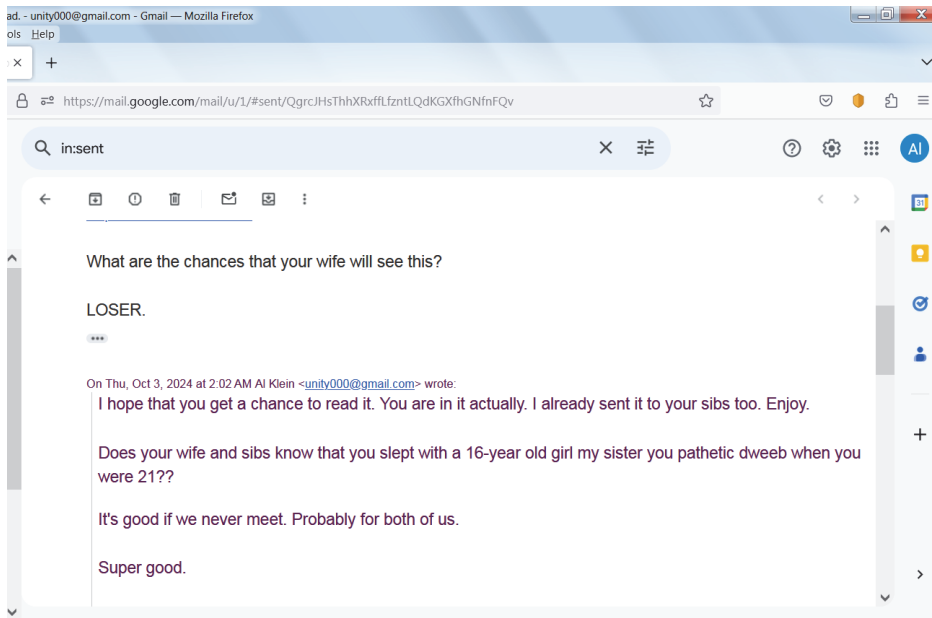
May Gd bless you with extreme, extreme, extreme suffering, in this life of yours so that it will clean your filthy soul, and maybe then you will suffer less in Gehinnom.

HERE IS THE [PHOTO OF THE WHATSAPP MESSAGE](#)

You have sinned **greatly** against your children and against your family. You abandoned, emotionally and physically, both of your children ever since I turned 18. You left a 16-year old girl, who already had self-esteem and body issues, alone at home almost every night of the week after I went away to live at college. She came home to an empty, dark, cold house every night after work or school. No wonder she attached herself to her married male boss at Marie Calendar's. **No wonder she had her first sex at 16 years old with your attorney's youngest son Brian Ritner when she was still a minor and he was 21 years old.** I guess Bill Ritner, a lifelong practicing attorney, forgot to tell his youngest, pitiful, rebellious, spoiled brat son about statutory rape laws in California. I guess Brian Ritner, now working at JD Power in LA (a data analysis company), had to deflower a minor girl because he was too much of a geek to get women his own age. What a fucking loser. Your daughter ran into his pathetic and pitiful arms because she had no strong male model to look up to. She only had a puss whipped, pathetic piece-of-shit coward who sometimes came home and then complained when his daughter ran away from him because she felt he was only there out of "duty", and not because he valued the time and company of his daughter over that of a FUCKING DEMON who controlled him through intimidation, threats of abandonment, and of restricting her expertise in their careers from him. Basically, Deborah had a father who chose money and status over spending every night with his daughter for the last two years that she lived at home AS A CHILD!!!!. WHAT A PATHETIC FUCKHEAD YOU ARE !!!!

Below is an email that I have sent to Brian.





After I left to live at the university, Debbie developed bulimia from being left alone by you physically and emotionally. **When I asked you about this many years ago**, after Deborah had complained to me at the time that this occurred that “Dad goes to/stays at Sharon’s house almost every night, and leaves me alone by myself”, your reply was that of the **total coward pussy** that you are. You said, “Well, when I did come home to be at home at night, if she was in the living room or kitchen, she quickly ran into her bedroom and closed the door. So I didn’t see the point to come home for her”.

You fucking asshole. You fucking coward. You fucking sorry excuse for a “man”. It will be good if we NEVER meet in person ever again. It could be the worst day of your PATHETIC FUCKING life. She was a 16-year old girl. She ran into her room because she was angry with you for not coming home on other nights. And because she wanted to hurt you, because that’s how she, still to this day, in 2025, acts out when she feels hurt. She tries to hurt others. Yes it is immature. Yes, it reflects Deborah Rose Berg’s extremely stunted emotional development. Yes, it is childish. Yes, she learned it from you, and subsequently even more so from the demon whom you are married to (The Revenger), because she follows everything and everyone who has some money, just like you have done all of your life – and she follows this in you also.

And you were not big enough to take it, and to speak with her about it, and to make it better between you two. Because anyways she felt that you were doing it because you felt a sense of “duty”, not because you really wanted to spend time with your only daughter. You preferred to be with that ugly cold witch who had you under her control, and who also punished you in her own way whenever you did not spend the night at her house. And because you felt lonely. **And because, most of all, that you depended on her to show you how to be a better real estate agent. So that you could make more money. So that you could retire nicely.**

So that you wouldn't be (in your own words) "Dependent on someone for their money like my dad is with Minnette". Funny thing, you are now dependent on someone else for their money. Just "like my dad is [was] with Minnette".

I know that you are not so smart. Most everyone can see that. You have said that about yourself all of my life. But you had been a father for 18 years already. So Debbie ran away from you because she could feel that you were coming home ONLY to be there for her. And she felt guilty, because she knew that your demonic girlfriend Sharon was fuming anytime that you chose to go be at home with your daughter instead of being at her house. But you had your daughter there. Wasn't that enough of a reason to be there? If she didn't feel like it was a chore for you to be there, then she would not have run into her room. And if you consistently were at home at night, she would eventually come out of her room more and spend more time with you. She probably also was angry at you for originally and previously not being home more. So her reaction was rebellious and a reflection of her anger at you for this.

Why can't you **EVER** ever be the parent???? Act as who you are!! Be the bigger person. **To this VERY FUCKING DAY**, you can never be the parent, be the bigger person. **BECAUSE YOU ARE SMALL, SO SMALL.** You are soooooo fucking pathetic.

Go home every night, or almost every night. Or go out and invite your daughter to come with you.

Oh, I forgot. The psychopath (I am not exaggerating at ALL here) Sharon emotionally manipulated you to be at her lonely, cold, intentionally dark, stupid house, all alone with her, watching her depressing TV programs every night (search for "palms" for more description about that). You are so fucking pathetic.

Why didn't you be a father?? Why did you act like a mouse????? Cowering to your idiot ugly ass girlfriend instead of being a father to your daughter?? You pathetic fucking wimp. It will be good if we NEVER meet. It could be a difficult day for you.

I remember how whenever IT "she" (Sharon) would be at our house at night, you both would watch the most depressing TV programs for a couple hours. They were usually interviews of people who had suffered trauma. Or they were movies with the most depressing themes, and I don't mean that they had educational value like about the Shoah or anything. They were just depressing. And she would get the biggest frown on her mangled ugly ass face for the whole program, and her eyes glazed over for the whole program. And she picked her popcorn from the bowl one piece at a time, placing them into her mouth while she stared glazed-eyed at the screen. I saw this ANY time that I walked into the living room or into the kitchen to get some food. I intentionally stayed out of the living room as much as possible during those times, and so did Debbie, usually just staying in our rooms.

And you sat there next to her, every night, in the sitting position which I always knew since I was a kid meant that you were sooooo uncomfortable. Your feet up on the table, legs straight. Your shoulders went hunched up, and your arms were straight. Your palms were pushed together and your hands were straight. Your straightened hands, palm to palm, were then inserted in between your thighs. And you sat like that for almost the whole program. Meanwhile she slowly placed popcorn pieces, one by one, so slowly, into her mouth while she was depressingly hypnotized by the program. You looked like you were trying to shield yourself from evil. Which, in fact, is EXACTLY what you were doing, even if you weren't consciously aware of it. And you asked her plenty of times, "Do we need to watch this?" And she would harshly reprimand you and tell you why it was important to watch, because this one was suffering this and this one was suffering that. And of course, just like Grandpa Sam did with Grandma Ruth and Grandma Minnette, may Gd bless their souls, you would acquiesce like a dog with his tail in between his legs and say "ok" and watch the program, the whole time looking like you would rather be shoveling coal 20 stories below the surface of the earth in 100 degrees heat. Funny thing is, when I reread this now I understand that you might just be doing that soon. But actually, I think it will be MUCH, MUCH worse for you. The island example later in this letter is closer but still not there.

Everyone knows that you were not very successful at real estate until she started showing you how to do it. You originally were with such a dog as her ONLY because she could teach you how to do real estate. And she knew that. And she got you under her control from that. So that even when you wanted to, you could never escape.

You failed the California state real estate licensing exam **at least twice** before you finally passed. I asked you about this 2 years ago, and you said "I only failed it once", but I remember distinctly that you failed it twice (maybe it was 3 times?). Otherwise I would not have remembered it as it was such a failure of yours. How did you pass it finally? Did Jim Keith your boss at Brown Realtors have to bribe someone there to pass you??

You never even graduated high school. You tried community college, taking a business class, but you dropped out of it.

Your wife committed grievous, heinous, immoral and unethical acts in the real estate profession. She was set to lose her license. During the mid-90s, she engaged in questionable business practices and was brought before hearings by the California Department of Real Estate. They ruled to take away her real estate license.

She appealed their rulings to strip her of her real estate license and lost. You tried "Everything I could think of to stop them from taking her license away". You talked to Jim Keith your boss (and her boss) and to Jim Brown, the owner of Brown Realtors where you both worked, and other people connected to the California Department of Real Estate. In the very end, they didn't take away her license thanks to some tricks up yours and hers sleeve.....More bribery and unethical "promises"?

She played you like a fucking fiddle you incompetent FUCK. She knew you would get her out of it somehow with your unethical tactics.

You piece of shit.

Months before you married in 1993, Debbie had come to stay at your house for a while because she had had foot surgery and supposedly couldn't walk and needed your help, etc. It was in reality a territorial "fight" between Debbie and this FUCKING DEMON who had moved in with you. Debbie was asserting her territorial rights as your daughter and subtly trying to prevent what must have looked inevitable, the takeover by that DEMON of your entire soul and life through marriage. Afterwards, you had several disagreements with Sharon, and probably were on the verge of leaving her once and for all, because you were RIGHTLY, FINALLY putting your children and their hatred for such a FUCKING LOSER as more important than you wanting to be controlled and manipulated by such an evil demon. And you were doing excellently now in real estate, so WTF did you need such a ball-and-chain loser around for? Who needed a depressed, boring, stupid, UGLY UGLY rule-breaking psychotic controller and abuser around?? Who needed a mentally unstable, narcissistic controlling BITCH around to always tell you what to do???? You were kicking ass in real estate by then. You had used her for what you had needed her for. You had repaid your debt to her by illegally saving her ass from getting stripped of her license and maybe going to jail for illegal business practices. What did you need her for anymore? Just like you threw away Peggy (but too soon, oops) once you married her and had access to her money, and threw away my mother once you had her father's money that you needed to start your business, and threw away Joy once you had become a millionaire through your business, and once I was old enough to be home alone and to be able to babysit Debbie also, so now you could have thrown away this psycho at that point.

So, she played you in such a pre-planned manipulative way.

She "tried" to kill herself.

Ha ha.

Such a narcissist would NEVER really try to kill herself.

But, just like your daughter who did the same thing to you (different details, same manipulation), Sharon slashed her wrists open one day. You came home to find her bleeding in her ultra-fake attempt to get you back from being on the brink of leaving her. She told you, "I don't want to live if you are going to leave me". SUCH A CROCK OF SHIT!!

Then you “saved” her. She had previously told you that she was thinking about ending her life (Be’ezrat Hashem!!!!), and she was playing on one of your most vulnerable psychological fears.

My mother hurt herself when I was young, and b”H survived. The story is that a week later she left this earth and went to Gan Aiden solely as a result of the injury that she had inflicted upon herself.

Except that that "story" is full of holes. She had been doing great at the time that she died. She had been recovering in the hospital for several days. She was conscious and awake, and was even talking to people. She had told one of the nurses, "I wish that I had not done that". **The doctors had told her family that she was doing well and was on the road to recovering completely.** She was doing so well that her parents and brother were not even at her side all the time anymore. Everyone said that she was getting better.

Then she **suddenly, very very suddenly** DIED.

The doctors had no explanation for what had happened. My Uncle Jerry has told me numerous times over thirty years about how he was working at his store in the afternoon on that day. He was sure that Kathy would be ok, as per the doctors' (plural) own words.

He received a phone call from his father, who was beset with grief. He had said through tears, "Kathy died". My uncle was beyond disbelief. He had been so sure that she was getting better, as had everyone.

LINK

Jerry Page, my mom’s older brother by 5 years, starts talking about his deceased wife Nora. Then he tells me that I am a great guy. He tells me how he will always appreciate that I contacted them, 100% against your advice, which you based on more of your lies and bullshit. Then he tells me about the day that my mother died. He, like everyone including her doctors, NEVER expected that, because she had been getting better, and was projected to make a full recovery. He then tells me that he has a caricature drawing of me, and that he will send it to me. I never received it. He tells me what a wonderful person my mother was.

What happened between the time that her family last saw her, awake and talking, being her normal self, and the afternoon that she died????

No doctor could explain it.

Her cause of death was related to her injury. But that part of her body had been healing for many days already. It was healing, not getting worse. The mystery is how did it go from healing for many days to totally and completely failing?

Was she given something too acidic to drink? She had been receiving nutrition intravenously because of the injury. Did someone knowingly give her something acidic to

drink before her body had healed enough to be ready to be in contact with acidic liquids again? Was she told that it was ok to drink something by a medical staff who wasn't really medical staff?

How did she die so suddenly when her injury was healing, not getting worse?

Regardless of what happened to my poor mother shortly before she died, you were also indirectly responsible for her death. And even for that, ever since then, you have felt responsible for that. You had treated her like SHIT for 3 years before her death, and just like you had done to Peggy your first wife, and to Cheryl Estes the "love of your life", and would do to Joy after the 2nd year of your marriage to her, you dominated my mother and became overbearing and controlling to her.

When Miriam Franco, her best friend since childhood, had called one day from Atlanta to speak to my mom, while she was in the house cooking dinner and watching her two precious children (she was such a wayyyyyyyyyyyyy better parent better than you could ever hope to be with your insidious ego and demented FUCKING soul), you came home from work and yelled to my mom "Who are you talking to?!!!!" Miriam still remembers what a FUCKING ASSHOLE you were that day, forcing my mom to get off the phone with her best friend who had called long-distance to say hi. All Miriam heard was you yell at my mom, and my mom say to you, "My friend Miriam in Atlanta", and then you had yanked the phone out of my mom's hand, and you had said, "Who's this?!!!". Miriam replied, "I'm Miriam, Kathy's friend", and you said to Miriam, "Kathy doesn't have any friends", and then a "click" as the phone closed. Saying something like that, and doing something like that, is classic narcissistic behavior. My mom told Miriam what had happened the next time that they spoke. **You had yanked the phone out of my other's hand and slammed it down on the cradle.** When I visited Atlanta and spent time with Miriam, she was completely unrestrained in what she thought of you. In summary, to be polite, you were a totally controlling jerk. Other of her relatives have relayed similar stories to me. You controlling fucking PRICK!!

Knowing you for over 50 years, including living with you almost every day of my life for 18.5 years, I can imagine the scenario. You walked in the door, and heard my mom loudly blabbing away to her best friend on the phone in another room. You quietly got closer to listen. She was probably talking about you and what a tyrant you are. She was probably releasing tension by telling Miriam some of the evil things that you had done and said. At some point you got tired of listening to her complain about your wicked narcissistic ass and/or she was telling Miriam one of your dark secrets that you didn't want anyone to know, like that you have murdered guys on the streets of Chicago, and that you are a convicted felon for Grand Theft Auto in Illinois, and the immoral things that you did in and after the Air Force, **and you stormed in to close the phone perhaps after she had told Miriam that she was afraid that you might also murder her.** Sound right you fucking prick??????? I lived with your controlling, domineering self for 18 years. I know who you are. So does Debbie, but she won't talk about it publicly because it's more important for her to stick her head in the sand because she needs to keep up the false image that her father is an angel to everyone, most of all to her children.

And also, Debbie is afraid of you. She has buried it under 12 years of pretending to be nice to you so that now she does not even notice that she is pretending nor that underneath it all is a lifetime fear of you. But it is there. And it will surface again after you kick the bucket. When you are **DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD**, be'ezrat Hashem, Debbie's hatred of you, perhaps stronger than mine, will resurface. Don't question me on this. I know you and Debbie better than anyone in this universe with respect to that.

But lies will always find their way out. Just like all of the lies that you have told me since I was young (**search in this letter for "suffocated" and separately for "unconscious" and separately for "named after your grandfather" to see some of the worst lies that he has ever told me, which he has told everyone including his own nephew and nieces, along with documentation that shows that he has lied to everyone for almost 50 years**).

You have very secretly blamed yourself for my mother's death ever since she went to Gan Aiden. You correctly know that you bear a HUGE responsibility for that.

SHE TOLD YOU MULTIPLE TIMES BEFORE SHE HURT HERSELF THAT SHE WAS GOING TO DO THAT IF YOU CONTINUED DOING EVERYTHING THAT YOU COULD TO KEEP HER CHILDREN AWAY FROM HER !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Even Jeanie Franco, my mother's cousin and friend since childhood, told me in 2010 how you so strangely behaved the first time that she had met you, how you pulled her away from a crowd at an event for 40 minutes to try to sell yourself to her. Her and her husband see you for the kook and the fucking liar that you are. **They KNEW that you were trying to snow them**, just like you have tried to snow me, your daughter, your parents, your sister and everyone else whom you have known well. EVERY RELATIONSHIP that you have now is built on lies.

LINK

[11.2010. Jeanie Franco, my mother's first cousin and one of my mom's best friends since childhood, talks about how she met Marshal at the rehearsal dinner for my sister Debbie's wedding a few years before. There is a description of the conversation below.](#)

Debbie did **NOT** invite me to her wedding, placating herself (with her possessive, obsessive, psychotic desire to exclude me from family meetings, events and interactions so that she could form stronger bonds with my family than me, because she has a lifetime fear of being left out, after being left out of so much as the youngest and a girl by my misogynistic father who has had a lifetime hatred and fear of women), my father, and my father's wife Sharon.

Numerous people, including family members, **and our lifelong family rabbi, who married her**, told her, at her wedding, that, "You should have invited Al".

Jeanie talks about how Marshal, “within a minute of meeting us”, as all of the other guests were starting the meal, whisked Jeanie and her husband outside of the hall to talk to them for “30 or 40 minutes” (while everyone else was inside eating). She and her husband tell me in this recording how it seemed like Marshal talked to them for 30 minutes alone in an effort to sell them “his side of the story” about his failed marriage to my mother. Jeanie says that Marshal was “so afraid that we would have a bad impression of him”. (He was right, everyone in my mother’s family had despised Marshal for 31 years prior to Debbie’s wedding, because of the way that he bullied and harassed and abused my mother).

Jeanie says that Marshal was “Afraid that we would blame him (Marshal) for her (my mother’s) death”.

She then says that afterwards, “We came back in to the dinner very late”.

She says that she and her husband wondered later why was it so important to Marshal to tell them all of this, because “He doesn’t know us”.

She then goes on to tell me about Miriam Franco, my mother’s BEST childhood friend, who remained her best friend all of her life. Jeanie and Miriam were also lifelong friends. She said that she remembers how, when I was in Atlanta one time, I had talked to Miriam about my parents’ relationship. She says here that, “You spent some time with Miriam. I remember that afterwards you were very upset.” She adds that “Your uncle David (my mother’s brother) talked to Miriam also when he came to visit [in the 2000s]” and that, “I just remember that every time that ANYONE talked to Miriam Franco to get information [about your parents’ marriage], they got very upset”.

Jeanie says afterwards that, “It was awkward [to have your dad try to sell us his story for 40 minutes outside of the wedding hall while everyone else was eating]. To tell you the truth, I didn’t really want to meet him, after what I had heard about him”.

She says afterwards, “You know, everybody’s got their own agenda”. I say to her, “Including my father”, to which her astute and wise husband says, “absolutely”. Jeanie agrees.

I tell her that “I’m sure that his time talking to you was more self-serving for him than anything else”. Jeanie and Albert respond, “Yeh” and “Probably”.

I met my mother’s brothers in January 1995. That was the FIRST time that either Debbie or I had met ANY of my mother’s family since she had left this earth, 21 years earlier, except for when my kind grandparents, Al and Sara, came unannounced to see us when we were children (search for “gave us toys” for a longer description). After that, Jerry, the older brother, connected me with our huge extended family. For 4 years I urged Debbie to meet Jerry and his brother and the other cousins. She told me every time, “Dad (Marshal) says that they are dangerous. Be careful. No, I don’t want to meet them. Be

careful, Al. Don't go anywhere with them alone." Jerry and David asked me numerous times to try and get her to meet them. She always said the same thing to me. She finally went to meet them and the cousins in November 1998.

You always felt like a shithead because you knew inside that you had married her just for the money that my grandfather promised you.

LINK.

EMAIL FROM DAVID PAGE SAYING THAT MY FATHER RECEIVED MONEY FROM MY MOM'S FATHER TO START HIS BUSINESS. Her brother David Page has told me this several times over the past 30 years. Several people with firsthand knowledge have told me that and written to me that multiple times over the previous decades. David himself has told me several times ever since the first year that I knew him again.

You felt like a shit who had sold his soul for some money. And you are. So you resented the marriage, because, Marshal has an ego the size of this planet and you could not just handle thinking that you were in this marriage for money. So from the day that you got married, you starting acting like your typical dickhead self that you have always been around women whom you thought were yours, that they wouldn't leave you because they liked you so much or because you were married. Which is why Peggy Bowman left you FOREVER in the first place.

So you bullied my mother since the first day that you got married, just like you bullied your first wife Peggy until she left you and annulled your marriage (Page 2). And you drove my mother crazy with your constant bullying and intimidation. I was old enough to remember some of your arguments and the things that you said to her. You told her what would eventually happen to her. And then you stole her children away from her. And then you moved them 45 minutes away from her. YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

Then it was Halloween. She asked you nicely, several days before Halloween, if she could drive 45 minutes to your house with her parents and take us out trick-or-treating. She did not ask you to keep us, just to take us trick-or-treating for the night. She looooooved taking us trick-or-treating as she had done every year previously.

LINK

Video of my second Halloween with my mother. She is seen helping me to sort out my candy after trick-or-treating. After that day, Halloween was one of her favorite times to spend with me, and then with me and my sister after Debbie was born.

What did you tell her you fucking dickhead???????

"No. You have no custody rights to see the children on that day. I do NOT have to let you see them then, and I will not. My [live-in] girlfriend Joy and I will take the children out trick-or-treating. They already call her 'mom'. They will be with their new mom and their father for Halloween. That's it."

For months she had been depressed about what you had done to her. You had stolen her children away from her. FOR NOTHING (search for "Because you were terrified" in this document for a longer description of that). Just to be 1) your retirement insurance in case you couldn't make it by yourself, which until that time you hadn't made ANYTHING by yourself, except for a failed store in Lancaster and a failed store in Simi Valley, and 2) for your paranoia that we would grow up to hate you if you didn't raise us. And hate you we do. One overtly and one covertly.

After you had stolen her children away from her, she had returned to her work that she was doing before she had married your pathetic and always worthless self of teaching junior high school. I visited, years ago, the school, where she taught at. I was blessed to still easily find a few people who knew her, and subsequently tracked a few others down. Before I had even told or reminded ANYBODY about her whole story, EVERY PERSON to whom I had said her name, "I am Kathleen Klein's/Mrs. Klein's son, do you remember her?", female or male, instantly got a huge smile on their face and that look of pleasantness on their face that people get when they think of something nice. They had only good things to say about her. I heard some funny stories and some very nice stories about her. EVERYONE agreed that she was an excellent teacher, and that everyone liked her, both students and staff. Almost EVERYONE told me that I have her smile and look like her and/or remind them of her.

For months after she had returned to working as a teacher until the day that she left this earth, she had been coming home after work to her parents' house, where she had lived with her younger brother.

After you had stolen her children away from her, my mother used to come home from work almost every day, go into her bedroom, close her door behind her, lay on her bed face down, and cry for hours. She would understandably talk and talk about the situation with her parents and her brothers all the time. They were dealing with their own grief and loss as well as hers. **They often told her to, "Get over it".** Isn't it fascinating how alike they and you are, Marshal? You used to say the same **EXACT** unfeeling and uncompassionate things to me as I was growing up, whenever your puny mind didn't know how to deal with my feelings as a boy. As this letter will show, you are soooooo alike to David, and in a few ways to his brother Jerry. And you are even alike to my grandparents who said these things to my mother.

Of course, them saying these unfeeling and uncompassionate things to my mother only worsened her emotional state.

After her younger brother, who loved her and looked up to her soooooo much as a role model of a just and righteous person, went away to university, she fell into an even deeper depression. She was home alone almost every day with only her old parents, who were understandably almost as upset as she was that their ASSHOLE former son-in-law had stolen their grandchildren away from them and had moved them to what was then AT LEAST a 45 minute drive (with no traffic, rare in Los Angeles) away.

LINK

Email from David Page telling me a very small amount of the multitude of reasons that he has written to me and told me about over 29 years about why he looked up to and continues to look up to my mother as a role model. His only fault in this is not being as smart as she was. If he had even 10% of her intellectual capability, then he would logically understand that 50 years later, she might have developed different perspectives on things than she had back then. She was dynamic and open-minded, unlike he is.

Unlike David, my mother was dynamic and open-minded. He loved these things about her. But he has regarded her since she left this earth as the same exact person with the same exact beliefs as she had in the 1970s. My mother was so much better than that. Her understanding of our world would have evolved to adapt to changing circumstances, her own intellectual growth, her continuing maturity (unlike him, who has continued to stay stuck in the past, like my aunt and you have, emotionally and/or with your perspectives on things), and her increased understanding and adult acceptance of how the world had changed and was changing. The exact qualities that he revered her for, he conveniently forgets about as he thinks that he is a being a foot soldier for beliefs that she held over half a century ago.

Instead of smartly putting his love and admiration for my mother into her son, his nephew, he puts it into causes which she admirably stood up for over 5 decades ago, not considering that a person as great as her may have, and likely would have, changed as she was indeed dynamic and open-minded. David fails to assert the understanding that my mother, unlike him, was never attached to particular ideas or ways of being. She admirably stood up for what she thought was the way of Gd, and from what I have heard from numerous people, was the way of Gd. And she was smart enough and mature enough, unlike him, to consider all perspectives, and to consider the world as it changed before her eyes, and to continually apply logic, her increasing maturity, and derech Hashem, Gd's way, to those changing conditions. It is understandable that people with a lower intellectual capacity than she had (most people), lower potential for emotional growth than she had, and a more closed mind than she had (like David and a couple of his minions), stay stuck to ideas that they had over half a century ago just for the sake of staying stuck to ideas that they had over half a century ago.

My mother was not like that. She was only attached to her love for her children and her love for her family. If David really wants to honor her memory instead of blindly supporting things which she may very well have by now altered her perspectives on, he would honor the most what she loved most, BOTH of her children. Especially since, in David's and others' own words to me, she put her worldviews and her causes away once she became a wife and a mother, not because she felt like she had to change, but because she put what was most important in this world to her, her family and her children as more important, and focused her attention and love on them.

That is called maturity. If David wants to emulate my mother, he needs to grow up by about 40 years.

Your good buddy David Page is the biggest racist I know !!!!!

He sent me **the most racist email that I have ever received** just a few years ago !!!!!!!

When I read the Subject heading in my email list, before I opened the email, I smiled because I thought that he was sending me a joke that he had heard.

The Subject heading is: “I have Black friends”.

I ABSOLUTELY thought it was either one of his attempts at humor, or an SNL skit.

I honestly thought that he was telling me one of his hundreds of silly jokes again, or that I would see a SNL skit link on Youtube.

I was sitting next to my girlfriend at the time. I was going through my emails. I had already seen the subject heading of his email in the list of emails in my inbox. I smiled a bit as I knew it was going to be another one of his jokes.

My girlfriend looked over at my email list and saw the subject heading. She laughed a semi-heartily laugh and said, “What’s ‘I have Black friends’ ?” I smiled as I was opening another email and told her, “That’s my Uncle Dave I was telling you about. He is always making jokes. Its gonna be some joke or video or something”. She laughed again and said, “Well, tell me when you open it. I wanna hear that one!”. I said ok.

I just could not believe my eyes when I started reading it.

I mean, if it was from someone whom I hardly knew, like, maybe a friend of a friend on her email or something, I would have thought, “Wow. That guy is so archaic and old school. He needs to get with the program and understand that people are just people, and to see them as people, and not from a particular ethnicity or background. It would be good for him to stop seeing people as “that” kind of friends or “that” kind of friends. And why is he so proud of himself because he knows people from a different background? Wow. That dude must live in a real white town somewhere, and he probably has very few people of African descent in his town. But why to be proud of knowing them? Does their skin color say something necessarily good about them? That doesn’t make sense. Why not be proud to know good people, people who are Gd-loving, Gd-fearing, people who treat others as they want to be treated, and people who want to make the world a better place? What TF does their skin color have to do with the quality of person that they are?”

But to have this come from David Page?? I mean of everyone that I have **ever** known well, family or non-family, David is THE most politically correct; THE most vocal about race issues; THE person who spouts out the most complaints about racial issues of the

1950s and 1960s; the person who tries to be soooooooooo “racially sensitive” that he completely overdoes it; the person from whom I have received more emails, verbal diatribes and stories than anyone else I have ever known. He would not even look at a Youtube video, a hilarious video, which people of African descent wrote the script for, from one of the funniest movies of all time because he “might get offended”. Can it, buster. Good lord. Drama queen about stuff like that. Yeh, um, a bit overdoing it, you geek. GIVE. IT. A REST. Everyone sees right through your act, trying to show everyone, by going overboard, how “kind I am to non-white people”. Ugghhhhhhhhhhhhh. Can it, dickhead. You look like the fucking fool that you are, to everyone except others who are doing the same thing.

Per population size, Israel has greater diversity than America does, and FOR SURE greater diversity than your white-bred Ventura does. AND ALMOST NOBODY GOES AROUND TALKING ABOUT IT. We don’t think much about it. In a peaceful, urban neighborhood, nobody thinks or overthinks who is of Moroccan, Tunisian, Ethiopian, Nigerian, British, Chinese, Iraqi, Iranian, European, Arabic, Japanese or whatever descent. We are busy with much, much more important things. I see, and it seems to me that everyone else sees people as people, not caring in daily interactions for better or worse where the fuck their parents or grandparents came from. Nobody that I have EVER known in my ENTIRE life, in America, Europe, Israel, Africa, or anywhere else that I have ever been to has ever told me, that I can definitively recall, “I have Mexican/Black/fill-in-the-blank friends”, and then elaborated to count and to tell me how many of them they have.

And especially not someone who spends the majority of his time professing in person, through messages, on the telephone, and on social media, and probably in every single class that you taught, every single day, and to many of your relatives and friends, how important it is for people to treat black people equally, which inherently and implicitly includes seeing them as other human beings and ONLY seeing them as other human beings.

As I have said so many times before about David Page with respect to sooooooooooooo many other things – **WHAT. A. FUCKING. HYPOCRITE.**

If and when things come up in the news or something related to that topic in Israel, they are usually swiftly dealt with and we move on. That’s the answer to his question in that email below.

I was STUNNED when I opened the email.

He bragged to me about how he saw skin color. He bragged to me about how he discriminated people based on their skin color. He labeled these 3 people, whose only fault, as David Page saw it, was that they were descended from people who were from Africa.

He then went on to tell me how he also has friends of Latin American descent. He called them “Hispanic” in his email I attached below. Maybe you want to tell him that the politically correct label for these people for the past 38 years has been “Latin-American”. “Hispanic” has not been used nearly as widely since the mid-1980s (...the term has been criticized for highlighting Spain, which colonized much of Latin America, <https://www.history.com/news/hispanic-latino-latinx-chicano-background>).

He then went on to tell me how he also has friends of “Filipino” descent!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

!!

Dave Page segregates people based on their ethnicity!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

David Page sees skin color!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

David Page discriminates one group of people from another group of people based on these poor bastards’ ancestries, which they cannot do anything about !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LINK

David Page discriminates against human beings based on their skin color, and on their ethnicity, and on their place of ancestry. The only “crime” that these poor people (“poor” referring to how David sees them, as separate from himself) have is that they are not white like David, and yet he segregates them in his mind, and to me in writing, by their racial orientation, which they cannot do anything about.

I remember in my university days how the standard lines against racism were that, “We do not see skin color. We do not separate people based on their ethnic background”.

I think that David Page needs to understand how separating people based on skin color, according to their ethnic background, is racist. He needs to consult with these numerous civil rights groups and um, anti-racist groups or whatever their label is, about how not to be racist in 21st century America.

Maybe you want to have a talk with him about this?

As you used to call them, tell him that, “Those niggas are people too, Dave. You have to see them as people too”.

Remember? I remember until I was 17, you always referred to black people as “niggas”.

Does your bed buddy David Page know that?

When I was a kid, when you were telling me about your 1950s gangster past in Chicago, you told me that you and your lifelong childhood friend Howard Udolf (who mysteriously, fairly suddenly, died a few years after I had met him, search for “udolf” for

more info about that) used to “Beat up the niggas in Chicago because they hated us Jews”. You told me about how your Jewish gang used to get into fights with “those niggas” all of the time in Chicago.

I’m definitely not judging you for having harsh feelings against antisemites. Especially antisemites who tried to murder you when you were a kid and a teenager.

I’m only saying that when you talk to David Page about how Gd does not like racism, and that he should try to be a better person, and to not see skin color, you can explain to him about how you also developed certain attitudes when you were younger, but that when you started dating your current “wife” that she quickly taught you that it wasn’t ok for you to talk like that around her friends. She had to maintain her high-brow, intellectually elite, atheist, “I am an independent woman” persona in front of these people. Otherwise, she might lose those contacts. And she is just as afraid of being alone as you are, and like you she would never admit that. Also, they were good money insurance for her if she ever needed it (see “ASB” in this letter for more info).

So since I was 18 and you started dating it, I started hearing you instead say “those colored fellas” or “black people”.

So explain to him that it is possible for him to change also. I know it’s hard for him, having lived in white, white, white, white Ventura for 40 years now. Yes of course there are also Latinos, **but they make up a significant percentage of the population everywhere in California**. I’m talking about the Asian people. And the black people. You know, the 3 of them in Ventura, as David wrote to me.

Its so funny how he has chosen to live in white-ass Ventura (42% white and 42% Latino, 7.5% Asian, and 1.5% Black) for two-thirds of his life, when he puts politics and his stuck-in-the-past need to try to emulate **who my mother was 60 years ago** ahead of family, as evidenced by his treatment of several members of my mother’s family. He still writes to me about the “plight of black people” in his emails every so often, and how my mother was, baruch Hashem, “ahead of her time” in believing that all people deserved to be treated equally and not to be discriminated against only based on their skin color.

Yet, as clear as day in that email, David Page, sees skin color.

He is a racist dude, man. Maybe you can help him. Be’ezrat Hashem.

Well either he’s racist or a hypocrite.

Probably both.

No, **DEFINITELY** both.

And I am not trying to be funny with that.

But don't tell him that I wrote "attempt at humor" above, ok? It might really get him down.

He has been attempting to be humorous since I can remember. You can see it in EVERY video that he is in that I included here. And everyone knows that he tries to make little quips all the time to be funny. As I wrote here earlier, it is just an attempt to cover up his lifetime depression, because he wants to appear to everyone that he is "ok". That is because he saw the sinful way that other people in his family after they had been labeled "depressed". But mostly it is because he does not want to look in the mirror and to see the truth about himself.

One cousin put it perfectly to me a few years ago when that cousin, someone whom he likes a lot and who is very friendly with him, said, "He tries to be funny so that he doesn't show how depressed he is".

Another cousin, his cousin Renee Franco told me a few years ago, that David told her that he has been depressed since the day that his sister left this Earth. He was 20 then. Well, he is close. Kinda. He has been depressed since he was 16, AT LEAST since the day that he drank a whole bottle of scotch alone in the middle of the afternoon at his parents' house, passed out, and my mother saved his life by coming over because she "felt something wasn't right" after he hadn't answered the phone for a long time.

Remember that? You and I my mom visited him in the hospital. He was there for several days. Remember? He looooooves that you had told him then to "grow up" and stop being such a spoiled brat. It sounds to me like he needed someone to kick his ass and to show him what a brat he had been being. Numerous stories he has told me are about how you told him to "shape up or ship out". By his own admission to me numerous times and by numerous cousins' original explanations themselves to me, he was "spoiled rotten by your grandparents". So I guess he appreciated having someone tell him like it is, and talk to him firmly.

LINK

[David Page telling me how he nearly killed himself at 17 years old. I compassionately responded about how he was probably depressed and was trying to get attention, and for his parents to notice his emotional state. He then replied that he was very busy with work and might not be able to communicate with me for a while.](#)

I liked that about you also. It would have been so much better if it had not been accompanied with "Come over here so that I can hit you", and/or you following me with intention from the kitchen into the living room, and then hitting my face and then pushing me up against a wall right next to a brick fireplace with your hand on my throat, and then looking at me like you wanted to kill me in that moment, and then yelling at me for 2 minutes with your hand on my throat, and then demanding me to answer you after you said, "Understand?!! I want to hear you say that you understand me!!!" (search for "fireplace", "belt", and "contorted" in this letter).

Lucky for David Page that he only got the verbal firmness. That dude would have had lifetime psychological issues about physical abuse on top of his lifetime clinical depression.

Him and I had been exchanging emails about my mother and our family for months. After I wrote back to him compassionately that he probably did that as a cry for help, because he felt alone and abandoned, and because he was depressed, his next response indicated that he would not be telling me anything else about our family.

WOW. It was like the moment that I hit a nerve in him which showed him that he might have emotional challenges, in the kindest and most compassionate way, he stopped wanting to discuss his childhood and teen years. That is EXACTLY like you. EXACTLY. The moment that ANYBODY starts to show you how YOU have “mental problems” (your 70s and 80s term), you run away like David does like little scared animals. You try to change the subject or end the discussion.

LINK

[Email from David Page to me after I had made a totally innocent joke to him about his attempts at humor. Before this email that he sent me, I honestly thought that he was mostly funny. After his response here, I saw how I had hit a button of his, and then I started wondering why his lifetime attempts at humor were so important to him.](#) I understood that he thought that if anybody might have seen an attempt at humor as being a façade for something else, then they might wonder what that something else might be. Then, uh-oh, someone might just figure out that David Page was clinically depressed. Then he would be just like his mother and sister, and father and brother. Kinda like you, huh? Trying to put on a lifelong façade so that you can think that you are better than you mother, father and sister. And subsequent discussions with cousins who had known him most or all of his life showed me that he had not been really fooling anyone except himself (fooling himself that people, especially those who had known him and his family all of their life, didn't see through his “humor” as a way of distracting themselves, and more importantly himself, from his unresolved clinical depression).

That is called maturity. If David wants to emulate my mother, he needs to grow up by about 40 years.

My mother was smarter and better than that.

After you had said that about Halloween to her ("No. You have no custody rights to see the children on that day. I do NOT have to let you see them then, and I will not. My [live-in] girlfriend Joy and I will take the children out trick-or-treating. They already call her 'mom'. They will be with their new mom and their father for Halloween. That's it."), it broke her after years of dealing with your narcissistic, domineering self. **She told you, "If you don't let me see my children more then I will kill myself, and it will be on you, and your children will know about it and they will hate you forever!!!!!"**

She was right about all of that.

You could have saved my mother from hurting herself in the first place, by starting to TRY to be a human being, and to let us see her more, **at least**. At best, you could have given us back to her completely, and let us grow up surrounded by people who truly loved us, not for what we could do for them now and in the future, but just because they loved us. You could have married some goy with money, since you love to marry goy women (3 out of 4!, and the one Jew you married, my holy mother, was just to get your mother's approval, described later in this letter)), and had goy kids, and lived a more peaceful life maybe. My mom and her family would have left you alone. What's the worst that would happen? Two of your kids would grow up and not like you? Big deal. And now you have two of your children who HATE YOUR FUCKING GUTS, one overtly and one covertly. The other way we just wouldn't like you. But we wouldn't have hated you. Good one, Marsh. Nice one. Nice goin' (your expressions).

YOU HAVE NO COMPREHENSION OF THAT IDEA because you have never been loved like that, and you have never loved like that.

But you KNEW EXACTLY how to push her buttons. YOU WANTED TO PUSH HER OVER THE EDGE. YOU WANTED HER TO HURT HERSELF.

And when your demonic amalek self found out that she had survived that, with Gd's help, you decided that you better take matters into your own hands. This was your opportunity. She was already hurt and in the hospital. What better time to have her covertly murdered?

ISN'T THAT WHY YOUR CIA-Trained WIFE TOLD ME WHEN I WAS 20, "You are better off that your mother died"? (See page 1 for a longer description of that). Only a cold-blooded killer would think like that if it knew the truth about what had happened. Who else would say something like that to someone whom they hardly knew? I had known her for less than 2 years, she didn't live with you, and I was at university for most of those 2 years. She was just another girlfriend of yours to me whom I saw every couple weeks when I was at home in summers and breaks.

And just like she had spontaneously bragggggged about everything else, she used to spontaneously brag to us ALL the time about how, "Oh, yeh, you bet....", um, did I say something, and.....what do 'I bet'?, I was just sitting here eating.....?, ".... the CIA tried to recruit me many times. But, oh no, I mean, no, I mean, they own you. Yeh, they own you for life. And no, oh no. No way man, no, I don't want to be owned. Nobody is going to own me."

I wonder why they approached her to recruit her so much. How did they already know about her previous training and skills from her time in the military that might be effective for them?

Back to my mother's murder from a few paragraphs before.

And Bill Ritner your attorney helped you to arrange that, didn't he? You know, the one who had just recently stolen his children away from his ex-wife through his attorney skills?

When I had asked you a few times in my teens why he had helped you so much to steal (back then I had said "get" because I was believing your endless, pathological lying back then) us away from our very own mother, you repeatedly had told me, "He has always wanted to help men get custody of their kids, ever since he got his own kids away from his ex-wife". I had asked you that because you had told me that sometimes you didn't have enough to pay him, but that he helped you to get custody of us anyways.

Do his children know what he arranged for you during those critical days when my mother was in the hospital? I bet that his oldest son Boyd and his wife Kim Melton do. What about Bill's other kids, Bruce and Brian and Michelle?

Brian is a criminal for sure. He committed statutory rape on my sister when she was 16 and he was 21. If the youngest son can be a criminal, then for sure his alcoholic, workaholic, chain-smoker (that's what killed him) father MOST LIKELY is a criminal.

Bruce Ritner as a very young man went drinking and driving. He committed one of the worst "mainstream" crimes that a driver can commit. It is one of the worst crimes anyone can do. It risks her/his life, his/her innocent passengers' lives, and countless other people's lives. YET HIS FATHER WAS A BIG ATTORNEY!!!!!!!!!!!!!! He did not know better??????

He got EXACTLY what he deserved. A HUGE accident, and lifetime brain damage.

Then several years later, you encouraged me STRONGLY to go out all the time with Brian Ritner after he got his drivers license. Were you out of your fucking mind??????? After what Bruce did????? Sure enough, Brian drove extremely recklessly. In my life, I have never been in a car and been more afraid for my life than I was with Brian Ritner at the wheel. And he.....guess what.....drank and drove.

I could NOT believe it. I sat there thinking, "Your brother is almost a vegetable. Didn't you learn the lesson?????" I was just young enough and brainwashed enough that I trusted you completely back then. So I naively thought, "**My daddy, who tells me a few times a week that he is ALWAYS RIGHT, and that he is ONLY WRONG 1 time a year** (search for "makes 1 mistake a year" in this document for a longer description of that), must know that its ok for me to be out with Brian, while he is driving like a psycho through the streets and freeways, and drinking and driving, and driving a PINTO.

In reality you were saying to me, "Go out with Brian for the night, and Debbie, go and babysit for the neighbors, so that I can be alone at home with my new girlfriend Kookwha".

We have always just been collateral for you. Just insurance for you in your old age if you need money.

My stepmom Joy, who had been living with us until 3 months before that, when you had kicked her out of the house, would NEVER have let me into a car with Brian. She would have known better. And if she did, she would have asked me afterwards, "Did he drive safely? He didn't drink did he?" And I would have NEVER lied to her about that, no matter what Brian had told me to say. And he would have never said to me, "Don't tell your mom about that". He knew that he would get into some serious trouble for that if I ever told her that he had said that.

I NEVER lied to her. Funny thing I remember, is that, even looking back with my "adult glasses" on, I don't remember her EVER lying to me, except for the lies which you told her to tell me, like about my mom and her family. So the idea of me lying to her, I remember, was something that I never even thought about. Funny how that works huh? Be an example to your kids (or to anybody), and they will naturally follow that. You only know "Force others to do your will through physical and emotional retribution to them, or threats of those" (search for "photo of the whatsapp message" to see Marshal Klein evilly and overtly threaten me 4 years ago in writing, and that is just one time; you have been threatening me with retribution ever since I was 7 years old).

But then again, Joy was LIGHT YEARS more intellectual than you have ever been, and more logical, and more calm, and more civilized. You were like a beast compared to her.

You didn't care if I was in a potential death machine in Brian's death machine going 85 mph in 35 mph zones as long as your kids were out of the house for the night.

Brian always told me, "Now don't tell your dad and for sure not my dad about this". I mean, what if I had told you? He obviously wasn't too afraid of the consequences from his dad, whom for sure you would tell.

And I always asked him, "Aren't you afraid to get a ticket or worse for this?"

He said, "Don't worry about it. My dad will take care of it all".

Great guy.

You told me that one of the reasons that you sold your blue Pinto that you had when I was very little was because of their renown as exploding when hit from the behind.

LINK.

[If your airheaded mind has forgotten, here is a 1980s movie clip which barely exaggerates Pintos' reputation at that time.](#)

And you strongly encouraged me to go out all the time with Brian in his grey Pinto????? You know, sometimes I didn't want to go out with him. I wanted to stay home and relax on a weekend night. But I did what daddy wanted. So he could be home alone with his new girlfriend.

So one son drinks and drives.

Another son, after that brother was a vegetable from drinking and driving, rapes his father's client's minor daughter, also drinks and drives, and drives extremely recklessly.

Imagine what their father could have been like.

What did he arrange for you in between his continuous scotch and waters and 4 packs a day of cigarettes? Tell everyone. I almost never saw that guy without a hard drink in his hand and/or a cigarette/cigar in the other hand. He had a lifetime addiction to alcohol and to tobacco.

And when my mom went to Gan Aiden, you felt correctly responsible for her death. And you told this to Sharon. And in her moment of clever and evil desperation, just before she felt that she was about to lose you (your money) forever, she faked her own suicide. She went through the motions, but a narcissist like her would never ever kill herself for someone else. Her ego is way too big for that. She just knew that you would feel responsible for her "misery" because of the guilt that you had already felt for the past 20 years about my mother's death, and that you would then marry Sharon so that she would stop "feeling" worthless and "so sad" that you did not want to be with her. WHAT A LOAD OF CRAP!! Her "misery" was about losing her future retirement partner whose money would allow her to have a ranch with horses and play cowgirl every day, and most of all to be "far away from people". (search for "far away from people" in this document for a longer description of that)

And your daughter has done the same thing to you several times. They both played you like the dumbshit you are. They both saw your biggest fear, another death of a woman whom you were close to on your hands. And they have manipulated you with that ever since Debbie was 18 years old, and her very first therapist at UC Irvine enlightened her with, "Your father must have some serious guilt feelings about what happened to your mother". Before that, we had both thought that you ONLY hated her.

LINK

[Video of me saying Kaddish a few times at the Kotel on one of my mother's Memorial Days \(azcara/meldado\). This was during Corona-related restrictions, which limited the number of people at the Kotel.](#)

Just like you allowed your father to be covertly murdered by your wife (you probably secretly wanted it), you messed up your mother when she needed you most as well, you fucking demonic sorry excuse for a human being!!!!

(See "washing machine" a few pages ahead for more details about Grandpa Sam).

Shortly after you allowed your soulless, ugly-ass disgusting wife to get your father into a hospital, then a nursing home, and then hid him away from me for 6 months in another nursing home, your mother fell and broke her hip. She required from then on a live-in nurse. The only other option was to put her into an old people's home.

YOU ARE GOING TO SUFFER IN THIS LIFE FROM GD AND THEN ROAST IN HELL FOR A LONG LONG TIME YOU FUCKING SON OF A BITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Since you had allowed your wife to murder your father (search for "alzheimer's" in this document for a longer description of that), and then hid him from me for 6 months until his wife Minnette finally told me where he was, I had wanted nothing to do with you. I had also not wanted anything to do with you for a year and a half before that ever since **you told me that I had to give a gift to your wife at your birthday and your Chanukah if I was going to give you a gift because she felt "left out"** (search for "las vegas" in this document for a longer description of that).

And you had told your sister Edie, who has always done everything that you tell her to do ever since you married Joy and had money, to also keep a distance from me and consequently her kids did also. So when my grandma broke her hip and the family was discussing what to do, I was not contacted by any of the 6 of you (neither you, Edie, my 3 cousins nor Debbie). But you had my number (search for "ashes" in this document for more information).

But, a few years later I was told by my cousins what had happened. **YOU PIECE OF FUCKING SHIT!!!!!!**

All 6 of you decided to contribute money to help my grandma in one of those two options (nursing home or a live-in helper for her). Yeh Kim, I don't GIVE A FUCK what the PC term is for those places. They are old people's homes, nursing homes, it doesn't matter what you call it. Most of them, and for sure my grandparents' places, are just places where spouses and family sticks their elder because they don't want to care for them themselves. You hardly see them in Israel as much as in the America, where its big business. People here mostly take care of their elders themselves, and love doing it, or arrange for a live-in nurse. "NURSE" IS FINE, Kim. Get over yourself.

You all discussed what to do. My cousins, who were then in their 30s and 40s, and working, and raising kids, all pleaded with you and Edie, their mom, to get a live-in nurse for Nan. They could not afford it on their own, and they needed especially you and less so Edie to contribute a larger amount so that Nan could stay in her own house with a

nurse and be comfortable. They PLEADED with you both. Debbie probably stayed silent as she has never ever had enough self-conviction or self-confidence to stand up for what is right, and she was terrified of “upsetting” you since she has always blindly followed you like a ducking follows its mother for all time.

But my 3 cousins, who were closest to Nan, and especially Kathy and Kim, who probably loved Nan more than anyone else in the world, begged you and Edie to put forward enough money to do that. YOU could have afforded it all by yourself.

BUT LIKE THE FUCKING ASSWIPE YOU ARE, you and Edie told my cousins that you weren’t going to spend more than a certain amount to help Nan. Why not?? BECAUSE..... “She abused us as children and treated us so badly that we are not going to do anything extra for her now”.

That’s the reason that you two psychopathic, vengeful (revenge is clearly forbidden by Gd in the Torah, Lev. 19:18), small, pathetic, insidious asswipes gave to my 3 cousins for why you would not pay for a live-in nurse for her.

So you only agreed to pay for her to be in a nursing home. And that is where she went to for the rest of her life.

Her misery at that nursing home is ALL on you and your pathetic ugly piece of shit sister. When you each get up to there, she will come up to each of you (probably the first one to come to you as she was your mother) and ask you, “Why did you put me into a nursing home when you could have afforded to give me a live-in nurse? Didn’t I carry you, give birth to you, suckle you, feed you, clothe you, get you to school, help you with your homework, take care of you when you were sick, and tell everyone what a wonderful boy and man you were?” I would love to hear your answer. Because the only one will be “Because I was an idolatrous, selfish fucking asshole to my mother at the end of her life because I sold my soul when I married a demon just so that I could have money, and she did NOT allow me to spend too much money on my mother because she wanted it all for herself at her retirement. Mom, it’s the whole reason that she got involved with me in the first place”. It’s impossible (really impossible, literally) to lie when you are up there. That alone will be so hard for you to get used to you fucking pathological liar.

That is NOT the Marshal Alan Klein (search for “index” for more info about how you have covertly changed your identity) whom I grew up with. He was forgiving, and giving, and understood that Gd would have blessed him stupendously for forgiving his mother for her bad behavior as a parent, and you would have lauded and totally appreciated her great behavior as well back then (she was a great mother as well, with some faults like everyone).

So.....why did you do that? Why did you change in 15 years?? Easypeasy. Your demonic, selfish wife who wants you to keep every fucking cent you have for ONLY her. Because the Marshal Klein of 1986 would have done anything to keep his mother happy (and you did back in the 1980s before you met Sharon – paying for Nan's flights to come

see us, paying for everything when she was here, and EVERYTHING else that she needed back then). And you did the same for Grandpa Sam as well. But when you married that demon for her money – well, she married you also for your money – and you better bet that she would never want to see you spend your money on anybody except for her and her "ranch with horses far away from people! Ahahah....a hahahahaha". (keep reading).

You did the same thing to Grandpa Sam and to his wife. In 2000 I was visiting them often. Minnette told me that her washing machine was not working well at all, and because of that she could not do much laundry there, and was having to do a lot of it by hand as an 80-year old woman.

I asked her, "Does my dad know that your washing machine does not work well anymore?" She told me yes, that she had told you the last time that you were at their house a few months before, and that she had even told you that she was washing by hand and could not wash her drapes anymore because it did not work well. I asked her, "Did he offer to buy you a new one?" (which would have been such a small expense for you back then). She said, "No, he did not say anything about it".

So I told her to just call you and ask you directly if you could get your 89-year old father (who was still working 3 jobs) and his wife a new washing machine. She did shortly afterward, and she told me that you bought her a new washing machine, like the Marshal Klein I knew growing up would have done.

But.... 2 months later, your demonic piece of shit "wife" (such an ugly frail disgusting looking piece of shit – ugly and hideous-looking thing) tried to murder your father, and although she almost succeeded, Gd saved him b"H. But she managed to get him into a nursing home. Because.....she could not have me telling him and his wife all the time to ask you for basic things that they needed which you could easily afford and which in your heart you wanted to do for them.

So, it became so easy to see that your ugly-ass bitch wife had been stopping you from properly taking care of your parents because she wanted your money for HERSELF.....and you were too much of a putz by then to stand up to her.

So now, you have taught me how to treat you, you piece of shit!!!! As I saw you not forgive your mother and not give her the best that you could have given her, so I have learned from your example to not forgive you after you go. For that reason, you fucking shithead, as I told you a few years ago, I will bezrH NOT be saying Kaddish for you nor doing ANYTHING beyond whatever the bare minimum that whatever great rabbi that I have at that time will tell me that I need to do for you so that I do not sin, for myself. I will do it for me, not for you. I learned well from you. HATE your parent because they were a fuckhead and because he did not forgive HIS Mother and he did not help her when she needed it most, when he had the capacity and resources to do so. You will have to rely on a stranger doing mitzvot for you (if he will actually do it, since most religious

guys I know who get paid to do that by spoiled shitheads like Debbie hardly ever really actually do it, and since they have never even seen that person whom they are saying it for, so they hardly really care....). **YOU WILL GET WHAT YOU DESERVE YOU FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

She also later had Minnette, his wife, murdered, soooooo conveniently when you were here in Israel. **It happened just a couple days after I had told you that Minnette had told me the truth about you telling Minnette to NOT tell me where you had hidden my grandfather from me.** Two days after I told you that, while you were here in Israel, Minnette died. It was NO coincidence was it you fucking disgusting fuck.

When you suddenly showed up and moved Grandpa Sam from his nursing home to another nursing home, **you did not even tell me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

A few days later after you had moved him, I drove over to see him, as I was going over during that time to see him a couple of days every week. When I arrived to the home and walked into his room, he was not there. Of course I was terrified of why he was not there. I went to the desk, and they told me that “His son came and moved him to another home”. I asked them to which place specifically, and they brought out the manager. She was always very kind. She told me that she did not know where he was moved to.

I called Minnette and she told me, “Your father does not want me to tell you where we moved him to”. I said “Why not?” She said, “because you come every few days and take him out somewhere. He loves when you take him out. But then when your father visits him, he tells your father, ‘Why don’t you come more often and take me out like Al does’ or ‘Why don’t you take me out when you come to visit me?’, because your dad doesn’t take him outside every time he goes to visit him, and neither do I. So this way you will visit him less, and then he will ask us these questions less.”

WTF????????????????????

I asked her if that was the real reason. She said in her sweet country voice, “Well, at least that’s what your dad said I should tell you” and laughed. She went on to tell me, “Thank you for always taking him out. He loves when you take him out. And I love it too.” Sometimes I would pick up Minnette from her house and then go and pick up Grandpa Sam at his nursing home and take them both out for lunch at a local delicatessen.

She told me that, “Your dad said to call him and he will explain it to you”. I told her that I would not call you.

I could tell from her voice that it was 0% her fault, and 100% the fault of the **biggest fucking asshole that I have ever known.**

YOU PLAYED WITH YOUR FATHER’S MENTAL, EMOTIONAL AND SPIRITUAL WELL-BEING JUST TO TRY TO GET ME TO CALL YOUR FUCKING SORRY

ASS. Ever since 1999 when you when you had pulled your bullshit by telling me that I had to give your sicko psycho “wife” a gift WHENEVER I gave you a gift (search for “Las Vegas” for more info), I wanted NOTHING to do with your sorry ass. So you played games to try to get me to call you, instead of being a MAN and not a fucking pathetic pussy, and just calling me yourself and apologizing for your 12 years of being a FUCKING ASSHOLE. Instead you did like you learned to do from your meek, manipulative, narcissistic, ugly-ass, unethical piece of shit wife. You decided to try to manipulate me instead of just being a man.

I didn’t take your bait. A few months later I called Minnette and asked her if she could tell me where he was. She said that she would ask you. She called me back and told me later that said that you had said no.

ASSHOLE MAMASH!!
What a FUCKING dick you are.

A few months later she called me and she told me that “Your father said that now I can give you his location”.

LINK

[RECORDING OF GRANDMA MINNETTE, MY GRANDFATHER’S WIFE, TELLING ME THAT IT WAS NOT NICE OF MY DAD TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM MY GRANDFATHER FOR 6 MONTHS.](#)

She LOVVVVVED when I would go and visit him, because he was so happy when I was there. We had many, many conversations. She told me so many things about my father and the truth about many things about him. Many of the things that he hides from most people I found out the truth through this kind, gentle, Gd-fearing woman.

These were things that even today few people know about Marshal, except for those who already knew (his sister and now her kids whom she told), his wife, now his daughter, and a few very close friends. After my father married his current wife, who kept him away from his dad and his dad's wife as much as she could, he did not treat his dad and his dad’s wife well (search for "washing machine" in this document for a longer description of that).

You have more skeletons in your closet than most people do, and much more than almost anybody whom you know. And it all came back to you when Minnette and so many others have told me so much about your dark and evil past. I think she and others wanted to tell me these things because, like me, she and they hated your fucking guts from the mid-1990s when you threw them under the bus just like you threw me, our lifelong family rabbi who was also a great friend of yours, Harley Rubin, Debbie, Nan, and sooooo many other people under the bus all for a demonic soulless loser.

YOU GOT WHAT YOU HAVE DESERVED FOR 60 YEARS YOU MOTHER FUCKER.

For 6 months my grandfather sat almost always alone in this new home, withering away, wasting away, in a place that smelled like shit most of the time, with you seeing him a few times during that time, and Minnette going whenever she could. Of course, he almost never left that shithole.

All because you are the **BIGGEST FUCKING PUSSY IN THE WORLD**. You followed your bitchface fucks wife's fucking pathetic loser's advice and hurt your father just to get me to call you instead of calling me yourself. Because you knew that I would DESTROY you in any phone call that you had simply initiated just to try to patch things up with me.

FOR SURE it would have been like ALL of your other conversations with me after I had shut you out of my life. It would just be a normal conversation, with 0 reference to the past, nor to your misdeeds, with ABSOLUTELY NO APOLOGY from you for being a shitty father, just a "How's work and how's the weather and why don't you come over for dinner with me and [the person whom you despise most in this world]?"

I CANNOT remember anytime that you have EVER apologized to me in my life. EVER.

And you had wanted to manipulate me. You were going to tell me "You can go and visit Grandpa once a month" or whatever FUCKED UP BULLSHIT THAT YOUR DEPRESSED NARCISSISTIC SCHIZOPHRENIC "wife" told you to do.

"I'll tell you where he is but you have to promise to only see him once a month. Or else, weeeeeee'll move him again. And next time I won't tell you where he is."

You REALLY didn't want me to see both of them so much because you were afraid that they would tell me the truths about you, that you are a murderer, a CONVICTED thief, a huuuuuuge liar, and so, so much more.

And because you treated them and other people so badly, various people have told me A LOT. It was complete with photos and documents too.

You pathetic fuck.

You are such, such a small loser. You are not a man. You are a fucking pussy.

You are a fucking coward pussy idiot.

You had had so many young, TRULY smart, TRULY confident, lively, pretty and even beautiful women throwing themselves at you for 3-4 years before. Why did you choose 2

of your 3 girlfriends (Carol and Sharon) to be such fucking dogs?? (Carol at least had a heart – oh yeh, maybe because she didn't have an abortion, i.e., murder her own child while it was developing inside of her, but instead she gave birth and properly raised two nice boys, oh yeh, so she knew about giving to others and wasn't a cold selfish fucking cunt bitch like the demon that you live with). But interestingly, Carol and Lee had a lot more in common besides bad looks (looks are a reflection of the state of the soul). Carol was your ONLY other girlfriend or date whom Debbie and I had problems with; Carol had a butch haircut like Lee did and does; Carol was kinda strange, but NOTHING like Sharon is demonic; and we were not comfortable around Carol. Oh yeh, and Debbie hated both of their guts.

Kookwha Hill your first girlfriend was GREEEEEEAT. She was funny, easygoing, cool, TOTALLY not controlling of you or us; she was GREEEEEEAAAT with Debbie, who needed that female role model so much (they are still friends); she was beautiful, classy, and a dignified woman. She was a pleasure to be around. She was adventurous and TOTALLY self-confident, and TOTALLY humble. She NEVER got in between us, just the opposite. Nan loved her and everyone else did also. (Nan never rolled her eyes at us behind her back, like she did countless times with Sharon, which made the two of us laugh and then Nan laughed because we were laughing). We traveled with her on vacations and she showed us places and things we had never experienced before. She showed us all sushi for the first time. She loved the Jewish Holy Days and customs and everything about being Jewish.

You were like that too back then. Now you have degraded and descended to a nothing.

I still remember at restaurants, whenever she would need another fork, she would say to the waiter in her cute accent, "Can I have another fuk please?" The waiter would smirk and say, "Sure just a minute". After he left, the three of us could not stop laughing. She asked while smiling "What is so funny?". We let you explain it to her. She would laugh and laugh at herself. You milked that joke for months, and it was funny every time. She could always laugh at herself.

Why did you stop with her? She had 2 daughters. The older one I never met, because she hated her mother for leaving her husband of 18 years after she found out that he had cheated on her. **Like I said, Kookwha was a classy and dignified woman.**

Her spoiled brat oldest daughter hated you and us. She vainly thought that if you and Kookwha broke up, Kookwha would go back to her cheating husband. It did not happen. Finally, after 2 years, Kookwha broke up with you to appease her daughter. It was hard for both of you. Then, sometime later, she realized her mistake, told her daughter to grow up, and tried to reconnect with you.

I remember that one day after school, when I was 16, after I hadn't seen Kookwha in months, you called the house and told me, "Bring your sister down here. I want to talk to you guys about something". Debbie and I drove down to your office. We sat down in the

big back office at your desk. Almost nobody else was around as it was late in the afternoon.

You said, "I want to tell you guys that I decided today that I will NOT be going back with Kookwha".

Um.....I hadn't even known that that was on the table again, but I guess that it has been. And....now it is not. Ok.

"Why not?"

"She called me and apologized and asked me to get back with me. I've thought about it. I told her today that I didn't want to go back. You guys, whenever someone hurts you once, don't ever go back with them. Because chances are, they will just hurt you again".

You had tears in your eyes, one of the few times that I had seen that (I have only seen you really cry once, after my Bar Mitzvah when you were drunk). Only Gd knows, but based on who she was, I doubt that that would have happened. We pressed you about maybe trying again. But you were defiant. I remember you repeating that sentence a bunch of times. "Whenever someone hurts you once, don't ever go back with them. Because chances are, they will just hurt you again".

What I think you were really saying was, "Its not worth it for me to risk all of those bad feelings of being rejected again to have such a great woman by my side for the rest of my life".

Your next girlfriend Carol was many, many steps down from Kookwha. You argued with her a lot, she was controlling, although she was still 1000 times better than your current bitch-on-wheels. (search for "carol" in this letter for a longer description). And mostly they went down from there, with the occasional great one like the neighbor's sister (search for "36-year old" in this document for a longer description of that). You dated **many** awesome women, but they only lasted a few weeks or a month or two.

And your last one, two years later was and is at the bottom of the barrel, like many many stories below ground of the bottom of the barrel. Like in the mantle of the Earth bottom of the barrel.

A couple of years ago we were talking on the phone. I was talking to you about something, and you said to me, "Fk off". You proceeded to keep interrupting me on the phone and you keep telling me "Fk off". How in the world can you talk to your son like that? I did not even say anything so offensive.

Here is the recording of our call.

LINK

He says fuck off to me 4 times. He tries to say he has been a jerk to me ever since I was 19 because of my undergrad grades. GIVE ME A BREAK. I show him it had nothing to do with that. He lies about an agreement that we had. He says that "it was implied". What does it matter which university it was? If he in fact did say that he would return half of the money, and he did NOT specify a university, which he did not, because at the time neither he nor I ever considered that I would transfer to a better school later, THEN HE NOW OWES ME TENS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Now, wait a second, Marshal Klein.

In your very own words, in the recording above, you clearly said that, “I never said that” and that I, Al, am “making things up again” when I say that you had agreed to continue funding my university education as long as I maintained a 2.0 GPA.

YOUR WORDS.

So, then, why were you, in your own words in the recording, “Absolutely” having a problem with me when I was at university “because of my grades”. If you had no requirement for a minimum GPA, in your own words, then what was your problem??

MARSHAL??

FUCKFACE????

You did not have a problem with my grades. You probably secretly wished that I would drop out of university so that you could stop paying for it.

YOU HAD A PROBLEM WITH ME. Your problem was that your new DEMON (I am not exaggerating, it IS A demon) “girlfriend” wanted your children out of your life, so that it could have you all to itself.

You left your 16-year daughter home alone most nights every week for the last 2 years of her time living at home. (see the first 10 pages of this document for an extensive description of that). And you emotionally abandoned her and your son, in order to appease your controlling bitch.

You have let your past 2 wives control you. The current demon (I am not exaggerating here) is an evil entity, twisted from a physically and sexually abusive childhood at the hands of her alcoholic, sexually and physically abusive father, while her mother stood by and let it all happen. This was in their little dirt shit house in Alabama or Arkansas or one of those states where that stuff was so commonplace back then. Every time I see the scene in Forrest Gump with the lady going back to her old little house I think of your

wife. Of course I don't blame her for what happened to her. I absolutely have no empathy for people who take out their shit on other people as adults, instead of dealing with their stuff. THAT'S HER FOR ALL OF ITS LIFE. She has chosen to use and to hurt others to take out her pain. You have done the very same exact thing.

She had an abortion in her 20s and always told us stories about her alcoholic father, and how he beat the shit out of her when she was little. She used to DELIGHT in telling Debbie and I numerous times that she never had children because "I am too selfish. I don't want to take care of anyone but me. Ha ha ha ha ha". I remember thinking "so what in the heck is my dad doing with this piece of total crap????"

Everyone has stuff from their childhood to deal with. But I have 0, I mean 0 empathy for anyone who does not take the effort to deal with their own stuff, but instead like a spoiled brat and a coward puts their childhood crap onto others, like she does with EVERYONE, including you, me and Debbie. She is **SUUUUUUUCH A FUCKING LOSER !!!!!** Just like you!! And then she goes and pretends to be a psychologist!!!! **LOSER!** She has manipulated you to put all of her stuff onto you, and you just go and accept it onto yourself. She has treated you like shit since you met her, and for 36 years she has walked all over you, and even more ever since she faked her suicide to get you to not leave her. You are a fucking dumbshit.

Her niece Kara told me a very interesting story years ago about what a fucking cheapskate loser she is. Kara lived in Japan for a while. After a year or two, she decided to come back to California. She had been working there. She had very little money right before she was about to travel back to California. A few days before she left, she asked your disgusting ugly-ass wife to loan her \$40 so that Kara could buy a calling card and make arrangements with her sister and parents to pick her up, and so that she could make other calls to arrange for her new life back home after being away for so long. Your ugly-ass dogfaced bitch said she would "loan" Kara the \$40 and that she expected that it would get paid back to her when Kara returned to America. Kara agreed of course. That's \$40.

Forty-fucking dollars.

Kara returned a week or two later. She started working pretty soon after. A few weeks later, the demon called her to see "how she was". But.....pretty soon in the conversation she asked Kara, "what about my \$40?". Um.....

Kara relayed this whole story to me in the 1990s to demonstrate to me what a cheap, hardass, cold bitch that Sharon is (the word "bitch" I put in there).

She is such a cheap, selfish nothing.

I mean, **A)** \$40, or even \$80, meant nothing to her back then. She was driving a Mercedes and selling houses and living in a house that she owned with her cat (like most lonely single women do) (that was written before June 2024 - it was based on personal experience with several

female friends and dates, not on some silly political ad), **B)** this was her NIECE, her almost only close family, she only had 3 other genetically close family then, **C)** the girl Kara had just come back from years overseas and just had started working, and **D)** it was \$40 and it was her niece!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **Gd, what a fucking loser your wife is!!!!!! What a fucking LOSER OF A HUMAN BEING !!!!!!!**

One time around 2012 or 2013 I was on the phone with Debbie. She was complaining to me about some negative interaction that she had had with Sharon your wife. (You are such a loser for being with her. You have wasted almost half of your life). I said to Debbie, “Why do you put up with her? Why don’t you just tell her off to her face?” Debbie said to me, “Al, stop worrying about her. Just live your life, that is what I do. **And besides, she is a NOTHING.** She is a zero”. I realized then that she was right. About a year later I stopped caring about your wife and started realizing that it wasn’t her that I had a problem with. It was you. She meant and means 0 to me. It was you that I had a problem with. Because you had chosen such a FUCKING LOSER to be your wife. You had chosen a selfish demonic cunt to be your wife, who treated your kids and anyone you knew like shit because she wanted you only for your money and to suck your kind, warm, Jewish soul out of you (which she almost totally has). Because you are too pitiful of a man that you have to follow in your Daddy’s footsteps in everything (just like your sister). You had to take a goy wife, just for her money, just like he did.

RECORDING OF And besides, she is a NOTHING. She is a zero”.

Soon after you started working at Brown, you met a colleague named Harley Rubin. Harley was an awesome guy. He was one of the coolest, kindest, funniest friends that I ever met of yours. He was a great-looking guy who was always joking around and always caring about me and Debbie. He was always kind, warm and nice to both of us. For many years you guys were great friends. You used to go out with him all the time. You guys would go on double dates together (before you met Sharon) and you used to go to bars together. He used to joke around with me about you guys. He used to joke around with me about girls and women around you, and we would all laugh together like silly guys do about women. He was cool and a great, great friend to you. He also was a good colleague to have for you.

But, a while after you started dating uglyface Sharon, you started seeing him less and less. I remember that when I would visit you on my university breaks, you saw him less and less and usually you had not seen him in a while when I saw you. I asked you about him in front of dumbass Sharon, and **she said, “Oh Harley is a pig” with her usual, forced idiotic laugh.** But it was obvious that she meant it. You stopped being friends with one of the coolest guys that I ever knew because your insecure, ugly-ass, jealous-to-the-MAXXXXXX, unconfident, stupid idiotic girlfriend couldn’t handle you being around him, probably because like EVERY sensible, CONFIDENT, self-assured man on this planet, he hated Sharon’s fucking guts and probably asked you repeatedly “What the fuck are you doing with this angry, hostile, man-hating bag of bones???? When you have beautiful, TRULY smart, TRULY confident, TRULY successful and achieving YOUNG

women like (for example, our neighbor's sister) BEGGING you to be her boyfriend?????????"

So because he tried to talk sense into you, because he cared about you, and to get you out of what was so obviously to everyone except for you a total soul trap, and because he wanted the best for you, and because he saw that you could do soooooooooo much better (it is not hard) than that yukky, angry, soulless, cold, murderous, evil demon who has controlled you ever since you met it ("her"), she forbade you from spending time socially with your best friend anymore, a charismatic, kind, good-looking, professionally successful, NORMAL, sociable guy.

You are a fucking pussywhipped moron. A fucking loser.

Here is a newsflash you fucking idiot!!!! Sharon is a fucking moron!!!! I know smart people. SHE IS A FUCKING IDIOT!!!!!! WITH A BIG "I".

AND EVERYONE WHO HAS A BRAIN AROUND YOU KNOWS IT. I never HAVE SEEN ANYBODY laugh so much at their own jokes. And she keeps laughing even AFTER nobody else around her (even her idiot sister) is laughing, because she is looking like a fucking fool!!!! And then you look like a fool for being with her. And you are a fool. A big idiot and fool. I HATE your fucking guts you FUCKING ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Your business partner of 15 years, Mort Lewis, was also one of the nicest people whom I have ever known. Gd provided him to you so that you could make money and start and build a great business. He was your 50% silent business partner, providing the money that you did not have so that you could start your fledgling business.

You both had also approached my grandfather, my mom's dad, and asked him also to help you financially to start the business. This was before you married my mother. He had promised to give you money for your business if you would marry his daughter. You ultimately married my mother for money to start your business.

LINK.

[EMAIL FROM DAVID PAGE SAYING THAT MY FATHER GOT MONEY FROM MY MOM'S FATHER TO START HIS BUSINESS. Even her brother David Page has told me this several times over the past 30 years. Several people with firsthand knowledge have told me that and written to me that multiple times over the previous decades. David himself has told me several times ever since the first year that I knew him again.](#)

Mort became an excellent friend to you. When your mother was on a flight to see you and you could not pick her up, Mort twice went to LAX to pick her up. When your mom, my grandma, came out for my Bar Mitzvah b"H, Mort and his wife hosted her at their house for several days and entertained her while she was in LA. There are COUNTLESS other

examples of how Mort was such a great friend to you for 15 years in addition to being an excellent business partner.

But after you sold your business, suddenly you stopped communicating at all with him. When I asked you why, you said that the two of you had some dispute after you sold your business about your company cars. Honestly???? Seriously?? I was a teenager when you told me that and I remember thinking that something didn't seem right. You stopped talking to a great, great personal friend who had helped you in sooooo many personal situations, had come to your kids' Bar and Bat Mitzvahs, had gone out to dinner with you and your family numerous times with his wife, had been right by your side when you needed something, had worked with you at Kirby's shoes when you worked there before you opened a luggage business, and was your business partner of 15 years, and you stopped talking to him forever because of 1 company car that you had some disagreement about AFTER you sold your business?? Doubtful. Why don't you tell everyone the REAL story of why you suddenly cut off a great friend and business partner. Why don't you tell everyone what you were so afraid of. You have fucked people left and right all of your life just to get ahead. You cowardly, sinful fuck.

When I was living in Israel, I called Mort and talked to him a few times for quite a while. As always, he was gracious and giving, kind and warm-hearted. He only spoke well of you, and I apologized to him for your selfish, paranoid behavior. I lauded him and his wife for all that they did for me, Debbie, and Nan, and how he helped you to develop your business. He was quite healthy then and in good shape. He and his wife talked to me for quite a while whenever I called.

Interestingly, he soon ended up dead. I remember when I told you that I had spoken with him a couple of times. You sounded very, very nervous. **Within a year of me speaking to him, he was dead.** Yet when I had spoken to him several times previously, he was in great shape and doing fine.

Why did I call him the first time? Because I asked you on the phone about how they arranged everything with Nan when she came out for my Bar Mitzvah. You told me, "I don't want to talk about that." I said "Why not?? You said, "I don't want to talk about that." So I got off the phone with you and I thought, ok, I'll find Mort and call him. 1-2-3, he was on the phone, with his kind and calming voice, and his gracious manner. He was sooooooo happy to hear from me. He and Doris talked to me for a long time, and of course, easily answered all of my questions. What were you so afraid of, you cowardly pussy fuck !!!! You fucking pussy of a human being! You worthless loser!! All your life you have been SUUUCH A FUCKING LOSER!!!!

And to top it off, after you had said, "I don't want to talk about it", then after about 15 seconds you said, "I think its better that we only communicate by email from now on".

!!

WHAT??????????????

You repeated it a second time.

I knew that that demon was sitting next to you, telling you what to say to me.

But you kept saying it. I was sooooo hurt.

I even asked Debbie about it. Here is her response to me.

RECORDING OF DEBBIE'S MESSAGE.

After Debbie got on the case, and hopefully told you what a FUCKING LOSER OF A PARENT YOU WERE BEING (and have always been), you answered me the next time that I called you.

My 36-year, zillion-dollar question: WHY. THE. FUCK. DO. YOU. TAKE. PARENTING (control is more like it). ADVICE. FROM. SUCH. A FUCKING. LOSER??????????????

And from someone who has never had children????????????????????????????????

Because you are an idiot yourself. Easy answer.

You married my mom, just to get money for your business from her father who promised you money to start your business if you married his daughter and joined his family; you blamed everything between you both solely on her; you married Joy for her mother's money; and you have married Sharon for her money, because, as she spontaneously bragged to us a zillion fucking times, "Neither one of us has enough money on our own to retire the way we want to, but if your dad and I put our money together, we can do just fine".

A marriage of convenience. No wonder Sharon always has hated Hillary Clinton ever since 1992. She is a mirror of Sharon. And Sharon hates herself very, very deeply. We all hate things in other people that we see which are things that we hate in ourselves. Everyone has always said that the Clintons' marriage is a marriage of convenience. Sharon even did her hair like Hillary, and walked around telling you and us and everyone else what an "independent woman" she (Sharon) is. You were so stupid to believe her. Truly independent people don't go around telling everyone how independent they are. They just are independent. People see that and they know that.

In 2018, I finally noticed a pattern that you had had for AT LEAST 10 years. I realized that every time that you were about to have a medical procedure, you made sure to call me and tell me. This was especially true if you and I were not in contact. Even if we had not talked or messaged in months, you strangely made sure to call me and tell me, "I just wanted to tell you that tomorrow I'm going in for an operation....." I remember

thinking, Why is he calling to tell me this?? What about an apology for being such an assfuck shithead of a parent first?? Then I realized that you were doing it because you realized that with my blessing, you always came out ok. And you knew that, ever since I was a kid. I then remembered other times that you had done stuff similar to that. So you wanted me to know about it so that, as you knew, I would be more empathetic towards you and would bless you that you would be ok. They were not life-threatening procedures or anything. You just wanted me to know about it and therefore to bless you. You are such a user of people.

The worst part of it was that as soon as you were ok, EVERY TIME, you went back to ignoring me and/or treating me like shit. I'll remind you of what I mean here below.

These were 4 distinct, consecutive examples of you treating me like shit, then you getting punished by Gd by almost losing your sight and your life, then you in your passive way asking me to bless you and pray for you, and then you shitting on me afterwards, going back to your cold and evil ways that you have learned from your demonic roommate for the last 36 years. There were more like this before and even after these.

#1

In 2011, I was in a very difficult situation. I had been 100% on my own for several years in Israel, working my ass off at different jobs and also trying to start my own businesses a few times. I had done everything from teaching English with companies and privately, to selling snacks in the city parks. By 2011, I had a fledgling vacation apartment business going. It was starting to develop nicely. But I had taken out loans through a few credit cards in order to get it started. (I didn't follow your example, of marrying someone whom I didn't madly love, just for money to start my business).

My business was developing nicely b"H. I was one of the first people in Tel Aviv and in Israel for that matter to develop a serious vacation apartment business, and with my American-style service and native English, I did quite well quite fast.

I asked you in 2011 if you could please help me pay off those loans. It would give me a clean slate and a clean start. Some of those loans had also been used to help me survive while I was starting the business, so I explained that if you chose to help me pay them off now, you could be participating in my immigration to Israel, which is something EVERY SINGLE JEWISH PARENT I know of wants to do for their Jewish kid. Especially those whose fathers have not converted to idolatrous, mamash idolatrous Catholicism, and those whose parents haven't had their bodies cremated, and most of all, those Jewish parents who haven't married an idiot moron ATHEIST GOY who only cares about herself all of her life and wants her Jewish spouse's money all for itself. YOU FUCKING LOSER!!

And for those people like you who needs SOMETHING in return for everything that they do (which has been your attitude since 1989, when sick, psychotic Sharon infected your brain with her atheistic selfish outlook on life and you adopted it because you wanted her

money), you could have received UNTOLD blessings for helping your son to live in Israel. Do you know how big of a “smile” Gd could have had?? Do you know what blessings He could have conferred on you??

Those loans were coming due. I asked you to help me. You said, “No. I won’t pay off your credit cards”. What difference did it make if the loans were from a person or an organization or a bank or credit cards?? What difference did it make? I took out loans to start a business, I had to pay them off now, why wouldn’t you help me??

Then, later that year you got cataracts. The doctor told you that he would operate on your eyes. He told you that there was a chance that you might not see again.

By the way, interesting note, that ALL of your serious medical problems started then in 2011, a year after you followed your wife Sharon’s lifelong dream to retire at 65 and move to a ranch in the middle of nowhere. Was it because you were living someone else’s dream of living on an isolated ranch in the middle of nowhere? You were soooo unhappy the first year that you were there. You told me that you were soooooo depressed during your entire first year there. Who would not be living with such an ICK? Then she got you distracted from your isolation and loneliness (because she didn’t want you to leave her) by getting you to volunteer your time with numerous organizations. Don’t you feel so loved by those people that you volunteer for? Of course they love you. You work for free for them.

Back to your cataracts, those were the days when you still made tshuvah for your misdeeds and when you actually still had some fear of Gd left in you.

You told me this whole story when you came to Israel. Then you told me that, “When they told me that I might not see again, I was worried that I may never see my son again”. So you promised Gd that if he restored your sight and if the operations were successful, then you would go to Israel to visit me. Finally. After I had been here and in regular contact with you for 2.5 years already.

So you finally came here a few months after your operation. Those were the days when you still feared Gd. Kind of. Real tshuvah would have meant that you also repented by paying my loans from 2011. But at least you made half tshuvah.

Funny, though, before you came here you asked to stay in one of my vacation apartments. I first gave you a 1-bedroom apartment that was quite popular. You complained after a day that it was not nice enough so then I moved you to the best and biggest one that I had at the time.

You had told me from America, “I’ll pay you the same rate that a tourist would pay so that you don’t lose money because I’m staying there”. I said that that was very nice of you. But funny that you waited until your last day here to offer to pay me.

Then when you said to me just before you paid me, “I’ll pay you now for the apartment”, and I said, “Thanks, Dad”, and then you said, “I’ll pay you, but I don’t know why you would charge your father to stay in one of your apartments”. Ummmm....you had offered weeks earlier. I mean, WTF????????????????????? Whatever happened to your integrity?? Oh yeh, your demon “wife” took it along with your manhood.

You gave me \$500 for 6 nights. The hotel that you stayed at the first night (it was Purim, and everything I had was full already at the time that you had told me that you were coming, which was only a few weeks before) charged you \$165 for 1 night. Classy. Great way to finish our last day together, by complaining about something that you had already promised. In 1988 you would have given me \$1000 the moment that you arrived to the apartment, with a big hug and a "Thanks, Al!", and you might have asked me if that covered your stay. If I hadn't had a vacation apartments business, you would have paid \$165 x 6 AT LEAST, since you were here over a weekend when the rates are much higher. You had a quiet, safe, 100 square foot 2-bedroom apartment with new furniture and balcony smack in Lev Tel Aviv (Heart of Tel Aviv neighborhood). Why am I trying to justify to my dad what a good deal I gave him? Because he married a cheapo cheapskate controlling narcissistic PIG. It looks honestly like a dog.

In the summer of 2012, a few months after you got back from Israel, you called me to tell me that you were planning to come back to Israel in 2013. You said that you would indeed come again at the same time of year, in March, and with your wife this time. I reminded you that I had repeatedly told you since you were here that the next time you should come in May. When you came in March it rained a few days during your week-long visit (don’t outdo yourself too much, 1 week with your son after not seeing him for 12 years – or did your wife limit your stay because she is soooooo insecure that you might actually enjoy time with your son, and maybe leave her because you love someone else? She is the MOST insecure person I have ever known well. LOSER. Psychologist my ass. She was a school counselor).

Anyways it rained a few days and we couldn’t do much. And it was cold and the sun went down early. So I had been telling you for months that when you come next time to come in May. It’s not too hot, not too cold, sunshine every day, long days, we can travel around a lot, and there are a bunch of fun holidays like Independence Day and Shavuot. I had even asked you to come back that May 2012, or maybe for Rosh Hashanah 2012. You had said that you would think about it (i.e., "I have to ask my mommy Sharon if its ok, because I miss my controlling mommy Ruth, and even though it sucks to have a controlling mommy, that's what I am comfortable with, because I never did the work to deal with my childhood emotional abuse").

So you told me on this phone call in summer of 2012 that you would come next mid-March 2013 again but this time with your wife. I reminded you about coming in May. I also told you that now I had acquired several new apartments, and that mid-March would be **immediately** before Pesach and so that I would be super super busy, as it’s a tourist high season in Israel, so that’s another reason that May was better. You said, “**In May**

[the ugly-ass frail-looking bitch cunt] wants to go to Bryce Canyon, so that's how it is going to be. We will go to Bryce Canyon in May. So I will come to Israel in mid-March". "But dad I'll be so busy it will be very hard for me to spend time with you. May is a slower tourist month and easier for me to spend time with you". You said, "I'm coming in May and that's it!" So I said, "Then just don't come next year".

I said that because 1) it could be a waste of your time and money (assuming your main focus was to spend time with me – was it? Or just to be able to tell yourself and others that you came to see me, regardless of how much time I would actually have with you?) since I would be too busy, and it would break my heart to have you here and not to be able to see you almost all the time, and 2) because I could not **believe** that you would go to Bryce Canyon over coming to see your son (WTF Marshal?????). I mean, you could go there anytime, it's an 8-hour drive (WTF??? Oh yeh, you are married to a psychopath I forgot).

We got off the phone. My girlfriend could not BELIEVE that you had said that to me. I prayed that you would call me back and make the situation better somehow. I thought you would tell your wife to go and fuck herself, and that you would come in May 2013 to spend as much time with me as possible in good weather. But you did not. Because I gave you way too much credit. You have always been a pussy to your women, ever since my mother hurt herself mostly because of **YOUR BULLYING OF HER** !!!!

#2

Then, what happened to you not long after that? Marshal Klein was riding his horse one day. He stopped under a shady tree to take a break. He stayed on his horse. Next thing he knew he was awake in the hospital, with a bloody face and bruising on his head. He was in very, very bad shape. It turned out that when you were sitting on your horse, underneath a tree, that a huge nut, or a branch that spontaneously broke off of the tree, fell on your head from the tree, knocked you out, and you fell from the horse and hit your head and body on the ground hard from such a high fall.

Or....a rattlesnake startled your horse and he threw you off.

Or..... maybe some teenagers didn't like you and dropped a big ass rock on your head because they knew you stopped under this tree every day and they waited for you. The first two explanations you offered to me. (The third was my idea because who likes a coward and a pushover like you? Surely not two teens that you would probably boss around. Surely not an ultra-cool guy like Harley Rubin).

Whatever of the first two explanations or if it was something else, nevertheless, it was a totally "random" event. And you said it was probably the first one, because you said that your horse doesn't scare easily and was well-trained and likely wouldn't throw you off like that just for a snake. And...you were standing still, so it also seems less likely that a rattlesnake would crawl up to a stationary horse in the middle of the hot day.

Either explanation, but especially the first one, it's like.....WTF?? What's the likelihood of something like that happening? A "random" nut or branch falls on your head under a tree while sitting on a horse and knocks you unconscious?? You could have died if your horse didn't run back home which alerted your wife something was wrong.

LINK.

6.2019. Him telling me that he didn't want to continue riding on a recent day because he had been afraid that another branch may fall on his head like it had years before.

As soon as you told me that story, I **KNEW** that Gd was punishing you for your behavior in 2012 about not coming here in May 2013 for stupid pissass reasons connected to Sharon's psychotic need for control in order to manage her deep, deep insecurities (she needs a super good psychologist, and **really, really** she needs to be in a facility). I was not even religious then at all, but I still knew as you were telling me the story that Gd was punishing you AND in **SUCH** an obvious way that any idiot could see that it was His hand in it directly, so that you might wake up again and realize what an asshole you were being to your son. I mean, what are the chances of something like that happening to **anybody????????**

HE WAS **TRULY** KNOCKING YOU ON YOUR HARD, IDIOTIC HEAD FROM ABOVE, SAYING "STOP ACTING LIKE A DICKHEAD TO YOUR PRECIOUS HOLY SON!!!! GO AND SEE HIM WHEN YOU CAN SPEND THE MOST AMOUNT OF TIME WITH HIM AND TREAT HIM WITH THE RESPECT THAT HE DESERVES!!!! OR NEXT TIME THIS MIGHT NOT BE A BRANCH. IT MIGHT BE A METEORITE YOU IDIOT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

About 16 months before that, you figured out that He WAS closing your eyesight because you had not gone to SEE your son. You still had some humility and fear of Him. By this time, though, all that mattered was placating Beavis.

You ALWAYS do that ALL of your life. As this letter shows, EVERY time that I spent hours of my time and focused energy on blessing you that you would get better, you always got better. Then you ditched me physically and emotionally, as you had done before Gd had fucked you up.

In 16 months you had forgotten how He had punished you before, and how you had done the right thing, or at least half it, and he had cured you. Now you were back to your old self again.

GUESS WHAT MOTHER FUCKER??????????????

HE HAS HAD IT WITH YOU !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**HE HAS HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR FUCKING
BULLSHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

EXACTLY AS THE TORAH SAYS. IN HIS GREAT MERCY, HE GIVES PEOPLE USUALLY PLEEEEEENTY OF TIME TO MAKE TESHUVAH BEFORE HE PUNISHES THEM. JUST LIKE A GOOD PARENT, HE EVENTUALLY REACHES A POINT WHERE ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

HE HAS BEEN THERE WITH YOU FOR YEARS NOW. AND HE IS RUNNING OUT OF WHATEVER PATIENCE HE HAS LEFT FOR YOUR SORRY ASS.

AND YOU WILL NOT SEE IT THIS TIME UNTIL YOUR FINAL HOURS.

HALLELUYAH WHEN THAT DAY COMES.

The world will be a better place without you in it.

When you were recovering from both of these things (the cataracts and the big nut or branch or meteorite or Santa Claus' bag of toys (it doesn't matter what it was, it was **TOTALLY** "random", i.e., **DIRECTLY** from Him) falling on your head), you had similar treatments. You had to sit up, in bed, and you even had to SLEEP sitting up for a while. You could do almost nothing all day. I called you almost EVERY SINGLE DAY that you were in those positions. **I** called you and talked to you for hours, to keep you company to keep you busy. This was in January 2012 and in January of 2013 as I remember. **I** was the one who kept you company by phone every day, when it was late at night my time. When I asked if you had heard from Debbie, you said that maybe she had called you every couple of days for a few minutes. Your wife was usually not at home when we talked. She was riding horses or doing errands. **I** was the one who gave you the most amount of time to keep you company and to keep your spirits up for the many days that you were in these positions.

For the knock on the head that Gd gave you under a tree, I remember the day that you told me that you would be going to the doctor to see if it was ok then for you to resume mostly normal activities. Of course I prayed for you. I waited for hours the next day for a call from you to tell me that indeed you were ok. When several hours passed AFTER your scheduled doctor appointment, I nervously called you. What happened??

You answered the phone normally. You told me, "Everything is fine, the doctor said that I can drive again. We went back home and now I'm driving and we are going to do some errands, so I can't talk now. Thanks for checking on me and I'll call you next week".

You were back to **Mr. Cold, Short, Distant, ASSFUCK ASSHOLE MARSHAL**. I remember being in disbelief that you had already been to the doctor's, found out everything was ok, went back to your house, probably were there for a little while, and got into your car and were driving around and you managed to not to think to call me to tell me at any point in there that you were ok????? Seriously?? I again felt so confused and hurt. I asked, "Why didn't you call me before?" You said, in your classic, contrived "upbeat" voice "Well everything was ok so I just thought I'll call you tomorrow and tell

you". When you said, "I gotta go now, Al, I'm trying to get off of the phone with you". I said, "Well, ok, can you call me when you get back home and we can talk?" You said, "Well, I'll call you next week".

And that is how you always are. After you are ok, you forget and throw away the ones who were there for you. Exactly like your buttface wife. She is a total and complete narcissist and she has been using everyone including her own relatives for everything ever since she can remember. You have absorbed her craziness and coldness and way of using people. You have literally lost your soul.

Recording of these calls.

#3

In November 2018, I randomly called you to say hi. It was a little before 11 am your time. Usually when I called you, you were riding your horse and couldn't talk, or eating dinner with Beavis (that's what your wife looks like) and she wouldn't let you talk, or taking your piece of shit dog to the vet and couldn't talk, or doing almost anything else and couldn't talk. If you could talk, interestingly, ever since 2011, then you always said that you had to go right after the timer on my phone passed the 30 minute mark for the phone call length. Seriously, it happened 90% of the time. After a few months of this, I started watching the timer. At 29:00 I watched it constantly. Like clockwork, at 30:02, you would say, "Well, I gotta go and clean the horses/go to an appointment/whatever bullshit excuse I can come up with to get off of the phone with my shitty son and go and tell my cowboy buddies and my nieces and nephew that "I talked to Al today" So that everyone would think that I am such a great father. Just like I used to come home one night every week to be at home with my ball and chain daughter so that I can tell Helen Taft, my buddy at work, tomorrow, and Marcia Swick Hoyt and Jan Bigotti and everyone else at work that I was at home last night with Debbie so they will think that I am a good single father, "balancing" my possessive girlfriend with my fatherly duties" (search for "after I left to live at the university" in this document for a longer description of that).

Thank Gd, when I called you this time you had just arrived to a garage to drop off your car for some work. You said that you would be at the garage now for a few hours. You said that it was "Great timing, Al". So we started to talk. It was great for me, it was the first time in decades that I did not feel in a hurry to get in all I could in my allotted bi-weekly (every other week) 30-minute call time. I also had time as it was late at night for me in low tourist season wintertime, and I was at home b"H. So we got into talking about details of each others' lives. I was finally beginning to feel a bit more like father and son.

My schedule was pretty boring to talk about. It was 10 to 12-hour workdays, a quick swim a few times a week for fitness if I could, and me getting more religious (a topic which always seemed to annoy you (why TF??? Any other Jewish-American dad would be overjoyed that his son was getting closer to Gd and Torah (Judaism as you call it)), so I had learned to avoid it).

So the conversation quickly turned to you. I asked you a lot about what seems to be your most prominent daily activity, your riding of horses. We talked about details of it, and you told me about different kinds of horses, and where you went riding, and a bunch of other interesting things. I loved it so much!! And then you sent me during the call a photo of you on your horse. It was a great picture. It was the first picture that I had had of you since I had seen you in 2012.

Then, after about 45 minutes, you said that you were outside and that it got cold so you were going inside, and you didn't want to talk around other people. So I said ok, how about if I send text and voice messages, you could listen in your earpiece, and you can write me back. You said ok, but that you had to make a call first (it turned out it was your buttfuckwife, keep reading).

So about 15 minutes later you texted me that you were off the phone but that you couldn't communicate anymore because it was a "long enough conversation" before. I asked you if your car was done. You said no, but you didn't want to communicate anymore. I called and you answered and I said "What happened? We were talking so great and you have about 2 more hours there so why not continue our communication?" (It was easy to figure out that you had called your wife, and that she had talked poison and evil about me to you, especially based on what you said next (see below)). Mommy had reminded you, little boy, about your 30-minute time limit for calls with Al.

By the way, the difference between people who know me and know our entire story **factually** and between your demonic wife is that my friends and even my family almost never, actually I think its actually "never", but I want to be sure to be very accurate, disparage you nor talk shit about you to me. I tell them things, I discuss things about you, and every single one, **until the past year**, over the 36 years that you have been an ultimate shithead of a parent, including friends, girlfriends, and relatives, either feel sorry for you or most of the time they tell me, "Your dad knows EXACTLY that what he is doing and how he is treating you is wrong. He knows that this is not the way to treat his son. But he cannot help it because he lets her and everyone else control him."

Your "wife" (business partner and infrequent fuckbuddy (YUUUUUKKKKKK!!!!!! disgusting)) on the other hand talks nonsensical shit about me to you, slanders me, tells you lies about me based on her "knowledge of psychology" (which is almost nothing in reality), and you are such an idiot that you have come over the decades to believe every word that she says. The people that I have relationships with have integrity and compassion. Your demon, as is consistent with demons, has only evil and hate and sickness. And now you only have evil, hate and sickness. Look at you. You look like total shit these days for the last 10 years, getting worse and worse every year. Its not just age either. You look like exactly what I wrote to you months ago. You look like the "SHELL OF YOUR FORMER SELF". There is nothing anymore behind your eyes. You have lost your soul. You gave it to your demon over the last 36 years. Congratulations.

So, I called and you answered and I said "What happened? We were talking so great and you have about 2 more hours there so why not continue our communication?"

Your response I will never forget.

You said, "Listen, Al, I don't want to talk any more. I know that you are lying to me". I said, "What?? About what?? What are you talking about? You have done most of the talking. What could I have been supposedly lying about???"

You said, "Yeh, and I know that you are lying to me. **I know that you are not really interested in what I am saying. You aren't really interested in my horses or what I do every day.**" I said, "Then why would I ask you about it and talk to you about it for 45 minutes, and ask you for a photo of your horses, etc". You said, "I don't know why, but you don't really mean it. You are just making fun of me or something." I protested that you were totally wrong. You said, "Well, I don't believe you and I don't want to talk anymore".

I felt soooooooooo fucking hurt. I got off the phone and cried for a few minutes. I remember feeling my heart drop in my chest.

For the first time in about 5 years, and for one of the very few times (probably less than 5) in 2 decades, 20 years (20 years!!!!), I had just had one of the most fulfilling conversations with my father whom I love so much, because Gd had blessed me to call him during a time when he was away from the clutches of his insecure, jealous, POSSESSIVE mamash (mamash = "for sure") demonic fucking alien demon, and when he wasn't busy doing ANYTHING else (since EVERYTHING else comes before talking to your son) and he was relaxed and basically doing nothing. I LOVED hearing all about you and what you love and what you do. You even taught me a bit about the different breeds of horses, etc.

And now he changed his tone and his attitude 180 degrees. He was cold, distant, shallow, paranoid again, and afraid. He was back to whom he has been for 21 years, and who he mostly was for 15 years before that.

I then called you back and I said the following to you.

I said, "Dad, I really feel sorry for you. I feel sorry for you. You don't have any idea anymore about how our relationship could be. I LOVE listening to you telling me things. Do you remember when I was a kid and a teenager? You used to always tell me about the stock market and how it worked. You would explain to me the mechanics of it and how you buy stocks and what it is all about. I have NEVER been very interested in it. Never. But when I was 9 years old and you were explaining it to me, and 14 years old, and 25 years old, I listened and tried to understand as much as I could and asked you questions about it. I hardly ever talked about it with anyone else, because it didn't interest me. But you are my father. I could listen to you tell me about anything and I would be in Gan Aiden ("Heaven") because my daddy was teaching me something and telling me about something that he enjoys. All sons are like that with their fathers."

You said, "Well I find that hard to believe". When you said that I felt so much more hurt. I told you again that, "I realized now that you may never change. And I really, really feel sorry for you that you will live the rest of your life like this".

(You said the same thing to me just now in January 2024. After you had treated me like shit for 3 months, going back on your word, I finally reached you by telephone and you told me that you had just come from the doctor's office and that you could not see. You said that he had been treating your cataracts that day. I started to ask you about it, and how it affected you, and about your life, and you were talking to me about it for a minute, and then you said, "You don't really care. You don't really give a shit. I don't want to talk about it". Again, I was like WTF???????

LINK.

Here my father tells me in 2024 that I don't care about listening to him tell me about himself, even though I asked him about it 8 times before he answered. He also talks to me like a total asshole. He promised to send me \$1000 food money 3 months earlier, after Israel had been invaded and everything here had stopped. Afterwards he attached more and more conditions to it. HE YELLS AT ME, "YOU ARE NOT IN CONTROL!!!! I AM IN CONTROL!!!!!"

But it was interesting to see how GD was punishing you yet AGAIN for being an asshole of a parent!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And this time, I FUCKING RELISHED IN YOUR MISERY WHEN I GOT OFF OF THE PHONE. I WAS SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO HAPPY TO HEAR YOU BEING SO FUCKING MISERABLE. AND I PRAYED THAT GD WILL BESTOW UPON YOU MORE OF THAT ONTO YOU, X1000 OF WHAT YOU SUFFERED THROUGH THAT DAY, X 1 MILLION, BE'EZRAT HASHEM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And you have been haven't you??????? And you WILL suffer even more. Your time is up. You were a total fucking idiot these past 36 years. Now you need to pay back all of your sins against the person who SHOULD HAVE BEEN #1 all of your life, your first-born child.

ITS PAYBACK TIME MOTHER FUCKER

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NOW YOU WILL BEG FOR MERCY FROM GD.

AND I HAVE BEEN AND WILL PRAY TO HIM TO SHOW YOU NO MERCY.

I AM ALREADY DOING THAT.

**ITS PAYBACK TIME YOU
MOTHER FUCKING ASSHOLE FUCK.**

That (continuing from 2 paragraphs above, the incident when your car was in the garage) was in November of 2018. We hardly communicated for months. I sent you a “Happy Chanukah”, and maybe one (1) other message.

Then, in February of 2019, you **suddenly** called me one day. I answered you. After very short small talk, you said, “I’m just calling to tell you that I got very, very sick. I got Valley Fever a few weeks ago. If I hadn’t gone to get a second opinion after the first doc said it was just a cold or flu, I would have died”. Then you told me that the next day you were going back to the doctor for an X-ray to see if you had made it past a critical point to see whether or not you could recover from the disease. Then, as you have ALWAYS done, you repeated the same pattern (YOU BE ASSHOLE TO ME, I STOP TALKING TO YOU, YOU GET YOUR ASS KICKED BY GD ALMIGHTY, YOU HAVE PROBLEMS, YOU CALL ME TO TELL ME YOUR PROBLEMS, I PRAY FOR YOU, YOU GET BETTER, YOU BE COLD AND DISTANT TO ME).

GUESS WHAT, ASSHOLE???????

I HAVE BROKEN THE FUCKING CYCLE.

So after treating me like total shit in November 2018, and then after 4 subsequent months of ignoring me, you suddenly called me a couple weeks before a very critical day before you were going to find out if you might be terminally sick or if you were on the road to recovery. Basically, as you always have done ever since we started not getting along because you started to fail as a parent 36 years ago, you called me EVEN if we had not been communicating for years to tell me that you were about to have a critical medical procedure the “next day”. Why? Because you have always known that my blessing to you is powerful, and that if I knew about it, then you took it for granted that I would bless you. And then, as soon as you made it past that procedure, you went back to ignoring me and treating me like garbage. You have used me for 36 years for my blessing on you.

When I have told these stories to others, EVERYONE, **including** non-religious Jews and non-Jewish friends who have known me for years and even decades, says the same thing BEFORE or when I finish the story/ies. “He wanted your blessing/prayers, because he knows that your blessing/prayers is powerful”.

Nice dad.

LINK.

2.2019. He called me (after 4 months of ignoring me after talking to me like the asswipe that he is, telling me that “You don’t care about what I am telling you so let’s stop talking now” in November 2018 when he was waiting for his car to be fixed) JUST TO TELL ME THAT HE IS SICK. Then he gets off of the phone.

#4

In July 2019, as I wrote to you in my email from April 2022 (reprinted at the end of this letter), every Vacation Apartment business in Tel Aviv was going down the tubes, as a

result of the Eurovision 2019 problems which also cost the city of Tel Aviv millions of dollars in lost revenue.

When I realized right away that I could be looking at some very, very difficult months for my business over the next many months, I called you and asked you if you could help me, even with maybe a loan. I described to you the situation (described also in detail in the other letter, in which I responded to the email that you had sent to me in which you **SINFULLY** mamash disowned me) and showed you that it was no fault of mine, and that it was a problem for all of the businesses like mine.

LINK.

[The letter that I sent them in October 2020 asking them both to really help me, and asking Debbie to at least help me as much as my dad had pledged to help me \(half of my expenses for 6 months\) after Corona destroyed tourism in Israel.](#)

LINK.

[The actual emails that I sent to them, containing the letter in the Link above.](#)

LINK.

[The message where Marshal Klein disowned me because he said that in the October 2020 letter that I had written \(in the letter above\) that Gd would do terrible things to specific people.](#)

That is not written ANYWHERE in the letter. Marshal has never had the patience to read a 4-page letter in only 1 day. DEBORAH told him what she wanted him to think that it said. He had told her, "I don't have the patience to read all of that. Read it and tell me what it says". So, because she blamed me for her daughter getting diabetes 2 months before (um, what did I have to do with that....Deborah, you fucking kook), she used the opportunity to seek revenge on me, like how she hurt my old "friends" a few months ago in Spring 2024 because she suspected someone but she didn't know who of ratting on her evilness to me. Anyways, why would he care? He doesn't "believe in that stuff".

LINK.

[My civil response to his message above, which explains what happened with the Tel Aviv Vacation Apartments market crashing from May 2019 until Corona.](#)

LINK.

RECORDING. 2.2022. Him telling me 2 years later that "Your letter said that Gd would hurt your niece".

You flatly, coldly and like the fuckface that you are, you calmly refused to help me. You did not provide any reason. When I asked you for a reason, you said, "I'm not going to give you one". **EXCELLENT parent.**

So I worried on more and more, and fought as hard as I could for months to keep the business at least breaking even, which meant I had almost no income. In August I started

using my savings which I had saved up over about 7 years. My expenses every month were huge of course, for such a business. Nothing helped, and the high season ended as a huge loss for my business.

In October I asked Debbie for help, and the genius that she is she just directed me to do things about which she had 0 idea about. Like when I asked her for \$100 so that I could go and get a cavity filled, and instead of just sending me \$100 which would have meant nothing to her and taken her about 3 minutes to do and would have been a nice mitzvah for her and her children and husband, and could have brought us closer, she wrote me a long message about why don't I use Israel's dental insurance for free. As if after being here for more than a decade I might have known if that had existed, and I might have used it, and I then might not have needed to ask her. Einstein. She is such a genius. In reality she is 100% seriously the stupidest person on both sides of my family, from everyone that I know or know of. Seriously. Kim is next, then you, then Edie. Then my mother's family, who are generally, albeit with a few very notable exceptions, all smart people. Jeremy is overall much smarter than you.

Israel has no dental insurance except for very elderly people.

Text from Debbie about Israel's dental insurance.

TEXT FROM DEBBIE ABOUT ISRAEL promised in this article to pay people when it had not paid 1 shekel yet.

I asked you again in the fall of 2019 to help me. I told you that my business was going under and that I was very, very stressed and not sleeping. I told you REPEATEDLY that my critical, sensitive stomach condition that I got from years of running such a stressful business was chas veshalom worsening all the time because of my stress. You just talked to me about these things very matter of fact but you never helped me. I thought what a piece of shit you are. I started realizing that my lovely mother would have helped me in 1 second, without a second thought. I started realizing what a failed human being you are.

In January 2020, guess what? Marshal Dennis Klein had cataract problems again.

Interesting timing, don't you think, you total idiot moron fuckhead failure loser pussy? You had to sit up again all the time, you couldn't look at computer or TV screens, etc., etc. same story. You called me in January AGAIN to tell me about that you were going in for an operation on a particular day. AGAIN, after being a total DICKHEAD and failure of a father for a few months on a particular situation, you suddenly called me wanting my blessings for you. That was the last time that I prayed for purely beneficial things for you.

And I have SO enjoyed not praying for purely beneficial things for you ever since. And I infrequently pray for the souls of your parents, nor do I pray for good for almost anyone in your Gd-forsaken "family". There are a very very few good people in your family. Almost nobody. And I never ever will bezzRH.

I called you the day that you got back and we talked to see if you were ok.

So, in the summer of 2020, after you started again not being a good father, I finally showed you (because you are too much of an idiot and an idolater to see it for yourself, like you had in 2011/2012), this pattern of you treating me like shit, and then of you having health problems. You treated me like shit, then a short time later, you suffered from health problems or random shit that I cannot make up a better story for than the actual reality of what happened.

I told you that I had noticed this years ago, but I never could decide whether or not to tell you because

a) I was almost sure that you would say, “You are saying this for your own good” (even if I was, so what????? Don’t worry about me. Worry about you more. There was a great message in there for you).

b) I couldn’t explain logically why, but I just had this feeling that you would get angry at me for it. I mean, it made 0 logical sense, for you to get angry with me for me warning you about Gd soooooo obviously punishing your sorry ass for treating His beloved children (what should be YOUR beloved children) like total shit like a total shithead. But I knew that with Marshal Klein’s limited education and intellect, and his propensity for anger and violence, and his HUGE HUGE HUGE HUGE HUGE HUGE ego and his small small small small level of humility, that most likely he would get angry at me for saying that. Oh yeh, and his “wife”’s all of those things, plus her lack of having any real modern training as a psychologist, would also contribute to you not being able to see such things.

And angry you were. You responded to me telling you this weeks later with a whatsapp message “don’t ever tell me again that Gd is going to punish me!”

RECORDING OF ME TELLING HIM ABOUT THE PATTERN.

LINK

[LINK TO WHATSAPP MESSAGE WHERE HE THREATENED ME AND DISOWNED ME. OCTOBER 2020.](#)

#5

In October 2023, you promised to unconditionally send me money to help me pay for some food for 2 months after Israel had been invaded. But you did not send ANY MONEY. In December and January I pushed you to send what you had promised, and you kept changing your terms.

I called you twice in January to talk to you about that money which you had unconditionally promised me before. The first time you basically told me “I’m in a meeting” and closed the phone on me (after not speaking to me for 1 year by your doing), and the second time you told me, “I can’t see anything right now”. I asked you why and

you said that you had just come from the doctor's office where they had drained your eyes or some radical procedure to treat your cataracts, and that your back was so bad that you could not properly ride your horse. Your back has been a problem for a couple of years, **ever since some months after you had DISOWNED ME.**

DO YOU GET THE FUCKING POINT FROM GD YET YOU FUCKING IDIOT??

I know that you do understand it.

But your ego is so HUGE, because your self-esteem is sooooo low, so you behave stubbornly. Instead of being humble before Gd, and recognizing how MUCH He is punishing your sorry ass for treating me like such shit for so long and for sooooooooooooo many times!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LINK.

1.2024. Marshal Klein BELLOWING at his son, as he always has, "YOU ARE NOT IN CONTROL. I AM!!!!" and "WE WILL DO IT MY WAY!!!!"

I talked to Debbie in 2009 some months after her daughter Rachel (Elyse) was born. She was telling me about what it's like having a baby and how my niece was doing, etc. I asked her, "Does Dad love being around her?" she answered me exactly this: **"Well, you know, Dad, how he is so cold and distant. It's like I give her to him to hold, and he looks so uncomfortable. After a minute or two he quickly hands her back to me. It's like he doesn't know what to do with her. You know how he is so cold."**

I remember thinking, "No, I didn't know that he was so cold." Because I was thinking about a father who was always kissing and hugging his kids when we lived at home. But I thought a lot about what she said when we got off the phone. And then I realized that yes indeed, you had become soooooo cold ever since then. I just did not allow myself to think about it too much ever since then because I did not want to believe that you had changed. But she was totally correct. You had become very cold indeed. You had picked up on your wife's traits for sure. And you have continued to become colder and colder and colder and colder every month and year that you are married to this cold, disgusting, dogfaced demon.

A few years later when I was talking to her about Sharon, and what a bitch cunt she is, she said to me this, "Al, don't think about her so much. She is a 'nothing'. She is a loser. Don't let it bother you."

She continued, "And anyways, thank Gd that he has someone to be with him so that we don't have to be with him all the time. At least he has someone to take care of him".

RECORDINGS OF THESE CONVERSATIONS.

After about 3 to 4 years of knowing your then girlfriend, now “wife” Sharon Ashworth, it finally told us after years of knowing it that she had had an abortion, and that she did not know after that if she could ever get pregnant again, or even if she had wanted to. She talked about it like it was nothing. She told us that she had murdered her unborn, defenseless daughter or son, in cold blood, probably because she had carelessly whored around with some random surfer dude at UCSB. She obviously had never adequately processed and integrated her childhood physical abuse at the hands of her alcoholic father, nor her feelings of abandonment as her mother stood by and let it happen, nor her pain at having committed the worst murder that anyone can ever do, that of a mother murdering her own unborn child who is dependent on her for EVERYTHING, and has 0 chance of getting away from the cold, long metal sword which slowly approaches it in order to rip it into pieces while it is alive. Videos from ultrasounds taken of these embryos and fetuses chas veshalom before and during these murders show how the unborn baby KNOWS what is going to happen long before it actually happens, because they can feel the mother’s apprehensive feelings about what they are planning to do and what they are doing. They also see this cold, metal spatula coming into its home and coming towards it, or they see a plastic tube invading its little home and coming towards it. Watch these videos on Youtube, and you will see how some American women engage in child sacrifice. America is only one of a handful of countries that openly permits child sacrifice. Your beloved America is only one of a handful of countries that openly permits child sacrifice. How can you stick your dick into a murder scene????????????? Probably you never have, with that cold ass bitch. Why would anybody ever want to? YUCK.

Then she went on to say about how happy she was to not have kids because, “I am too selfish. I only want to take care of me. It’s a big enough chore for me to take care of me. How am I going to take care of someone else? Like....Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha” with her idiot laugh that she has always has where she laughs at her own jokes, as if she was the funniest person on the planet and she is thinking, “Why doesn’t everyone else see that?”. I remember thinking as a 18 or 19-year old, “What? My dad took care of a wife and 2 kids, and now 2 kids alone, for the last 18 years. Why is it such a challenge for her to just take care of her?”. Of course as I got to know her I slowly understood a bit. The term “high-maintenance” suddenly came to my mind.

Sharon is one of the vast majority of people who study psychology and then go on to “counsel” others, even though these people like her have NEVER FIXED THEMSELVES FIRST. In other words, she is a true “phony” and a “fake”, as you used to call people like that. I feel pity for her past clients. How can someone go around advising others on their life choices when they themselves never fixed themselves?? She is an emotional and mental mess.

She, like you and Debbie, are part of a group of people in society who can function fairly well on the outside, as seen by most people, and can achieve some level of material wealth and possessions. Debbie did not achieve ANYTHING materially, she absorbed it as a result of marrying a rich guy. She failed at her first job as an appraiser, and then at

her other subsequent jobs in real estate (not ever as an agent, just in peripheral real estate jobs, trying to follow her daddy because she didn't know who she was), and then she went on to work some other jobs where her earning and her career went nowhere, and she finally worked for the Jewish Federation. Then she married some multi-millionaire who had few social skills and little self-confidence.

There is even a term for these people. Didn't Sharon tell you?? They are said to have "high-functioning depression". That's you, Sharon, and David Page. That is NOT Debbie. Debbie's is just victimization syndrome and "regular" depression (not HFD). There are loads of people in society who go around every day, going to their jobs and doing their work. Many of them even make lots and lots of money. Because so many people in society see wealth as a sign of superiority in society and as a sign of mental and emotional stability, and as a sign of superior intellect and superior emotional and spiritual levels, so you have observed and known for decades now that others see you as "ok" because you have money.

So you have come to tell yourself that indeed, you are "ok". This is who the three of you are: just people who have fooled themselves and so many others into thinking that you are mentally and emotionally balanced, and that you have no mental problems, so that you can say that anybody else who has any problem with you, that they must be the problem, because it can't be you. You fool so many people into thinking that you are "ok" that you have also come to believe it, even if it is not true. You are really, really not ok. You have self-medicated yourself for most of your life. When it wasn't cigarettes (you smoked from your teens until AT LEAST until 10 years ago, and probably even more recently), then it was weed, something that you told me that you smoked, even with Sharon, until at least 2018; then it was the mental and emotional psychotic medication drugs that Sharon finally forced you to start taking almost 20 years ago in order to keep your lifelong bad temper and aggressive nature subdued, so that she would not have to deal with it.

When you told me in 2019 the few drugs that she had gotten you to take on a regular basis in order to keep your anger level down, I was amazed. You took XANAX for 10 years????? **This was the same Marshal who had disparaged mental health professionals and therapy and psychoactive drugs since I was a boy? The same Marshal who never went to regular mental health therapy until I took you with me in 1998 for therapy for our relationship?**

LINK.

[RECORDING OF HIM SAYING THAT HE TOOK XANAX FOR 10 YEARS from 2006-2016 for ANXIETY. He says that it relieved a lot of his anxiety.](#)

You also are a total emotional wreck. You never completely healed yourself from the physical, mental and emotional abuse from both of your parents and have never truly forgiven them. You told Debbie and I all the years that we were growing up how Grandpa Sam used to come home from work and was badgered by Grandma Ruth telling

him for hours what a bad child you had been all day until he finally took out his anger at her out on you and he “beat the hell out of me”. And Grandma Ruth also abused you physically and emotionally with her lifelong domineering attitude. That’s why you told me about 6 and also 8 years ago, when I called you on the days of the yartzheits (memorial days) of your mom and dad, and you said that you did not want to do anything for their souls because “My parents were not good parents”.

RECORDINGS of him saying that 4 TIMES 2015 and 2016.

That’s totally your place to form that opinion, for sure. But only recently, when you realized that your sister and her kids had heard that you had said that to me numerous times, did you go back to saying “My parents did their best”, your mantra ever since I was a teenager when talking about your parents. That’s what you said to me decades ago when we would talk about that topic. But the fucking demon in your house has poisoned your soul. She told you for so many years how awful your parents were, and that you should not forgive them, and that they were bad parents to you, and that you should not help them too much at all in their old age, and especially you should not help them physically too much in their old age, because she wanted all of your money for her.

That’s why you did the most disgusting thing to your mother years ago, and why you also were unhelpful and abusive to your father in the last few years of his life, purposely withholding from him the resources that he needed in order to function at a high level, and allowing your demonic, evil “wife” to do things which ultimately killed him.

Because that ugly disgusting shit Sharon wants all of your attention and money for herself. As she proudly professed to Debbie and I years ago with her characteristic, idiotic self-generated laugh, she only cares about herself. You have become a pitiful human being. Until my mother went to Gan Aiden, you were a pitiful human being. Then, until I turned 18, you were a fairly good human being, because having to raise two kids, with A LOT OF help from my stepmom until I was 14, brought out some of the best in you that you or anyone has ever seen all of your life. Since I turned 18 though, you have sunk lower and lower as a human being. Now you are just taking up air and space on this planet.

Why does she always go by her unisex middle name “Lee” and not by her feminine first name “Sharon”? Hm. Easy one to figure out.

She told us numerous times during the first few years of your “relationship” (more like power struggle between you both which turned into Sharon’s power grab) how she always sought the approval of her father but to no avail. How he showered her brother with attention but not her. To the point that she wanted to grow a dick and how she wished that she had been born a boy so that she could get her father’s approval. She wanted to be a son to him so that he would approve of her. Even though he beat her and even though she was sexually abused, she wanted so much to get his approval, which she

never truly got. She is a typical Psych 101 case. Just like the relationship between your sister Edie and Grandpa Sam. Ever since you were born, in Edie's own words, you got all the attention from your parents and she "hated him (you) for it". That's where Debbie learned to hate me from, the ugly, mangled-face person whom she now talks like (where TF did someone who has lived her whole life inside of the same 60 square miles of southern California develop a Midwestern accent on so many of her words???? You don't have one. Because Debbie follows everyone (she follows me too, just covertly and subconsciously)). Edie SHOULD have been upset at her mom and dad for favoring you, but it was easier as the coward that she has ALWAYS been to be mad at you. Debbie needs to take her anger out mostly at you, then at Joy, and finally at herself, but like the loser of a human being that she is, she takes it out on me, following Edie's wimp-ass, pussy-ass coward example to a "T". What the FUCK did I ever do, you FUCKING CUNT????? You fucking idiot, "deborah"???? YOU FUCKING TOTAL AND COMPLETE LOSER???? For that matter, what did you ever do to deserve Edie's anger ????? NOTHING. EDIE IS JUST A FUCKING LOSER. A chicken, a fraidy-cat. Edie, go and check yourself into the loony bin. You can stay there for the rest of your life and still not fix yourself. Too late.

So Edie ran after her daddy's approval all of her life, even sinfully "converting" to a type of the same idolatry that he had converted to. And then she ultra-sinfully made her young son "convert".

LINK

[Marshal told me that he and I know that his sister and her kids really are Jewish, that we agree about that and he is not arguing with me about it. He then told me that my cousin Athena was visiting him. I told him to tell her about Taglit and that I would give her and her friends a free apartment in the middle of Tel Aviv for some days after their tour finished.](#)

LINK.

[Marshal says that he told her and that she is interested in the whole thing](#)

Sharon also always ran after her father's approval but never really got it. So using "Lee" was a way for her to "appear" more like a man to him, and to show him that she could KIND OF be a man. Hence the butch haircuts that she has had for five (5) decades, and the disdain for cooking and the obvious disdain for being kind or motherly or feminine or compassionate or anything which is womanly. She has rejected it and has disdain for anything that is connected to being a woman. But she pursued and pursues **everything** masculine, like having a double career and the bullshit that she always touted almost every time that I saw her in the late 80s and early 1990s of her "I'm an independent woman" act. **BULLSHIT**. She is more emotionally, financially and socially dependent on you than anyone I know in my life is dependent on anybody.

She is still a mamash shitty cook. You told me a couple of years ago when we talked at night that she was making you dinner. I said "Oh that's nice. What is she making you?" I had heard her banging around in the kitchen for 20 minutes, with pots and pans banging

around, so I thought you are probably gonna get some really nice dinner. You answered to me, “Pasta, like she makes every night almost”. I realized that nothing had changed in 36 years. She, like your wife before her, my stepmom, was overall a very simple and shitty cook. She didn’t put any heart or enjoyment into cooking for herself, and even less probably to cook for her husband.

RECORDING OF THAT CONVERSATION

At least I am happy for you that she overcame its Pasta Trauma Syndrome (PTS?). How did that work? Decades of eating a little more every month? Or, more likely, she is ok with eating it at home, since its cheap and the only thing that it knows how to make besides hay for the horses and opening dog food for animals. But to let you enjoy your favorite food when going out to eat, no way Jose.

When we used to go out to eat with her, she never would let us go to eat at Italian restaurants because she had Pasta Trauma. **Italian food has been your favorite food from when I was little until at least 2012 when you and I ate that in Tel Aviv.** She told us that she couldn’t eat pasta anymore because in college she ate a lot of pasta because that was all that it could afford. So in the 10 or so years that I went out to eat with you and it, we never ONCE went to an Italian restaurant just because of its pasta-phobia. As a self-proclaimed “psychologist”, ask her if Pastaphobia is in the DSM-5. I’m curious. How is it treated? Is olive oil supplement a treatment? A trip to Italy maybe? (search for “pasta” in this document for more information about that).

LINK.

[Emailing Debbie recently about how badly Sharon used to treat you, including her Pastaphobia.](#)

I remember Debbie pleading with you to let Debbie cook dinner whenever you invited us to your house for dinner in the 1990s, because every time that Debbie would tell me that Sharon was cooking dinner that day, she would stick her finger in her mouth and imitate throwing up to me. The saddest thing was that Debbie had already been forcing herself to throw up as a bulimic for years ever since she was about 14 years old because of her deep emotional and mental issues.

She is also an atheist or agnostic. You don’t like to admit that these days, because it’s suddenly not fashionable with the people in your family and especially not with your conservative, horse-ridin’, cowboy and cowgirl “friends” on their ranches where you live, but you were very proud of it when you guys first met. And she was also. Because you did not want to marry someone who was religious from another tradition, and you did not want to marry a Jewish woman because you were still rebelling like a teenager against your mother’s wishes for you to marry Jewish, and you still blamed your mother for your problems with my mother, which you caused about 80% of (because you are such a fucking asshole). And because after seeing how your mother abused your father and you and your sister, you associated Jewish women with being domineering.

Gd prefers that someone is an idolater than that they are an atheist. At least then they believe in some supernatural power, and they are one step closer then to accepting Him and the Master of the universe. It's also easily deduced from the 10 commandments. The first 4 are about our relationship with Gd Almighty. Atheism is breaking the 1st commandment (Exodus 20:2 is the first commandment; the xians have a big mistake). Idolatry is breaking the 2nd one (20:3-6). Better to break the 2nd than to break the 1st one.

Whenever Sharon would go off on her expositions to Debbie and I in the car or at dinners out, one of her favorite repeated expositions was about how "I am an atheist. Or sometimes I think I might be agnostic. I just cannot believe that there is a [deity] who would allow for all of these wars in the world". What an outdated, archaic, lowbrow cliché argument for atheism. And you seemed totally ok with her saying that, because you thought it would make your life easier. Ha. Ha. You ended up with a psychopathic controlling overt and covert narcissist who has robbed you of your soul for over 36 years, little by little, who has won the battle by preventing you for 16 years from putting a mezuzah on your house; the first time in your pathetic life that you have not had a mezuzah on your house. Yep. THAT IS EXACTLY AN ATHEIST. That's a DEDICATED atheist, not just your everyday variety. And that is AN ANTISEMITIC FUCK. WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE YOU FUCKING IDIOT. YOU FUCKING MORON. You told me it's because she isn't Jewish????? You idiot. Drive your empty-ass head deeper into the ground. Unless a non-Jew is antisemitic, why would they care if their Jewish husband of 15 years wanted to put a mezuzah up????? She lived with it up in your houses for 21 years before that. But now it's HER house. The ones before were our houses, or at least you had dedicated two bedrooms of the Simi Valley house to each one of your kids. Now this is HER house. NO FUCKING MEZUZAH, NO WAY. I HATE JEWS. I HATE RELIGION. You got what you deserved, and you keep getting it, and you WILL GET SO SO SO SO MUCH MORE. AND I AM FUCKING CELEBRATING EVERY FUCKING DAY THAT I THINK ABOUT HOW PATHETIC YOUR LIFE IS GETTING EVERY DAY. YOU PATHETIC BLIND FUCK.

Nothings changed, she is still an atheist. What is your problem to admit it? Afraid of what people might think? Is it/she afraid of what people might think?

Someone in my family told me a couple years ago that they had somewhat recently seen you after not having seen you for many years. That person said that they did not even recognize you when they first saw you, because you now look soooo old, frail and awful. The person said to me that, "Your dad looks awful". You apparently came up to them and said "Hi _____, nice to see you", and they thought who the heck is this person???? They said that only after you started talking more did they recognize you, and they said that you look totally awful these days. Which is obvious from the recent pictures of you, where your eyes look empty and black (creepy), your eyes are sunken into your face, your white, bald, old head and your posture that looks like you are a total loser.

That person was my mother's older brother, Jerry Page. He has become a coward like you are. He was afraid of you his whole life, ever since he realized that you murdered his

sister, and later his mother. Now he is afraid of Debbie. So he has not communicated with me for 2.5 years, and before that he was obviously distant, heeding to Deborah's orders to keep his distance from me. Do you see how alike you guys are????? Wow. And you both hate each other. So, by the reflexive theorem, you must also hate yourselves.

He even has a temper just like you do. Two peas in a pod.

In the link below, I had previously called Jerry the day before that conversation to remind him that his father's memorial day was going to be in 2 days. We had not spoken in about 8 months, because of him. Before that, we had not spoken in a long time, because of him.

It used to be for a decade or so that whenever I had called his house, his wife usually answered. She was warm and totally cool. She would chat with me about various things for several minutes. The first time that that happened since I arrived to Israel, I had thought, "Oh no, is this going to be another Sharon situation? Is she going to talk to me forever and then tell me that my uncle was busy or something?" No way. She was a normal person. After about 5-10 minutes of enjoyable, give-and-take, mutually interesting conversation, she would spontaneously say to me, "Just a minute, Al. I'm going to give you to your Uncle. Jerry, Al is on the phone for you". I was like, "Wow. Some of my elder's wives are normal. I forgot that Sharon Ashworth is just a fucking piece of work. Most people aren't always trying to prop up their own egos all the time".

I had called him numerous times, especially in the weeks after his wife had died, but he hadn't answered me until Corona, and then we talked again the day before in the link below. So we had got to talking about several things besides my grandpa's meldado/yartzeit. It was a great conversation. It is linked above. Search for "Then he tells me that I am a great guy".

LINK

Anyways, I realized the next day that I had recorded the meldado date incorrectly. I realized that it was actually one day after the date which I had reminded Jerry of. So I called him back here, and left him a nice message to tell him. I wanted to be sure that as he is my grandpa's son, any observance of the meldado by him of my grandpa would be done on the correct day, so that my wonderful grandfather's soul would receive the great merit that he could have received from his own son doing mitzvot on his meldado.

That was also the year when I had applied my recently acquired video editing skills to make a video for his day, and I was excited for it. So on the next day, on his actual date, I called Jerry once more. I wanted to be sure that he had heard my message and had understood the correct date. I had also thought, "How cool will it be for him and I to talk on our dad's/grandpa's meldado!"

I called Jerry to see if he was at home.

He answered the phone. In characteristic asshole style which I had never experienced before from him, but had experienced plenty of times from you, he yelled at me for calling. On his father's memorial day, he yelled at his father's grandson for calling to chat on that particular day. What a fraud, huh? Always talking about how much he misses his father, blah blah, but he has the nerve to talk to me like that on his dad's day, just for calling to say hi? ??????? I was fully aware of his behavior in the moment, but I wasn't going to even begin to argue with him on my grandpa's day, nor to tell him what I was really thinking, "You are being a son of a bitch". And more. You see, he is just like you. If I called you in the 2010s more than once every two weeks, you would sound annoyed and tell me, "You cant call me all the time". Gd, I have some fucked up family members. Interestingly, 94% of the messed-in-the-head relatives I have live/lived in Southern California. People say we are shallow, maybe it's true.

LINK

[Jerry yells at me and says some really, really terrible things to me, just for calling to say hi on my grandpa's memorial day. Of course, 3 days earlier he had told me that I had written some bad things to my sister based on what she had told him I had done \(which is completely disproven in this letter, showing Deborah to be the real liar, see below, next page\), showing that weak-minded Jerry can be easily influenced with hearsay and gossip, and lazy Jerry wouldn't take the time to see if what was told to him was true or not, or better yet, to just forget the gossip which was told to him about someone, and be a grown-up man and make his decisions about someone based on his own personal experience with them.](#)

Oh, wait, that sounds EXACTLY like you. No wonder you and Jerry have hated each other for so long. You both hate yourselves, and when you look at the other one, you see yourself, whom you hate. That's just too easy to figure out. Kid stuff.

I wonder if he ever would have talked like that to me if his wife had still been alive and had been there then. Doubt it.

Anyways, as I have not heard from him for so long, I don't even know if he is alive or dead. So he is like dead to me. And I have 0 obligation to keep anything that was communicated to me from someone secret anymore if that person is dead.

And since I KNOW that you and Debbie will say, after what I wrote above, to everyone who Debbie idiotically forwards this letter to before she even reads it, "NOBODY said that about me/Marshal. Al is just making up more lies. Al has problems, he has such a big imagination. Al has a lot of mental issues", doing the same song-and-dance that you have been doing for 52 years, ever since you tried discrediting my own mother, your wife at the time, because she was sick of your psychotic self, so you tried to make her look bad, and since then you have tried to make ANYBODY who made you look bad, to be "crazy", so here is the proof in the pudding, you two loser fuckheads.

LINK

Jerry telling me that at my niece's Bat Mitzvah (which I was NEVER even told about by

Debbie; just like she never invited me to her wedding, which everyone I know who knows her, INCLUDING our childhood and lifetime rabbi (the man who married her), told her stupid, psychotic (with multiple psychoses), ignorant, follow-Sharon-like-a-duckling-follows-its-mother, ignoramus idiot ass, "That was not right. You should have invited Al to your wedding". The rabbi even told her that **AT. HER. WEDDING!!!!** YOU SEE WHAT A FAILURE OF A PERSON YOU HAVE RAISED? Most of it is due to your allowing Joy to abuse her mentally and emotionally while you looked the other way so that you could keep working on your business while Joy took care of your kids (your business was first, FOR SURE), because if Joy left you, how would you go to work every day and raise two young children also?).

LINK.

Anyways (I'll start the sentence over since your uneducated ass would have no clue how to continue reading this after such a long parenthetical), Jerry telling me that at my niece's Bat Mitzvah, he didn't even recognize you because you look so old. After you forced yourself on him, he said, "Hello" and then walked away from your evil, sinful, disgusting self. We then talk about things we have discussed a few times for decades. He then agrees with me that Debbie should have been helping me all this time since I lost my tourist business during Corona. He then tells me how Debbie also lied to him, about the same thing that she lied to you about, that I said something specific. You both are fucking idiots, and spongebrains, and servants of Deborah, and measly little boy cowards, for just believing someone who has accomplished NOTHING in her life except for marrying a millionaire, after she had snowed him for years about who she really is.

LINK.

The letter that I sent them in October 2020 asking them both to really help me, and asking Debbie to at least help me as much as my dad had pledged to help me (half of my expenses for 6 months) after Corona destroyed tourism in Israel.

LINK.

The message where Marshal Klein disowned me because he said that in the October 2020 letter that I had said that Gd would "do terrible things" to specific people.

That is not written ANYWHERE in the letter. Marshal has never had the patience to read a 4-page letter in only 1 day. DEBORAH told him, and her Uncle Jerry, and dozens of other family members, what she wanted everyone to think that it said. He had told her, "I don't have the patience to read all of that. Read it and tell me what it says".

So, because she blamed me for her daughter getting diabetes 2 months before that (um, what did I have to do with that....Deborah, you fucking kook), she used the opportunity to seek revenge on me, like she had hurt my old "friends" a few months ago because she suspected someone but she didn't know who of ratting on her evilness to me. Anyways, why would he care? He doesn't "believe in that stuff". Even if I had said that, who. TF. Cares????????? Who. TF. Am I to say what Gd will or won't do????????? Soooooooooo fucking ridiculous. Its just Marshal's guilty conscience speaking up. He KNOWS that Gd

has been punishing him for his FUCKING SHITTY ASS treatment of his son for decades, and that it will continue, so he hates thinking that maybe someone else knows that. He and Deborah are SUCH. BIG. FUCKING. NARCISSISTS. That they are triggered whenever the idea that someone else might see how fucking evil they are comes up.

LINK.

[My civil response to his sinful, totally sinful message above.](#)

I mean, Deborah has done almost NOTHING in her life. NOTHING!!!!!!

She completed one of the easiest academic degrees in academia. Big wow. She failed at every job that she had until her cush job at the Jewish Federation. Then she married a multi-millionaire. She snowed him about who she was until she had her first kid, when she thought that she had him (a narcissistic ploy). Yeh. Debbie. Idiot. A successful business man and you think you can manipulate him?? Her problem was that she always thought that YOU were a successful businessman, so she equated Jeff's emotional and strategic acumen with yours. Mistake. You were only successful because you had my grandpa's and Joy's mother's money behind you in those years. Jeff may have started with something from his family, true, for sure, he came from a wealthy family already, but he is smarter and defter than you are. Debbie didn't get away with shit. And after her 2nd kid, she thought that she had him even more. But he didn't let her get away with shit.

So today she is stuck in an unhappy marriage, struggling through each day, cheating on her husband, and taking photos to make everything look good to the outside world.

In 2019, she and my nieces came to visit you. Jeff flew them up to your town, dropped them off, said a quick hello to you at the airport, and flew back home. He came back a day or two later to pick them up again. Why didn't he stay with his family, and enjoy his time with his father-in-law??

[LINK HIS WATSAPP MESSAGES TO ME ABOUT IT](#)

Later that year, Debbie flew to the East Coast at the very last minute for **1 night**; then flew home the next day on a commercial airliner (and went there on one), for a family reunion. It was for my mom's family. In an email sent out to everyone 3 days before the reunion, the organizer of the reunion wrote, "And Deborah Berg may come out also, with her 2 daughters". Um, what about her husband?? He had never met the entire family before. Hm. Um, wouldn't a loving husband want to meet his wife's and children's family?? If his wife was going anyways, why not go with her and bring everyone? I would be totally looking forward to such an event with my wife. Love it.

In the end, of course, coward Deborah went by herself. She didn't want her kids to see how uncomfortable she would be there. She didn't want her kids to see the real her: the depressed, unconfident, uncomfortable, social misfit that she is. Because Deborah has the

self-confidence of a fly larvae. Because she has never done ANYTHING in her life, and because she has no idea who she is. And because the female whom she emulates the MOST in this world is Marshal's wife Sharon. Deborah herself doesn't even realize that, and she would vehemently deny it. But her evilness, bitchiness, assholedness, selfishness, her love of behaving like a mafia boss, her love of spying on people, her refusal to invite me to her wedding because she knew that uglyfuck Sharon didn't want me there, and her years of plotting against me (for what???? for what???? Just to serve your evil master) are all EXACTLY the same things that his wife does. Deborah has become her **extremely** loyal servant, and Deborah is too clueless to even realize it.

And she judges everyone left and right. That's what non-starters do, that's what gross underachievers do – like you used to do. They criticize and judge everyone else, because otherwise, if they took a long look at reality, then they would feel devastated, because the truth is that they are NOTHING. They have done NOTHING. And because Deborah judges everyone based on their economic wealth, and then on their life accomplishments, she assumes that everyone else will judge her as well like that.

So she sat on a sofa almost the whole time, almost always by herself, with most nobody talking to her, except for 1 cousin who sometimes has a big heart. He spent some time keeping her company on the sofa. You know what several cousins told me, for years after that reunion whenever we talked? Almost the same thing, almost verbatim. "Your sister looked very, very sad the whole time. I said 'hi' to her, and that was about it. She just looked very sad the whole time. I didn't know what to say".

LINK TO FAMILY REUNION VIDEO

Push me. Push me. Do it. Do. It. Marshal.

She flew right back the next day. Oh yeh, Deborah the millionaires wife. She had a **huge** agenda the next day. She had to get back to sit on her sofa and play with her phone. Because any child care that Jeff couldn't have handled, she has so much resources to have hired people to drive the kids or to get them ready in the morning or whatever.

No. She just was uncomfortable there. No spending time with family after the reunion, like another cousin and Jerry page did after the reunion. Just 1-2 lickity split, "I got so much to do back home. I'd love to stay longer, Jack, but I just got so much to do. You know, two small kids keep a mom busy! But I'll get back one day and catch up with everyone". Ha. Has that or will that ever happen? Not to any great extent. Because she is terrified that of all people, my mom's very smart and very perceptive family will see through her. And they are family, so at least for that, they can't be bought (some them can be and have been bought by her for other things).

She has had clinical depression since she was a teenager, which she has never taken the effort to fix; she has a bullshit bachelor's degree; and..... well,[That's all, folks.](#) It's NOT an accomplishment to have a kid. Nor to be pregnant. That's like saying that digesting food is an accomplishment. It's not even a commandment for women to have

children. Jeff has fulfilled that commandment twice. For women there exists no such commandment. There are illiterate people in the world having kids every day. She has accomplished almost nothing in her life. Nothing. And yet idiot you and Jerry and David and Jeanie and a few other people fawn after her like she is their idol. They listen to whatever she says, and like the idiot sheep they are, and like the fraidy-cats who they are, they just accept what she says as the word of Gd. They never question what she tells them about me, they never research anything, and they never ask me about it, they never ask me my side of a story, like a truly educated person would, except when Jerry presented me with this in this recording as a matter of conversation.

All because she has access to lots of moneyyyyyyyyyyy.

And you also, you are THE most guilty one, you fucking assfuck!!!!!! You are my FUCKING FATHER, SUPPOSEDLY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHY HAVE YOU ALWAYS FAVORED ONE CHILD AND NOT BOTH OF US AT THE SAME TIME????????

WHY DO YOU LISTEN TO YOUR INSOLENT DAUGHTER WHO is one of the two people I know who are stupider than you ABOUT YOUR SON without coming to ask me about it????????? WHY YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE?????????

WHY
??
??????????????

FOR this alone I will pray to Gd Almighty to NEVER show you 1 bit of mercy. I LOVE HOW MUCH YOU ARE SUFFERING NOW. I FUCKING. LOVE. IT.

And Deborah LOVES it also. Deborah secretly wants you dead asap. She is just following your every move, like she follows Sharons every move. Just like you waited until your mom left this earth to tell people some of the worst things that she did, the day after your body is cold as ice (it already is cold as ice), she will, with her fake tears, "Elysyyse. Rebeccaaaaaaaa. Come sit down with mommy now I need to talk to you both. Your grandpa did some things that were not so good. I want you guys to always know the truth. So I want to tell you [all of the things that are in Al's letter which I know that eventually you will read, and hear about from others like my aunt and uncles who have always hated his ugly, worthless guts but never had a backbone to show him or anyone what they really thought of him while he was alive].

Deborah LOOOOOOOOOVVVVVVVEEEEEEESSSSSSSS anything which stresses you out, she loves everything which might shorten your lifespan. She loves it. The day after you go, she will tell everyone the truths about you. "I couldn't say this when he was alive, because I had to honor him". Pfffffffffffffffff. Give me a break. You don't follow ANY commandments hardly, but you think that what you did was honoring him?? No.

you don't know SHIT about Torah if that's what you think. Find a good rabbi, not the poser rabbis you have had the last 20 years who have been just "yes men" to you because they want to keep your millions of dollars per year coming towards them, and ask him to talk to you about Sefer Vayikra, "Honor your mother and father, and keep the Shabbat". 19:3. Gd commands us to do His commandments first, and to do them even if your parents tell you otherwise. For Gd, and therefore for you and everyone else, TRUTH trumps honoring parents.

That is where your idolatry of money has fucked you right in your now-blind, ugly fucking face. You never even read my letter in October 2020. You let her tell you what it said. You let Debbie, a NOTHING, just like she called your wife in 2011 (correctly), influence you to disown me. "Good luck and good-bye" is what you wrote me. She follows your wife tit for tat, someone whom she called a "Nothing". So it makes sense that Debbie is also a Nothing. It makes sense that she also thinks of herself as a Nothing.

BTW, you dunce, nobody writes it with a hyphen anymore. Maybe if you had spent some of your last 36 years with an educated woman who really loved you, you would have some college degrees behind you by now.

I then asked Jerry if my grandpa had left anything of inheritance for me and Debbie, since my mom would have likely received 1/3 of whatever he left to his kids. He told me that he told his dad to " 'Give everything to David'. I didn't need any of it. I already had enough money".

He then said again that I have courage, and that he is so thankful that I called him originally, to reunite with him after 20 years of you keeping us from my mother's family.

He then gave me some worldly advice. He said that my grandparents went to their graves without meeting us as they would have wanted to because of you.

He then tells me that he saw you at Elyse's Bat Mitzvah, and that he did not even recognize you because, "He looked so old". I told him that even though you had told me for 20 years that my mother's family is so messed up, I realized later that it was actually YOUR family who is the messed up family between the two families. He reiterates about how YOU, YOU MISERABLE, WORTHLESS, PATHETIC, WORTHLESS ASSHOLE, kept my grandparents away from us for the rest of their lives. YOU ASSHOLE !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU ASSHOLE !!!

My Grandma Sara was on a spiritual level soooooooo way above you. She was a 10000x better human being than you are. That's not too hard considering that you are not even human anymore.

Both of them, even with their own challenges, were still wayyyyyyyyyyy better than you have ever, ever been. They were nice people, good people. Yes, they made their sins. Yes, they made their mistakes. They were still wayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy better than you.

My Grandma Sara's soul is now so so high, way above even my other 3 grandparents, and way above her sibling's souls. She was something special and holy. You don't even come close.

He said that he just said "Hello" to you at Elyse's Bat Mitzvah (after you had pestered him to say "Hi" to you – he was trying to ignore you, didn't you get it?? You ran after him, just like you ran after Jeannie and her husband at Debbie's wedding, and made them talk to you outside of the building for 40 minutes – 40 minutes!! – and they still don't understand what the FUCK that was all about!! They didn't want to talk to you!! **Jerry DIDN'T. WANT. TO. TALK. TO. YOU.**

Don't you get it????? NOBODY WANTS TO KNOW YOU OF MY MOM'S FAMILY except your fellow criminal David Page. AND HE IS A CRIMINAL. HE CHEATED MILLIONS OF CALIFORNIANS OUT OF THEIR TRUST IN COURTS WHEN HE LIED UNDER OATH IN A FUCKING COURT!!!! CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE IT ???????? AND Then HE BRAGGED ABOUT IT TO ME FOR YEARS!!!!!!

BACK THEN, you trespassing into my mother's house when she was home with her 2 small children was not as bad of a crime as David Page LYING (his lifetime obsession, like you) right in front of the public, his parents, his brother, his peers and A JUDGE. I have to give you credit for one thing – you used to always tell me, when I was growing up, "Always tell the truth to a judge. If you are ever in front of a judge, ALWAYS tell the truth." I wonder which experience you had that taught you that lesson. Huh, Marsh? Anyhoos, it flew in the face of your constant lying, but in my logical mind I sorted the dissonance between your words and actions out as, "It's ok to lie to anyone else. But not to a judge. Ok. Got it."

NOBODY *WANTS* TO KNOW YOU OF MY MOM'S FAMILY except your fellow criminal David Page. Nobody! Leave them the fuck alone!! Everyone knows that you are just trying to please your 29-years younger daughter so that her money will be around for you if you ever need it. STOP IT!! Leave my mother's family alone!!!! NOBODY. LIKES. YOU. Everybody knows what a FUCKING ASSHOLE you were to their sister and their cousin and like me, THEY FUCKING HATE YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THEY ALL have wayyyyyyyyyyy more integrity than little pipsqueak shithead David Page!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ALL OF THEM. THEY. HATE. YOU).

Leave my family alone.

Got it? Understand????!!!!

Understand????????!!!!!!!!!!!!

I want to hear you say that you understand me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You fucking child abuser. You fuckhead.

Leave my family alone. Marshal.

They hate your fucking guts. Just like everyone else in this world hates you, underneath their bullshit. Except my nieces.

Give it time. Once they see this letter and hear the truth from so many people about you, and see the documents, and hear the recordings of everyone, from your own sister to my mother's brother saying what an asshole you really are, and see the videos ("He forced my grandma to kiss him on the sofa in front of their families????!!!! EEwwwww. What a fucking creep he is"), they. Will. Also.

And there is more. I've got pictures of you with Cheryl Estes, and with Peggy, and more stuff. It's all already uploaded on a cloud and a few trusted people already have access. They will share *everything* if certain things happen.

FUCKING *EVERYTHING*.

Push me. Just push me (that's how you used to threaten me when I was a boy and you were mad at me for....Gd knows what. That's how you talk to a 10-year old boy???? With that menace in your face and voice?????)

You pussy. YOU FUCKING COWARD. Why didn't
you talk to men your own size like that???? I never
ONCE saw you talk to any adult man like that. Only to
your two small kids whom you are supposed to love.
You talk like that and BEAT UP your little kids????
That's not love, you ASSHOLE. That's love for
yourself. You LITTLE, fucking, pisshead. Only a man
who feels small talks to a 10-year old boy like that, and
smacks his 6-year old daughter so hard that she can't
breathe (and his 8-year old son)).
Only a coward beats up children.

You are the BIGGEST coward that I have EVER
known.

Pahk, Pahk. Chicken. Little man. NOTHING. LOSER.

Only a LOSER of a male would stay with that loser
piece of shit thing that you are with.

No real man would sell his soul just for real estate
advice and money like you did. He would rather
struggle with his new profession himself, or do
something else, and either way have less money, and
keep his integrity and his soul.

You ain't no real man.

You are a FUCKING LOSER.

So if you don't believe me, just push me.

Push me. Tell people that I don't have the documentation which I say that I do. Tell people that I am just making stuff up.

Tell them.

Please.

You don't want people to see that stuff that you know I have. Do you?

YOU don't want to see that stuff. Do you?

I just wanna hear 1 person tell me that you or your 6-year old, idiot daughter has idiotically tried to tell people that I am just making stuff up. Like you two idiots have been doing for years.

Tell them.

Please.

So, back to how you look like total shit these days, as evidenced by Jerry Page telling me he didn't even recognize you after not seeing you for 17 years.

It's because Sharon has slowly stolen your soul and your light, so you look like a shell of who you used to be now. You look so fucking old and decrepit. Don't you know that non-Jews in intimate relationships with Jews steal the holy light from Jewish souls?? They **always** want to marry Jewish. Especially goy women want to marry Jewish men. They are often females who have little light or less light, and they want to suck the light and holiness out of the kind, good, holy Jewish men and they feed on it, slowly depriving you of your light, so that 36 years later you look like what you are today – a soulless person just walking around without any purpose or meaning in their lives. Because they get the best part of the deal chas veshalom. And demons love even more to steal holy

Jewish light chas veshalom. That's what you have done for 36 years. You have given your holy Jewish light away to an evil entity roaming this earth. You have given energy and life to a demon. You have ONLY now endangered the people of this world. You have only now further endangered your daughter, your grandchildren, their father and myself, and your sister and her kids, all Jews, and all good children, women, and men on this planet by being a wimp and a pussy and allowing this demon to suck out your holy light energy for 36 years.

I am not exaggerating or joking there. Shame on you. You have no idea what suffering is awaiting you in Gehinnom for your sins of unleashing and empowering an evil force on this world. You were supposed to let it die when it faked killing itself. **That is from the Torah. That is what Gd Almighty instructs you to do.** It knew that you were too good of a person and you saved it. It doesn't save you now or care about you now for any reason other than one: it is now terrified of being alone. If you die, then it has to live in a big house with its 3 horses all by itself every day. And that will drive it nuts. Why?? Because it no longer will have you to push around, it will no longer have you to put all of its problems on. It will no longer have you to blame for its problems and for its unhappiness. It will no longer have you to control. All of these things that it does to you allow it to be distracted from looking in the mirror and seeing what an evil narcissistic demon that it is. If you die, it will have nobody anymore to pick on. It will have to see itself for what it is. And that will make it unhappy like it has never known, and it will become old and sick Be'ezrat Hashem very very quickly. It will be lonely as it was before it met you, but which it hid well from itself and from you. It does not care at all about you or about anybody. It only cares to keep you around so that it does not have to get old, get lonely, and look at itself for what it really truly is. Part of it thinks it will be paradise, having the place to itself. But on a deeper level it knows that it will slowly disintegrate, as ALL narcissists do as they get older once their "energy source" is gone, either because the relationship ended or the source has died. They quickly age suddenly and grotesquely. If you think I am exaggerating you can find numerous videos talking about "What happens to narcissists in old age".

You are so fucking pathetic. Your word sometimes means NOTHING! NOTHING! When we were teenagers you told Debbie and I, how many times over about 5-6 years, "Nobody comes between me and my kids. Nobody's ever gonna be more important to me than my kiddos!!" HA. What a coward you are. Total fucking coward. You stopped saying that a few months after you started dating this demon Sharon. And of course you stopped doing that a few months after you started dating that pathetic loser.

Your sister turned out to be a MUCH better parent than you ever have been. When we were teenagers, you would talk sometimes about "Look at how my sister raises her kids. She's always nagging her son Jerry and she is always treating him like he's a baby. That's why he has been diagnosed as "hyperactive" (Edie told us that he had been) because she doesn't know how to control him. One minute she's nagging him and the next minute yelling at him and then she goes to hug him all over to make him happy again. The poor kid is gonna be a wreck." (Debbie and I used to laugh at that sentence

because of the way you said it). "She babies him all the time. And look at Kathy and Kim. Kim is a mess always rebelling and fighting with my sister. Kathy joined this Christian cult and converted to some born again Christian thing. My sister and her family are a piece of work".

Then you would say "I got great kids. They don't do any of that stuff. Because they got a great daddy! Your daddy only makes 1 mistake a year". And you meant that 100%. And it seemed like it was true. If it was, so baruch Hashem. For 3-4 years after you were divorced from Joy our stepmom, you always said, "Your daddy only makes 1 mistake a year". And after you made it then you would say, "And he already made it." And then on January 1 of the next year you would say, "I only made 1 mistake last year, and I'm only gonna make 1 mistake this year". And you were TOTALLY serious.

And your "mistake" for that year was always something minor. It was like, that you had said that someone would win an election, and the other one did. Or you said that someone who was going to win a boxing match lost the match. Or about a football or baseball team. And that was your "1 mistake for the year, guys".

But in reality your sister turned out to be a wayyyyyyy better parent than you are. 1) She also said all the time "Nobody is gettin' between me and my kids ever". You copied her with that, as you did with sooooo many other things (even though your ego will never let you admit it). The difference is that as the original one who said it, she obviously meant it more than you. **As history has borne out, SHE MEANT IT and you did not. She kept her word to everyone. You have not kept your word to the people whom you said it to, your kids.** When we used to ask her about Frank and why she didn't marry him she would say that maybe 1 reason is that she didn't want anybody messing with her kids or raising her kids, along with other reasons. A few times when Frank would try to discipline Jerry, Auntie Edie would tell Frank to stay out of it and she would have to tell Jerry to be nice to him because Jerry then would not be so nice to him.

But your sister KEPT her word, unlike the pussywhipped asshole that you are. She never let ANYBODY come between her and her kids. What was the difference? She did not give money to someone so that they would guarantee her that she would not be "lonely" in old age. She did not sell her soul for money. She also has never ever and never would ever disown her children. You pathetic fuck. So today you have money and a big house and cars and motorcycles, and you are almost devoid of your Jewish soul. While she has a lot of her own mental and emotional issues, she can proudly say that she has stood by ALL of her kids all of her life. If they need her, she does her best to help them. **Her kids TRULY are the most important thing in the world to her.** For you, the most important thing has always been money. Because you falsely believe that money will keep you from reminding you of how you grew up with little money. And you think that if you don't remember growing up with a little money, then you won't feel all of those terrible feelings that you felt growing up as a result of parental abuse.

When you were a child, your family did not have much money. As Grandma Ruth always said, though, whenever you complained about your childhood in front of her, "You

always had everything that you needed, and then some". And you did also. You had all the clothes that you needed, you had food on the table, Grandpa Sam used to bring home meat from the butcher where he worked, and you had a house to live in. Your biggest complaint was that there were cockroaches in your apartments which were right in the middle of the big cities of New York and Chicago. And you were not living high class either, it's true. But you had everything that you needed.

According to you, your childhood was plagued by emotional and physical abuse from your parents. For these reasons you tried to be out of your house as much as possible, and you joined gangs in high school. You told me all the time about how you always used to be getting into fights with the other kids in the neighborhoods, including fist fights and that sometimes they pulled knives on you. Probably you don't want to say, but probably you even killed a few other teenage kids in the big gang fights that you told me about. You taught me regularly about how to fight, and how to put someone into a chokehold, and where to hit people on their body, and when to hit them. You told me to hit a guy on his nose so hard that it would shove his nose into his brain and kill him. You told me to be careful in putting kids into chokeholds because you could kill them that way. How many kids did you kill? Your favorite thing to tell me was that if someone wants to fight you, then "kick him in the nuts, then kick him in the stomach, then when he bends over then hit his nose so hard that you break his nose and it will go into his brain. Then run away and get the hell out of there". You used to "wrestle" with me on the floor of the house, putting me in chokeholds to show me how to do it. I remember a few times it actually hurt and I couldn't breathe for a few seconds. Did you maybe kill some kid with a punch or a chokehold or a knife in Chicago?

Anyways, you also didn't have much money in your childhood, and you had "cockaroaches" (your term) in your apartment. The emotional and physical abuse from your parents was difficult to deal with I am sure. Grandma Ruth's brothers had a lot of money. You said you used to love to go and see them and ride horses with them. Their lives seemed much more peaceful to you than your daily home life. These uncles told you all of your childhood that you should grow up and "...always work for yourself. Never work for somebody else", like they were doing. So, you decided at an early age, that if you were like them, then you would have a much, much better life.

It makes logical sense that as a child you felt that your emotional pain, which stemmed overwhelmingly from your parents' emotional and physical abuse of you, was connected to your family's income level. You obviously decided at an early age, that if you could be wealthy like your two uncles were, then you could escape the emotional pain that you felt as a result of your parents' abuse of you. You equated an abundance of money with emotional peace. As we all know, there is not a definitively proportional relationship between the two. Many people around the world live in what many would call "poverty", especially in developing countries, and they are much, much happier with their life than many people who are millionaires or billionaires. Many people even in America have low incomes and have a relatively low standard of living compared to the average standard of living, and yet they are much happier than many people who have a lot of money and are

considered to be even middle class, and this can surely be true for people who are upper class.

Money does not necessarily equal peace or happiness. In your sister's own words (the human being who grew up and lived with you every day for about 15 years, the person who has known you the longest) you have NOT been happy with your life and the choices that you have made.

LINK.

October 2013. Your sister, your only sibling, tells me that she lost touch with her Uncles Al and Arnie and their families because she didn't have much in common with them because they are "rich people's kids". Her other mother's brother Uncle Lenny's family also is not in touch with her. She says that you also moved away from Illinois and thus her family "and left us" and tried to make your life away from Illinois.

She says that "We DO know, it wasn't.", that your whole life has not been happy for you even after you moved away from Illinois.

So all of your adult life you have been running. You have been running from your unhappy childhood, which was mostly unhappy as a result of parental abuse, and you have been running toward money, money, money, because you thought that a lot of money would shield you from poverty (logically true), and you blamed poverty on your feelings of unworthiness, despair, lack of high intelligence, and overall unhappiness in your childhood. Your wife has DONE THE SAME EXACT THING. THAT is one place where you both understand each other.

You even used to yell at Joy, and at Debbie and I during certain situations and discussions that "I am not going to live ever again in an apartment with cockaroaches all over the place!! I am not going to live in a tiny little apartment like Grandpa Sam does!!! I'm not going to spend the rest of my life poor and in a shit apartment with cockaroaches!!" Debbie and I used to smirk to each other a bit because you said "cockaroaches" like that.

As a child, you **mistakenly equated** the idea that if you had money, then you would never feel unworthy, nor taken advantage of, nor used, nor in despair, nor angry, nor sad, nor hurt.

As an adult, you took it so far as to think in your mind that if you had money for the rest of your life, then these feelings of unworthiness, being taken advantage of, being used, despair, anger, sadness, and hurt feelings, which you STILL had as an adult, as a result of your childhood parental abuse, would go away from you and leave you alone. So you chased money all of your adult life.

Has it worked? Did these childhood feelings go away? Did they just materialize into thin air because you got wealthy?

Simple answer: No.

It's impossible. There is no definitive causal relationship between the two.

The long working hours and the stress of running your own business successfully distracted you from many of those feelings for decades. The drive to be the best real estate agent in your office (only done with Sharon's help) and the stress to keep your luggage business (during which time your family's needs were funded as needed by Carol DeWitt) working well during tough times kept your mind and heart away from many of these childhood feelings that were still a part of you, at least sometimes. We all still saw it come out whenever you would physically abuse Debbie and I, or when you would yell at me because I only hosed down the driveway and didn't sweep it first, or when you would close the bedroom door and yell at Joy loud enough that Debbie and I could still hear it on the other side of the house or even downstairs. But overall, you distracted yourself from these feelings for most of your adult life. You never went to a really serious individual mental health therapy, and Joy did not help you with these issues, perhaps because you didn't want to talk about them, maybe she wasn't equipped to deal with them, or maybe she didn't want to deal with it after you were cheating on her and not treating her so well, because you felt bad about yourself because you thought that you had for a third time, like you had done with Peggy and my mom, married for money, which you had. But these feelings just sat in the background, patiently waiting for the time to resurface.

When you retired, we could say that this, as it is with most people, is/was the great big test to see if you/they had run all your life from your/their childhood trauma, or if you/they had already successfully processed it and integrated those experiences into who you/they were.

But you kept smoking, as you had for most of your adult life. Even in the 90s and 2010s, you would go into the garage, lock yourself into your car, and smoke because your wife did not like you smoking around her. Smoking is always a sign that someone is trying to suppress their emotions. Like all substance abuse, it dulls our feelings and pushes them away.

The short answer is no, money did not let you escape from who you were as a child. Money has not kept you safe from your childhood demons. I even think that it has exacerbated your symptoms, as it has with your wife, and as happens with most people who live a life like you did: Childhood trauma followed by decades of addiction to hard work and addiction to cigarettes, alcohol, drugs (you smoked marijuana that I KNOW OF from at least the time I was 14 until AT LEAST 2015ish, which was the last time you told me that you and your wife smoked it occasionally. For all I know you still smoked it until you got Valley Fever in 2019). And I know that you smoked cigarettes and marijuana when you were a teenager, and in your 20s because you told me about how you used to "get stoned" and listen to Neil Diamond. So you have been abusing narcotic substances almost all of your life, and then in the 2000s, you finally acquiesced to

Sharon's decades-long badgering of you to take psychoactive drugs in order to modify your mood so that you would be more bearable for her to be around – sounds like the selfish cunt bitch fuckhead that she is. By the time you got your Valley Fever in 2019, you were already on mood-altering prescription medications which you probably increased the dosages of or the different types of meds in order to compensate for the inability you now had to smoke nicotine or marijuana or Gd knows what else.

So, the short answer again, is absolutely not. A lifetime of almost five decades of hard work gave you great distractions from your lingering childhood trauma. It also gave you wealth such that according to your theory, you should never have to deal with such traumatic emotions, because you weren't living a life of humble economic conditions in adulthood nor in old age, AND in your adulthood and in your old age your wealth should protect you from those traumatic emotions that you had experienced as a kid ever occurring again, because, well, you weren't in challenging economic conditions anymore. And besides, your retirement as a rich man further guaranteed that these conditions would likely not ever be a part of your life again, and therefore from your logic, you should be free of such difficult feelings.

But alas, you were not free of them, ever. Only somewhat distracted, sometimes. And now, as everyone can plainly see, you are still not free of them, even though you have plenty of wealth and economic security to have two cars, three horses, a huge ranch, steak dinners out and nice vacations.

But the feelings never went away. And they never will, until you have the courage, emunah ("faith" is a loose translation), and motivation to meet them head on, confront them, feel them, process them, and move past them. You will never feel the true peace that you thought all of your life that you would feel just by being rich until you deal with your demons. Money is material; feelings are immaterial. It is often much, much more efficient to address immaterial/spiritual issues with immaterial/spiritual means. Money has its place, and it has a spiritual purpose as well. But "having money", accumulating wealth, **by itself**, will never fix childhood trauma issues.

Getting truly closer to Gd, to Hashem, can heal people. Only through the way that the Torah teaches. A **GOOD**, and the word **GOOD** is so important, therapist can help people to overcome childhood trauma. So can good books and articles. But the #1 healer is the desire of the individual to heal themselves. Then, anything is possible.

So, I am not surprised at all that Sharon never helped you with this. That's how I know that she is not a true psychologist. If she were, then she would have healed herself a long, long time ago, and if she loved you then she would have helped you to heal. She has either never known, or knew and never had the courage to face her own demons. She grew up poor like you did, with physically and emotionally abusive parents like you did; she distracted herself for decades with work addiction (I remember her working at the school in the morning, real estate in the afternoon, then with her social work job in the late afternoon, and then on the phone calling her social work job clients in the evening and into the night). She did this at her house all the time, and even when she came over to

our house on some weekdays, she would be in your office on the phone until 8 pm and later. She was addicted to her work, working 3 jobs for 12 hours a day for decades, because it gave her a distraction from her childhood trauma feelings AND it provided her with lots of money so that she would never have to go back to living in poor economic conditions as she had lived when she was a child.

Your demonic “psychologist” wife hasn’t taught you what’s wrong with you in over 36 years? Amazing that she hasn’t taught you many things. You should not be who you are today. You should be a very well-balanced, peaceful, content individual after 36 years of being with a “psychologist” wife and girlfriend. I wonder why you are such an emotional mess. Could it be that, well, she was never really a psychologist? A school counselor and school district employee for special needs students are not the career paths that most people think of when they think of a psychologist. So....maybe she does not really know enough to call herself a psychologist? Just because she has a degree in psychology does not make her a psychologist. There are so many people who have bachelors and masters degrees and even licenses to practice psychology but they don’t do that. They don’t call themselves psychologists. From the day we met her you always told us that she was a psychologist. If she is, then I just got way, way more worried about the state of mental health in the world.

Or maybe she purposely never educated you about how you could be a better, healthier, and truly happier person. **Maybe she wanted to keep knowledge from you all of your life.** Because the truth is, that if you ever truly became more of a self-actualized person than you are today, someone who truly sees and knows their potential, and feels great in their own skin, then you would get out of this horrible, abusive and unhealthy “relationship” that you call a marriage. So it was to her benefit to keep you emotionally immature, so that you would not leave her. That’s why she “looked the other way” when you used to go and smoke in the garage, like her mother had “looked the other way” when her father had abused her. So typical. If she really wanted you to heal, she would have discussed with you why you smoke, what it does for you, and instead she would have encouraged you to talk to her about your feelings, and to possibly go to therapy, maybe also with her, so that you would stop smoking and preserve your health.

By the way, I never thought that you looked comfortable smoking. Some people look comfortable when they smoke, like “cool”, chas veshalom. I always thought that you looked like a dork. Seriously. And I think that that’s good, because I think it means that you were never too comfortable smoking, and that you knew in your soul that it wasn’t good for you, physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

It is probably some of both. Because I have seen firsthand how she is not a true psychologist and she is only a bit smarter than you, even though she likes to think of herself as so smart. Your first wife Peggy Bowman sounded pretty smart. Joy was very smart. My mother was very, very smart. This piece of shit is very stupid. I’m sure that she is the stupidest wife you have had. I guess that is why she has stayed with you the longest of any of your 4 wives, maintaining the longest-running marriage of yours that was without violence and major drama, because she probably really would have left you

if you had done those things to her, as she was so afraid of those things from her childhood and adulthood experiences with her father and other men.

She has an ego the size of Mount Everest and nothing to show for it underneath.

Edie has not been in touch with me for years, despite my repeated calls and emails to her.

You have told me dozens of times that, “Whatever we discuss is only between you and me. I will not discuss it even with my wife” in response to my request to you to keep something that I was telling you private.

But, like the pathological (seriously, with no exaggeration) liar that you are, you of course told your wife, Debbie, Edie, her kids, and anyone else whom you thought probably wouldn’t let me know that you had told them.

I am not like you. So I have never told you any of the various truths about you or me or your family or my mom’s family until now.

When someone dies, we are no longer obligated to keep such a vow of silence as we did before (even though I had never agreed verbally to her to not to tell you those things).

Edie is like dead to me now. She doesn’t respond to ANY communication that I have sent to her in a long time. **She hasn’t even included me on her yearly emails to all family members about a reminder about Nan’s yartzeit!!!!** Why does she only send out reminders about her mother’s but never for her father’s??

LINK

Email to Auntie Edie in 2023 asking to be included again in her annual reminder of her mother’s yartzeit. She has never responded, and she did NOT include me last year either nor this year. TOTALLY SHAMEFUL and a total disgrace to her mother’s soul.

When someone stops responding after another’s repeated attempts to communicate with them, or when someone tells another that they will stop communicating with that person, or when someone “blocks” another, and it appears to the other that any of those might be permanent, then the first person is considered to be dead to the second one. The second person then has no obligation to keep anything private anymore that the first person may have explicitly asked or implicitly implied that they do.

LINK.

An article written by a very well-respected psychologist about the immaturity of blocking.

So I am no longer obligated to keep the things that she communicated to me private. She is dead to me. And the same goes for things which you told me, and for anyone who has stopped communicating with me.

They might as well be dead to me.

I know that means NOTHING to you, because your integrity when it comes to safeguarding what is 100%, undoubtedly, the most precious thing to you in this world, money, is 0.

So you will break anybody's trust if you think that it will ensure your money pot. It doesn't matter to you if the other person is alive or DEAD.

I could not BELIEVE my ears when you told me in 2021 that you had no mezuzah on your front door, for the first time in your life, at least since I can remember and I am sure your parents had one on their house when you were growing up, because **"my wife told me that if I put up a mezuzah on the front door, then she would put a [xian] cross above our bed."**

I said "But I thought she is not religious". You said, "She's not. But that's what she said".

THIS DISCUSSION IS NOT SO MUCH ABOUT MEZUZAHS. If you are protected by Gd for having one or not, I don't give a shit anymore. **IT'S ABOUT WHAT A FUCKING PUSSY YOU ARE.**

RECORDINGS OF THOSE CONVERSATIONS. CLICK BELOW.

2.20.2022. I told him that he had told me recently that his wife would not let him put a mezuzah up. He vells at me and is abrasive telling me that I change stories and always make things up. Listen to the recording below 2.7.2022 to hear him indeed tell me essentially what I said. He cannot come up with examples of any claims that he makes. I ASKED HIM TWICE "DO YOU LOVE ME?". HE DID NOT ANSWER!! I told him that since he met his wife he always looks for a reason to be upset with me. He said, "You and I will never be friends again".

2.7.2022. About mezuzah, he says what I told him two weeks later he said, and he told me that I am always changing stories. He says I have a better memory than he does. Debbie does not put a mezuzah up when she stays in his house. Aunties mezuzahs. He gave everything, including his and my mother's ketubah, all photos and documents of her, all of it to Debbie. He did not make copies nor send copies to me. I am nice and he is rough and abrasive. He doesn't say "I love you" after I do at the end.

4.2024. He still has no mezuzah. I advise him to put one asap for the protection.

WTF Marshal KLEIN????????????????

WTF IS WRONG WITH YOU??????

WTF has happened to you? To whom you once were??

1. Why does she care if there is a mezuzah on the front door?? If she is not religious, why should she care anything about it anyways?? Is she afraid of the area's antisemitic neighbors seeing it and having some problems with you guys? Then you could put it up inside the doorway, as I have explained to you.

2. WHY THE FK is your **WIFE** (supposed to "love and cherish you") of 30 years (or is it really only 14 years – did you guys divorce and remarry in 2011 as your FB page says "Got married in 2011"?) or however many years **THREATENING** you to do **ANYTHING** if you do something to **YOUR'S** and hers house???? I thought its **YOUR'S** and hers house.

3. Why TF is your **wife** threatening you? Narcissist much????? **Why is she so obviously trying to manipulate you after your 36-year long relationship????**

She is, absolutely, 100%, the WORST wife of your 4 wives because the other three embraced Judaism, or at least I'm sure that Peggy was open to Judaism. But of course my Jewish mother and also Joy, who converted to Judaism, were ardent, faithful Jews. Joy even got a job at our synagogue, a real job as the Director of Communications or some title like that. **YOUR CURRENT WIFE IS A PSYCHOTIC, UGLY, DEMONIC, EVIL, MANIPULATIVE, NARCISSISTIC FUCKING BITCHFUCK BASKETCASE.**

4. Why are you behaving like a fking coward?? What TF happened to your integrity? Marshal????

Putting up a mezuzah is a commandment from Gd. "Place these words upon the doorposts of your house and upon your gates". It's said twice by Gd in the Book of Dvarim (Deuteronomy). It is one of the 613 Commandments. That means you **MUST** do it. No choice.

That's a big part of the reason that you have gotten sick many times and almost died since you have been at that Gd-forsaken house in that Gd-forsaken location. Gd protects the houses where faithful Jews have lovingly (or fearfully) placed a mezuzah on their house. It's similar to how the Jews in Egypt who put lambs' blood on their doorposts were protected.

Choosing to NOT put one up for the reason above means that you have committed 2 sins. You have not put the mezuzah up, a sin. AND you have committed the second WORST sin in the universe – putting ANYTHING before Gd. You put her threat above what Gd

wants you to do. That is called IDOLATRY, Marshall Alan Klein. Idolatry is the second worst sin in the universe (2nd of the 10 commandments). The worst is not acknowledging Hashem as the Master of the universe (1st commandment), chas veshalom, a sin your “wife” commits all the time, except when she is giving someone a lengthy and boring discourse about whether she is agnostic or atheist. After boring them with that then she will tell them about why she doesn’t like Italian food because she ate so much pasta as a poor student at UCSB for 4 years. And she will repeat those and all of her stories every time that she sees them again.

LINK.

[Emailing Debbie recently about how badly Sharon used to treat you, including her Pastaphobia.](#)

You have become a pathetic person.

Put up the Gd-blessed mezuzah you mouse. You coward. You pathetic piece of shit. You sorry excuse for a father and sorry excuse for a grandfather. You sorry excuse for a husband. You pussy.

She used to bore Debbie and I and Grandpa and Nan and anyone else who was over at the house or eating with us with the same, idiotic, repeated stories about herself for years. Did anybody care?? Did anybody ask you, Sharon?? Or are you just so insecure about yourself and have such low self-esteem that you just like to hear yourself talk about yourself?? Or, are you just so lonely after 20 years of isolating yourself socially from any kind of meaningful social relationships due to the extreme guilt that you feel as a result of murdering your unborn child and from your deep-seated feelings of unworthiness and shame from your childhood trauma which you never took the time or effort to recover from, even though you touted yourself as a “psychologist”?

Story 1 - why she didn’t like Italian food. This was told over and over again because, guess what, Italian food was Marshal’s favorite food, and so she had to explain to Debbie and I and Nan and Grandpa (both of whom wouldn’t follow her idiotic story anyways – they had a look on their face like wtf are you talking about?? With **all** of her stupid stories) why she didn’t want to go and eat at Marshal’s FAVORITE FOOD of all time, Italian food. What a fucking cunt!!!! What an entitled bitch mamash!!!! Gosh!!!! A woman who loved you, would have gone every time that you wanted to eat Italian food, and she would have ordered something besides pasta – like even um, a salad, antipasto salad, or....um.....a meat dish,,,,,, or anything besides pasta. WHAT A FUCKING CUNT!!!! If it was me and a new date tried to pull that shit on me more than once, I would drive the car with her and my kids in it to her house, reach over and open her car door, and say, “Now you can go and make whatever you want for dinner, with no pasta. Me and my awesome kids are going out for Italian food. Deb, you gonna get a salad like usual? Al, you gonna get pizza like usual? I’ll get my favorite, lasagna. And I got a hot date now. Debbie, come into the front seat next to your daddy. I got a hot date now!”. And then I would have never ever talked to it (her) ever again.

Oh wait, I forgot, she is a psycho. She is a true, narcissistic psycho. And revenge, expressly forbidden in one (1) clear and distinct verse (“You shall not take revenge on your brother”) in the Book of Vayikra (Leviticus), is her second nature. So I would just drop her off and say goodnite. And never call her again.

Seriously, Marshal? Before you met her, **ALL OF MY LIFE**, we had eaten out at Italian restaurants about 50% of the time. After you met this lump of coal ugly-ass pathetic loser, we NEVER ate out for Italian food, unless it was just the three of us, or the two of us, like when you were here in Israel, b”H.

That’s love?? My friend, Marshal Klein, that ain’t love you dipshit.

That’s love. Love for herself only. Why did you need that?? NONE of your wives or girlfriends ever treated you like that, denying you YOUR pleasures because SHE didn’t make the effort to overcome her past trauma. Is it really such a trauma???? What a **FUCKING CUNT BITCH YOU ARE SHARON. FUCKING BITCH.**

Instead, you acted like such a doormat pussy that the story usually went something like this.

On the way to eat out for dinner, we would talk about where to eat. You (Marshal) would always say, “How about Italian food?” since it was your favorite. And um, you were paying, so.... And she would say “You know Marshal that I can’t eat Italian food”. Debbie or I asked (only the first time; after that there was no need to ask because she would just tell us for the 18th time) why not? So she explained how when she was at UCSB, she was a poor student (who isn’t?) and she could only afford to buy pasta and sauce, so now she associates spaghetti or any Italian food with poverty and unworthiness (you have the same story except that yours is cockaroaches and poverty and unworthiness). So, no, a woman in her 40s, a self-proclaimed “psychologist”, can’t enter or eat in an Italian restaurant, even though her boyfriend (who’s paying for dinner no matter where we went) and his kids want to go there. Narcissistic, selfish much??

So we heard that story every few weeks, told the exact same way. Debbie and I would be in the back seat, and we would roll our eyes at each other every time that she started on her story verbatim as it was told a couple weeks before. My grandmother would roll her eyes and silently imitate her blabbing and me and Debbie would roar with laughter, and you would smile and look in the rearview mirror and say, "Guys what's so funny? What's so funny? Mom, what's so funny?" Nan would say something like, “Al just told us a good joke”. We were laughing at your dipshit girlfriend/wife.

Then there was the repeated story about why she never had children. We asked her one time why she never had children. She would proudly look at us in the back seat and explain while smiling, “I’m too selfish. I only want to take care of myself”. She would elaborate on that too, blah blah blah. One night at dinner a year or two later it came out that she had had an abortion in college.

Dad, your wife is a fucking, complete loser. And Auntie Edie, her kids, my mom's family, Harley Rubin, and many more that I don't want to name who have known our family for decades think/thought (for those who have left this Earth) that she is such a fucking loser. They all wonder WTF you are doing with such a loser. Then they see the real truth – that you are also a loser. A total, fucking loser, who managed to make some money along the way running a business during the 70s and 80s, during one of the greatest economic times in American history for small businesses, and then you charmed enough clients to buy houses from you for a few decades.

Since I was small I always wanted to run a business because my dad did so I wanted to know what it was like. I am so glad that I did. Because it opened my eyes a lot about you. I realized that running a retail goods or services business is 1) not difficult, just a little creativity, drive and a lot of perseverance is needed, 2) sucks after the novelty of it wears off, and 3) you don't need too much brains for it. To this day I have never met a successful small business owner who was especially smart, like I thought that someone needed to be to run a successful small business before I ran 3 of them myself.

Especially in the 1980s when Reagan was giving away taxpayer money every way that his staff could think of to support small businesses so that the economy would appear to boom and make the USSR think that America was doing fantastic so they better throw in the towel. It looks like it worked.

Then the often repeated, unsolicited story (nobody had asked her, we were just the 3 of us talking about something Jewish or about the synagogue which we were attending) of which religion she was. The repeated reply was always a proud, with her evil smile, "I'm an atheist. If I can't see it, it doesn't exist. Or maybe I am agnostic, I don't know. I go back and forth on that". "And I just can't believe that a Gd exists who would want people to fight over him all the time." These are cliché atheistic remarks chas veshalom from lowbrow people. Then there was some additional drivel and babble but pretty much the same message just some different words.

Dad, she is such a fking loser. What is your problem????

As Debbie said to me one time in the early 2010s, she "is a nothing." "Al, she is a nothing. Why do you let her bother you?"

[LINK TO RECORDING OF HER SAYINGS THATS.](#)

That's true. It used to bother me because she drained your soul away right in front of my eyes. Seriously, the Torah tells us that a person without a Jewish soul drains the holy energy away from the soul of a Jewish romantic partner they are with. Non-Jews LOVE to have Jewish partners (unless they were antisemitic, chas veshalom). They LOVE it because they love the warmth, kindness, compassion and pure love and holiness that they receive from the Jew. It FEEDS their own soul and their energy. It's like they are sucking

on an energy bar all the time. And it drains the Jew. It slowly takes his or her energy away. That's why you look so awful today. Until about 10 years ago, you were fighting her sucking of your energy pretty well, especially considering that you had been with her for about 20 years already. But it seems like over the last 10 years you have slowly given in, more and more every day. Today you look awful. You really look like a shell with most of Marshal gone. She has been draining your energy since Day 1.

There are PLENTY of non-Jews who have as much or even more warmth, kindness, compassion and pure love and holiness than many Jews. Many of them have been my friends and have helped me in my life without a second thought, being better people to me than my own father was being. But I am not sure that you are a Jew anymore (search for "reuben" in this letter for more information about that). But when they are with a Jew, there is almost always a guaranteed, often slow, one-way draining of spiritual energy from one person to the other, from the Jew to the non-Jew (search for "one-way flow" in this letter for more information about that).

The first time that we met Sharon. You have got to read this.

How did we first meet it (Sharon)? When I first met her, it was my senior year, towards the end of the year, in early mid-March. I remember how for years we had met your girlfriends and dates so fluidly, aka "normally". We would meet them if they came over to have lunch with you or whatever, and we would say hi and be nice, and then continue whatever we were doing. And you and the date or girlfriend would do your things or go out or whatever. But this was BY FAR the weirdest meeting of any of them. Maybe that's why I remember it so well. I think it was the WEIRDEST meeting I have ever had of ANY friend or relative of someone whom I already knew.

We knew that you had been dating someone new for months. And we kept asking about meeting her. You kept saying, "She is not ready yet". Ready for what? This is not the INDY 500 it's just a minute or two to say hi.

You asked Debbie and me to be home at like 4:00 PM or something to meet your new woman. At 3:55 you arrived with her in the car in the garage. You came inside by yourself and asked Debbie and I to come and sit on the sofa in the family room. We were supposed to sit RIGHT next to each other on the same sofa. So it left the other sofa open. I was thinking to myself, "What TF is going on??" I remember Debbie, who back then was more sensitive to stuff than me, asked you "Why is this so weird?" You told us that this lady was really nervous and shy. We asked "Why"?? Like, wtf? We were not Princess Diana or Menachem Begin or something. But we complied with your request. After we were appropriately seated, you asked us to be really nice to her when you brought her in because she was so nervous. Again, Debbie, who was also more, um, forthright than me back then, said, "Ok, ok Dad let's just do it. Go and get her. Let's get it over with. Jeez louise!".

You brought her in like she was a china doll. Of course she went over the top and dramatically said hello and was so dramatic and grandiose about everything. Then she sat down on the opposite sofa from us with you and we all talked for about 30 long minutes about I don't know what (probably mostly her talking about herself and how great she is). I remember thinking, "Who TF is this psycho? What does my dad want from her? She must have something that he wants, because he would never date somebody so pathetic" as I politely listened to her dramatic diatribes about only Hashem knows what.

Then Debbie asked if we could go. I was more going with the flow, but once Debbie asked I was also ready to get the heck out of there and get on with whatever I was doing before. I remember when I got up to leave the sofa I was thinking, "What a TOTAL loser. Ok, I'll give her 3 weeks tops. Then Dad will drop her". Debbie hated her from that moment on for the next 6 years at least. I didn't know what you wanted from her, but I knew it had to be something material.

(I knew that it couldn't be sex, like you had wanted from every other woman, because it was soooooo fucking ugly and unattractive in sooooo many ways. She worked with you at the Brown real estate office (and part-time in the mornings at our high school, which neither one of you **EVEN MENTIONED TO US DURING THAT FIRST MEETING** (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!) NOR for over 2 months afterwards (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!), because you liked having her there to spy on us for you) (search for "at the same high school that your kids were attending" for a longer description of that), so I figured that you wanted her to do some real estate deal with you or something).

So I didn't think much about her at all for the first few months, because you had already dated so many other women who were, like, LEAGUES above her that I figured she would be gone as soon as you got whatever you wanted from her.

That was probably my worst miscalculation ever in my life.

And it was based on who I thought you were - the strong, confident man with great faith in Gd whom you had repeatedly presented yourself to be to your children over the last few years. Little did I know then that I had the "child glasses" on, the "glasses" that makes a child see only or mostly the good stuff in their parents, because these particular individuals (the parents) do a great job of hiding from these young people all of their internal challenges and struggles.

You had the greatest women running after you and you chose a DOGGGGGGGG.

I mean, you had recently dated the next-door neighbor's sister. She was a hot, beautiful, gorgeous, 36-year old, professionally successful career woman who could seriously have

been a runway model if she had wanted to. I remember that she had been a model of some type earlier in her life, actually. She was a) gorgeous, b) kind, c) cool, d) easy to talk to, and e) was TOTALLY in love with you and had wanted to marry you. She did NOT want any kids, which was great for you as you did not want any more either. She was sooooo cool to Debbie and I. Kids can smell sincerity and insincerity a mile away, and she was the Queen of Sincerity. She also was sooo cool with Debbie, who as a teenage girl needed a great, older, hip, beautiful, cool female to talk to about female issues and boys, etc.

She also was about 10 years younger than you. She had her own career (real estate I think, or advertising or something) and drove a nice car. When you stopped dating her, you said it was because "She just wanted me for my money".

??????????????????

I remember thinking what???? She had her own money, her own career, she knew that you wouldn't have more kids, she was not religious, and she was sooooo in LOVE with you. And she was great with your kids. I never judge who people choose to be with, but you chose an ugly-ass, psychotic, narcissistic, lying, manipulative, cold, boring, loser over a sociable, smart, level-headed, warm, funny, kind, loving, beautiful, blond, tall former model who had a successful career and was head over heels for you??? **WTF WAS WRONG WITH YOU MARSHAL ???????? SERIOUSLY ???????**

She was so cool and so easygoing, and loved you and us so much that she even probably would have made a conversion to Judaism without you ever asking her.

But even if not, then if you will choose a goy, why a butch loser over a cool fun California girl who is 10 years younger than you **AND TREATED YOU WITH LOVE, KINDNESS AND RESPECT**, instead of Sharon who always treated you in front of us and others with disdain, contempt, envy and with condescending remarks in front of other people. Maybe you are.....afraid to be happy??

How you ditched our holy Rabbi who Bar Mitzvahed your kids because he wouldn't lose his job for you and your POS girlfriend.

Sharon, that evil demon (no exaggeration) who sucks your holiness out of you every second, HATED the rabbi who was one of your greatest friends for 16 years of your life. You and he used to go out to lunch together about once a month or so. You used to tell each other jokes and he would always teach you something about Torah. After you had met him for lunch, you would usually come home and teach us something about Torah that he had taught you. Many times it was about kashrut, because you had obviously discussed kashrut with him when you were eating. The great rabbi who Bar and Bat mitzvahed your children. He had converted Joy your 3rd wife to Judaism. Who came to

your house with his own family a few times for bagels and lox, and to socialize with us, at our house.

She hated him ever since 1993 or so. Why? Because you asked him to marry you and her. And he told you, "I cannot marry you both or else I will lose my certification as a Conservative Rabbi in the Conservative Movement because she is not Jewish, and Conservative Rabbis cannot marry a Jew and a non-Jew". So, in other words, he would have lost his lifelong job and career if he had married you both. So because he did not want to, she hated him and forbade you from spending time with him. **ATROCIOUS!!!!**

So, because of that, she hated him. Its funny how after that, I think you never went out to lunch with him again. You did not go to the synagogue hardly ever after that, and if you did, I remember that you always looked sheepish and embarrassed. Now I understand why. I would also feel embarrassed and ashamed to show my face to my decades-long friend of my family and children because I dumped him because my narcissistic girlfriend didn't understand why he wouldn't lose his career certification, job and career in order not to hurt her inflated, huge, narcissistic ego. You would say "hi" to him quickly while he was so smiling and happy to see you. He always forgave you for being such a fucking dickwad. But you were obviously embarrassed and shameful, and you kept your talks with him short and then couldn't wait for us to leave asap. Your 16-year friendship with him SUDDENLY came to a screeching halt.

You told me privately that you understood him and his position. You understood why he could not marry you guys. But she then forbade you from being friends with him. He talked about you for years to me, about how you guys were such good friends and how he missed you. He always told me to say hi to you. He always told me when I saw him or called him, from the time that you ditched him when I was in my early 20s, for 30 years with a big smile, "Tell your dad I say hi! Tell him to call me I'd love to hear from him!", and whenever I met him for years for lunch and at the synagogue. **I was embarrassed to be your son when I was around him. I WAS EMBARRASED TO BE THE SON OF SUCH A FUCKING COWARD AND OF SUCH A FUCKING LOSER OF A MAN AND OF SUCH A LOSER OF A HUMAN BEING!!!!**

You are soooooo fking pathetic.

I NEVER EVER want to be like you.

EVER.

You take after the example of your father. Can't you ever grow up, and NOT be like your father? You have talked all of my life that you are not like him: "I'll never be like my parents". But you are VERY much like both of them. The only difference between you and your dad is that you married women whose parents had money, so you lived a better life than he did economically, and you built a good business because you had a good

financial place to start from with your wives parents' money. Everything else is THE SAME, Marshal.

Grandpa Sam married a woman, my grandma, whom he probably loved at the beginning. He was good to her. But her brothers despised him because he came from a poor family. Shame on them. And they always made it known to their sister, and even to Grandpa Sam, that they looked down on the marriage. So after a while, he fell out of love with Nan. But she was always domineering and controlling. After they divorced, he married another woman who was controlling, but she was also kind and took care of him. And he did everything how she wanted and the way that she wanted. Even down to how he interacted with his own children and grandchildren. The same same same is true of you. Your 2 wives since my mother have been controlling and domineering to the hilt. And you always do what they say. They give you an illusion that you have some control. But you can't even put a mezuzah up in your own house. It's obvious who wears the pants in your last 2 marriages. It's obvious to EVERYONE, including your sister and her kids, who is the boss in your most recent two marriages.

Your ugly psycho wife now even tells you what to say to your kids when you talk to them. WTF?? Since I can remember, going back 20 years at least, whenever we were on the phone she has been writing you notes right next to you to tell you how to respond to me and what questions to ask me. Over the last few years you guys upgraded to her typing at the computer and you reading it. Its kind of easy to figure out when I hear typing, then you say something as if you were reading from a movie script at an audition or something for the first time, then you sometimes say quietly, "What does that say?"..... Duh. Fking weird. And when you read something where she made a mistake in the writing, it becomes so obvious that you are reading from a sentence that she write for you. Oops. It reminds me of watching some current figureheads reading, or attempting to read from their teleprompters.

AND HERE IS THE KICKER, as you used to say.

How Sharon your wife, who calls herself a psychologist, FORCED her way into one of our therapy sessions by THREATENING the therapist.

About 25 years ago I asked you if we could go to therapy together. I was living in LA and you were in the Conejo Valley. Our relationship was quite strained then. You said "Yes". You told me to choose the therapist and that you would pay for it. I finally found one that I thought would be a good one for us. And indeed, she was great for us. She was kind and compassionate and very, very professional. After our first meeting, we walked out and you told me, "I didn't know that you thought some of those things". You gave me a big hug outside and said, "Now let's go and get something to eat". We hugged on the way out and then went out to lunch. I think at a couple points in there we both cried a very little. We met there once a week or every 2 weeks. We both enjoyed the meetings very

much, and we enjoyed getting to know each other this way. We had started smoothing out our relationship. The same kind of thing happened, and it went on for a few months. Every time was better than the time before that. Therapy session and then lunch. We got closer every time and talked about things we had never talked about.

THEN CAME THE KICKER.

After a few months of us finally getting closer, you asked me at lunch after one session, "My wife asked if she can come to our session next week". I was totally stunned. I asked you, "For what?" You said, "She sees that we are getting closer and she is feeling left out."

What?? I mean, **WHAT THE FUCK???????????? I MEAN, WHAT THE FUCK??????** (those were my thoughts at the time).

Dear Marshall Alan Klein – someone who loves you will **NEVER** react like that. A woman who really loves you would be soooo happy that you were getting closer to your son and that you two were understanding each other better. **This is a classic situation with that demon that illustrates perfectly how it only cares about itself, and how many deep-seated emotional and mental issues that it has.**

And left out of.....what exactly???????? Our therapy sessions???????? Well, that makes a lot of sense since they were **OUR THERAPY SESSIONS.**

And the story gets much worse. MUCH WORSE.

Before I replied, I felt uncomfortable. I thought if I said "No" then it might jeopardize how we were doing so well and getting so close. But then I found my integrity thank Gd in saying what I honestly felt. I said "No, these sessions are for us to get closer." I said maybe in the future, I will think about it, but for now let's just keep with us. We are doing great, and let's not mix it up at all until we feel more secure with each other". You said, "Ok great I just wanted to ask". I have told this story numerous times over the years to people (who are stunned by her obsessive and possessive behavior (and she refers to herself as a "psychologist"????)), and every time I say the same thing at this point.

I say, "My dad looked relieved. He did not want her there either, but he had to ask me because she forced him to. But he sounded so relieved that I said 'no'." I remember that when you said "Ok great I just wanted to ask" and you seemed happy and relieved, I also felt great, like that I was being rewarded for being honest with myself and with you.

And the story gets much worse. MUCH WORSE.

The next session was also very great. But at lunch that we went to afterwards as usual you said to me, "I told Sharon that you didn't want her to come and she was very upset. She said that she feels left out." **Um.....?????!!!!!!**. I said "Feels left out of what?? This is **OUR** therapy session. What does she feel left out of?" You said "I don't know, I don't

understand it either but that's what she said. She asked me again if she can come next time." I said, "No. This is our session." You said again, "Ok, I'll let her know".

I forgot about the whole thing again. But,

HERE IS THE REAL KICKER. UNNNNFUUUUUUUUUUUKINGBELIEVABLE, especially from someone who says her profession is a "psychologist". It wasn't.

I showed up the next week to the session. You met me outside as usual. As we were walking into the office, you told me that Sharon, a self-titled psychologist, your "wife" of 4 years, already was very upset that we were getting closer to each other (????????) and it had told you that it was very upset and so it had "forced" its way into the therapist's office, and was waiting inside with the therapist.

(Were you really married then, or did you just marry in 2011 as your Facebook says/said?, or did you two marry, divorce because she just couldn't emotionally handle the "commitment", then marry again once you were both retired because you get much bigger tax breaks that way? More on that one later),

????????????????????

????????????????????

I stopped walking and said to you, "What"?????" I turned around and started walking back to my car. But then, I felt that this was not what Gd wanted. You and I had established something together, and I was not going to run away from this demon and leave you alone with her. I would stand up to this psychotic nothing and own my therapy session.

I turned around and walked with you defiantly into the office. Sharon said, like nothing was wrong, with her fake smile, "Oh, hi Al". I did not say anything to Sharon.

My first words were to the therapist. I said, "I told YOU and my dad that I did NOT want her in here. I am telling you NOW that I do not want her in this therapy session." The kind therapist was visibly very shaken (she was literally shaking, and her face looked like someone had just....guess what....threatened her) even from the moment that I walked in. She explained that she had already told Sharon that she would need mine and my dad's approval before she could let her stay for the session. But she said that bitchfuck obsessive-compulsive Sharon had "insisted" (when she gets angry at you it feels like a mountain is falling down – pure evil, I mean she really is **PURE EVIL** (search for "sluts" in this document for more on that) to the therapist that she was going to stay for the session, no matter what. I could tell by the therapist's shaking that she was also uncomfortable, and I empathized with her. I said ok, let's start.

Within a few sentences and exchanges, I was running intellectual and psychological circles around Sharon. The therapist repeatedly said, "That's a good question he asked

you, Sharon, what do you think of that?” Or “He has a good response to what you were saying. Can you respond to him?” So for an hour, I, without exerting too much effort, made her look as stupid as she is (which is very, very, very stupid). Afterwards, my dad and I went out by ourselves for lunch. He also told me that he was impressed by my responses to her accusations.

I don't remember if she forced her way into a second session or not, but I don't remember ever feeling too uncomfortable with her there after that, because I felt very in control of the situation and the session. But, I did start to feel like the sessions were not as effective as they had been before, except for showing my dad how utterly stupid she is and what a completely obsessive psychotic deranged psycho she is.

And this whole incident shows yet AGAIN (there are about 25 of them just in this letter alone) about how much of a PUSSY you are that you just let this person walk all over you and whatever IT wanted to do with you for the past 36 years.

Months previously I had submitted graduate and law school applications to universities in LA and also out of state. I had decided that if my dad and I could improve our relationship through this therapy, I would stay in LA during the autumn. If not, I would go to my preferred school out of state.

Since the sessions were now not improving much between us, and I knew that she might show up anytime, I decided to go out of state. But, I wanted my father to keep going, because I could tell that he was growing and becoming a better person because of it. So I discreetly asked the therapist if she would continue with him separately. She said she would. I suggested my dad to keep going, which he did. I said that it would benefit our relationship as well, but I had asked the therapist to focus on also my dad's own issues, and she had agreed.

After I had moved, my dad and I talked by phone after his sessions and he was enjoying them. He then told me that one day after a month or two of sessions, the therapist had for some reason told him that I had encouraged her to focus on his own issues as well as our issues. He said he didn't want to keep going for himself, so he stopped. Probably his wife forced her way again into one of the sessions and made a mess of things.

Why have you been lying about my mother for almost half a century??

My mother was arrested and put on trial for 4 days in January 1974 for attempted murder of me.

If there is anyone, ANYONE in this world who can be upset with Kathy Klein, it is ME, more than you or anyone else. According to you, she supposedly tried to kill me.

She was acquitted of ALL charges by a jury.

Yet you have still insisted all of my life that she was guilty. You give reasons like the judge did this wrong or about this detail at the trial, etc.

Yet you parade around these days with your “volunteer sheriff”’s badge on your horse with your cowboy hat. You talk about law enforcement these days like it is so righteous.

Yet for almost half a century you have disparaged the American justice system when it comes to one (1) specific case, this case involving my mother, whom you hated at that time and even now more than anyone that you have ever hated. You say that the judge did this wrong and that her attorneys did this and blah blah blah waaaa waaa waaaa like a little crybaby. You **JUST WANTED TO HAVE HER FOUND GUILTY SO THAT YOU COULD TELL THE WORLD, “LOOK HOW CRAZY KATHY IS!!!! IT WAS NEVER ME, IT WAS HER !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

YOU FUCKING SON OF A BITCH. YOU HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DO THE SAME EXACT THING TO ME FOR DECADES. YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE PIECE OF SHIT LOSER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yet she was fully acquitted of all components of all charges by a jury of her peers. They took only a few hours to deliberate what was obviously trumped up charges against a mother trying to help her infant son who was having a nosebleed.

If the judge made such a mistake, and if my mom’s attorneys made so many mistakes as you always claim, then why didn’t the prosecution appeal?????

Neither side even requested a polling of the jurors.

Because it was a ridiculous case with ridiculous charges.

Thank Gd for blessing her attorney with insight and skill to successfully argue the truth about the case, in all of its ridiculous accusations and claims.

AND FUCK YOU FROM HERE TO HELL YOU FUCKING LOSER!!!!!! For trying to convince your father, your mother, your sister, and even Kathy’s children that the **American justice system is a failure because you did not get the result that YOU wanted so that you could make HER look like the problem in your relationship and not YOU.** And so that you could use that to get permanent custody of us.

Why don't we go and tell all of your enforcement "buddies" how you think that the American justice system is a failure? And you said this less than 2 years ago.

COURT DOCUMENTS.

LINK 1.

Marshal Alan Klein has been lying for 50 years. He HAS ALWAYS TOLD EVERYONE INCLUDING ME that I was unconscious. I was NEVER unconscious. Legal facts showing that my mother NEVER should have been charged in the first place. A description of all of the facts of that day.

He has also told me ever since I was young that "She suffocated you by putting a plastic bag over your head. You were bleeding from your nose. When people get suffocated, they bleed from their nose". He talked about that like he really knew what he was talking about. **As a child and teen I accepted this, and there was no internet to check it.** I do not know where my father has the room in his brain to make up such elaborate lies of his, but I guess he has some space somewhere.

"She suffocated you by putting a plastic bag over your head"????????????????

YOU ARE A CERTIFIABLE LUNATIC.

YOU BELONG IN AN INSTITUTION.

**YOU
ARE A CONVICTED FELON, AND THEN YOU LIED TO
YOUR CHILDREN ABOUT THAT THEIR MOTHER
INTENTIONALLY PUT BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS TO
MURDER THEM????????????????**

When I was very young, it was, "She suffocated you guys by putting plastic bags over your heads. You were bleeding from your nose. When people get suffocated, they bleed from their nose".

There is not ONE *peer-reviewed medical or physiological article that decisively concludes that suffocation by itself can cause nosebleeds in anyone 3 years old or older.* When you (i.e., Debbie's contractors whom she will pay to research that) look for one, they will not find it. When you get one that you think shows that, send it to me. I know that critical thinking and critical analysis are not your, um, well "strong points", and they are definitely also not Debbie's, two idiots, neither of whom ever earned a graduate degree, most, but not all of which require above-average critical thinking skills. Then I will be glad to return it to you and show you that none of them will show what I wrote in italics above.

So, where did you get that from, Marshal ?????????? Your evil Bill Ritner ?? Or did you just make it up??

In reviewing my notes from when I was asking you questions on my stints at home during college, I see that you also told me, "Kathy didn't answer the door when the police officers knocked on the door. They had to break the door down. When they got inside, Kathy was sitting in a chair and talking to herself" (you never said "your mother" or "your mom" until about 10 years ago, after I had been referring to her as "my mom" since I was about 25; I didn't do it before that because you had painted her to be some foreign entity, and not the person who had carried me for 9 months, birthed me, and raised me every day of her life until she left this Earth).

However, ALL of the legal documents pertaining to that day indicate that my mother answered the door and let them in, and even "directed" them to mine and Debbie's bedroom (see the documents in the link above).

So where did you get THAT BULLSHIT from you lying fucking dickhead?????????????

You also told me (and I am sure others also) since I was young that she went to "jail for a while for that". The way you described it, I had pictured months or years. "For a while" could even imply days or weeks.

IT WAS 1 NIGHT.

The stories got closer to the truth as I got older. You were probably afraid that we might find out the truth. Nevertheless, the most recent telling, in 2022, still included that, "You were unconscious". See LINK 4 below.

And Debbie has known the truth for years, for over 10 years, and she still has allowed these lies about HER OWN MOTHER to perpetuate themselves JUST TO PERPETUATE THE FACADE OF HER FATHER AS HAVING TOLD THE TRUTH so that she doesn't have to tell her children the truth, that their grandfather will lie to his own children, parents, sister and to her kids (and probably to his grandchildren also, if he needed to) just to protect himself.

I had spontaneous nosebleeds until I was in my 30s on a decreasingly-with-age frequent basis. My stepmom used to apply a bit of vaseline into my nose every morning

before school to try to prevent them. There was ALWAYS vaseline in mine and Debbie's bathroom for this purpose. My teachers all knew about this with me and were prepared with a small box of tissues which my stepmom gave them to keep in their desk just for me. It was an inherited trait from my grandpa. He had them and my mom had them.

LINK 2.

These are the legal proceedings of my mother's trial.

LINK 3.

The jury had 4 choices. They chose a FULL AND COMPLETE ACQUITTAL. They did not even choose the lowest charge of assault. Because she never should have been charged in the first place.

LINK 4.

2022. My father with foul language. He insists again that I was a year younger than I was when my mother died. How can he forget how old his children were when their mother was murdered by him???????? He can't admit that he is mentally ill. HE SAYS THAT THE JUSTICE SYSTEM IS "ABSOLUTELY" PRETTY MESSED UP. HE SAYS THAT I WAS UNCONSCIOUS. When I dispute him, he closed the phone on me. I called back and he did not answer me. I left some messages.

LINK 5.

My father said on the previous recording that my mother was not a nice person. He said that people did not like her. Her brother David here tells me for the 18th or so time in my life how she was funny, creative and how everyone at her work liked her. I have ONLY heard great things about her as to how she interacted with other people from EVERYONE else throughout my life. ONLY Marshal DID NOT LIKE HER. EVERYONE ELSE LOVED HER AND LIKED HER.

What ACTUALLY happened, as you have well known, was that after she had put her two small children to bed for a nap, I woke up with a nosebleed, as I did until I was in my 30s. As has happened to me many times that I can remember, I woke up with blood already on my pillow. She tried to stop it as she was told to, with ice in a sandwich baggie.

She was already under **TREMENDOUS** stress because you had been badgering her to take us away from her, and she was worried that she may never see us again, because she knew that you were planning on kidnapping us if you had to, because you wanted custody of us so that Joy would marry you, and then you and Joy would get her mother's money. Joy's mother promised to support her and any future husband and kids, because she wanted to be able to tell her socialite friends that her daughter was married with kids, and not some single mother, which more easily carried a stigma in the early 1970s than it does now. Joy was your MONEY POT, and we were what you needed to get that money pot.

So my mother was under great stress, fearing that you would do anything to get control of us. Only some days before this, you had attempted to push her front door open with your 180-pound self after she was kind enough (she never made that mistake again) to open it a bit in order to talk to you. However, she did not let you in. You forcefully put your arm inside the door and tried to force your way in, and tried to grab me. In her motherly instinct, she slammed the door shut. It closed on your arm that was inside the door trying to grab me and yank me away, and trying to get inside the house, from her protection from your psychotic self. You did NOT pull your arm back; instead, you tried to force the door open against her, a small woman almost half your weight. She bit your arm until you pulled it back, and you have told that story to me since I was 7 years old, painting yourself as the victim because she bit you !!!!!!!

Days later, I had had a nosebleed in the afternoon while sleeping after she had put my sister and I to bed for a nap. She tried to stop it as she knew how to and as she had been told to, and as she had been doing until then, with ice in a sandwich baggie. The bleeding continued, and I began to be scared. The ice had been on my nose for a while and it was uncomfortable, and I, a 3-year old, resisted it.

I remember numerous times, into my 30s, when the bleeding did not stop for a long time. Joy used to have me lie down with my head back, and some tissues on my nose. I was told not to move for about 10 minutes until she came back to my room. When she came back, she told me to slowly move my head forward. If there was no bleeding then she told me to sit up slowly. Many times, as I was moving my head forward or when I was sitting up, blood would start gushing out of my nose again. I would repeat the process until it finally stopped, which sometimes was an hour. There was nothing else to do. I remember in my 20s and 30s doing the same thing in my apartment by myself.

When I lost a lot of blood as a kid, I remember feeling scared about it. The longer that it didn't stop, the more I wondered if it would ever stop. Baruch Hashem that Joy was always calm and level-headed about it, and I was 5, 6, 7, 8 years old, always maturing and always getting used to it. I used to ask her many times when I was young, "Will it ever stop?" her calmness assured me that yes of course it would. When I would go to the Nurse's Office at school, I usually was telling HER what I should be doing. She always called Joy when the bleeding wouldn't stop and Joy told her how to handle it, and the nurse did those things, and of course it always stopped.

My doctor when I was a kid told Joy, who always reminded me, to try to be as calm as possible during these times. It would help to slow down the bleeding and allow it to stop. Over years, I learned to be calmer and calmer. It may have helped me to calm down that the blood loss caused me to feel weak. I remember always feeling hungry after the longer nosebleeds.

Joy was always very calm about it and very precise in how she handled it. Of course she wasn't dealing every day with the fear of you breaking into her house and stealing her children away from her, or of you getting a legal right to take us for the day and then you NEVER bringing us back. My mother Kathy had been afraid that you would kidnap us

and that she would never see us again, or that you would poison us or do something to us that would only set in days later when we were back with her, and then you would blame it on her, with your evil, evil, woman-hating, child-stealing attorney Bill Ritner.

My mother knew what a criminal you had been and she knew **from you telling her** what insidious things that you were capable of. She was 100% right about you, and 100% right to be afraid that you might kidnap us or do something to us which would soon afterwards be blamed on her.

My nosebleed that would not stop that day, and my resisting her trying to continually apply an ice-cold baggie to my nose, after waking up with blood all over me and my pillow, and her heightened state of anxiety because of your continual pressure on her to get access to us, caused her to become hysterical. She was worried that I might be seriously hurt by the blood loss and she, home alone, didn't know what else to do to stop the bleeding, and she called for help.

The first car to arrive, as is often the scenario, were the police. As the documentation attests, she let them in (you lied to me all my life that "They had to break down the door and they saw Kathy was sitting in a chair talking to herself" (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)) and took them to my room. An ambulance soon arrived and took me to the hospital.

You have said for years and years, ever since I was 7 years old, as you say on the recording above (Link 4), that the reason that she was so quickly and COMPLETELY acquitted, was because "of a technicality. Because the judge made a mistake".
?????????? Are you out of your fucking mind ?????????? Who the **FUCK** are you, an uneducated dummy, who dropped out of high school and never finished it, who took ONE community college and dropped out of it, to evaluate judicial proceedings ?????????? WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE ??????????

You are a dummy. Do you get that?? You are stupid. You are TOTALLY uneducated. Anyone who talks to you about ANYTHING outside of guns, horses, real estate, business and stock markets understands that you are a DUMMY.

As you have done ever since I can remember ("People bleed from their noses when they are suffocated") to NUMEROUS things which you told me when I was growing up, and as a young adult, and as an adult, you talk about things which you have NO clue about. Your "daughter" has learned that trait from you. She takes it to a TOTALLY higher level, making herself look like an obvious fool.

You have said repeatedly ever since I was 7 years old that, "The judge made a mistake". Chutzpah.

In the documentation linked above (Link 1), the attorney **clearly** writes "It is hornbook law that.....". Did you ever read that document over the past 50 years, or have you EVER had a clue as what "hornbook law" is ?????????? Didn't your attorney explain all of that to you?

Of course the answer to both of those questions must be no. Or it could be that your attorney was not very good at his job.

Didn't Bill Ritner explain this all to you????? If he is the one who told you the inaccurate information that you have been spouting off for years, "The judge made a mistake. She got off on a technicality", then he was a Class 1 shitty attorney.

It's very hard for me to believe that ANY attorney told you that. They would be grossly incompetent to tell you that. You just made it up because YOU LOST. You made it up to try to continue to show that you are ok (ha ha ha ha) and that my mother was at fault, so that you could justify stealing her children away from her.

The only mistake that the judge made, in my opinion, was not throwing out the case when my mother filed the Motion to Dismiss. They were ridiculous charges to begin with.

So you, Mr. California Law brainiac, who never finished high school, who couldn't even complete ONE community college class (you dropped out), must ALSO believe that the judge made a mistake in not granting the Motion to Dismiss. Right? You said on the recording in this letter that the American justice system is "Absolutely" messed up. And you have been saying for 50 years that the judge made SUCH an egregious mistake that it resulted in my mother's acquittal. I mean, if true, then that would be a HUGE mistake. If the mistake was that big, then it's highly likely that it would have been appealed. But of course, it was not, because the DA knew that he had FUCKED UP. BIG TIME.

So if you are so convinced that you tell people for 50 years that the judge made a mistake, a huge mistake, then don't you think that he also made a mistake to deny the Motion to Dismiss?

Of course you don't. Why? BECAUSE YOU ARE A BIG, UGLY, DISGUSTING, EVIL, SOULLESS, FUCKING NARCISSIST. You don't care about what is right or wrong. You only care about protecting yourself, and you only care about getting what YOU want out of life, even if it is at the expense of others.

I FUCKING HATE YOU.

You are a small "man". You are a disgrace to humanity. You need to leave this world. NOW. Got it? Understand? I want to hear you say that you understand me!!!! (Search for "brick" to see when you pushed me up against a wall with your hand on my throat yelling those words into my face. And you did it MANY times in my childhood, until I was 14 years old, and you were afraid that I might leave you and go and live with Joy, and then you would have to pay her child support. Money, money, money, money).

YOU PUSSY.

With respect to your 50 years-long blabbing about something which you know **NOTHING** about, the judge did EXACTLY his job. He followed the established California criminal procedure laws. He did his job EXTREMELY well.

And a jury of her peers found her NOT GUILTY OF ANYTHINGGGGGGGGGG, you fucking moron, liar, narcissist, clinically depressed cancer on this planet.

If anything, she should have sued the prosecutor for malicious prosecution. If it were today, she would have handedly won. That bastard got what he deserved later in life. That bastard got EXACTLY what he deserved.

And then she should have filed official complaints about you for years of your domestic abuse of her, trespassing into her house, trying to force your way inside her house after she refused you entry, breaking into her house and stealing her possessions. Then maybe they would have locked your sorry ass up for years, and I might have been raised by 3 people who sincerely loved ME, and not loved what I could do for them, and what I might be able to do for them in the future.

And she should have filed civil lawsuits against you for the years of abuse and emotional distress that she had suffered. And that might have broken you economically and emotionally. And you might have **DIED** a poor, broken, piece of shit asshole. And this world would have been a little bit happier these past 49 years.

And I would have been brought up by one of the world's best mothers in history, and by her loving parents. And my mother and her parents would have matured and developed without the stress of you in the world. And I would have learned what it was like to be brought up by warm, loving, totally accepting HUMAN beings, not selfish, cold, selfish, self-aggrandizing, selfish things for whom money is the most important thing in life, and who don't know what love really is.

Where do you come up with this stuff ???????? Where do you get this total and complete bullshit, Marshall Alan Klein ?

You have told so, so many lies about interactions between her and you, which supposedly took place between her and you, and which NOBODY can substantiate INCLUDING you, which you have told in order to make her look troubled and to make YOU look like the victim. **That's EXACTLY what narcissists do.** They make themselves look like the victim.

BUT, MR. DICKHEAD, you forget something about Mr. Albert Klein. I have the memory of a supercomputer. You know this and you and Debbie used to tease me about it growing up. Debbie used to say that I would remember when I was 45 what I had had for lunch that day (when I was 10 and she was 8). And you used to always tell people that I had a photographic memory.

I remember some of your arguments with her. How you were violent with her. I remember how you put your hands on her aggressively. I remember crying, watching you guys argue. I REMEMBER THE THINGS THAT YOU SAID TO HER!!!! I **REMEMBER THE THREATS THAT YOU MADE TO HER.**

You told her once, "If you try to take my kids away from me, you will end up dead. You will never take my kids away from me."

I remember that because I remember being afraid that my mom would die after you said that. I didn't understand the context but hearing "you....dead" was enough.

My mother NEVER tried to kill any of her children.

I think that the reason that you are SOOOO fixated on this idea is because you have thought more than once to kill your children, especially me.

Admit it, you fucking son of a bitch. When my mom told you that she was pregnant, what first went through your mind? What did you propose to her as you asked her, "Do you want to keep it? Well, we could get an abortion". An abortion!

YOU NEVER WANTED TO HAVE CHILDREN WITH MY MOM. From the time that I was 14, you told me repeatedly, over several years, "I don't know what Kathy was thinking. She used a sponge for contraception! You were conceived because Kathy used a sponge! The sponge – sponges have very low reliability to prevent a pregnancy. What was she thinking??"

You told me this 4 or 5 times between the ages of 14 and 21 (I remember the last time that you told me, in your car, on the way to move me back to UCSB).

Wow. What a fucking dickhead of a father. What a TOTAL PUSSY OF A "man", not taking responsibility for getting someone pregnant. Oh, it was her fault that you had sex with her and got her pregnant?? Yeh, all her fault because of the contraception that she chose.

Why would you even tell your son at 14 years old that he was an accident, unplanned, and make such a big deal about it to him, so that he felt TOTALLY unwanted by his father? So that he felt like his existence in this world was unwanted by his father?

Were you saying that the contraception was all my mother's responsibility? Um, you obviously left it up to her, so she did it how she wanted to, and, you got the result. Deal. Take responsibility like a **REAL MAN** would, and stop blaming her!!

Were you planning on staying married to her just long enough to get your business rolling and going, so that you would not need her father's money anymore, and then annul the marriage or divorce her? Did you scheme this from the moment that my grandpa made that deal with you? And having kids with her was absolutely not in that

plan, was it? You didn't care about having kids then. You only cared about the ONLY thing that you have ever cared about since the day that your wealthy Uncle Arnie told you, "Never work for someone. Always be your own boss", and you thought then, like you do at the very second that you are reading this, that if you could be wealthy like them, then you would never feel those horrible feelings that you felt as a result of your parents' and your sister's emotional and physical abuse of you.

I mean, your sister has admitted, spontaneously, dozens of times to me that "I hated your father from the day that he was born" because her parents, especially her father, gave you a disproportionate amount of attention than they gave to her from that day on. I mean, what was that like, growing up, EVERY DAY since you were born, knowing, feeling, until you were a teenager, that your older sibling whom you invariably looked up to and undoubtedly wanted to be like, HATED you? What kind of an effect does that have on an infant, a toddler, a child and a teenager?

That was your big plan, wasn't it Marshal? And your 18-year business partner Mort Lewis knew, didn't he? That's why you started talking badly about her to Mort ever since the day that you got married. So that when it came time for you to duck out of the marriage and thus lose her father's economic support for your business, you would have some solid reasons to give your business partner. But there was nothing new that you did not already know about my mom. It was just part of your devious plan to get out of the marriage after you had gotten enough money from my grandpa.

And you told Debbie the same thing, because according to you Debbie was also not planned and again, according to you, my mom used a sponge.

So, let's get this straight. After it happened to you the first time, that my mom got pregnant using a contraceptive sponge, which you apparently did not expect, you allowed the same **exact** conditions to occur two years later. In those two years you never thought to use other contraceptive methods, or to discuss with her what methods the two of you might decide to use??

May Gd bless the soul of Rachel bat Sara. Because of her I was born.

You married my mother **because her father promised to help you with money** for your business if you married her. My mom liked you a lot, and she wanted to marry you, and her dad wanted her to be happy. To you she was just another fun date, "a sexy gal". But she really liked you, like many women have at first, because at first you are charming and funny etc. Then they get to know you.

So he offered you money for your business if you got married with her. **You married my mother for money, and that is it.** My grandpa promised to give you money if you married his daughter. You and your business partner Mort Lewis had approached my grandpa and had talked to him about giving you guys money so that you could open a luggage business. The deal was that if you married Kathy, my mom, then he would give you money to start your business.

LINK.

EMAIL FROM DAVID PAGE SAYING THAT MY FATHER GOT MONEY FROM MY MOM'S FATHER TO START HIS BUSINESS. Even her brother David Page has told me this several times over the past 30 years.

Several people with firsthand knowledge have told me that and written to me that multiple times over the previous decades. David himself has told me that several times ever since the first year that I knew him again.

You have done the same with all of your last 3 marriages. My mom, Joy and now this bitch. You married Joy, my stepmother, because her ultra-rich mother told her that if she got married, then her mother would help her and you and our family with money, which she definitely did. Her mother wanted Joy to marry someone again after her divorce to Joy's first husband, Frank Mead. Joy's mom promised Joy that she would support Joy only if she got married. That's how you met Joy. She was working for you at your luggage store, because her mom would not support her completely unless she was married. So Joy married you in order to get her mother's money, and you married Joy in order to get her mother's money.

And that's the REAL reason why you sold your business after you divorced Joy. Because you no longer had Joy's mom's money behind you as a security blanket. You were terrified about what would you do if you had a tough year or two in business. So you eliminated the risk of going broke because of a tough year or two and cut your losses, now that you no longer had DeWitt's money behind you to save you if things got tough. So you divorced Joy, and soon afterwards you sold your business. And the truth is that the only reason that you even were able to expand your business and develop it so much was because you knew that you had Joy's mom's money behind you all the time.

And then you married this demon that you are with now because she had money. You were worried about retirement and having enough money. And she also needs your share. Together you guys put your money together. You married her mostly for financial security. She even told us so many times, "I wouldn't have enough money to retire alone, but with your father's money I can retire quite well."

HOW YOUR WIFE ATTEMPTED TO MURDER MY GRANDFATHER. YOU KNEW ABOUT IT BEFORE SHE DID IT.

Have you ever told anyone about how your wife pushed a licensed doctor to give your father a medicine which he should not have had??

READ THIS ENTIRE SECTION BEFORE YOU DISBELIEVE ANYTHING.

You let your wife go down to Buena Park during a time when Grandpa Sam, your father, got sick in 2000. She pushed his doctor to give him a medication which the doctor refused to give him because it could be very dangerous for him. Your demonic wife pushed this doctor to give him this medication, just like she pushed our psychologist to let her come into the session.

(With the psychologist allowing her into that room, I could have filed a legal complaint against her with the California Licensing Board at the time. But I knew that it wasn't her fault. I knew that your evil, possessive wife must have threatened the psychologist with something, the way that she learned how to do during her military (? she was involved with some government branch) service and CIA training (she claims she never worked for the CIA, this was also one of her stories, but we all know that she had training in CIA tactics including covert murder and in forcing people to do what she wanted them to do, and in manipulative tactics. She is evil with a capital "E").

The doctor finally relented and prescribed for my poor grandfather this medicine which he should never have been prescribed for, because it was a dangerous mix with his Alzheimer's medication. I was going to their house every day or so at this time to take care of him. I saw him **very much not want** to take this medicine. He would take all of his other pills, for Alzheimer's and for blood pressure, etc., but he would not take this medicine. For about 3 days in a row he refused it. Somehow he knew that it would be very, very bad for him. Only after Minnette reluctantly coaxed him into swallowing it did he swallow it. He knew what it could do to him. Minnette knew that he probably shouldn't take it, but apparently and unfortunately she decided to follow the doctor's orders instead of just not giving it to him to take.

He knew that your demonic fucking entity was trying to hurt him or kill him. I was there every day and I saw and heard **EVERYTHING.**

You FUCKKING ASSHOLE! I PRAY TO GD THAT HE WILL PUNISH YOU SOOOOO EXTREME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YOU LET YOUR WIFE MURDER MY GRANDFATHER!!!! It was your way of getting back at Grandpa Sam for physically and emotionally abusing you when you were young, and your way of getting back at him for "converting" to Catholicism which hurt you very, VERY deeply. You told me numerous times that you couldn't believe that he did that. You asked him why he did that. **YOU NEVER GOT OVER THAT HE DID THAT.**

It was just HIS way of rebelling against his own father Harry whom he hated very much for his father physically abusing him, being so cold and strict, and being soooooo religious. His father Harry became soooo religious because it was Harry's way of coping after being totally displaced from the life he knew in Europe. His father had been a proud rabbi and leader of the community. Harry really was nothing as far as a career goes. He hardly knew the language, was older, didn't know the culture, and had no idea how to become anything close to what his father was because he was on a different planet living in America after generations of his family had lived in the same European community. So he focused intently on the only thing that he did know, the only thing that connected him

with his father and his grandfather and the people and places he grew up with: Torah and prayer. He felt like a loser in his vocation, and took out his frustrations on his sons.

So Grandpa Sam rebelled against all of that after his father died. There were other reasons why he “converted” also, connected to Minnette.

**I BLESS YOU THAT HASHEM WILL PUNISH YOU
LIKE YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN PUNISHED
BEFORE. YOU FUCKING SON OF A BITCH. YOU
WERE AN ACCOMPLICE TO ATTEMPTED
MURDER OF YOUR FATHER. ONLY GD SAVED
HIM.**

So, sure enough, as Minnette and Grandpa Sam’s licensed female doctor had predicted, Grandpa Sam went into a type of muscular shock such that he could not move his body himself. His skeletal muscles were stiff and he could not walk. You drove down that day with the demon in your car. I arrived at his house at the same time as you after my work. Together we had to carry him from his house to your car so that he could be driven to the hospital.

That was the LAST time that my grandfather, who was the day before a capable man who was still working two jobs, including as a crossing guard, ever saw his own house again.

He stayed in the hospital for some days. During that time that he was in the hospital, I went to visit him. You had told me, "Its better that you don't go and visit him without me. Wait until I come down (an hour and a half drive for you) next time and we will go together".

(Keep reading to find out the real reason why you didn't want me to go alone).

But I went anyways. I remember that when I got to the desk before his room, I told the nurse I was there to see my grandpa and I gave his name. She smiled and asked me if I knew which room he was in. I said yes, because I had been there with you and butt ugly shithead when we brought him to the hospital. She said to me with a smile, "Ok, so what do you need?" She told me that I could just go to his room anytime that I wanted. I didn't need to check in with her or anything.

I went to his room. Of course he was overjoyed to see me. He started to get out of bed. I told him that I wasn't there to bring him home. That took minutes of explanation. I sat there for 2 hours as he was awake and as he dozed off. We talked a lot when he was awake. When he slept I read the biology textbook for the class I was teaching at the time at the college.

At one point his doctor came in. She was a nice lady. I explained that I was his grandson. I think she remembered me from when we brought him in. She was fairly cold to me. But she was nice to Grandpa. I smiled at her and was as nice as I could be, because I wanted her to be good with him. I couldn't figure out why she was cold to me, but as long as she took care of him well it wasn't a big deal.

I had a question that had been in my mind for days, ever since he went into shock. I could not resist asking her.

When she was at his bed talking to him and doing something, I walked to the other side of his bed opposite to her. I said, "Can I please ask you a question?" She looked at me sternly, and said, "What?" I said, "I'm just wondering, like, you didn't know that that medication might do this to him?"

She kept tending to Grandpa. She said without looking at me, "Are your father and mother here with you now?" I said "No, they live far away. I came on my own".

She didn't say anything. I thought that maybe she didn't like you guys or something. So I added something truthful, "I am not that close with them. I just helped my dad to bring my grandpa here".

After a few seconds she stopped tending to Grandpa. She looked at me square in my eyes. She said, "I DID know. And I told your mother many times about it. But she insisted that he take that medication. I told her many times that it was not the right medication for him. But she insisted that he take it". When she said the last sentence, she had tears in her eyes and a look of hate on her face at the same time.

??

MARSHAL ???

YOU FUCKHEAD ???

I remembered how that therapist years before had been so visibly shaken after EVIL SHARON had forced her way into our therapy session (search for "shaken" in this document for a longer description of that). I assumed that the witch Sharon had also threatened this doctor with something horrible as well in order to make a doctor fill out a prescription for something that she knew wasn't good for a patient, and could have gotten her into serious trouble if it was found out.

It took me seconds to figure out what had really happened.

I said to the doctor, "She is NOT my mother. She is my dad's wife".

The doctor gave me a look like, "I understand everything now".

I asked the doctor if he would be ok. She said, "Yes he is doing great. You will be able to take him back home in a couple of days. Sam, you are doing great!"

He said, "Thank you, sweetheart. A-a-a-albie, c-c-c-call Minnette and tell her to come and get me". I explained to him again it would be a couple more days.

But after that, YOU moved him to a home for elderly people. Why? Because that is what the demon and YOU wanted. He was back to who he was before he went into anaphylactic shock from a medicine that your DEMON WIFE forced on him. Minnette was taking fine care of him before that. So why not return him to his house so that she could continue doing so?

And anyways you could have afforded to have him be at his own house with his wife, and you could have hired a nurse to live there with them and take care of him, or even that she would come during the day for him. He did NOT need to be put into a home.

But that is where you put him. He hated every minute of that smelly place.

I went to visit him there a few times a week. I brought the woman whom I was dating with me a few times, and we all went out to eat, or he and I went out to eat, or I picked up Minnette and then Grandpa and we all went out to eat. He NEVER wanted to go back to the home. He pleaded with me, crying to me to take him back to his home with Minnette. He often cried and begged me to take him back to his house.

Then, suddenly you moved him from one nursing home to another one. But...you never told me about the move! So I showed up one day at my usual time to see Grandpa Sam and to take him out for lunch, and the kind staff there told me that he was no longer there. They told me that you had moved him. I asked them to where was he moved, and they said that they did not know where he had been moved to. They also said that they did not know why you moved him. So I called Minnette.

She told me exactly this: "Your father told me not to tell you where Grandpa is. I am really sorry. I would love to tell you because Grandpa is so happy every time that you to visit him and take him out. But your dad told me to not tell you where he is now". I asked her why not? She said, "Because [the demon] said that because you, Al, take him out so much, so then he always asks us when we go to visit him at the home, 'Why don't you take me out like Al does'?"

So, like the coward you are, instead of just taking him out more, you decided to hide him from me so that I wouldn't take YOUR father out, which provided him with so much joy after days of sitting in this chas veshalom smelly nursing home.

Finally after 6 months of me hating your pathetic sorry piece of shit self, Grandma Minnette called me and told me where he was. I continued to take him out as often as I could b"H.

RECORDING OF GRANDMA MINNETTE TELLING ME THAT IT WAS NOT NICE OF MY DAD TO KEEP ME AWAY FROM MY GRANDFATHER FOR 6 MONTHS.

Marshal – wait until you get your punishment from Gd. I will be laughing soooo hard. You will have conditions 100x worse than what Grandpa went through. In this world and/or in Gehinnom. And you will deserve every second of it. And I will do NOTHING to ask Gd for mercy for you.

I WILL do the bare MINIMUM that I must do to fulfill MY obligation for mourning practices for you. And it will be with the minimum amount of heart.

No matter how much Debbie pays some yeshiva boy to say Kaddish for you, Gd will know that your son, your firstborn, has truly legitimate reasons for not wanting Him to show you mercy. According to the Torah that will figure greatly in His decision about what to do with your wretched soul. I have learned from you, EXTREMELY WELL, how to treat my dad when he gets old, because I watched him take revenge on his own mother and father. I learned from example. The same is coming to you, dickfuck. But it will be 1000x worse. I guarantee it.

How you told me that you thought to come and talk to me and try to make amends with me by catching me walking to my car, after you had tried years before to manipulate me to call you by torturing your father.

When you came to visit me for the first and ONLY time since I have been in Israel, you told me that you had known for many years that I had been teaching at a particular college when I had previously been in America. The college was about 10 minutes drive from your house at that time. I'm sure that your private investigator that you hired to watch me told you all about it. I even met one of your PI's that you hired to watch me in Israel. He told me the truth about everything. And of course your wife had her connections there.

You told me when you were in Israel that for years you had thought NUMEROUS times about driving over to the college during my class time, and waiting in the parking lot for me to come out of my class. You said that when I came out of class and went to my car, after the class was over, you were going to talk to me. You wanted to try to make amends with me, you said.

Why all the drama?? Why not just call me? Don't say you didn't have my number. You called me during this time in 2004 (I taught there for years before and after that) that I was teaching and left me a message that Grandpa Sam had gone to Gan Aiden. You called me and left me a message when Debbie had her baby. My phone number was

unchanged for 20 years. Even when I came to Israel I kept the number as a voicemail. You knew my number. So don't use that as an excuse.

Why didn't you just call me and say whatever it was that you had to say? Are you a coward? It sure looks like it.

Why didn't you come to the college if you did not have the courage to call me? Because you are a big BIG FUCKING coward. That's why. You have always been a coward. Marrying my mom, marrying Joy and marrying the entity in your house now for the one thing that you IDOLIZE, chas veshalom. Money. Money is all that has ever been important to you. You have sold your soul for money.

LINK.

October 2013. Your sister, your only sibling, tells me that she lost touch with her Uncles Al and Arnie and their families because she didn't have much in common with them because they are "rich people's kids". Her other mother's brother Uncle Lenny's family also is not in touch with her. She says that you also moved away from Illinois and thus her family "and left us" and tried to make your life away from Illinois.

She says that "We DO know, it wasn't.", that your whole life has not been happy for you even after you moved away from Illinois.

How your wife INTENTIONALLY threw away my childhood toys which today are worth over \$12,000 and held personal memories for me of playing with my sister, my cousin and with myself. They were none of her business!!!!!!

Since I was 7 years old I began collecting Star Wars memorabilia. I collected over many years the action figures and playsets. Everyone in our family knew how much I loved them. I kept them throughout the years in my bedroom and then in the garage. They were some of the most important things that I had. I talked many, many times to you and Joy and Debbie about how I was going to keep them forever and give them to my children. I knew that they would be collector's items by then.

In late 1994 your wife moved into your house in Simi Valley. When I came in 1998 to remove MY things from your garage, because I was moving out-of-state, and I knew that they would not be safe there anymore with her around (how right I was, just too late), I could not find my Star Wars toys, nor any of my other childhood toys. These were

valuable collectibles and personally memorable to me. When I asked you what happened to that stuff, you told me that, “Oh, yeh, Lee gave them away to some kids”.

I was so astonished. Without asking me, you allowed your bitch-ass ugly piece-of-shit demon ugly-as-fuck pathetic loser piece of shit “wife” to give away things that I had been collecting for over 20 years???? One of those action figures was **one of the first gifts that my Grandma Ruth, your mom, ever gave me that I still had then. She brought it to me from Chicago. She gave me my first Star Wars action figure.** It meant the world to me.

Her beloved brother Lenny, whom I never met and you have never even showed me pictures of, sent Debbie and I birthday presents from Chicago on my 8th birthday. I remember, breakfast on a Sunday morning right around the time of my 8th birthday. Debbie and I were sitting at the bar eating cereal late in the morning. Joy was in the kitchen. You finally came downstairs from bed while we were eating. You said, “Yesterday we received a package from Uncle Lenny. Uncle Lenny is Grandma Ruth’s brother. He is my Uncle. He is a very nice man and he is a good uncle to me. I like him a lot. He sent you guys birthday gifts. I will go get them now”. You brought them from the other room. You gave me a box that I opened. He had sent me a Star Wars jacket. It was black and had Darth Vader on it. It was a little bit big on me, but I thought that it was soooooo cool. Then we finished eating, got down and wrote him thank you letters.

I wore that jacket to school with pride for years. When the kids at school asked me where I got it, I told them with pride for years, that my Uncle Lenny had sent it to me. “He is my grandma’s brother. My daddy says that he is really nice. I never met him.” “Where did he get it from? I want to tell my mom to get me one!” “He lives in Chicago. He got it there. It is a really far away place”. I never saw another kid with that jacket. I was a star whenever I wore it to school. Almost every boy asked me if they could wear it for a while. I NEVER let anybody wear it. At school I did not let it out of my sight.

That jacket was in my Star Wars collection that your idiot evil looks-like-a-pig-got-hit-by-a-car and had its snout smashed in “wife” threw in a dumpster or dropped off at goodwill without YOU ever asking me or telling me about it.

Other of those things held memories of playing with my sister and my cousin Jeremy and other childhood memories. And you had the nerve to allow your “wife” to just give them away without ever asking me???? Are you out of your fucking mind????? We all know the answer to that. **VERY MUCH.** If they were in your way you could have asked me to come over and take them out of your house. But they weren’t in your way. EVIL DOGFACE just wanted to hurt me, probably because I had not laughed at one of her stupid, idiotic fucking jokes that she had made at some dinner, which only she laughed at (search for “debbie, be polite” in this document for more information about that).

YOU FUCKING PUSSY COWARD DICKHEAD!!!!

They were all also worth a LOT of money. All of the action figures, playsets, and remote controlled stuff that I had there would be worth over \$10,000 today!!!!!! I have looked it up. I just looked again since I first wrote this, over \$12,000 now!!!! EVERY Chanukah and Birthday of mine for 5 years was filled with Star Wars gifts, that I made an effort to keep, until I found out at 28 years old that your BITCH ASS UGLY FUCKING CUNT had given ALL of my childhood toys away.

And from 1998 you did not have ANYTHING of mine in your house because I took it all. I would have kept them myself if space at your huge houses was such an issue. You did not have to keep them.

Oh wait, let me guess. You had no choice because you are such a wimp and so pussywhipped that you could not stop her. It had nothing to do with “space”. It had everything to do with her being a vengeful BITCH and wanting to hurt me. Didn’t it you fuckhead?????? I could have sold that stuff these last few years when I needed money for around \$10,000+!!!! An inflatable lightsaber itself goes today for \$3000 !!!!! And I took EXCELLENT care of all of my toys all of my life. I had Bionic Man figures and playsets and vehicles. All of that stuff I could have sold and used the money these past years for rent and food.

Or did she just threaten or manipulate you again in order for you to not TRY to stop her from throwing my toys into her car and driving them to who knows where?

Ever since I was a teenager, you have told me that my mother tried to kill me. You have told me and dozens of other people this DESPITE the fact that she was FULLY acquitted of ALL charges.

My mother was acquitted by a jury of her peers, after they deliberated for only some hours. Yet to this very day you say that she was guilty, chas veshalom. So you do not believe in the American justice system?? Are you saying that it is faulty? Yet you try to uphold it all the time with your volunteer work as a volunteer sheriff, riding around with your gun on your horse like a cowboy which you love. You have derided her trial for decades, telling everyone how crazy she was. Shame on you. You just want everyone to think that she was crazy so that YOU don’t look to everyone as the crazy one, which you most obviously are.

LINK.

[These are the legal proceedings of my mother's trial.](#)

In January of 2023 when we were speaking on the phone I asked you, “Why did you take me away from my grandparents when I was little?”

Why did you try to get custody of me? You do not give a shit about me. You have wanted me dead ever since I can remember. You always looked at me with SUCH disdain ever

since I was little. I always had this feeling that deep inside you really wished that I didn't exist. Now I understand why that is. You really did wish that I didn't exist. Nor Debbie. Because you did not want us. You wanted a quick marriage + annulment/divorce + money from my mom's father. That was your deal that you made in your head. You never wanted to have kids with my mom. We were unexpected and we were unwanted by you. Yes, sure, once we were born then what were you gonna do? Kill us? The thought has passed through your mind more than once, that's for sure.

LINK

RECORDING OF THAT CALL.

He tells me that he remembers telling me to FK OFF during our most recent conversation, which was 10 months earlier. He says that I was "bugging him" because I was asking about why he started being a dick to me ever since I was 19 years old (real reason is because his wife wanted him, soul and body all to herself, so he was cold then to me and to my sister, who developed bulimia as a result of that).

I said that I wished that you would have left me with my grandparents and my uncles, and back then just left me with my mother!! Why did you insist on taking me away from my mother, **YOU FUCKING MONSTER!!!!!!** Children are supposed to be with their mothers!!!! It's the mother who carries them for 9 months, who breastfeeds them, and who mostly raises them. **YOU FUCKING ASS ASSHOLE FUCKHEAD LOSER OF A HUMAN BEING!!!!!! WHY DID YOU TAKE ME AWAY FROM MY MOTHER???? WHY DID YOU FIGHT HER FOR SOLE CUSTODY??????**

It's easy to figure out why. I remember one of your fights with my mother. She told you that, "When the kids get old enough I'm gonna tell them all about what you are and who you are, and about what you have done, and they will hate you as much as I do!!" I remember because I have always thought, "What was she referring to? What did my daddy do and who is he that I don't see now?"

When she said that, you got a look in your eyes like you wanted to kill her. **It was the SAME look that you had in your eyes when you pushed me up against a wall next to the fireplace with your hand on my throat** (search for "brick" in this document for a longer description of that). I ran over to her and hugged her leg because I was afraid for her. I tried to pull her away from you to come with me so that we could play away from you. I was always afraid for her after that.

When you moved out, yes of course I missed you and was happy to see you when you would visit me. But that is natural, every little boy loves his father unconditionally. But I was never comfortable after that being around both of you at once. Because I was genuinely afraid that you might hurt or worse my mommy. **YOU FUCKING PRICK.**

You told me a few times that you got a vasectomy after Debbie was born because "Your mother got pregnant very easily. I would just look at your mother and she would get pregnant!" That was maybe more information than I needed to know, but it was nice to know that my parents were attracted to each other.

THAT was the ONLY reason that you wanted custody of us. Because you were terrified that if she raised us, then we would grow up to hate your sorry ass. You didn't want to have 2 more people in this world who knew what you had done before in your life which you have kept hidden from everyone. You didn't want to have also your children hating you, in addition to my mom, her parents, her brothers, and all of her huge extended family hating you, as well as your first wife, and your sister. To have your own children hate you was an unbearable idea to you.

Funny how things turned out, huh?

Didn't you ever read the story of Yosef (Joseph) in the Torah during your Hebrew School days, when you "walked through feet of snow" to Hebrew School every day in Chicago, when life was "so much harder for me than it is for you guys"? Its hilarious how you always used to tell me stories like that, until you started hearing that it was so cliché for parents to tell their kids how they had to walk through "feet of snow" to do something.

Yosef's brothers tried everything they could, even killing him, to change what they knew was their destiny. But no matter what they did, in the end, Joseph's prophecy became fulfilled. If they had not fought it, their lives would have been much easier, and much more peaceful. The outcome was the same, but their actions made their lives unbearable afterwards, and they are forever frowned upon by most people who read the story of their wickedness and their vain attempts to change Gd's plan, chas veshalom.

One of your kids hates your guts more than he despises anything on this planet. And the other one goes along with your bullshit for now. But deep inside her soul, she hates your fucking guts also. She just has such insecurity and unworthiness issues that she is in competition with everyone, to show herself that she is the "best". So she wants you to be a better grandparent than her husband's parents are, and she wants you to "love" her more than you "love" me, and she wants all of her "friends" (ha ha, how many of them are real "friends"?) and acquaintances (most of them are bought) to think that she is such a good child and such a great daughter. And most of all, most, most of all, she wants ALL of your money. She can't wait until you die, so that she can get her hands on ALL of your money. She doesn't need it, it's just a power trip for her to "win". So she is schmoozing you these past 9 years so that she will end up with ALL of your money that you leave for your kids. That's why you wrote me that stupid message a few years ago, to appease her. And she knows that my HATRED of you hurts you soooooo badly, and she knows that you will do almost anything to have her feign her love and affection for you.

Your kids don't love you, Marshal. They both hate you. One of them hates you openly, and one of them hates you covertly. You were terrified when you were divorcing my mother and treating her like dirt chas veshalom that if she got complete custody of us, that she and her parents would over the years expose to my sister and I to all of your deep, dark, evil secrets about who you are, and that we would grow up to hate you. You were afraid that we would learn about the bad things that you have done in your

life, about the manipulative and evil things that you have done in your life, about your childhood abuse, about your deep-seated insecurities, about who the real Marshal is.

You NEVER wanted us!!!!!! We are here because of our mother's conscious doings, not because of yours!!!! You did not want us. She either wanted children and she knew that the sponge would be ineffective eventually, or she wanted children and she purposely used the sponge because she knew that it would allow her to get pregnant quickly, and then she could tell you that at least she used something. And anyway, how the fuck did this work between you guys anyway? I mean, did you just tell her, "You handle the contraception" and left it all to her, whether she would choose method A or B or C or D? You didn't care how she did it???? So then shut your 5-year old whining mouth up!!!! You abdicated responsibility to her you child, so stop whining like a 3-year old baby that she got pregnant!!!!

And how could such a fucking idiot make the same mistake (in your words) twice????? Are you a fucking moron idiot??????

It's all bullshit. Just another one of your stories.

YOU DID NOT WANT US, EITHER OF US, TO BEGIN WITH.

So why did you work so hard to get custody of us? Because **A)** you were afraid that one day we would hate you if we grew up with 90% of our time spent with my mother's family (who hated, and most of them still despise, your fucking guts), **B)** you wanted more than anything to hurt my mother, because you felt deeply hurt by her, **ONLY** because she saw right through your huge façade that you still have today at age 81, because she saw what a narcissist you are, and she **HELD UP THE MIRROR TO YOUR FACE**, and because your ego has always has been soooooo huge, you could not say to yourself that this smart lady is showing me my insecurities and my issues, and thank Gd for that because then I can change and become a better person. Instead you got angry with her and you wanted to destroy her, because she held up a mirror to you and you did not like her showing you who you really were, and **C)** because you have to have everything that someone else wants.

and with reason B), you **KNEW** that it would destroy her. You knew that anyone taking away the children of a mother who loves her children as much as my mom loved us, would be so challenging for such a mother. You only wanted to hurt my mother.

You never wanted to have us in the first place. Those are **YOUR** words that you have told to both of your kids over the years, multiple times. So why would you want us just to be with you a few years later? It was not because you loved us so much. It just for your own selfish reasons. **It was just for YOU**, not for us. you should have left me with my mom and her family. Because then I would have grown up around people who **TRULY** loved me. I would have grown up around people who would **ALWAYS** be my parents and grandparents, not just be a parent until I was 18 and afterwards just be a symbolic helper. **YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!!!!!!** You subjected me to a childhood growing up around a

biological parent who did not really, really love me. He loved himself more than anything. And on some level, I must have felt that lack of true love from you. And that can definitely confuse a child and teenager, knowing on some level that this parent does not REALLY love him, but on the outside the parent most of the time puts on a show for the child/teenager and everyone else that the parent really does love the child.

I wonder how different you might have been if your parents, and especially Grandma Ruth had **not** been alive during my childhood/teenage years. You only wanted to please your parents, and especially Grandma Ruth since you had had Grandpa Sam's approval since the day you were born (the same day that he withdrew his unconditional and conditional approval of your sister - all we ever heard whenever she would visit or whenever we would visit her was how she had hated you when you both were living at home because "from the day he was born he became my parents' favorite, and he could do no wrong, and Auntie was always second fiddle, and I felt like Poppy (Grandpa Sam) didn't care about me anymore". Of course she said it with a feigned laugh and smile, but it was obvious enough as a 14-year old to see her pain behind the fake smile and laugh).

If your parents had not been alive for you to impress with your "love" of your kids, I bet you wouldn't have put nearly as much effort into being a father as you did.

My mother succeeded in her goal even in her death. We are at the same result as if you would not have fought for custody of us. Seriously, it could have been better for you the other way, because you would have otherwise: saved time, saved money, been able to marry a woman that you really loved (if you are capable of that, which I seriously doubt, because we can't love others until we love ourselves), had kids when you wanted to and if you wanted to, etc., etc. AND, probably, we both would have grown up and been curious about you no matter what they would have said, and probably would have been more open-minded about you. And you would not have had the 6-8 years of stress that you had after my mother left us with her family. AND you would not have had the lifelong guilt which plagued you and caused you to eventually marry a demon because of your guilt about my mom's death being on your hands, and you would not have had a daughter manipulate you as well in her 20s.

You see, you were so afraid of us hating you, but, no matter what you did or how hard you tried – we still hate you. **I HATE YOUR FUCKING GUTS.**

And you turned me against her so much, like you did with my girlfriends. I remember as a small child, how you would privately and even in front of my mommy say bad things about her to me. We would be sitting at the dinner table, and you would get frustrated, because basically she was calling you out on all of your shit. Then you would turn to me and say something like, "You see how much trouble your mother causes me? You see how crazy she is?" And then I would see how bad she felt when you said that. And she would NEVER say anything bad about you to me in front of you like that. So, I started to want to be like my daddy chas veshalom, because at that age I did not realize what a fucking monster he was, I just thought that all daddies told their kids bad stuff about their moms, and then they expected the kids to turn against their moms. I always perceived

your fights as a competition to see who would win. So I started to see you as stronger than her, and I saw you as a “man” without compassion for her feelings and without an ounce of love in your heart for her, so I copied you, as kids often do, and as sons often copy their dads more than their moms. And you often tried to use the fact that you and I were the same gender as a way to get me to side with you and to help you. You used to disparage women as a gender to me, and to say things like, “All women are crazy, Albert. They are all crazy!!” right in front of my mom. I picked up on how you were, and I wanted to be like my daddy, so I mimicked you and I continued the verbal assault on my mother.

Even as a teenager after your divorce from Joy you used to all the time talk shit to me about women. “Don’t ever get married, Al, unless you want to lose all of your money, and all of your peace of mind. They will take you to the cleaners!” That was your favorite line about women, “They will take you to the cleaners!” You even used to talk like that sometimes in front of Debbie! How do you think that contributed to a young teenage girl’s self-image, knowing that her father essentially HATES 99.9999% of women?? **YOU FUCKING LOSER PATHETIC PIECE OF SHIT FUCK.** You also used to talk shit in front of Grandma Ruth about women, in general. Did that satisfy your passive-aggressive need to make your mother understand how much you had hated her for the 18 or so years of physical and emotional abuse that she had done to you? Was that easier than just sitting down to talk to her about it, or going to therapy about it?? I’m sure it was, because Marshal Klein always takes the easy way out.

But then as you always did, you would quickly change your tune just to say one parting line to me so that I guess you wouldn’t feel responsible for me possibly having bad relationships in the future with women later in life. You would be overdramatic, raising your voice with a big smile on your face and you would say, “But there are a few good ones out there. Not many, but there’s a few. And your wife is gonna be one of the few good ones. My Ally will find a good one!”. But of course I sensed that you were just saying that and that you did not really mean it. It did little good to inspire me that that might happen after you had already disparaged 99.99999% of the gender.

Your other most repeated phrase about women, which I remember you even saying in front of your 12-year old daughter Debbie and even in front of your mother Grandma Ruth was “A woman scorned....”. I used to think when I was young, “What does that mean, it’s just a phrase”.

But it was one of your favorite ones. When you and I were alone after I was about 15, after you had divorced Joy, you would elaborate to me: “Al, stay away from women as long as you can. Don’t get married for as long as you can. Because as soon as you marry them, then they got you. Once you marry them its reeeeeeallly hard to get away from them. And those mother fuckers will take you to the cleaners. They will take you to the cleaners. They will take everything you own and leave you with nothing. Go out, have fun with them. Fuck them all you want, and enjoy your youth. Go out with as many women as you can when you’re young, my son, because once you get married, that’s it. Life’s over. And treat her good, because a woman scorned.....she will want to take you to

the cleaners for everything you got and then some. And then, you know, she will try to take away your kids, she will take your money, and what do you got left? If you got a business she will try to take that too. Al, Al my pal – if she can, she will take the shirt right off your back and leave ya with nothin'. Nothin'. And then what you gonna do? Start over? You won't have nothing to start over with. She will ruin you and destroy you. 1-2-3. STAY SINGLE as long as you can, kiddo. Otherwise you gonna be one sorry fella. And besides, you're gonna have to take care of your old man! I'm gonna be like Grandpa Sam, except I ain't gettin' married again so I ain't gonna have nobody to take care of me. You and your sister gonna have to take care of your old man! But your sister is gonna be busy with her own family, so it's just gonna be you and me, kiddo! Nah, I'm just kiddin'. You go and live your own life, your daddy will be ok. But try to stay single as long as you can. Have fun, women they got great pussies, they got great tits, they got great bodies – and they are nice to sleep next to. Just don't marry any of them until you find that perfect one, and then....make suuuuure you keep her happy. Or you gonna pay for it the rest of your life. Ok. Let's go get some Burger King, huh?! I love ya kiddo!"

NO WONDER I had so many challenging relationships in my 20s with women. In my subconscious mind was my dad always telling me that nearly every woman out there (2-3 billion, minus about three) wants to kick men's' ass. And you would say this stuff also to your nephew Jeremy, who looked up to your pathetic loser self as a male role model since he grew up without a father in his house. Poor guy, he didn't know better as a teenager. You would objectify women ALL the time when we were out to me and to Jeremy. ALL THE TIME.

The two or three of us would be walking through a shopping mall, and you would have your arm (s) around my/our shoulder(s) and every time there was a "sexy broad" as you called them, you would "steer" us left or right and say, "Hey guys look at that. Look at that. Great tush!" "That gal has a great figure". "Oh wow, I sure would like to.....give her a piece'. Then you would look at me all embarrassed and say to me, "A piece of my mind. What? What did you say? What? Come here, I love ya. I love my son (and my nephew). You guys are too much. You guys could get any gal in this shopping mall. You guys are young, handsome.....they want to meet someone like you guys, not some old fart like me. You guys walk around and pick up some gals, your daddy is going to walk by himself Then we would protest and you would say, "All right, all right...Hey, look at that....those jeans look great on her". At least you weren't too graphic – but a few years of that gave me the idea that it was cool and ok and right to objectify women and to want them just for sex.

LINK

[When this movie came out, during this scene, I laughed sooooo hard and told my girlfriend at the time in the theater, "That is EXACTLY what my dad did all the time at the shopping malls when I was a teenager. And then I would be smiling and shaking my head like his kid does here. But he was muuuuch smoother than Chevy". I have always thought of you and still think of you when I see this scene. Chevy Chase has ALWAYS made me cry with laughter in every single one of his greeeeaaaat movies.](#)

When we were walking down the street one night in Tel Aviv, we walked by one of the many bars which have outdoor seating right on the sidewalk. After passing several bars, you walked up to a woman in her 30s wearing a low-cut sweater who was smoking and sitting by herself at one of the outside tables at another bar, took out a cigarette, and asked for a light. You started chatting her up. I smiled to myself as I looked and realized why you had chosen to ask this woman for a light, after we had passed so many other bars like this which were packed and this one was fairly quiet.

She was showing ALL of her cleavage and about 70% of her “huge knockers” as you would call them when we talked about her the next day. “That gal had some huge knockers, didn’t she? Holy shit. And they were real.”

I was happy to see you chatting with her, because back then I still cared about you and wanted you to at least to have some fun with a normal female. We sat down, each on one side of her and talked to her. You smoked 3 cigarettes and bought us all several drinks. We had been on the way back to your apartment for you to go to sleep when we had met her, and we were 5 minutes’ walk from your apartment when we met her. Suddenly your sleep schedule got pushed back.

I still talk to her about once or twice a year as we kept in touch after that for a while. She was and is a very cool person. She always laughs happily when she remembered how you walked up to her and chatted with her. She liked you a lot. The same story for most women, until they get to know you better.

Do you want to talk with her? I can give her your number and she will be happy to call you and to say hi. I'm sure that you remember her. Dark skin, colored blondish hair, bubbly personality, she speaks great English, friendly, smart, funny, warm, nice.

Marshal Klein HATED psychology (therapy) and psychologists (therapists) and medication for it and everything attached to that field. You used to say about 800 times (about twice a week for my whole childhood) over the course of my childhood and teen years, “I don’t believe in psychology or psychologists. I’ll never go to a psychologist. They are crazier than their patients. It’s all a bunch of bologna” and related derogatory exclamations about the field and the people who work in it and the medications that they prescribe.

You can imagine my amazement when out of about a dozen women whom you dated in the 4 years since your divorce from my stepmom, you chose to marry a...psychologist????

After your 12+ years of non-stop ranting against psychology and psychologists, you chose to marry a psychologist?????

Wait, I forgot, this is Marshal Klein. Typical narcissist. He says one thing, then a little later, he does another thing. He complains about something, then a little later he marries it. He loves something, then a little later he hates it. Total psycho.

And in about 2010, after he suffered severe depression because he fulfilled his wife's dream of living away from civilization on a ranch, he FINALLY had to acquiesce to her demands that he start taking NEW psychoactive drugs, after taking xanax for 6 years before that) to relieve his depression from having to spend now ALL of his day around her, a super-depressed, passive-aggressive, bipolar freak, and more importantly, she MADE him start taking depressants to curb his temper that resulted from his being around a controlling, loser bitch almost all day, away from his work, away from the places that he knew, and away from the people that he used to know.

LINK.

[RECORDING OF HIM SAYING THAT HE TOOK XANAX FOR 10 YEARS.](#)

I have been told by numerous relatives of my mom, including Jeannie, Renee, Jerry and David that I look a lot like my mom, Baruch Hashem. And it's easy to see in photos as well. So that must have always bothered you so much.

I remember as a teenager, a distinct day in the Oaks Mall, in a specific store, and you had yelled at me for something, Gd knows what, when I was about 15.

I remember for the first time in my life being consciously aware of this feeling that you did not like me because of how I looked. I remember thinking briefly in that moment, do I look like my mom and he doesn't like that?

I don't know where that thought came from, but I was very uncomfortable thinking about it, because I felt in my soul that it was true. I am sure that that has bothered you my entire life, that I look so much like my mother. **The strangest thing is that I had hardly seen any pictures of her until that point, because you had never shown me any.** All I had were my memories. According to those memories of a very little boy, I couldn't see how we looked alike. But nevertheless, I knew on that day that my feelings were correct.

And every year of my teenage years I looked more and more like her. Only when I started to see so many photos of her later in life, that I knew that my feelings on that day when I was 15 years old were correct.

Isn't that awful, that a "father" resents their child because he looks like his dead mother whom the father hates because she was the only one in the WHOLE FUCKING WORLD to stand up to you and to show you WHAT A FUCKING ASSHOLE YOU ARE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Peggy Bowman knew what you would do to such a woman, or a man, who did that to you. So she RAN AWAY TO GERMANY, a country that she knew that you hated, 2 days after throwing spaghetti at you and running out of your life forever (search for “germany” in this document for a longer description of that).

She was afraid of you.

YOU ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MY MOTHER WAS SOOOOOOOO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN YOUR UGLY FUCKING SELF.

You are a fucking dog. UUUUUUUUUgly MF.

If Debbie looks like anyone on either side of my family, it is definitely NOT my mom nor her family.

Not ONE person whom I have met since I moved out of the house thinks that I look like you. **BARUCH HASHEM!!!!!!** But ever since I started showing friends and girlfriends pictures of my mother, in college, EVERY SINGLE ONE has told me, “You look like your mom!” Everyone can see the same smile for sure. Same facial structure, same thin body type, same exuberant energy, same zest for life that you have NEVER had!!

In December 2022 we were talking about various things. You started telling me about how crazy that my mother and her parents were, saying that “they had a lot of mental issues” . I told you that it always takes two to tango, and that you have your share of mental problems as well. You said, “You think that I have mental issues????” as if you had never considered it in your almost 80 years?? I told you of course you do, and your wife has them also. You said, “You think that my wife has mental issues also”? I said of course you both do. You sounded soooo surprised. Why?

DUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

You are a fucking mental case. You are paranoid, narcissistic, emotionally unstable, the 2nd biggest liar that I have EVER met (only David Page is a bigger liar than you), and you have serious, deep attachment issues, which is why you have never had, and still do not have, a good marriage. Just like your sister and almost entire family.

When you used to complain about how your sister, her kids, your mom, and your dad were all mental cases (“pieces of work” in your vocabulary; your dad was just poor, so that was enough to put him on a low level in your mind), we would ask you “**Daddy, howcome Nan (your mom) and Grandpa Sam (your dad) and Auntie Edie (your sister) are so messed up and you are ok?**”, and you would inhale, sigh a big sigh (it was

all an act), and then shake your head (acting) and say, “**I just got the hell out of Chicago.**”

As if 17 years of harsh, childhood physical, emotional, and mental abuse by your parents left absolutely no lasting effects on you just because you left your hometown at 18. Yeh, right. That’s why your first wife after such a short time of marriage to you threw a plate of spaghetti in your lap, grabbed her bag and left the house, and you never saw her again? She annulled the marriage because she wanted 0 record of ever knowing your asshole sorry ass. There still exists a court filing of the annulment (see page 2 in this document for a longer description of that).

And you have said all my life that, “I didn’t know your mother was crazy until I married her”. HA! Sounds like it was the other way around, judging from your first marriage.

HIS PHYSICAL ABUSE OF HIS CHILDREN ONCE OR TWICE A WEEK

because his wife wasn't having sex with him

(search for “didn’t give me sex” in this document for a longer description of that).

You are such a fucking pussy – you are not a man. **YOU BEAT YOUR CHILDREN FROM THE TIME THEY WERE 5 AND 7 YEARS OLD** – and that’s all that I can remember.

One of my most painful memories of my life is sitting in the back seat of your car. You were driving and Joy was up front also. Debbie and I were in the back. We would drive around on the weekends in the area, driving through some nature or you guys would go looking at open houses for sale on weekends for years.

Debbie and I, like kids do, would talk or play or fight in the back seat. Usually Joy demanded that we be quiet. On some days we could be whispering, others talking, and on some days only silence. Of course Joy made the rules by herself; as classic Marshal husband-pussy that you were with her and are with your current psycho never had any say about rules for us.

Usually for me anything was ok, but Debbie could rarely sit still and be quiet, and so sometimes we would start talking, fighting or playing, which often prompted a rebuke from Joy. Sometimes it would happen a few more times over the course of the drive. Usually it was Debbie starting all of the commotion, and sometimes I refused to participate with her so I wouldn’t get into trouble.

After enough times and Joy lost her patience, it made you nervous also. Here is what you would do, you psychotic pussy.

You would suddenly and violently pull the car over to the side of the road.

2. Put the transmission into Park.

3. Turn around in your seat to see us.

4. Say to whoever you wanted to hit first, “Debbie come closer to me so that I can hit you”. Come here!!”

5. After she terrifyingly moved closer to you, you hit her across her face, or in her stomach.

6. You repeated 4-5 for the other one of us.

“Now listen to your mother! Understand? Got it?”

I and she would still be reeling from having a 180-pound man hit us hard.

“Understand??!! I want to hear you say you understand!! Got it??!!”

In the middle of crying or catching our breath from your hit as if you were fighting in one of your gang fights in downtown Chicago from your teen years, we barely got out a “I understand” in the middle of sobbing.

But here was my most painful memory from all of that.

To look over and see my 6 and 7 and 8 and 9 and 10 and 11 year-old sister, a small girl, crying so hard that she wasn’t breathing, looking at me with eyes like, “Help me”, as she struggled to catch her first breath after being smacked by a 180-pound man, especially in her stomach, because she could not breathe for about 10 seconds. Her little girl face became red and contorted, as she struggled to take in a breath, and her tears starting forming. Then she started sobbing and crying, with a scared look in her eyes.

Her pain was worse than mine. She was dealing with physical, emotional, spiritual and mental pain. My pain from seeing that was emotional and spiritual.

You beat me from the time I was 7 (I remember in the living room). I had done something not good at school or with Joy, and she said to me, go upstairs and do your homework, and your father will talk to you when he gets home. You came home and talked to me, and took of your belt, and beat me with your belt. Then you calmly said, “Now go upstairs” as I was crying.

This physical abuse continued until I was 14.

You would beat us sometimes in the back seat of your car, and sometimes in the house.

I also remember the very last time you did that.

I was 14, and you had just recently separated from Joy by kicking her out of our house.

I was getting ready to go to school in the morning in the kitchen around you. I had said something that you did not like. I walked away from you into the living room, probably because I knew what was about to happen and I was trying to move away from you.

You came up to me, all 6 feet and 180 lbs of you, to a boy who was 5'6" tall, and pushed me up against the brick fireplace in the living room. You put your hand on my throat and held me there. Then you proceeded to lecture me in a loud and harsh voice. I don't think that I will ever forget the look in your eyes. I was afraid in the moment that you might choke me and kill me.

You held me there and lectured me for about 2 minutes in a loud, scolding voice. I was terrified of you. Then you asked me, "Do you understand me?!" I of course said yes. You said, "Good, and don't let it happen again". You let me go and told me to get into the car so you could drive us to school. Debbie had been in her bedroom getting ready the whole time. You called to her, "Debbie let's go!"

You drove us to school and dropped us off. I remember sitting in class and wondering what to do. I thought that maybe I would go and live with Joy from now on.

Then about an hour later a school secretary came and told the teacher that she was taking me to the office. I had no idea why. She said, "Your dad is here and he wants to talk to you". Of course, I was terrified again. Did I do something else? At least I knew that you would not abuse me at the school.

You were totally friendly in front of the secretary. Then you said, "Al get in the car I want to talk to you about something". I thought that you were going to scold me some more. Instead you said, "I know that I have been hard on you and your sister lately. I'm sorry about what I did this morning, and I am sorry about when I hit you and your sister last week and *[you named a few times that you had hit me since Joy had moved out a few weeks before, but you never did and never have apologized for beating us during the time that you were married to Joy]*. "It will never happen again. I will never hit you again, my son. Ok?". Honestly I didn't believe you because I had come to accept your physical abuse as something that would probably continue for the rest of my life. But I said, "ok". And you did not ever hit me or Debbie again. At least you did not hit me again.

Were you just afraid that I might have decided to go and live with Joy after that, and then you would have to pay her child support on top of her already huge monthly payment that you were making to her, and that's why you apologized?? (search for "you kept the luggage business all to yourself" for a longer description of that). Or afraid that I might report you to the school for child abuse?

How you arranged our “choice” of who to live with after your divorce, and how you PURPOSEFULLY kept our stepmom away from us ever since the divorce by THREATENING HER

When you guys separated, you gave Debbie and me the clear choice of “Who did we want to live with?”. We were given two months to decide who we wanted to live with. You said that we would stay with you for now, and then over the two months that we should think about whom we wanted to live with, you or her. The only requirement you said was that we had to stay together.

Of course, it was all a bunch of crap. You just didn’t want us to go and live with her because then you would have to pay her child support. That was your biggest fear. So for the next two months, you suddenly became the greatest father in the world. Debbie and I went out to eat with her a few times, and maybe we stayed at her little cheap rented house a few nights (this was before the divorce was finalized). But 95% of the time of course we lived with you. Our school was close to your house, and she of course lived 15 minutes drive from the school. She was fighting a losing battle for us to want to live with her, and of course you knew that. But over the next 2 months, a couple of times a week during good times with the 3 of us, you would plug yourself, “You see guys this is great if you guys live with me. Your mom has that little house, and what, she’s going to drive you to school every day?” Etc., etc. You kept trying to sell us. Joy never tried to sell us.

You just kept us away from her so that you would not have to pay her child support, so that you didn’t have to worry about us growing up and hating you after she would have told us all of the bad stuff about you, and so that you didn’t have to worry about your secrets getting out to us, secrets which you never wanted us to know. **When I was 15 and Debbie was 13, you told us both at the same time, “One day your daddy will tell you about something he did which was very bad. Your daddy did something very bad in the past”. You repeated that to me a couple more times that year, and then you stopped saying that.**

Debbie especially, and me as well, suffered GREATLY from this. We lost ALL contact with our stepmom within months of your divorce from her. The mother who had MOST dutifully raised us for 10 FUCKING years – you threatened her to stay away from us, and she did.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES THAT DEBBIE AND I, AFTER I MOVED AWAY TO COLLEGE, TRIED TO CONTACT HER?????

We called her numerous times and left voice messages on her answering machine, saying nice things and practically begging her to contact us.

Do you have any idea what effect that had on us, especially on Debbie?????????

It was Debbie who first started trying to contact her during my first year at college. Remember, Debbie? Your daughter, you fucking selfish fuck?????? The one that you left

home alone in a cold dark house night after night during that time so that you could stay at the much shittier house of your monster???????

Home alone, without the two people whom she had spent her entire life with, night after night as a 16-year old (Debbie never made too many great friends in her life, and in high school it was much worse than it is now.)

By the way, if you hadn't FORCED me to go away to college, and let me do what felt right to me (staying at home and going to community college for two years), then at least Debbie wouldn't have suffered through two years of you not being around all the time and maybe she would not have developed such severe bulimia as she did, plus a lifetime of emotional and mental challenges of depression and other issues. YOU FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!)

So Debbie started calling Joy in my freshman year at college. I remember that she told me about it during the winter of my freshman year. So I decided to try as well. We both really wanted to talk with her. Little did we know that we were pursuing an almost impossible task **THANKS TO THE BIGGEST NARCISSIST AND PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC in the Klein family for generations, maybe ever!!**

Do you have any idea how much that further hurt Debbie? She needed a mother role model.

Then for the next 3 decades you threatened her to stay away from us. I tried for decades to contact her. She never answered me. ALL BECAUSE YOU PAID PEOPLE AND THREATENED PEOPLE TO STAY AWAY FROM US, so that we might not learn your dirty secrets. TOO LATE.

You told us stories about how Jerry and David, my mother's brothers, came after you in a parking garage with baseball bats. They blamed you for her death and came up to you in a garage to beat you up. You talked them out of it by telling them that you could raise us best. You said that you talked them out of it.

David lied under oath in a courtroom. He has admitted it to me several times. He has admitted it to you in writing in a letter that he sent to you prior to Debbie's wedding, because she asked him to do so in order that you and he would be at peace at the wedding.

Jerry would not go near you for anything.

RECORDING OF DAVID ME TELLING THAT HE HAD LIED. 2010, 2012, 2020.

I remember the first time that you beat me. I was 7 years old. I had done something wrong at school or with Joy in the afternoon, I don't remember. Joy told me, "Your father will talk to you when he gets home. For now go to your room and stay there and do your homework". When you got home you called me downstairs and talked to me about it. Afterwards you said, "Ok, now I am going to spank you". You started taking off your belt. I was terrified. You told me to turn around and you spanked me. From then on the "punishments" got worse. They went from that to you hitting me in my face, and then in my chest. Sometimes you hit me so hard that it knocked the wind out of me.

I never had much more than a red mark which went away by the next day. But it was still physical abuse you asshole. My mother NEVER EVER hit me and likely NEVER would have. This abuse continued until I was 14, as I described above.

Why did it start when I was 7? Why not 3? Or 5? Well, I was with my mom until 4. I bet that you never would have hit me or Debbie in front of my mom, because she probably would have kicked you and divorced you and called the police. But you married Joy when I was 5. Why the 2 years of no abuse that I can remember, except for maybe light spankings (no belts)?

Hm. You told Debbie and I multiple times from the time that I was 14 (after the divorce from Joy) until about 17 how "Joy didn't give me sex after the first 2 years of our marriage" (search for "didn't give me sex" in this letter for a longer description of that). Ok. So you took out your sexual frustration on a 7 and 5 year old girl and boy, continuing until they were 14 and 12?

What a pussy you are.

In January 2023 I called you 3-4 times. You did not answer any of my calls. I then messaged you a few times. You never responded. I sent you a greeting on MY birthday in April. You did not even write me back "Happy Birthday" !! I messaged you for Father's Day, and no response.

I called, texted and emailed you about 14 times from January until October, and you responded to me exactly 3 times with short, cold responses.

LINK

These are all of my nice, cordial Jan-Sept 2023 emails to Marshal. He only replied one time during that entire time. I invited him to speak with me and to communicate with me several times. I wished him "Happy Fathers Day" and even reminded him of my birthday. HE DID NOT EVEN SEND ME A HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISH. There is also my 2023 Birthday Card to my niece Elyse/Rachel, who has probably never even seen it because Debbie is a psycho, trying to repeat the sins of her father of keeping her kids away from some of our family all of our childhood, just like she repeats the sins of her grandmother in convincing my family NOT to help me when

I need it, like my grandmother told her brothers to not help my father when he needed it. AWFUL THING TO DO.

WHAT ROLE DID YOU HAVE IN MY MOTHER'S GOING TO GAN AIDEN?

You purposely kept information about our mother and her family away from us for our entire childhood, until I was 14. "Mommy Kathy" was how you referred to her in the biennial occurrence that her name would come up for some reason. Otherwise she was never talked about. We thought about Joy as our mom, and that's how you engineered it.

You taught us to call her "Mommy Kathy".

I have always remembered one day when her and her parents came to pick us up. I remember within a few minutes of being in the car, in the back seat, with her and Debbie, and calling her, "Mommy Kathy". She said, "What??" "What's Mommy Kathy?" I told her, "That's what daddy said to call you from now on. You are Mommy Kathy, and our new mom (Joy, who was already staying at our house sometimes, as your girlfriend) is 'Mom'. She doesn't like being called 'Mommy'. We are supposed to call her 'Mom'".

I remember my mom saying, "Ha. I am your Mommy and your Mom. I don't know what your daddy is telling you. I am Mommy and Mom". My grandpa and grandma had some words to say about that also. They talked about some names that I should start calling you.

I think that that was my first time understanding that you might be wrong sometimes. I can just imagine her hurt at hearing me say that. I have apologized to her soul numerous times for that.

So I started calling her "Mommy" again. When I got back to your place, you had to "re-teach" me what to say. I went through Marshal Klein brainwashing class again. Little did I know it was just the introductory class for a half century of regular classes.

You could have just left it at "Mommy" and "Joy" at that time. "Mommy" and "Mom" would also be fine for a 4-year old.

What a fucking bastard you are.

**I have a new name for you from now on. Daddy
Dickfuck. Daddy Dunce. Daddy Dipshit. Daddy Dork.
Daddy Dumbass. Daddy Pushover. Daddy Wuss.**

So almost everything about the mother who gave birth to me and raised me and fought for custody of me was a secret to me until I was 14. Then you started telling me a few

things, but not much. Most everything you said was about how crazy she was (your word), how crazy her mom was, how crazy her dad was, how crazy Jerry was and how crazy David was. After meeting my uncles, and after spending years learning about my mom and my grandparents, I understand now that they were not so “crazy”.

After I went to college at 18, I of course started to think about my mom, and her family, and what had happened with her, and a lot of things. I went to therapy and the therapist asked me a lot of questions, which looking back were totally understandable questions about such as was I at her funeral and were we living with her at that time and what was she doing for a living and did anyone, especially in her family, provide support for her during such challenging times. I realized that I actually knew very, very little about who she really was.

So when I came home to visit, I asked you some of these questions. In your typical impatient, ADHD way, you answered one or two questions halfway, and then you got all huffy as you do and said, “Why you asking all these questions? It’s in the past, leave it alone? What do you want to know? She tried to kill you guys!! Your mother was crazy and then she killed herself!! That’s all there is to it. Her brothers are the biggest sons of bitches and liars that I have ever met, and her parents were first cousins and they were nuts!! What else do you want to know??” I would start to ask you other questions and you would say, “That’s it! I ain’t talking anymore about it. I took care of you, and raised you, and you turned out ok. Right, kiddo? Now, that’s all I’m talking about it, Albert!! End of the discussion!”

This scene repeated itself a few times over about a year. Finally, one time I asked you and you said, “Go and call Bill Ritner. He will answer all of your questions. You go and talk to him and he will answer your questions.” I said, “Why to call your attorney? Why can’t you answer my questions?” You said, “He will talk to you about your questions”. I remember thinking, “Why is he sending me to talk to his attorney????” But ok, so I went to talk to Bill Ritner.

We met a couple of times and he let me ask my questions. He answered some of them, and some of them he halfway answered, and some of them he said he didn’t have answers to. And some of his answers contradicted his earlier answers. Especially when we met the second time, and I asked him some follow-up questions to his original answers, he got a bit flustered and didn’t answer me. When I applied logic to his various answers to show that the stories he told me didn’t always add up, that the answers sometimes contradicted each other, he tried to redirect the line of questioning so that we didn’t end up with any real answers. His attorney skills came into play quite well. After the second meeting, I basically concluded that he was avoiding answering some of my questions completely, by going around the questions and using his various other attorney skills.

Of course he was polite and respectful, and I was too. We had known each other for most of my life. But I felt like he was essentially stonewalling on some answers. And I decided that I would not get any further than I did with him. I even asked him why you wanted

me to talk to him instead of to you directly. He said that it was hard for you to talk about it, and because you didn't like my mom for such a long time.

The whole thing was weird to me.
**AND TO EVERYONE ELSE THAT I HAVE TOLD THIS TO
OVER THE LAST 30 YEARS.**

Why couldn't my own dad tell me about my mom? If he had negative feelings about her and her family, ok, this happens in life. But he did not have the maturity and the capacity to put aside those feelings so that his son could understand some things about his mother and what happened? Until then, you seemed to be able to handle most anything I wanted to talk to you about. Why was this particular thing so hard for you to talk about? And....why send me to your attorney of all people? Maybe organize some therapy session with a good therapist that we could go to and she could help you manage your feelings so that you could talk to me freely in front of her, which might help you as well. Or if you had had a normal girlfriend at the time who wasn't selfish, clinically depressed, bipolar, passive-aggressive, vengeful and a complete and utter idiot, then she could have caringly helped us. But....why send me to your attorney???? Weird.

After thinking about it for a while, I came to the same conclusion that nearly everyone whom I have spoken to about it and nearly everyone who is reading this has come to already: **You had something to hide**. For years you had ended discussion of her abruptly, had refused to answer certain questions, had continually labeled her and her family as totally crazy, and had gotten noticeably uncomfortable and emotional when I had asked certain questions. And then you finally told me to go and talk to your attorney, which is usually the place that people who have something to hide send others who want to know things about them when those people are afraid that they might say the wrong thing or might give out information which might could be damaging to them.

What would you have to hide about my mom?

I then learned some other things on my own.

I realized that you felt responsible for her death. Did you kill her? Directly or indirectly, or intentionally or non-intentionally? I started to put two and two together.

It's funny because years before I had had these thoughts, but I had dismissed them. Now things were starting to make sense. And....you had gotten married to the biggest demon bitch I have personally known around this time, AND you then treated me like shit for years, and especially more just before your "wedding" and from afterwards for months. So I started to think that you didn't really care anything about me because, well, you acted as if you didn't care anything about me.

That summer I went to visit my grandmother and to surprise her and say hi. I told her that I believed that you had some role in my mother's death. She asked me why I thought that

and I explained to her some things, but not everything. Silly me, to think in a million years that ANYONE in my fathers family could keep things to themselves and not blab it to everyone else.

So about 8 months later I moved back to LA and you and I met for dinner. About halfway through the dinner you said, "Grandma Ruth told me that you told her that I killed Kathy". I hadn't thought about that for a while, and really it hadn't been on my mind because I had just accepted by then that everything was in Gd's hands. But when you asked me about it that night, it revived my interest and desire to know what had happened.

Then a most interesting thing happened a few years ago. In 2020, we were talking on the phone and you were giving me your list of complaints about everything about me. And then you said, "You told me years ago that you thought that I killed your mother". I said, "And?" You said, **"Who else have you told that to? Who else knows that you think that?"** I said, "Some people" and you didn't seem satisfied by my answer, but you did not pursue it any further.

Weird.

LINK

[In this phone recording, he focuses on how I could supposedly ask him such a question, instead of on "Why did/do you think that I did that?" I wish I had had the courage when I was younger to ask him that directly. He then asks me twice, "WHO ELSE HAVE YOU TOLD ABOUT THIS?"](#)

I never asked him directly, because as a boy and teenager I was afraid to. If he could murder my own mother just to save himself, then he could surely do that to me or to anyone else who knew about it or confronted him with it. **MARSHAL KLEIN'S GREATEST FEAR IN HIS LIFE IS BEING LOCKED UP FOR THE REST OF HIS PATHETIC PITIFUL LIFE, WHATEVER IS LEFT OF IT, OR GETTING THE DEATH PENALTY FOR MURDERING MY MOTHER. HE WILL DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT THAT. FUCKING SON OF A BITCH PUSSY FUCK.** That is why Jerry and David left him alone about it, even though they know the truth and that's why they confronted him with baseball bats in a parking garage shortly after my mother's death with the intent to seriously hurt him or more.

I finally told my grandmother, his mother, about it when I was in my 20s. I had not told anyone that I was coming to visit her, and I flew across the country and rang her doorbell, to which she opened it and had a great surprise. She was smiling and crying in the doorway for minutes. :))))_ I spent days with her and the other family there, which was great. One day she asked me what was bothering me (she could always tell if something was bothering me), and I told her how my dad had recently told me that I could not move back home for 1-2 years after college to earn some money to pay back my student loans. She could not believe

her ears!! She told me that I must be wrong about what I heard from him (of course I wasn't). She told me, "Your father will **ALWAYS** allow you to live back at home. You must not have understood him" (search for "this one has got to work" for more details about how he HAD told me I could not move back home because: Marshal Klein: "I have already had 3 failed marriages and this one has got to work").

I told my grandmother everything about that, and she was very, very visibly distressed when she realized that what I was telling her was probably true. Then I told her, "There is a lot that you don't know about him". Then I told her some more things, which I never thought that she would say to him. About 7 months later I met my dad for dinner in LA after not seeing him for 8 months. He asked me in the middle of a casual conversation and while I was still eating, "Why did you tell Grandma Ruth that?" I played it down because I was **PETRIFIED FOR MY LIFE OF MY OWN FATHER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Of course I never trusted my grandma with anything that I didn't want him to know ever again. I later understood that she and his sister, my aunt Edie, and now her kids, my cousins, had already known all of this since the 1970s.

The weirdest part of this entire conversation , though, is when he asks me, "Who else have you told that to?" In that moment I knew that he was afraid. THAT is why he has had private investigators watching me since I was in my 20s, and now Debbie does the same. She has also been hacking my phones to get my contacts and messages, and then convincing my "friends" and relatives, either through money or lies about me, to report to her about me. She is like the Gestapo. They have always wanted to:

Keep an eye on me to see if I was going to report him, and

Keep me "down" in my life, and keep me from being successful any way that they could, especially since Debbie had children, because they were afraid that I would expose him - Debbie has repeatedly sabotaged my businesses, including my YouTube channels.

Debbie is terrified that one day her daughters will find out that their grandpa is a convicted criminal, and that he has many committed many crimes which he has not yet answered for, including against their own grandmother.

She has repeatedly targeted any cousins or friends of mine who have helped me with money, by making problems with their Facebook or bank accounts, or sending viruses to them (or paying someone to do those things, of course). Two people have come to tell me about this, and several others have hinted at it to me, but told me that if I exposed them, then she would hurt them physically, or in their careers or in their relationships.

She did just that a few months ago, when I exposed her in an email that I sent to her about "Stay away from my friends!". I did not name anyone, so she indiscriminately targeted several of my former (because of her meddling) friends and had them attacked them in various ways (physically; she got people fired from their jobs; she hacked their phones and ruined them - one person had to delete their phone number and move addresses because of her actions) because she could not figure out who had told me. She ruined innocent people's lives because I confronted her with her evilness. Of course she had a professional do it and she uses her husband's bottomless pit of money to fund these things. Some of you reading this helped me with money, against her "instructions" to you to not do so, and soon after you had your FB account hacked, or your phone was hacked with a virus, or your bank account was compromised. Almost any friend who has helped me she contacts them and convinces them not to do so. Its actually been great because it has shown me who my true friends are. And MANY of you know EXACTLY what I am talking about - because she has targeted and hurt you).

Debbie has learned all of these evil, covert tactics from Marshal Klein himself, as he was trained during his military career in tactics like this, and even more so from his current wife, both directly from her and indirectly through Marshal Klein telling Debbie what his wife had taught him. **(search for “recruit” in this document) for how his wife, by her own repeated stories, was actively recruited by the CIA).** I wonder which skills she had learned in her time in the military and from her brother's military career which made the CIA interested in recruiting her.

So, Marshal Klein, what is the real story? It's about time that you tell me, don't you think? You have told other people already. Why are you waiting to tell me? Because they all believed all of your lies about how my mom was so crazy that you had to do it? Did you justify MURDER, the greatest sin of the hundreds of sins in the Torah against another human being? And they all went along with you because they were afraid of you, or because they had an interest in maintaining some partnership with you, like your current evil “wife”?

What's the story you fucking coward????????????????????????????????

Is that what you were so terrified of Joy, and Mort, and Grandpa Sam, and Grandma Minnette, and Auntie Edie telling us??

Is that why you let your fucking attorney talk to me about my mother? What other reason would there be????

Why don't you own up to whatever you did, and be a real man (try, for once in your life) and accept the consequences that you deserve?

HUH???????

YOU FUCKHEAD PIECE OF SHIT.

I take soooooooooo much comfort in watching you suffer these past many years. Gd has brought a demon into your life, who has made you suffer for your many sins. Your health sucks, your life sucks, your situation sucks, and you are married to a narcissistic pathetic loser.

It is a delight for me to watch you get back all of the punishment that you deserve for all of the people that you have hurt in this lifetime.

You told me all of my life that my mom had tried to kill me and my sister. You told me basically what YOU had wanted to see happen, but not really actually happened. You told me the story that you hoped would be the truth, but it was proven not to be AND you knew in the bottom of your soul that it was not true.

You have volunteered for the Sheriffs department, a department that is being investigated by the FBI for the murder of a Jewish man, by unlawfully detaining him in a detaining chair for an entire weekend. He died from such brutal, evil conditions.

You volunteer for them and you say that you love it, to ride your horse like a cowboy with your gun and holster, patrolling the beach. You volunteer for the sheriff at meetings and in events that they have. You have had guns since before I was born, and you went shooting outside and in shooting ranges all the time.

Yet you have said, for almost 50 years now, that the decision, by a JURY, was wrong. You keep saying that the judge made an error in the case. If he made SUUUUCH an error, then why wasn't there an appeal???? If it was such a big error that Marshal Klein knows better than everyone that the judge made a mistake, then why was it never appealed??

Easy answer. Because there was no big error. There was no "error" in his decisions during the trial itself. Marshal Klein, brainiac. Marshal Klein, legal scholar. How would you know ANYTHING about California Crim Pro?? You didn't even graduate high school. You could NOT even finish ONE community college class.

This is SUCH an example of your narcissistic arrogance (search for "hornbook law" to see how your 50-years long claim that "the judge made a mistake" was the judge following EXACTLY California Criminal Procedure exactly, the same way that California judges before and after him have done, because they are not airheads with nothing more than air inside their skulls like you are).

LINK.

2022. Marshal Klein telling me how the judge made an error. He says that my mother was acquitted based on a "technicality". with foul language. He insists again

that I was a year younger than I was when my mother died. How can he forget how old his children were when their mother was murdered by him??????? He can't admit that he is mentally ill. HE SAYS THAT THE JUSTICE SYSTEM IS "ABSOLUTELY" PRETTY MESSED UP. HE SAYS THAT I WAS UNCONSCIOUS. When I dispute him, he closed the phone on me. I called back and he did not answer me. I left some voice messages.

What it really is, is your feeble attempt to try to hide your own egregious mental illnesses by trying to make it look like there was something wrong with MY MOTHER, just like you have tried to make it look to my family and friends for decades that something is wrong with me, just like your ugly-ass, fat-ass, disgusting, never-achieved-ANYTHING-in-her-life, unhappy, angry, worthless “daughter” has tried to do. Like father like daughter.

2 peas in a pod. You and Debbie STILL say NUMEROUS sayings that Joy used to say for years. But supposedly, you both “hate” her. “Over the moon”, “in the same boat”, “beck and call”, “2 peas in a pod”, and soooooo many other 1950s/60s/70s/80s sayings which Joy used to ALWAYS use, both of you still have used in numerous messages to me. The truth is that neither of you truly hate her. The truth is that you both look up to her INDEED. Why wouldn’t you? She’s everything that you both aren’t: smart, poised, socially competent, truly attractive, humble, TRULY accomplished (she has more and better education than you two bozos combined, from one of the top universities in the world), worldly, did I say socially competent?? Rabbi Paskow LOVED her. He told me several times that she was great, and that she did a great job when she worked for the synagogue. Other people who knew her back then also liked her very much. You just **SMEAR** every woman whom you were with, just like you smeared my mother for decades, until it became politically incorrect for you to do so with Debbie anymore. The only one who you haven’t smeared is Peggy. Ohhhhhh, because she left you. Ohhhhhh, because she is the ONLY woman, besides Cheryl Estes, who finally saw what a FUCKING MONSTER you are and ran away from you (literally). So what can you say bad about them? **YOU ARE A PATHETIC PIECE OF SHIT!!!!!!!!!!**

Thank Gd that you were honest and did not lie under oath like the felony criminal my mother's brother David Page totally did at the custody hearings, to which he has admitted to me about six times, and he even boasted to me a few years ago that he wrote you a letter in 2004 admitting that he did lie while under oath in a court, and apologizing to you for lying about you while under oath. But he has made 0 restitution nor apology to the People of the State of California for lying while under oath in a California court of law. **He only wrote you that letter because Debbie had asked him and Jerry to make amends with you so that you would all get along at her wedding.** Thank Gd that Jerry kept his integrity, which David has 0 of, and never contacted you because he knows what you really did, and HE HATES YOUR FUCKING GUTS ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO, he just won't say it now to appease Debbie. David loves to be a slave to a master (no exaggeration), and Debbie became his master ever since (also....no exaggeration).

When you were asked whether or not my mom had ever physically hurt us, you said, “A little shove at the most”.

Legal documents from her trial showing Marshal Klein's testimony above.

My mother was acquitted by a jury of her peers. My mother never ever ever tried to hurt anyone, and 100% for sure not her children.

How you tried to force your way into my mother's house. She had the legal right to shoot and to kill you. She bit you. All of mine and others' lives you have tried to use this to show that SHE was crazy!!

You were the criminal!!!!!!

AGAIN!!

You have told me a story ever since I can remember, since I was a boy, about my mother biting your arm.

You tried to make her out to be such a monster. You said that you came to the house that, at that time, you had long before moved out of. Yes, or no, Marshal????? YES.

You said that my mother did NOT want to let you in.

You said that she had opened the door to talk with you but that she did not want to let you in.

You said that you had tried to come into the house anyways.

WTF ??????????

It wasn't your house anymore!! Did you forget that with your tiny-ass, demented, full of air, shitty brain??/

You lost the right to enter mine and my mother's house anytime that you wanted to on the **DAY THAT YOU VOLUNTARILY MOVED OUT.**

YOU were the one who wanted the separation. YOU were the one who wanted the divorce.

Originally.

Be a big boy. DEAL.

So, as the aggressive, angry, volatile, temper tantrum boy that you really are, you tried to force your way into **OUR** house (according to you).

You tried to force your way through the door. My mother slammed the door closed, and it landed on your arm, which was already inside of OUR HOUSE!! That's trespassing you fuckhead!!!!!!!!!!

But you still would not pull your arm back. You still tried to use your 6 feet and 180 lbs of weight against my 110-pound little mother to force the door open.

So according to you, she bit your arm.

BARUCH HASHEM!!! BARUCH HASHEM!!!!

THEN you finally pulled your arm back outside.

This was ALL a story that you have told me numerous times to demonstrate how "crazy" that she was.

According to you, my mom was crazy because she bit your arm.

What about you you crazy fucking asshole????????????????????

WHY WERE YOU TRESPASSING into a house that was not yours????

Why were you trying to enter a house which was not yours, which you were being denied entry into?????

You have justified the story to me and others by saying that at the time that this happened, I had heard your voice and I came towards the door and saw you and I said, "Daddy".

That is your justification?????

Every toddler will say mommy or daddy when they see their parent.

That gave you 0 right to trespass into my mother's house.

It's CRAZY of YOU that YOU tried to force your way into our house!!!!

It's a **CRIME** called **FORCED ENTRY** you fucking crazy assfuck dickhead!!!!

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR MANY CRIMES.

So far only 1 conviction. For Grand Theft Auto in Illinois. The records are still there. Expungement still leaves a Level 2 clearance record.

So far.

She did not want you in the house. Simple as that Marshal fucking dickhead!!!!

Why was your 180 pound male self trying to force your way into my 110-pound mother's house when she had clearly refused you entry ????? What is your fucking answer?? Because a little child saw you and said Daddy? That is your reasoning????

She was defending her home and protecting her infant children from a FUCKING MANIAC, a convicted felon whom she did NOT. Want. In. Her. Fucking. House !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GOT IT?? DO YOU UNDERSTAND?????

I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**UNDERSTAND
????????????????????????????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

That's EXACTLY how you used to talk to your 8-year old son and to your 6-year old daughter after you had smacked us in the stomach once or twice a week in the back of your Oldsmobile on a weekend drive and we were crying and trying to catch our breath for 10 seconds (search for "Put the transmission into Park" for a longer description of that). You continued that for the next 6 years.

My mother acted in self-defense and in defending her home from a burglar (that's how California law defined/defines what you were doing). That's it. It's as clear and simple as that.

I wish she had bitten your fucking arm in half. Both of them at the same time.

How you LATER DID break into my mother's house.

After my mom was arrested for DOING NOTHING, we were given to you to have custody of us. Interesting how that worked out for you, isn't it?

Because we had been living with our precious, loving mother, like most children do after a separation, you had no sheets for us to use at your apartment.

So in the middle of the day, you drove over to my mother's house. You knew that nobody was home at that time.

There were 4 of us in the car. You, Minnette, me and Debbie.

You locked me and Debbie in the car. Then you and Minnette went to the house. You broke into the windows and entered my mother's house.

????????????????????

You stole bedsheets, blankets, toys, clothes, and other various other things from my mother's house.

????????????????????

Forced entry, breaking and entering, burglary.

Next would be murder.

You made your stepmother an accomplice to burglary and breaking and entering.

You told me this story several times when I was a teenager. You were so proud of your daring behavior.

Minnette told it to me again years later. She told me that you did it because you didn't want to spend money on new sheets for us.

The list of people who died who were close to you.

Everyone here except for my mother died AFTER you became publicly involved with Sharon Ashworth.

Where does such a name come from? Did the villagers in the town where this first Ashworth guy got his name think that this guy was "worth ashes"?

I'd believe that.

Details of **each person** can be found in this document by searching for their name or whatever is written below in quotes.

Some of them were older people.

Some of them it was cancer.

People can be infected with cancer or poisoned with cancer. You can bet that anyone trained in spy tactics knows how to do that (search for “covert tactics” and separately for “recruit” in this document for a longer description about that).

The older people had been older and were managing fine until their sudden, timely (see below) deaths.

Kathy Klein – Your ex-wife.

Died unexpectedly as she was recovering in a hospital. All of the doctors were astonished. (search for “injury” in this document for a longer description of that).

Howard Udolf – Your childhood and teenage best friend and fellow Jewish Chicago gang member.

Died unexpectedly from cancer just a few years after I had met him. (“udolf”)

Don Sinclair – Your accountant for 30 years

Died unexpectedly from cancer at a young age. He died during the years that you had been audited by the IRS twice. (“sinclair”)

Mort Lewis – Your business associate at Kirby’s Shoes; business partner for Kim’s Luggage and Handbags; very close friend of our whole family until you cut off ALL communication with him right after you sold that business.

Died in 2011 unexpectedly less than 1 year after I had started talking to him and his wife on a somewhat regular basis, after not seeing him nor talking to him since the mid-1980s. This was several months after I had told my dad by phone that I had been talking to him, to which he sounded VERY nervous. (search for “mort lewis”)

Minnette Klein – Your stepmom for 50 years. She had known you since before your first marriage. She knew almost everything about your past, both firsthand and from your father.

Died 2 days after I told my father that she had told me that HE had been the one who HAD kept me away from my grandfather in 2000, by moving him to a different nursing home without telling me, and withholding his new location from me for 6 months (“search for nursing home” and also for “rental car”)

Sam Klein (almost died) – Your father.

Almost died after taking a medication which his doctor did not want to prescribe to him, but which LEE SHARON ASHWORTH forced the doctor to prescribe him (search for “muscular shock”). This was during the time that I had started visiting him at least once a week, because I was living and working very close to them. It was the first time in my life that I lived near him and had so much easy access to him. I had urged his wife, 2 months earlier, to ask my dad to buy them a new washing machine which they had needed for months and which my dad had known about but hadn’t offered to buy for them until she had asked him. They had been **voluntarily** and **spontaneously** (as well as in response to my questions) telling me for months some of the truths about my dad’s past which I hadn’t previously known.

Your crimes (the ones that you have admitted to).

1960. Chicago. – Grand Theft Auto. You were convicted and sent to prison. Your record was suddenly expunged afterwards. A sealed but accessible record of the conviction still exists in Illinois.

Summer 1973. LA. – Forced entry/Trespassing. You forced your way into my mother’s house while she tried to keep you out of it by closing the door on you. You were separated from her at that time.

August 1973. LA. – Breaking and entering/Burglary. You broke into my mother’s house when nobody was home. Your stepmom Minnette was there and helped you to do this. You had Debbie and I locked in the car during this time.

August 1973. LA. – Burglary. You stole sheets, towels, toys, and clothing from my mother’s house by breaking through house windows.

After I had been religious for many years, in 2022, I was telling you how I had previously told Debbie to get you tefillin. She finally had them sent to you to keep in your house, and you told me that you had them. I was talking to you on the telephone about tefillin and about how I put them on everyday then, and how I love to pray and study with them on, etc. You had said to me, “Well, I don’t understand why you are doing that, did Rabbi Paskow used to put tefillin on every day”? I told you that yes, that he had told me that he STILL puts on tefillin every morning, b”H.

In another conversation at around the same time I had said at some point in the conversation to you, “Baruch Hashem”. You said to me, “Does Rabbi Paskow say “Baruch Hashem” all of the time? I laughed and told you that yes, sometimes in my conversations with him he said, “Baruch Hashem”.

What is the significance anyways???? Putting on tefillin is the basic daily mitzvah (that means it's a "requirement", not a choice) that every man does bezrH. Saying "Baruch Hashem" is the way of Gd, to always bless Him and appreciate Him for everything.

You were trying to hint to me that I was being extreme or some stupid thing like that, to often be blessing Gd and to put on tefillin every day. And you used a man as a standard for those things. I am super glad that you look to Rabbi Paskow, a man whom you fucked over for your nothing-ass wife, because you are a super-coward, a super-pussy, as such a standard (search for "certification" in this document for a longer description of that). He is a great, great Rabbi and a great man. He is a greater man than you can ever, ever, ever hope to be.

And what did it matter what he did or didn't do???? Men are required to put on tefillin daily, from Gd Almighty. Blessing Gd every moment that we can is a great mitzvah. Got it?? Rabbis are not the authority on Torah law or observance. Gd Almighty is. They are His laws, not rabbi's laws. But for a lifetime follower of others as you are, I can understand that you might decide whether or not to do things in your life based on if this person or that person does that.

After you returned from Israel in 2012, I had a few talks with Debbie. When you were here, you had told me that you neither saw her nor talked to her very often. I was totally flabbergasted. I remember thinking that if I lived just some hours drive away from you, I would be talking to you every day at least once and would go to see you at least once a month or so, if not more. I loved you being here and I begged you to come back in a few months. I told you that many American parents of people that I knew like me who had immigrated to here came to Israel at least twice a year to see their kid. I asked you to come back in a few months, in May when the weather would be much better, so that we could go around the country a lot together.

When I talked to Debbie after you returned, she confirmed the same thing to me. **She told me that you guys did not speak so much**, and that you guys did not see each other too often. **I asked her why not?!!** She told me that she just wasn't so interested in seeing you and talking to you so much. I said, "Why not????!!!! If I was there I would see him and talk to him all the time!" Then I pushed her to do so. I said, "You are just a few hours away from him! You HAVE to go and see him more! You guys are in the same time zone!! You have to call him more!" It is not always so easy for me to coordinate calling to America because of the different time zones. I pushed her many times in that conversation to talk to you more and to see you more. She was not so receptive to me. She told me mostly to mind my own business.

RECORDING OF HER SAYINGS THAT'S....

But like almost everything that Debbie does (she learned it from you), she will do something that she is pushed to do, but then she will "punish" the one who pushed her to do it. So she started keeping in touch with you more often, and she started going to see

you more often, and she moved farther away from me emotionally and physically (kept in touch with me less, etc.).

So you two became closer at the expense of mine and Debbie's relationship because she took after you in having a huge ego and "punishing" whoever pushed on that ego, especially if she had changed her ways as a result of that pushing. Instead of thanking Gd for bringing something to her attention through someone else, and changing her ways, and getting closer to the person whom Gd chose to bring that to her attention, she engaged in idolatry of her perceived egotistical "status" as the "smarter" one, and punished Gd.

It was on my 18th birthday that you officially started becoming a failure of a parent.

I will never forget my 18th birthday. It was the day that you were finally released of being a parent. That was how you saw and see it. Now you could "live your life". You had fulfilled your obligation of guilt for murdering these children's' mother. And you had done your duty to give us a superficially "good childhood". You thought that that would be enough for us to be lifetime emotionally attached to you, so that we would take care of you in any way that you might need it in the future.

You had asked me the week or two before where I wanted to go out for dinner for my birthday. I chose a place. Debbie also chose a place for her birthday. We chose the same place.

Then you also asked us if your new dating partner (your current "wife") could come along. We had only met it some weeks before. I think we had all gone out to eat together maybe only once or twice before. And needless to say, it was NOT FUN, as was anything that we did with it.

So Debbie said no, I want my 16th birthday to be only with my brother and my daddy. And I also said no, I want my 18th birthday to be only with my dad and my sister. We hardly knew this creep at all, and what we knew of her we mamash did not like.

I definitely did not want her at my 18th birthday.

So you said ok. But a few days before my birthday, and shortly after Debbie's, you came to me privately and explained that she had felt very left out that she wasn't invited to Debbie's birthday. You asked me again, a second time if she could come with us to my birthday. You explained that she had felt left out of Debbie's birthday, and she really liked me, and that she wanted to participate. You really tried to sell me.

I told you I would think about it for a day. I talked to Debbie, who told me, "No way!" and I considered what you had told me too. And then I thought, "NO FUCKING WAY."

This is my 18th BDay, I love my family, they have been my family all my life, I don't know this creep loser from anything, I don't like being around her, Debbie doesn't like being around her, and WTF is her 'mental problem' (your phrase for emotional challenges people had back then) that she feels left out of something which is NONE of her loser-ass self creepy psychotic self's business????? WTF????? She just met us a few weeks ago? She feels left out?? Of what???????"

And besides, I thought anyways she was going to be dumped by you within a few days or weeks, because you had gone through about a dozen women already since you were divorced (that I knew of) and this asswipe basketcase was the lowest of the low of those dozen so far. I thought she will be history soon anyways as soon as you wake up.

I remember you asked me the next day about it. I remember how uncomfortable I felt because I always wanted to make you happy back then. But I was so sure of my feelings. So I told you again no. I did not want her there. I thought that that would be the end of it.

MARSHAL, SHE IS A FUCKING LOSER OF THE LOWEST LEVEL OF HUMANITY!!!!!! DON'T YOU FUCKING GET THAT YOU FUCKING PUSSY????????????????

I thought that that would be the end of it. That we would go out and have a great time the three of us.

But of course, no.

I remember that in the evening when we were all getting ready to go out it was heavy but I didn't know why. I remember the dinner being heavy, but I could not understand why. You seemed distracted and not so loving and warm to me as you usually were those days. I remember feeling like this was not the way that I had pictured my 18th birthday dinner with you and Debbie.

We had done the exact same thing for Debbie's previous BDay just the week before, but we finished the night much earlier than we did on Debbie's BDay. You said it was because it was "a school night". So what???? It was my 18th BDay!!!!

But you brought us all home. I had not made ANY plans with my friends because I expected to be out late with you guys. But you said you were tired and that you wanted to go home.

So we went home. When we arrived, you went DIRECTLY to your room. You said that you had to make some calls. I remember feeling soooooo lonely. At least I thought that we would all sit around and watch a movie or TV, and eat ice cream and popcorn together, like we had done last week for Debbie's BDay when we got home. But we didn't pick up a movie. You said you were tired on the way home.

After we got back it was like 9 or 10 PM. It was still early. After you ran away to your room to call the biggest FUCKING DEMON that has ever been a part of your family YOU ASSFUCK!! To do damage control for an obsessive psycho, I immediately called a few of my friends to see if they wanted to go out cruising or for dessert or whatever. Of course, everyone said, "You said you would be with your dad and sister tonight so I didn't ask my parents yet" or something like that. Long story short, nobody could go out so late at that time because their parents wouldn't let them or they had made other plans to study or to do something else.

So what did I do? I left the house by myself. I just told Debbie who was doing homework. I didn't even tell you. I remember EXACTLY what happened after that. I have NEVER told you until now.

I put down my windows and took off the sunroof and played some of my favorite 80s music as loud as I could. Of course it was a lonely night in a suburb at 10 PM. Nobody was outside, and also I felt not so good. I think that part of you was upset with me because I didn't want your new basketcase girlfriend whom I hardly knew to come to my birthday dinner!!!! YOU FUCKING DICKHEAD!!!!

And I felt that in me. So I felt your anger at me. She had likely talked you into being upset with me because she is **SUCH A FUCKING PSYCHOTIC POSSESSIVE LOSER DEPRESSED FUCKING MANIPULATIVE FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

I HATE YOUR FUCKING GUTS FOR BRINGING HER INTO OUR FAMILY'S LIFE AND YOU STANDING BY WHILE SHE HAS DESTROYED EVERYTHING GOOD THAT IT WAS. I FUCKING HATE YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DO YOU GET THAT YOU FUCKING ASSFUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I FUCKING HATE YOUR FUCKING GUTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU ARE A FUCKING PUSSYWHIPPED LOSER OF A MAN!!!! YOU ARE A FUCKING SORRY EXCUSE FOR A MAN AND FOR A FATHER FROM THOSE DAYS UNTIL TODAY.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I HATE YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

So I drove around the town for a little while. On Moorpark Road, I was driving fairly fast because there was almost no traffic on a weeknight. I was blaring my stereo and trying my best to be happy. I could NOT figure out why I felt so lonely and so abandoned. It was pretty much the first time that I had felt like that all of my life, as far as I knew. I felt totally unwanted.

And let's not forget something that you kept saying to Debbie and me ever since your divorce from Joy. You had told us, like about once a month on average, that if anything

happened to you before my 18th birthday, then Bill Ritner would have custody of us until I was 18, and then I would have custody of Debbie. You kept saying over and over, “I just pray to Gd that I make it to Al’s 18th birthday, so you guys won’t need to be raised by someone else. That’s all I’m asking from Gd.”

So probably somewhere Debbie and I both knew that once I turned 18, you saw your job as being over. You had never wanted us in the first place. EVER!! You wanted our mom to NEVER get pregnant because you were just using her for money for your business, and when she did get pregnant you tried to talk her into having an abortion!! YOU WANTED TO MURDER BOTH OF YOUR CHILDREN!!!!!!!

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE DICKHEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If you didn’t want kids with her so bad, maybe you shouldn’t have been fucking her in the first place you fucking child!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

So to you, my 18th birthday was the day that Marshal was able to reclaim his life. That was the day that you silently looked forward to all of my life, because you could not give us up for adoption – your parents especially Grandma Ruth would have never spoken to you again. And even an antisocial psychotic fuck like you could not, back then, bring yourself to have your small children who at the time were no threat to you die in some “accident”. At least back then you couldn’t. Not while your parents were alive, because you knew that they and everyone else would see right through whatever story you made up. And you felt too much guilt after my mom’s death. And you knew that you would FUCKING BURN after you left this earth already for that. So, you weren’t about to have 2 more of those waiting for you when you left this world.

And besides, we were SUCH a good investment for you for the future, now that you had us. Money security blanket for you. And Debbie has become EXACTLY that for you. And you know it.

So your only relief would be my 18th birthday, when you could take back Marshal’s life that Kathy stole from you. Isn’t that right you fucking dweeb??????? Isn’t that how you saw everything? And during those 4 years after your divorce from Joy you were sure to tell your kids, in your own cryptic ways, all about how much THEY (in some twisted way you saw it and still see it like this) CAUSED you to suffer all of these years because they were born, chas veshalom.

You little FUCKING BOY in a mans body. GROW UP!!!!!!!!!! GROW THE FUCK UP!!!!!!!!!! You fucked my mom. You got her pregnant twice. Say thanks to Gd for what you got. And you got 2 of the best kids on the planet you ungrateful fucking asshole!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

We never did drugs or booze or gambling and we NEVER got into trouble, we got into very respectable universities etc. etc. etc. etc.

WAYYYYYYYYY better than your sorry ass did.

But still, you told us every few months or less, how

1) “I can’t believe that Kathy used a sponge!!!! What was she thinking!!!! The sponges don’t work. Everybody knows that!” and,

2) “I just pray to Gd that I make it to Al’s 18th BDay, and then I did my job. Then I will take pilot lessons (which you never ever did anyways) and I will travel to places like Casablanca”, which you told us that you decided not to go to because it might have been dangerous for a Jew like you to be in an arab country. And many other things that you told us that Marshal Klein missed out on because he had to take care of these two kids.

So after hearing this over and over for 4 years, I’m sure that we developed a subconscious idea that we were, um, NOT WANTED by you.

And, as it turned out, it was right.

Because on this night, I felt lonelier than I could ever remember feeling before. As I sped down Moorpark Rd at about 45 mph in a 35, trying my best to stay happy as I wondered how my 18th birthday could finish as such a sad day, I kept thinking about how you could be so cold and heavy to me like you had been that day and why you would be like that. Meanwhile, you were calling your psychotic dating partner and doing everything you could to calm her possessive ass down and to try to get her happy again because she had manipulated you into thinking that your son was such a jerk for not allowing her to come to his 18th BDay even though he hardly knew her.

It was just the beginning of her ultra-successful plan to

1) Get you “in line”, i.e. to get you to listen to her commands, as if you were her dog, **which you have been her DOG for 36 years now, you fucking dipshit pussy**, or to understand that there would be heck to pay later, and

2) To separate you from your own children, to put her first first first first, despite the years that you told your kids, “My kids come first now and always!!” and “Nobody’s gettin’ in between me and my two kids – ever!!” and “Ain’t no broad ever gonna tell Marshal Klein what to do” and “I ain’t never getting’ married again!!”. She knew all of these BULLSHIT comments that you had made to us over the years, because Debbie and I were sure to remind you when she was around, and it became her MISSION to see all 4 of those promises that you made to us about yourself end up in the dustbin of Marshal Klein’s lies and false promises. And she did it. She did a great job. She got you to go back on each of those 4 things that you had so strongly and assertively exclaimed to Debbie and I numerous times during the previous 4 years.

But as a naive 18-year old who still stupidly believed that my daddy still put his kids first, I could not figure out why I felt soooo bad that night. So on my 18th birthday, at 10:30

PM on a weeknight, driving as I was crying by myself on quiet, lonely streets with my windows down, heater on, music blaring, singing and crying at the same time, I suddenly saw the guy pulling me over on Moorpark Road. I looked at my speed and realized that I had been really speeding by then on a quiet stretch of the road. For about two minutes previously, I had been feeling sooooo angry. I did not know why, but I was just angry at the world, because I was lost in emotions which didn't make any sense to me at the time and I couldn't figure out what I was feeling.

Although I did not realize it consciously at the time, I was really angry with you, for becoming such a **PUSSYFUCK** and putting some crazy fucking cunt before your own son on his BDay, being on some level upset with YOUR SON because of his decision of not wanting some basketcase that YOU had decided to date, (because you really only wanted her real estate expertise and you wanted her money, and afterwards you knew that she would emotionally abuse you, which you REALLY wanted because that's what you were comfortable with, women like your mother abusing you), to ruin his 18th BDay had now put you into the place of having to calm down her psychotic possessive self who was likely scolding you for hours by telephone and then afterwards likely told you in her classic style to "FUCK OFF MARSHAL" and closed the phone on you.

I didn't do anything. It was your fault that you dated such a fucking possessive and manipulative psychofuck.

The guy came up to my car as I was trying to stop my crying from how unhappy I had been for the past 25 minutes and I was turning my music down. Only one thing went through my head: "Seriously????? Now this?????" I gave him my stuff and he came back a few minutes later. I explained that it was my 18th birthday and I was just out driving and that I hadn't noticed that I was speeding because there were almost no other cars around. It was all the truth. He told me that I was going 48. He asked me if I had been drinking which of course I hadn't been. He asked me if I had school tomorrow. He asked me how I was doing. I forced a smile and said ok.

May Gd bless that nice man. He told me Happy Birthday. He told me that if I promised to go straight home now, then he would not give me a ticket. Of course I promised, and that's what I did. Interestingly, I saw him just a short ways from our house. I guess that he went a different way to check on me. He waved to me, and I hurriedly drove the rest of the way home.

In a way, it woke me up. I realized how blessed that I was in that moment. I realized that my dad had mysteriously partially ditched me, both emotionally and physically, on what I thought would have been a different kind of day. I didn't know why, nor why I was in such a situation of being alone on my 18th birthday night, but that I had a house, and a dad, and a sister, and so, so much more, and that I was going home quietly.

And THAT was the first day of a 36-year ongoing saga of Marshal Klein letting his children, his parents, his sister, his nieces and nephew, his cousin, his best friend, his rabbi, other good friends, his grandparents, and even himself, although he will not admit

that until his last moments, down by going on that one morning from what his kids at the time called the “World’s Greatest Dad”, to ultimately, within some years, to the worst parent of all of my current friends and family – because none of their parents have EVER disowned them, nor treated them like outcasts, nor told them to “FUCK OFF” 4 times in 1 minute while they were calmly talking about something, nor kept money for FOOD (your choice to designate for food money!!!!) from them while they were in a country whose economy temporarily stopped because it was in its biggest war in 50 years, because such a parent wanted tidbits of information that other parents inherently know because they don’t cut off communication with their kids, nor any of the other heinous things that you have done over the last 36 years.

LINK

He says fuck off to me 4 times. He tries to say he has been a jerk to me ever since I was 19 because of my undergrad grades. GIVE ME A BREAK. I show him it had nothing to do with that. He lies about an agreement that we had. He says that "it was implied". What does it matter which university it was? If he in fact did say that he would return half of the money, and he did NOT specify a university, which he did not, because at the time neither he nor I ever considered that I would transfer to a better school later, THEN HE NOW OWES ME TENS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

I want to make it clear that I appreciated you taking me out for dinner for my BDay with my sister. I appreciated the time that you spent with me on my BDay. I am not complaining that you didn’t do enough or something (even though you had done MUCH more for Debbie’s birthday the week before (before DOGFACE complained about “being left out”, and you had always told us that “I treat you guys both equally. What I do for one I do for the other” (another one of your great-sounding platitudes which you have never upheld ANY of them))). The problem was that this was the first day that you made it clear to both of us that you were going to begin your “new life” now. The bigger problem was that you let your new dating partner degrade your time with your son on his 18th birthday, and that you left him alone later ONLY so that you could try to do damage control with her and save what is the WORST, MOST UNHEALTHY relationship that I have seen in any of my family or friends. The worst part of it is that I felt that you were thinking that it was my fault.

Little did I realize that one night that this was just the beginning of a trend that would last at least 36 years, and would get progressively and progressively worse.

That’s why I asked you on the phone in December 2022, the phone call in which you closed the phone on me, and after which you stopped answering my calls, when I asked you, “Why did you take us away from our mother and her family????? Why not just leave us with them??” **It seems so obvious that you never wanted us and couldn’t wait until I turned 18 to get rid of us, so why did you take us in the first place?????**

I told you that my mom and her family would have taken care of me all of my life. Your response: **“That’s a possibility. But I sure doubt it.”** You doubt that my grandparents

and my mother would not have been there for me better than you have EVER been?? **My mother truly loved me. My grandparents truly loved me. They didn't just support me because they were banking on me as an investment for their retirement.**

They didn't want to invest in me like you always wanted to, as a future safety net because I was smart and I would make a lot of money and be there for them if they needed help financially. THAT IS WHY YOU SON OF A BITCH, THAT IS WHY NOW YOU GIVE YOUR "LOVE" TO DEBBIE, BECAUSE SHE MARRIED INTO A SHITLOAAAAAD OF MONEY. And you have trashed me. You did the reverse to Debbie when we were growing up, because she was obviously the stupid one and I was obviously the smart one. You knew that Debbie would never amount to anything. You figured her husband, even if he was rich, would hate your guts.

So you favored me as your best chance for a retirement investment. Debbie was always #2 growing up.

LINK

RECORDING OF THAT CALL.

He tells me that he remembers telling me to FK OFF during our most recent conversation, which was 10 months earlier. He says that I was "bugging him" because I was asking about why he had started being a dick to me ever since I was 19 years old (real reason is because his wife wanted him, soul and body all to herself, so he was cold then to me and to my sister, who developed bulimia as a result of that).

When I was 17 years old, around January, you asked me if I was ok. You said that I looked sad. I told you that yes I was ok. You said ok.

About a month later you asked me again if I was ok. I said yes, just thinking about going away to college and leaving home. I wasn't really sure that I wanted to do it.

I had been accepted by that time to almost every university that I had applied to. I only had to choose which one and return the papers, etc. but I told you that I was unsure if I really wanted to go away to university. I told you that I had thought seriously about staying at home with you and Debbie for 2 years, and attending the local community college. I liked the idea also of being close to the synagogue and the rabbi, and mostly I just loved being with you and Debbie and I really didn't want to leave you guys.

You INSISTED that I go away to a university. You said like you had for all of my life, "I (Marshal) never had a chance to get an education. I didn't even finish high school. I tried community college in LA and I couldn't take it. I could not focus on my schoolwork. And my parents could not afford to send me to college. YOU can go to college. You have the grades for it. You have the smarts for it. And your daddy can afford to pay for college" (which you actually did NOT do, at the last minute. You made US pay half of it with our mother's money). (search for "STRS" in this letter for a longer description of that).

Once or twice after that I also told you before it came time to move to the university that I did not want to go to there. You always INSISTED that I “was going to go to university, none of this 2-years community college and then transfer bullshit. I don’t want to hear about it again.”

As a 17 and 18-year old kid who had heard from YOU for 4 years about “Your father only makes 1 mistake a year” (and you seriously meant it, and when your “1 mistake” would happen then you would “admit” that mistake and then you would spend the rest of the calendar year saying that everything that you said and that you prophesized etc. was correct because you had already made your 1 mistake for the year), I just figured that “He knows what’s best for me, even though it doesn’t feel right to me, but I’m just an 18-year old kid, and he wants the best for me, so forcing me to go away to college even though I don’t want to must be the best thing for me”.

I realized decades later why you wanted me to go away to college. It just took a little putting two and two together.

You wanted me out of the house because

- 1) You wanted to be finished with being a parent,
- 2) Your new dating partner wanted you all for herself,
- 3) You knew that Debbie and I would never like such a psychotic thing, so it would be easier for you to date her if Debbie and I weren’t around,
- 4) You wanted me and Debbie to get educations so that we could someday be rich and provide for you, or at least be your safety net if you ever needed vast sums of money to continue your lavish lifestyle that you had become accustomed to instead of possibly living at a lower level.

Anyways, a few weeks after that, you asked me to come into your bedroom to talk to you at your desk. You said that you still noticed that I was sad and asked me if everything was ok. I said yes, everything is ok (because the other matter had been decided for me, so from your archaic point of view that matter was over and I could not AT ALL be unhappy about that matter because of course you had explained it, and explained how it was going to be, and so it must not be bothering me anymore). But of course it was, but I said it wasn’t, because it wasn’t going to make a difference no matter even if I did say that it was bothering me.

So you then asked me, “**Do you want me to call a hooker to come over for you?**” I thought you were joking. You said that no, you weren’t joking. You said you thought that I was unhappy because I wasn’t having sex. You said that if it would help me, then you would call a hooker to come over for me anytime. You said you understood that maybe my dating wasn’t as successful as I had wanted it to be, and that you would help me to

have some sex, and that then I would be happy again. You said that “It’s normal for guys to feel down because they aren’t getting laid”. So the obvious cure for that would be to have sex with a hooker. You told me that anytime that I wanted it, that you would order a hooker for me.

You told me that Bill Ritner, your criminal go-to for whatever illegal thing you needed, could help to arrange a hooker for me if I wanted one. I am sure that that was true, since he met one a few nights every week after work.

Because when a guy is depressed, it cannot be that his father is FORCING him to do something that he doesn't want to do because the father wants the father's girlfriend's future money.

And even if it is, for sure a good fuck with a whore would solve everything. Then the boy would be happy again and forget how upset he is that he is being **FORCED OUT OF HIS CHILDHOOD HOME.**

And if the boy forgets his pain, then his father can forget the father's pain about forcing the boy to move out just because the father wants to be with his ultimately evil girlfriend to get her money one day.

YOU ARE SUUUUUUUUCH A FAILURE OF A FATHER.

You used to say to Debbie and I, in front of Joy, ever since I can remember, “Al is going to be a doctor, our doctor, Debbie is going to be our dentist or an attorney, then all we (you and Joy) will need will be an accountant. We are all set.” Yes I know that you will say that you were just joking around, but you really weren’t. You looked forward to how your kids could serve you when they got older.

Weird that you said accountant, though. Until just recently I have wondered why that profession in particular. Then I remembered how you indeed were audited twice by the IRS in the 2000s, and how your accountant for 30 years, Don Sinclair, a middle-aged man, unexpectedly died during that time of those audits. (search for “department of real estate” to see how your wife had her license revoked and then mysteriously reinstated because she had broken laws in California).

Now I understand why you said “All we will need will be an accountant”.

And you told me from the time that I was 6, until you reneged on your promise when I was 22, “Al, if you want to be a doctor, I’m gonna pay for everything. I’m gonna pay for medical school for you, and when you graduate I’m gonna get you a great big office. I’m gonna pay for wood paneling, and a really nice fancy office, and all the equipment that you need, and I will get you set up with everything. You just get the grades and get into medical school, become a doctor and I will take care of the rest”. I must have heard that

about 50 times since the time that I was 6 years old, when I was first announced that I wanted to become a doctor. Whenever people asked me around you, AFTER you had gotten divorced from Joy, what kind of doctor I wanted to be, you would always pipe in and say. "He's going to be a gynecologist! Right, Al? And I'm gonna be his assistant, workin' right there next to him! Right, Al? Hot dog!"

But I realized when I was in university that you stopped talking about it. My grades in college up until that point weren't great, but I wasn't yet halfway through before you gave up on me. And there were even back then plenty of options for aspiring doctors to get educated at, such as schools in Israel and in the Caribbean. I could easily still have done it if I had wanted to. So when I was 21 or 22, in the back seat of your car, when the 4 of us were heading out to eat, on the 23, I asked you, "Dad, you promised since I was a kid to pay for medical school if I get in. Will you still do that for me?" You looked at your possessive girlfriend Sharon who had suddenly sat straight up after I had asked that question and looked at you. You said, "I don't think that's possible anymore". I said, "Why not?" You said, "Well now things are different. You have not gotten excellent grades to get in". I explained that there were still several schools that I could get into and become a doctor. You said, "We can talk about it later". So I said, "But I don't understand. You promised me all of my life that you would pay for everything. What's changed?" You said, "We can talk about it later". I remember that my heart sank. Another time that Marshal Klein did not keep his word, because ultimately he is a great big liar.

And lets remind ourselves that besides you wanting me to be a doctor so that I could support you financially when you got old, you wanted me to be a doctor because, **"I (Marshal) always wanted to be a doctor since I was a boy, but I never had the grades for it, and my parents never had the money to send me to medical school"**. I guess you didn't know about financial aid and scholarships? The main reason was your grades.

So you wanted your son to possibly give up his entire life and to choose a career so that **you could live YOUR life through him.**

And I tried NUMEROUS times to help you to fulfill that dream that you had. From the time that I was about 20, I started actively suggesting to you how you could still become a doctor. I told you that I would help you every step of the way, to get a bachelors degree and then to get into medical school and then to attend medical school. As a biologist I was poised to help you on that path. I told you that within 10 years you could be a doctor, and I showed you numerous examples of people I had found who had done that, changed careers at your age and went o medical school and became a doctor. But of course you never did it, because your wife would have never supported you in that. Because if you did that, then you would be smarter than her, better educated than her, perhaps earning more money than her (doctors still did quite well back then), be much, much happier than her, and you would not need her. So you never did it.

This is REALLY why you treat me like shit now, isn't it?? Because Debbie married a multimillionaire, so even though my allegiance to you has always been stronger (that I was the more forgiving one and that you could totally have counted on me to help you if you needed it more than you could have counted on Debbie, even with the shitty way that you treated me), so you feel like you have your safety net with the one kid, so why do you need to be good to the other kid? You already got everything you need.

And that's the reason why you wanted to keep us from our mom's family and raise us yourselves. Because after Debbie was born, you had gotten a vasectomy because you didn't want any more kids (did you ever really want kids?). And as you told me a few times when I was a teenager, "Your mom was really sexy. I mean, you'd just look at her and she would get pregnant! So I got a vasectomy to be sure that she wouldn't get pregnant again". While I was happy to hear something positive about my mom for once, it was maybe a little bit TMI. Not really, it wasn't a big deal. After all of the bad stuff you had said about her, it was nice to hear something nice about her come out of your mouth, so I just laughed and appreciated it.

So once you divorced her you realized, "Oh, shit, I have a vasectomy, I probably ain't gonna be able to ever have any more kids who will be able to support me when I'm old. I better fight 'like tooth and nail' (your saying) to keep the ones I got".

So that's the real reason why you fought so hard for custody of us. Not to protect us at all. Only to have us around to serve you.

And you had said, several times to Debbie and I as we were growing up and many times after your divorce, "You guys gonna take care of your old man when I get old, right?" We would laugh and say yes of course. Because you were terrified of being alone. Because you knew that as a huge narcissist, that you were hard to get along with for most people. And you knew that after the sins against Gd that you had done in your life, that there might be a chance that you might finish your life in suffering.

Kind of like you are doing now. You have been suffering for 36 years, ever since you decided to be with this loser ugly basketcase. You are getting yours right now, Marshal Klein.

You suffered soooo much abuse from your mother, both physical and emotional abuse, that you became comfortable with that. And you never processed your feelings from the abuse, either in therapy or with a loving and supportive spouse or through Torah, or any way very much. So, you continually chose to be with women who abused you. And you placed women who otherwise might not have abused you into situations where they did not treat you very well, because of how you treated them.

Look at you today. Your "wife" treats like absolute garbage. She treats you the exact same way today that she treated you when you both first met. I remember her talking down to you and often putting you down for the 10 or so years that I was around you

guys somewhat regularly. She still does it today. In 2020 when I was on the phone with you, and you were excited to help me with money to support me after corona came and destroyed the tourist business in Israel, how she berated you and talked down to you when you asked her to help you. Listen to the recording below.

LINK

RECORDING OF HER CHARACTERISTICALLY, ARROGANTLY TELLING ME HOW SHE IS SO SMART AND SO GOOD AT EVERYTHING, AND HOW SHE IS SOOOOOO SURRRRE THAT SHE DID IT RIGHT (SHE HAS ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT), AND THEN, OOPS, UM, NO SHE UM DID IT WRONG.

Afterwards SHE STARTS BERATING HIM, LIKE SHE DID EVERY SINGLE TIME THAT I WAS AROUND THEM SINCE I HAVE MET HER, BUT THEN IT REMEMBERS THAT I AM LISTENING, SO IT/"SHE" TONES IT DOWN AND GETS NICEY QUICKLY.

She has treated you unlike anybody that I have ever seen. You also let Joy also order you around, but that was child's play compared to the narcissistic monster that you are with now. On one hand, I have seen you suffer for decades with it, going to smoke "secretly" in your car in the garage. But you have never left her. You are comfortable with suffering at the hands of a domineering, abusive, cold, hard, dispassionate woman who takes out her own emotional baggage on you. Just like your mother.

And you are just comfortable overall with suffering. Why else would a man with so many great choices choose a woman whom he must have known from the beginning would never sit well with his children? A woman whom he knew from the beginning would cause strife and discontent in his entire family, unless he subconsciously wanted to subject himself to a lifetime of suffering? That is what he wanted. Because that is what he was comfortable with. And suffering or not, Marshal Klein is a creature of comfort, even though he would not admit it. But he is. He would rather suffer and be comfortable with such suffering in that comfort zone of suffering, than break out of that comfort zone, deal with his likely uncomfortable feelings towards his domineering and abusive mother, and then as a result have before him the possibility to choose a life of much more harmony and peace, in whatever physical situations that such greater harmony and peace might bring to him?

When your wife moved me back to the university for my 5th year of college, she tried to manipulate me one last time to be friendly with her.

You were supposed to help me move back to college after I had had a summer off. But for some reason you didn't, and so you had your wife help me instead. On the drive up to UCSB, she told me about halfway through the drive, "I always thought that you and I would be friends. When I first met you guys, I could tell that Debbie didn't like me, and I thought that she would never like me. But you – we started off ok, and I always thought that you and I would be friends. You know, it's never too late". She was partially right. I

didn't like or dislike her at first, I just treated her politely (much better than Debbie treated her) because she was your date and then girlfriend. But I also didn't care about her. I never "thought in a million years" that you would ever end up with her. Only after you had been with her for over a year and I could see the awful effect that she was having on you and on our family did I start to be concerned.

This was her classic Sharon manipulative style. Trying one last ditch effort to get me on her side by trying to show me how I could get her approval and thus subsequently implied better treatment from you. Of course, it was implied that this would be at the cost of my sister. Debbie would not only remain her enemy, but now I wouldn't be on the outs anymore, only my little sister would be on the outs. It would be 3 against one, when it came to the idea of 3 of us who were clearly on one side of an issue, and 1 person on the outside.

Thankfully, I did not take the bait. I remember that I DID quickly consider it. Wow, the prospect of maybe being able to get rid of so much tension between my father and I, and getting her and yours greater approval, because what would make you happier than having your children approve of and be "friends" with your monster "wife".

But baruch Hashem I did not take the easy way. I just listened to her ramble on, and let her finish what she was saying. Unlike my sister, I would never ever get on the side of a family-wrecking, emotional plane crash, psychotic, manipulative, narcissistic goy atheist who treated my father like absolute dirt just to take the easy way out of gaining "acceptance" by you or her. And I would NEVER EVER take an evil road which I knew would make life so much harder on my sister mentally and emotionally.

Obviously my sister would, because she did exactly that years later. But such a goy atheist loser would never come before my sister. Who did it think it was?? As Debbie told me in 2012, "she is a nothing".

You look EXTREMELY uncomfortable in the pictures of you with your "wife"'s family. EXTREMELY. I have never seen a more fake smile from you. You honestly look like you are grimacing in pain with them. And why wouldn't you? They are evil, soulless, selfish, things who go clearly against Gd's will. I believe that you are not even aware as to how badly you felt while you were taking those photos.

Marshal Klein before 1989 would NEVER EVER have taken photos with such creeps. He would NEVER EVER EVER have even spoken 2 words to someone like Sharon. In Marshal's own words, in 1985, he would have called such a "female" an "ick". "She is an ick!" is what he would have said. You never would have talked to such a loser, and you would have called it a loser and an "ick". What a sad degradation of such a formerly proud, strong man who knew people so well (in his own words).

That's why I no longer look up to you nor EVER EVER want to be like you, ever since about 10 years ago.

When I was in my early 20s, I heard and read in multiple places that it was good for young people to choose role models to follow. I chose 4 of them. You were one of them, not because of the kind of father that you were being at the time, but because of other characteristics. However, about 10 years ago I decided that there was NOTHING anymore that I wanted to be like in you. I was not proud to have you as my father. I looked at myself, and I was glad that I was not like you. I did NOT promise myself that I would never be like you. I just was happy that at that moment, that I had not become like you.

I took you off of my list. I then had 3 role models on my list.

So interestingly, you had said REPEATEDLY to me, since I can remember as a teenager until even just in 2019, that "I will NEVER be like my parents. I am not like my parents".

And in 2015 and in 2016 when I told you, on the 4 yartzheits of those years of Grandpa Sam and Grandma Ruth, by phone, the various things that you could do to elevate the souls of your parents, you said to me, "No, I'm not gonna do any of those things." I said, "Why not?" You said, "My parents were not good parents. My parents were not good parents. My parents were better grandparents than they were parents." You repeated those lines every time that I called you on their yartzheits. I did so many mitzvot for them myself on their yartzheits.

RECORDING OF HIM SAYING THAT.

But then after some years I realized, "**Wow, even my dad and aunt don't do stuff for them. Even my dad and aunt talk shit about them.**" My aunt has talked shit about Grandpa Sam since I can remember. Jerry my cousin also talked shit about him for years. Kim also did sometimes. And now my dad talks shit about both of his parents. AND my dad won't lift a finger to help their souls on their yartzheits!!!! He won't even light a candle or read a little article or two about the Prophet Samuel or about Rebecca the Matriarch just to elevate their souls!!" Then over the years I realized what a FUCKING DICK you have been to me. Then I thought about what fucking cuntbags that Auntie Edie and her hysterically crazy ultra-paranoid unhinged bitchfuck daughter have been to me. I realized that Grandpa Sam and Grandma Ruth must have, as I had been hearing since childhood, and which you confirmed to me 4 times in two years on THEIR MEMORIAL DAYS, been pretty shitty parents. I mean, their kids have been telling me that all of my life. And these kids insisted on giving their parents much worse conditions during their parents' last years of life than they could have given them!! **So, why am I spending all of this money, time and effort to do what even their children don't do for them??**

And besides, I realized something not too long ago. For 12 years I had been doing mitzvot to lift their souls daily, weekly and annually for them. I had noticed that after

some time of doing mitzvot, their souls elevated, they felt better, and it helped them in the place that they were in. But within days or a week or so, their souls fell back down. For years I didn't understand what was going on. Because it couldn't be anything that they were doing. I thought for years that maybe this is how it worked down there, that my blessings might lift them, and then they might sink back down again and suffer more. But I suddenly realized that the only way that they would go back down is if **others were sinning in this world**, and their souls then sunk back to a lower level as a result of that. Why hadn't I thought about that before?? I asked someone who understands things like this, and of course (because it is logically the only explanation) I was right. "When the student is ready, the teacher appears". For His own reasons Hashem had not wanted me to "put 2 and 2 together" for years. But looking back the answer was right in front of me.

That meant that the 2 people in this world who can affect their well-being in the afterlife **must** have been sinning badly (to continually effect such a change in their level, over and over and over – it could only be from the children), and perhaps their grandchildren, or some of them, must have been sinning badly as well. On their yartzheits souls are judged again. They stand before the Heavenly Court as they did the first time when they first left Earth. But....they have not done any actions anymore, so how are they judged??

They are judged by the actions of their children, siblings, parents, grandchildren, cousins and other family members. A righteous parent *beztz* raises righteous children and righteously influenced the others around them *beztz*, so that these people would remember them well after they left Earth and would do mitzvot for their souls. Additionally, such people would remember how righteous the person was when they were alive, and want to emulate that righteousness themselves.

It is true that sometimes righteous people raise children who can be not so righteous, or even evil. But then those souls would truthfully answer "no" when the Heavenly Court asks them, "Is there anything that you did in your lifetime which might have influenced (your child, whom as you can see, because we are showing you right now them and these evil things that they did/are doing), to murder/eat pig/etc.?" And the honest answer of the soul of that righteous person could be, "No". (see below for more about the process). The 3 judges could nod their heads, and go to their next question(s), or, if they had no more questions, to announce the sentence of the soul for the next year.

So on their memorial days, the judges now ask the soul, "Why did your son and daughter do nothing for you on your yartzheits last year? Why do they talk negatively about you so much? Why do they treat a member of your family soooo shittily?? What kind of upbringing did you give them that they would do that?"

"Ruth, why did you talk so negatively about Sam all your life, just because YOU pined after him after he left you, because he left you because YOUR brothers disapproved of him because he came from a poorer family, and he felt like shit during your marriage to him? Why didn't you ever tell your brothers that you loved him, and to accept him as the man whom you wanted to be with?? Why didn't you ever stand up for the man that you loved???? Why did you talk so badly about him all of your life after the divorce, and

subtly and overtly encouraged your daughter and your daughter's kids, and your son's kids to talk negatively about him?? Now your daughter does not want to do things for your soul (that is her sin, not yours, but do you see how your actions influenced her to feel this way?). Why did you physically and emotionally abuse your son?? NOW he doesn't want to do anything for your soul. **WHY DID YOU TELL YOUR BROTHERS NOT TO LOAN HIM MONEY SO THAT HE COULD START HIS BUSINESS, AFTER THEY HAD AGREED TO LOAN HIM MONEY?????? WTF RUTH??????????**"

"Those brothers have their OWN problems now with us that they listened to you, and didn't do what was righteous before Hashem (they would use His holy name), which is a Commandment that the Holy One, Blessed is He, has in His Torah numerous times, to help their nephew to get a start in his career. And your daughter and son have their own problems with us now, and they will have the same later as well if they never make teshuvah which is accepted by the Holy One, for their not doing anything, not even the MINIMUM amount necessary to fulfill the 5th commandment on your yartzheits".

"But that doesn't affect your judgment now. That's their problems and you now have your problems here. So....why did you do that? Yes, we went over all of that the first time that you were here, so you don't need to answer most of those questions again. But you DO need to answer us this now – why have your children forsaken your memory and talked poorly about you to their children? Why have they not honored you, even after you came here? Why have they treated their children like total garbage? Why has your son DISOWNED his son?? Why has your son talked lashon hara and slander to so many people about his own dear son?? Why has your son played games and kept his son stressed about eating after promising to send him a small fraction of what your son could afford to send to him, and 20% of what his son needed and asked for, 3 months AFTER he promised to send it to your grandson?? Why in the world did he bargain money for food for his son for personal details about his son's life?? Why is your son such a fucking asshole to his son???? Ruth? Rivka?? What did you do wrong?????????? Why did your son marry a goy? Who does not even keep the First Commandment? Why does your son let a goy destroy your beautiful Jewish family, built over so many past generations, including his own children, sister and nieces and nephew???? Ruth !!!! WHY??"

"Shmuel, why did you ever marry a goy, "convert" to idolatry, and practice the MOST idolatrous tradition in Western society for the last 2000 years? Why Shmuel??? You **overtly** broke the 2nd Commandment, chas veshalom!! Why did you treat your daughter so poorly after your son was born, that she even entered into overt idolatry to try to follow you and to get your approval of her? Why did you physically abuse your son and daughter? Yes, we went over all of that the first time that you were here, so you don't need to answer those questions again. But you DO need to answer us this now – why have your children forsaken your memory and talked poorly about you to their children? Why have they not honored you, even after you came here? Why have they treated their children like total garbage? Why has your son DISOWNED his son?? Why has your son talked lashon hara and slander to so many people about his own dear son?? Why has your son played games and kept his son stressed about eating after promising to send him a

small fraction of what your son could afford to send to him, and 20% of what his son asked for, 3 months earlier? Why in the world did he bargain money for food for his son for personal details about his son's life?? Why is your son such a fucking asshole to his son???? Shmuel?? What did you do wrong???????????? Why did your son marry a goy? Who does not even keep the First Commandment? Why does your son let a goy destroy your beautiful Jewish family, built over so many past generations, including his own children, sister and nieces and nephew???? Shmuel !!!! WHY??

And of course the answers are all in those previous questions that they just asked them.

Of course Hashem has His divine "calculations" which are generally above human understanding. Everything that He does and judges is righteous true and in love.

In 2015 when I asked you a few questions about your opinion about how I could run my business, you said at first, "Al, you're a man now. I can't help you anymore". Seriously?? You FUCKING pig.

EVERY SINGLE PARENT of grown children that I know in Israel and abroad would be FLATTERED and proud if their adult child asked their advice about **anything**. That was probably just your "wife" telling you to say that for some stupid reason, so that you gave less of your attention to me. So she would have more of it for her.

Then I asked you, "Didn't you ask Grandpa Sam for advice throughout your life?" you told me, "No way!! I never asked my parents for advice. I didn't want to be ANYTHING like my parents. I am NOTHING like my parents."

SO THE BOTTOM LINE IS THAT - I DON'T DO SHIT ANYMORE FOR YOUR PARENTS MOST OF THE TIME!!

FUCK THEM!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN SOME SHITTY ASS PARENTS, AS YOU AND AUNTIE HAVE SAID TO ME PERSONALLY SO MANY TIMES ALL MY LIFE, TO PRODUCE CHILDREN WHO THEMSELVES DON'T WANT TO DO STUFF FOR THEM, TO PRODUCE CHILDREN WHO THEMSELVES ARE SUCH SHITTY PARENTS!

FUCK THEM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I put my energy and prayers and money and time towards my mother's soul and her parents' souls, the only people in my life who ever truly unconditionally loved me
!!!!!!!!!!

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!!

You have been actively **SPYING** on your kids ever since Debbie and I were in high school. You conveniently found out that your new real estate colleague in your office,

Sharon, worked at the same high school that your kids were attending. So you had her report to you about us, even before you dated her. She told you how we were doing in school, our activities, etc. etc.

EVEN AFTER WE MET HER, in my last year of high school, **you did NOT even tell us that she was working at the high school for several months afterward.** What if we had run into her???? I understand it took the basketcase many months to want to meet your kids, but at the moment that we met her, why didn't you let her tell us, "Oh yeh, I work at your high school"????????????????????? **WTF MARSHAL???**

She was good social friends with 2 of my teachers (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!), one of whom I had confided some things in. I am sure now that you had sent BITCHFACE to tell my teacher, its friend, to ask me things about my life and report back to her the answers (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!). I had told that teacher some fairly personal things, thinking that the woman truly cared about me by asking me such personal questions (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!).

GD YOU ARE A FUCKING PSYCHO.

Seriously and I am NOT exaggerating. YOU ARE CERTIFIABLY PSYCHOTIC.

You had asked your dating partner to ask my teacher, her friend, one of the ASB advisors, to have some personal conversations with me about my thoughts and about my life. I still remember thinking, "This teacher is very intuitive. She really seems to know what to ask me. She seems to really care about me fairly suddenly. She seems warmer to me than she has been all year. I thought I was just another one of her students but she is being so nice".

Then about a year later, your BLABBERMOUTH wife was going off on some new tangent about loaning people money. She told me that, "[The other ASB Advisor (a man)] has been one of my best friends for many years" (!!!!!!! **News to me and Debbie, who had been his student / were attending the school where every student knew who he was !!!!!!!**). "Oh yeh, oh yeh, years ago I needed \$500 and I didn't know where I was going to get it from. Now let me tell ya about [this man]. This man shoots straight and narrow. I went to him and I says (yes she said "says" like you both do sometimes even in such a context), '[Friend], can I borrow \$500 from you?' And let me tell ya, he just said 'You bet. I'll bring it for you to work tomorrow'. He never asked me what I needed it for. None of his business! But sure as the sun rises, he showed up with it the next day. I said, 'Thank you, [friend]'. One month later I got mah paycheck, and I went straight over to him and I said '[Friend], here is your \$500 back'. 'Thanks, Lee'. And that was that. Has nevah asked me what I needed it for to this day. Now that is a friend".

So she spied on us for you **AT OUR HIGH SCHOOL** until her big mouth had revealed to us one day that she worked there. Then she continued to spy on us for you. When I moved back to live in LA in my mid-20s, you had other people watching me. When I taught at Moorpark College, Sharon's pals over there reported to her about me all the time. You always knew what was going on with me over there. **When I moved to Israel,**

you hired a private investigator in Israel to see what I was doing. I know it for a fact because I met him. He made a mistake at a bar that I was at and then basically admitted to me what he was doing. He was a very nice guy but he was new at what he was doing. He had worked in intelligence in the military and now he had started a career in being a PI. I never saw him again after that. I was not surprised, but it was proof for me of what you were doing. You kept hiring other people to watch me and report to you for years. Then Debbie took over that job for you around 2013 or so.

Big question MARSHAL – why not just stop being an asshole of a father and have a real relationship with me, and then you can know things about my life ?? **What are you so afraid of,**

Marshall Alan Klein (aka “Marshal Dennis Klein”, search for “DOD 2007” in this letter for a description of how you changed your identity to hide yourself in 1959), that you have had me spied on ever since I was 16 years old, and especially since I was 25 years old???? Even paying people in foreign countries to watch me and report back to you???? **WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF, MARSHAL????????????** You were paying a colleague of mine for a while, and friends of mine in Israel also. This is **REALLY** why you recently wanted numbers of 2 friends of mine in Israel. YOU WANTED TO GET SOME NEW LOCAL SPIES TO WATCH ME, YOU FUCKING FUCKHEAD PARANOID SHITHEAD!!!!

WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF, MARSHAL”L” “DENNIS” KLEIN?? HM??

EVERYONE knows what you have been so afraid of, ever since I told Grandma Ruth that you murdered my mother. You have been watching me to see if I was going to go and report your sorry, evil, murderous ass for **MURDER**. There is NO STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS ON MURDER!! And you very well know that.

So you have had your spies watching me for over half of my life to see if I was going to do something. The day that I left America and moved to Israel you breathed a huge sigh of relief, didn't you? When I told you that I had gotten into law school and was going to attend it, you and your agent “wife” tried for months to talk me out of it. **WHICH PARENT WOULDN'T LOOOOOOOOVE THEIR KID DECIDING TO GO TO LAW SCHOOL???????????? AND YOU TRIED TO TALK ME OUT OF IT????????????**

I remember thinking, “That’s weird. Wouldn’t he LOVE it if I became an attorney??” **Money money money money.**

LIKE.

Money is your deity. Just like so many people. Just like we see here in this awesome movie.

Longer clip with this part. Sharon is one of those creatures. Aren't you?

I was so excited to go and I thought that you would be so happy for me. Months later I figured it all out. You were terrified that your son who knew that you murdered his mother would learn all the ways that he could properly investigate and report you.

This is YOUR DESERVED, MUCH DESERVED suffering for your evil and terrible sins. Shame on you you fucking asshole!!!!!! And you know that everyone knows it too. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOU ARE A FUCKING MURDERER. I can't WAIT to find out what happens to you the rest of your pitiful life and even more so, afterwards as you fucking SUFFER EXTREMELY in Gehinnom!!!!!! YAYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!! I will be celebrating every fucking day thinking how this world has one less FUCKHEAD in it and how you are suffering extremely!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YAYYYYYYYY!!!!!!

And my mother's soul will continue to elevate, bezrH.

And soooooooo many people know that you murdered my mother. Her family knew it right away. Others have known it over the years. I have been blessed, since I have been in Israel, to know some very holy people, thank Gd. A few years ago I was in a shidduch with a wonderful woman. We were talking and getting to know each other, as we had been doing for weeks. She is one of those people who have great intuition. As I was explaining to her things about my past, she suddenly said, without me EVER saying ANYTHING to her in reference to that, "Did your father murder your mother?". I turned to her, very surprised, and I said, "Why do you think that?" I was glad that she had realized it so soon, but surprised at how she knew it so fast. She did not answer my question; I don't even know if she really heard me. She only looked aghast and said, "Oh my gosh, oh my gosh. I am so sorry".

Many other people have put 2 and 2 together like that with me over the years. It isn't too hard to figure that out. It only takes knowing a few facts about you, a few facts about your past before you had met my mother (like Peggy running away from an abuser like you to the opposite side of the planet 2 days later), and about the interactions between you and my mother and her family (all told to me by you, because that was all I had until I was 25) for most people to figure it out. You think you are so smart that you kept it from people all of this time. You ain't too smart, Marsh. You ain't too smart.

Don't expect ANYTHING more from me after you grace this world by leaving it, ASAP, than my rabbi at that time tells me that I MUST do for MY obligation. I will do the ABSOLUTE MINIMUM for ME, not for you. Every year at your judging on your yartzheits they will tell you, "Your son, your only male child, who has immense power and opportunity because of his being male and because of his great holiness, bezrH, to lift your soul so much, maybe even out of this place, only does the minimum that he has to do. Why is he like that?" And you will have to answer the truth. "Because I was a narcissistic asshole of a father to him and to his sister and because I murdered his mother". And they will send you back to suffer for another 1000 years (time is different there than here. It will only be 1 year here until the next judging, but there it can be 1000 years, or there it can be 1 day, as the judges decide).

Great, great, excellent choice of telling me years ago that the money you sent me was all of my inheritance. It easily showed me that I stood to lose nothing else from you in the future. Brilliant choice by you. You disowned me and told me that you were saying bye to me by giving me my inheritance early. Nothing else to lose for me. Some of my cousins still kiss the asses of their parents even though they despise them because they want their material support now and they don't want to miss out on their share of the pot after their parent kicks the bucket.

It was so easy for me not to worry about depending on those material things anymore. Thank you very much for your honesty and openness. Baruch Hashem.

And what a FUCKING LOSER you are. Over that June, July and August you correctly agreed to support me with \$2500/month as I was recovering from my Vacation Apartments business collapse from corona and was building a new business. Kol hakavod. Great job. But then, in August, after I published a video that had Neil Diamond singing in it, and I sent it to you, Debbie and many family members, my brilliant (not – replace that with airheaded, moronic idiotic) “sister” told you that “Al is fooling you. He can't make \$1 using copyrighted material in his videos. He is just playing around”. Debbie is the biggest idiot on both sides of my family. I mean that seriously 100%.

You are the 3rd stupidest one. Her hysterical, bipolar, unhinged, ultra-paranoid cousin is #2.

If you had called me and asked me about it, I would have told you, “Of course, I know that I can't monetize such videos. I published it because it had a Jewish theme and it would draw people to the channel, who would bezrH subscribe to my channel, would "like" the video, and would bezrH "share" the video and/or the channel with others, who would bezrH do the same, **all of whom would watch more of my monetized videos**, etc., etc. And those 3 things are how you make money for the channel. It is called “marketing”, which is one of the things that I learned about in my MBA degree.

Did you really think that debbie has ANY clue what marketing is???? With her BA in “Social Ecology” ? She went to UCI because she got rejected by UCSB, where she wanted to go because it was where her brother was going to school and because it was a better university, and because it was still close to you. She enrolled in the major because it is a super-easy degree. She asked the counselors during her freshman year, “Which major is good for me?”. They pushed Social Ecology because UCI has a School of Social Ecology, so the counselors try to sell that major to all incoming students who don't have any clue who they are, or what they love, or who they are. These students are often also not too bright, and everyone knows that Social Ecology has the difficulty level of an Underwater Basket Weaving major.

Did you really think that debbie had any clue about marketing?? Also, what was her business, sticking her plastic surgery nose (which she didn't need; she just had her nose broken so that she could copy everything that evil Daddy did in his life) into mine and yours business? And what kind of a pansy are you, letting her do that and listening to her,

or to anybody?? Oh yeh, that's right. You are totally stupid also. She inherited your intelligence genes. Like stupid father, like stupid daughter. No wonder Peggy, my mother, and my stepmom (all of your wives except for the present one, who also despises you, but she keeps it under wraps for now, just like your 3 previous wives did) despised you after a while. You are just an idiot.

But instead, you chose to just blindly believe a complete and utter moron who has not accomplished **HARDLY ANY SINGLE SIGNIFICANT THING IN HER LIFE** without talking to me, and you called me afterwards to tell me, "Al, that's the last payment. I can't send you any more money", leaving me with 2 weeks left of financial support. WTF IS WRONG WITH YOU YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE???????

At least you could have asked me. It's called good communication. It's called not believing everything you hear until you research it yourself. Those are things which you don't have the capacity for.

At LEAST you could have given me 30 days or better yet 60 days to try to find other sources to fund me. Instead, you fucking idiot asshole shittiest parent I know, **you left your son with no money right before Rosh Hashanah and the Holy Days**. FUCK OFF. (I only say it once, unlike you repeating your brainless self 4 times inside of 30 seconds so disrespectful to your son who was talking to you so calmly, as you can hear in a recording in this letter). ASSFUCK DICKSHIT!!!! I loved how Hashem dealt with you on that one. Ohhhhhhh, I loved watching your misery. Eye problems, back problems, couldn't ride his little horses so much anymore. ARE YOU FUCKING BLIND ?????????? YES YOU ARE.

OH YEH. You ARE going blind. **YAYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

DON'T YOU GET IT YET????????????? You close your eyes to what He tries to show you.

SO HE IS CLOSING YOUR EYES PERMANENTLY !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU STUBBORN ARROGANT FUCK.

YOU DO NOT DEFY THE MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE.

BUT YOU WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO.

AND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO SUFFER.

BARUCH HASHEM!!!!!! TODA HASHEM.

And you kept spying on me until Debbie took over the job about 10 years ago.

In the 1990s ESPECIALLY, and early 2000s, and even just during this past year, you and your wife discussed murdering me. She would take care of professionally arranging it, right? It would not have been her first time.

Right, MARSHAL ?

RIGHT.

People who have known you for a long, long time are reading that and saying to the one next to them, “You see, I told you, I told you that Marshal was like that”.

Being around and closely involved with your perpetually depressed selves including you, Sharon, Edie (HFD, so it’s hard for most people to discern, but all of the signs are clearly there) and Kim,

and you telling your kids years’ worth of HUGE lies about their mother and her family’s health and actions and behaviors,

and you telling your children all of their lives that they were messed up in their heads

has led to Debbie having depression (the regular kind).

For so many years I always said, “That’s my sister! That is exactly her – she talks like my aunt! And my dad’s wife! Everything’s always negative!” whenever I saw the Debbie Downer clips on SNL. In my mind I used to call her “Debbie Downer” when I would think about her.

LINK.

[NEW Debbie Downer clip, rated as one of the best ones. Disney World.](#) This is perfect for your sister Edie, this is JUST FOR HER! **[Disney World!](#)** She can fawn over her lifelong obsession. Even Pluto is in it.

LINK.

[Debbie Downer at a birthday party.](#)

Disney reminds your sister of the times when she was 4 and 5 years old, before you were born. **In her own words**, repeated about two to three times a week whenever she would visit or we would visit her, “I hated your father all of my childhood. Because from the day that he was born he was my parents’ favorite. All of the attention went to him. My father especially, it was like he almost forgot I was there”.

So she has obsessed over Disney for 81 years, because it reminds her of the close times she had with her parents before you were born.

I remember going to Disneyland with her at least once, usually twice, every time that she visited us, which was about once a year. Sometimes we went twice per her trip, so like 2 times in 2 weeks. From the moment that we walked in, it was cringetime. She acted like an obsessed 5-year old child whenever the characters would walk by. I felt soooooooo bad for my cousin. She would force him to get into 450 pictures during the day with Minnie Mouse especially and other characters. I was not embarrassed, but it was cringe. “Ohhhhhhhh, there’s Minnie Mouse. Jer, quick get near her so I can get a picture with you and her”. “But mah, we already took pictures with her”. “I know, Jeremy, but now we are by the Peter Pan ride. We didn’t get a photo with her here yet. Ohhhhhhhhhh, hi Minnie. Hi Minnie !!” That got repeated about 50 times that day for almost every single Disney character. We three kids didn’t care about them. But the 40-something adult REALLY did.

Weird.

Disney is THE most corrupt entertainment company in America. And Edie still works for them online in the Disney Store. It has been sending overt and subtle messages to children for over 80 years.

https://youtu.be/4arQIUK9HQk?si=RtoXvgo_vQCeY3hG

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h2D0z9Kplzw>

There are dozens of videos and articles like this. It has been going on since the 1940s.

DISFUCKINGGUSTING, EDIE. DISGUSTING.

Everyone KNOWS THAT DISNEY IS ANTISEMITIC. There are tons of videos and articles about that. People write their theses and dissertations about that stuff and about the pervert stuff.

Good one. Edie. Nice one. Nice goin’, Edie. Good one. Maybe Jerry should wash your mouth out with soap. Maybe Jeremy should spontaneously hit you in the face as you are calmly walking by him.

And instead of dealing with those feelings in a constructive way which would allow her to move on with her life emotionally, and not stay STUCK IN HER PAST (her FAVORITE accusation to make of me and Deborah when we were teens and into my twenties, whenever I asked too many questions (she would always start it, by spontaneously, randomly dropping a few deep Marshal secrets about his past, and then I could ask about 3-4 questions, which she answered, and then her lifelong anxiety and desire to control kicked in, and she said, “Why are you asking all these questions! You

are stuck in the past!” – Um, you, as always, started it, mental and emotional child), she instead did what she did with all of her childhood trauma: stayed STUCK IN HER PAST and inflicted her trauma onto other people. She physically and emotionally abused her children, like she was abused by her parents. I saw it in front of my eyes as she repeatedly hit Jerry in front of me, seriously threatened to wash his mouth out with soap, and emotionally abused him right in front of us; and then later, after he was an adult and she “needed” his “friendship”, because now he could go and live on another continent (which he did, totally awesome) and tell her to go fuck herself, so she turned her most of her daddy issues and mommy issues onto me with her mental and emotional abuse of me. She still saved some for him, though, and he still gets them from time to time – the guilt, the “poor me”, etc.

She has turned into someone who, like you, gives with a heavy heart. HUGE SIN for her Jewish soul. Yes, Edie, you are STILL responsible for the 613 mitzvot. Gd doesn’t give a shit about your pagan conversion rituals. You are still a Jew to him. A very messed up Jew with huge sins on her account upstairs.

When I talked to Jeremy a few years ago, he told me that he had also lost his business from Corona. He said that he was struggling at jobs which he didn’t sound like that he liked very much. I asked him if he asks his mother for money whenever he needs it. He told me that he does. I asked if she gives it to him. He told me, “Yes, but she always has to lecture me about it first. She always helps me, but first I have to hear about this or that before she gives it to me”. I told him immediately that that was ABSOLUTELY not ok. That is a sin. That is not the way of Gd. She detracts from the merit that she receives from giving him money when she does that. And she incurs a sin.

And for your arrogant fuckfaced self, who is thinking, like your idiot, ugly-ass demon “wife” has taught you to think, “Its her/mine/their money – they can ask any questions or give any lecture they want. If Jeremy or you or whoever doesn’t like it, you don’t need to take the money”. OK, John Wayne. “Self-made man” bullshit. It doesn’t work like that. You fucking idiot. Sure you can say WHATEVER the fuck you want. When you are in Gehinnom, suffering hopefully FOREVER, then, you, will, understand. Oh yeh, you are in Gehinnom right now, aren’t you? Edie too. But it’s nothing like where you are going, you fucking shitfuck. I will be praying every day for Gd to increase your suffering, for eternity.

Whatever Deborah does or doesn’t do won’t mean shit. Deborah has 0 spiritual capital. It is just as worthless as you are.

I don’t EVER remember her being like that. And for **SURE, 100% SURE**, you were never like that before you met this child-killing cold-blooded killer goy fuckhead that you live with. You are responsible for letting it poison your ultra-weak self and mind, and letting that poison flow to your daughter and to your sister and to her children, and even to other members of your family through your sister. YOU, MARSHAL, are responsible for that. Lee was just being itself. **SOLELY YOU** are being held responsible for the damage that you have let happen to your family from that demon.

They bear their own responsibility for accepting it, not rejecting it, and spreading it to others. But you bear your own responsibility as the one who allowed it in the first place, just for money and status. Was it worth it? I'd love to hear your answer when you are being held with chains in the other world with 140 degrees heat and high humidity on a deserted tropical island with no people and no animals and no trees for what will seem to you like a literal 1,000 years. I would love to hear your answer then. I would LOVE to see your 8-year old child come out OVERTLY, crying and BEGGING me to pray to Gd to stop it. I would love to hear your apologies, your regrets, your being reduced by Gd Almighty to what you are – a coward. You are nothing more than a scared, cowardly, wimp, pussy, fuckhead.

Since I am sure at this point you are doubting what I wrote above, here it is in black and white.

7 If there will be among you a needy person, from one of your brothers in one of your cities, in your land Ad-on-ai, your God, is giving you, **you shall not harden your heart, and you shall not close your hand from your needy brother.**

8 Rather, you shall open your hand to him, and you shall lend him sufficient for his needs, which he is lacking.

10 **You shall surely give him, and let your heart not feel bad when you give to him;** for because of this thing Ad-on-ai, your God, will bless you in all your work and in all your endeavors.

11 For **there will never cease to be needy** within the land. **Therefore, I command you,** saying, **you shall surely open your hand to your brother, to your poor one, and to your needy one in your land.**

Eddie has said to me several times over the years, “Gd still loves me. I have survived [this] and I have survived [that] in my old age and I’m still here. He still loves me”.

Let me set you straight, Aunt Bonehead.

1. He loves EVERYONE and EVERYTHING in His universe. Wouldn't you, if you made some ant farm, love all the ants and the farm you had made? That's a puny example compared to what He has done, for your puny mind.

2. The reason that you are still around and have survived so many things isn't necessarily because of YOUR merit. Because it only takes a 10-year old to look at your life and see that you haven't been and are not some great tzadikah. It's a mitzvah, baruch Hashem, that you DO sound like you appreciate that He has allowed you to survive so many things. At least you receive merit “upstairs” for that. [Here is more about that. Click here.](#)

What you and your brother and so many other evil people survive on is most likely NOT your own merit. You would have been long gone a long time ago if it were just for that.

You are surviving on your righteous ancestors' merit.

And it can run out at ANY time. It's like gasoline running a car. Except that we as humans can't see the fuel gauge. And when you use it up and it runs out, then you will have to survive on your own merit. And I don't think there's too much there neither for you nor for your brother to go on for very long at all, if ANY time at all.

Grandma Rose, Grandma Edith, Edith's mother, and Harry's father were all righteous people. Some of them were VERY righteous. And there have been ancestors of ours from generations ago, who were very, very righteous.

“For I, Ad-on-ai, (am) showing mercy unto the thousandth generation of them that love Me and keep My commandments”.

He tells us right in His Book, that he will give some of the merit from previous righteous people to their descendants. But it is NOT unlimited. And righteous people, mature, adult people, not LAZY people, do not go through their lives using someone else's account to keep them sustained. They build up their own merit account by being righteous and not sinning, not lying, not murdering (oops, pretty much too late for that one many times over) and making teshuvah if they do sin.

Edie and you are surviving on your little bit of merit from your own lives, like taking care of us pretty well as children, no matter what your motivations really were for doing that (we are almost wholly judged on our actions, and almost none on our thoughts), and you both and Debbie and other family members are surviving on our righteous ancestors' merit.

I prefer to be an adult and not to rely on someone else's righteous life to save me. It seems EXTREMELY selfish, parasitic, taking and not giving, stealing, and CHILDISH to use someone else's life for my own. And I am EXTREMELY uncomfortable with the idea that it can run out at any unexpected time, and then maybe I would also be out of time. You can call me afraid. I'd rather be afraid and be alive. And that's the best fear to have. Fear of Gd Almighty. It can keep us on the right path. And I LOOOOOOOVE serving Him. That's something I wonder if you will EVER understand. THAT is fulfilling ones purpose. That is all of ours purposes. Feel like your life “is/was wasted”? Start serving Him as we all must. The xians took this idea from Judaism, not the other way around. King Solomon woke up every day asking how can he better serve Gd. So did King David and so did Moshe. So did Devorah the Prophetess and so did Mordechai and Esther. So have millions of other Jewish and non-Jewish human beings since the beginning of humanity.

Isn't that too funny? Edie has been saying for years that I am like Peter Pan (another Disney character, ohhhhh, Peter Pan), that I am childish. She has said the idea (with or without the PP reference) for years, and you have also, and the biggest child in your family, Deborah, has said that also, always behind my back. (Using “Deborah” doesn't make you a big girl). You all willfully adopted that idea from Sharon. You have never

said it to my face because the 3 of you know that if you had said that to my face, in less than 2 minutes I would have refuted that with very, very simple logic, and showed you all that that was EXACTLY what you all think deeply about yourselves.

And you all ARE indeed children, both psychologically and emotionally.

Edie talked to Debbie RIGHT in front of me when we were teenagers, dishing out her unsolicited advice as she does to this day, which her emotionally disturbed daughter also does and has always done. I think her son might be doing that also now. “Debala, make SURE that you stay always RIGHT in front of your father’s eyes. Make sure you DEMAND his attention all the time. Otherwise, kid, he’s going to continue to favor Albert like he does now all of the time, all of your lives! You DEMAND your daddy’s attention, young lady. Don’t end up like me. MY father almost forgets that he has a daughter and his grandchildren all the time. Don’t stay mad at your dad, ever, don’t let him put your brother center stage anymore. Or else you will end up like me. You gotta get in there and demand his love and attention, or you’re gonna end up like me, sweetie pie”.

I soooooo remember putting on a nervous, big, uncomfortable smile, while I was listening and she kept looking at me, thinking, “What is she talking about?? Daddy says that he loves us both equally. He says that he treats us both equally. My Aunt is a kook just like my dad says. My dad will always treat us both equally” (like my mother treated both of her kids equally).

When I got older and looked back I realized that she had been right. You **TOTALLY** favored me, all of our childhood. For a while I thought it was because I was older. Then I thought it was because I was the son.

I realized years ago it was mostly because I had by far the most potential to become wealthy and earn great money, and give it to you if you needed it (you had no idea what the future held for you then, and after you had sold your stores, you were TERRIFIED about how you were going to make a living, like you had had with Joy’s mom’s money behind you, and how you would retire and live like you had been living). So you favored me then as I was your best shot at retirement insurance. I was smarter, and I would be working probably as a doctor, which back then meant great income, and who knows what Debbie’s husband might think of you in the future that he might not want to even be around you once the truth about you inevitably came out.

Just like you favor your daughter now because she has lots of money now. Look how that changed so much, ever since she married in 2004. Ever since then it’s been up and up with Debbie, and down and down with Al.

If she could say such a thing right in front of my teenage face, I can only imagine how she pushed that hateful, vengeful agenda onto Debbie over the subsequent years, when I was not physically around them. Shame on your sister, a PITIFUL, PATHETIC PIECE

OF SHIT JUST LIKE YOU ARE. Taking out her anger at her father, really it is at herself for not having the courage to stand up to him and tell him what a bastard he was being, and/or at herself for not GROWING UP LIKE AN ADULT and processing these emotions with a good therapist and/or loving partner and/or other ways, on her INNOCENT NEPHEW. Her man-hating, which started from the day you were born until today, found an outlet finally on her innocent nephew. Its previous outlet, her son (!!!!!), had gone off to college so she needed a new outlet to take her man-hating out on. (Only cowardly people take out their childhood issues on their own children and on other people besides their own abuser. Only shithheads like her and you use her children for their own therapy to deal with the emotional abuse that THEY suffered.

WHY DO YOU THINK THAT I DO ALMOST NOTHING ANYMORE FOR YOUR PARENTS' SOULS? LOOK HOW THEY FUCKED UP 2 PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD SO MUCH THAT THOSE TWO PEOPLE USED THEIR OWN CHILDREN AS THEIR **LITERAL** PUNCHING BAGS (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!) TO RELIEVE THEIR FRUSTRATION FROM THE ABUSE THAT THEY SUFFERED !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You were right on that from my point of view. Very good (not excellent) grandparents to me. Shitty parents from what I can see. And there is no point in me spending my time and energy and money to bring their souls up up when on the same day you two shithheads and most of your kids bring them down more than I brought them up with your constant sinning. Debbie is the WORST sinner in your family after you. She loves to take after you in everything. Jer Kathy Edie and Kim (yes, even Kim is more holy than Deborah) are wayyyyyyyyyyyyy more holy and sin wayyyyyyyyyyyyy less than EVIL FUCKING Deborah, who intentionally hurts people on a daily basis and threatens them and attempts to intimidate them and pays people to hack their phones and accounts and bribes people, including my mother's and your's family, to do her bidding. EVIL FUCK. Being married to a goy is DAILY sin for you! Gd you have fucked up your life.

SHE IS A FUCKING CUNT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I still remember feeling soooooo uncomfortable when she said that to Debbie a couple of times RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I can only imagine how she "steered" my follower sister, who takes after you in being a follower, to do everything that Debbie could do to shut me out of your life so that she could dominate your attention. And your moron self went along with it. I wouldn't be surprised if Edie even directed my sister to specifically target your weakest point, your feelings of guilt after my mother's death, since you were responsible for it.

EDIE IS A FUCKING UGLY, GD-AWFUL UGLY BITCH !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

All of you whom I have known well except for 1 of you are ugly as FUCK in your family. AS FUCK. And it's not Debbie. I know Debbie all of my life. She looks like SHIT in all of her photos. She has those telltale multiple diagonal cheek lines, which clearly indicate high anxiety in a person, especially at her age, and she has had them for years and years. Her smile in no way matches her eyes. Her eyes are in some photos empty, in some photos black with anger, and in some photos are judging. She is fake fake

fake fake. She has been coloring her hair blonde ever since she was a teenager after her unnecessary (but daddy-bonding because you had had one) nose job. 40 years of making herself to be blonde. Self-esteem issues much? Have to look like something you are not? Like a California beach “girl”? Her last good photo was when she was 16, when she was still not totally messed up by you physically abandoning her as a teenager for the next 2 years almost every night to placate the demon whom you let and still let control you. SHITHEAD.

She used to send me photos of her for a few years from 18 on to put into my wallet. I never replaced the 16-year old photo of her, because since then she has not looked good. You are so much to blame for that. She is also to blame, for taking after her insane aunt, your demon wife, your Amalek self, and her paranoid, bipolar, hysterical, unhinged cousin, and not seriously engaging and “fixing” her emotional and psychological issues from your’s and Joy’s abuse of her. Instead, like those 4 evil people, she has become evil and perpetuates her hatred MOSTLY OF YOU onto me, instead of onto YOU or dealing with it constructively. SHAMEFUL CUNT. And she thinks that her mother’s soul approves of her?? The way that she has 95% treated my mother’s beloved son ever since she turned 19 years old??????? EDEEOT. The biggest idiot out of over 100 people on both sides of my family. Biggest idiot. She has YOUR genes coupled with HER laziness (also inherited, genetically and/or environmentally, from you – you are a lazy fuck – you have done almost 0 work on your totally fucked up brain for all of your life – you lazy fuck – anyone can get out of bed and go to work, especially when all of their income for their household is coming from their wife’s mother) to thank for that.

Deborah is **NOTHING** like my holy mother. NOTHING. She is like YOU and those 4 evil people that I named above. Because she has bought your lies about her own mother hook, line and sinker. And what she didn’t buy and she has known the truth about, she keeps hidden from everyone because she wants to keep secrets just like you did from us. She wants to give her kids the same illusions that you gave us. How did that work out for you??????? Pretty shittily don’t you think? YES. Very shittily. Very, very shittily, blind man who can’t ride a horse anymore. FUCKHEAD.

She is fat like everyone in your family except you, she is ugly like almost everyone in your family including you, she is MEAN like almost everyone in your family including you, she is ugly like almost everyone in your family including you, she is like almost everyone in your family including you. **She definitely does NOT look like anybody in my mom’s family.** She definitely does NOT look like my thin, active, energetic, smiling constantly funny, black-haired, creative mother. She is dumb like you and almost all of your family are. She is EVIL like you and almost all of your family are. She is weak like you and everyone in your family is. She has low emunah EXACTLY like everyone in your family does. She fears people more than she fears Gd, just like EVERYONE in your family does. She does not fear Gd just like almost nobody in your family does.

She will, just like **everyone** in your family will.

She is NOTHING like my mother.

LINK.

[Video of Rav Reuven, along with clips from other renown rabbis, explaining how the Torah, specifically the Holy Zohar, teaches that, to many people's great surprise, some people who think that they are Jews are actually not Jews, and how some Jews are actually amalek. Almost every serious Torah scholar, including even some diligent Yeshiva students in their 20s, know already everything that he teaches here. The sound improves again at 12:10, at a very interesting point in his talk, b"H. Use CC \(subtitles\) and turn the sound down if it bothers you before that.](#)

In your sister Edie's effort to get revenge on her parents for physical abuse, she has physically abused her children. In her effort to get revenge on her parents for emotional abuse, she has emotionally abused her children. In her effort to get revenge on her father for his emotional and mostly physical abandonment of her and of her family, she has emotionally and PHYSICALLY abandoned me. She did not even send me a reminder about HER MOTHER'S yartzeit for 3 years in a row, which she sends every year to all other family members!! **I was purposefully excluded from her reminder email about my grandmother's yartzeit for 2 years in a row.** Ohhhhhhhh, I cannot WAIT until I know how she gets punished for that. CAN. NOT. WAIT.

Email to her about not sending me a reminder about nans yartzeit for 2 years in a row.

YOU AND YOUR ENTIRE FUCKING FAMILY HAVE EXCLUDED ME FOR 4 YEARS FROM THE ZOOM CALLS TO COMMEMORATE MY GRANDMOTHER'S YARTZEIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! That was MY idea which I sent out to everyone in 2021, which Debbie stole and turned it into an event in which Debbie EXCLUDED me, kinda like she excluded me from going to my mother's grave for the first time with you, excluded me from her wedding, and has excluded me from EVERYTHING that she could over the last 10 years, including communication with MY family, whom her scared, cowardly, ultra-anxious, Marshal-idolizing self NEVER would have met if I hadn't had the courage and the HUGE loss in faith of you as ANYTHING worth listening to, to meet them ALONE, and then to spend the next 3.5 years urging her to meet them. WHAT A LITTLE. FUCKING. CUNT. it is.

LINK.

My proposal to my aunt and cousins and to my father who had disowned me 4 months earlier to have a ZOOM meeting where we could all say Kaddish together and maybe talk about our mother and grandmother to honor her on her memorial day. Only Kathy and Kim answered me. Kathy was working then and Kim, um, didn't give a reason, just a bit of a lecture. Nobody else answered me, and it did not happen. But you all have done this in the 3 years since, and have never once tried to include me in it. SHAME ON ALL OF YOU. (I learned sometime after this that Rabbis had recently determined during Corona lockdowns, when this was a very big thing for the first time ever, that it is halachically forbidden to say Kaddish by Zoom). We still could have met and talked about her anyways.

Nevertheless, undeterred I produced a video about her and sent it out.

Both of them were cool and explained that they were

No wonder I stopped doing many mitzvot for Nan's soul. I do almost NOTHING anymore. I do NOT light candles for either of your parents or even bless their souls every Shabbat. Look at what a horrible bunch of people have descended from them.

For my mother and her parents – look out!! I am ALWAYS doing mitzvot for their souls everywhere and anywhere I can. And my grandma's soul loves it so much!! SO cute.

Look how strong my mother's mother's soul is. THAT'S what got Debbie to look into your shoebox. THAT'S what got me to meet my uncles. The list here can be easily 30 more things that her strong soul did to EXPOSE your EVIL FUCKING SELF, and to expose to us your lies. You thought that when my mother and her mother left this world that your troubles were over didn't you? Heretic. They were just beginning, weren't they?

Yes, they were. I love my Grandma Sara soooooooooo fucking much. She had the holiness and the strength to change things. She had the merit of her ultra-holy mother behind her (partly because of her strong soul connection to her and partly because she took stayed with her and took care of her for her entire life) as well as generations of her holy ancestors.

Your family instead has LEECHED off of the merit of some of your holy ancestors. And you all continue to LEECH off of their holy merit. I am loving watching you all fall (except one) so hard as that merit is running out.

Your family is pure shit, and pure idiots, just like you are PURE SHIT. You and they are a cancer on this world.

LINK.

2.2022. When I ask him, “What are you doing for Grandma Ruth’s (his mother’s) yartzeit which is in a few days?”, he responds, “None of your business”. Did Debbie and her “rabbi” teach you to talk to your son like that? Did Debbie and her “rabbi”

teach you to blaspheme Gd Almighty by responding like that to your son, your mother's grandson, who asked you because he was interested in doing things which could lift his grandmother's soul with Gd's help???? You think that Gd was happy with you about that????? You are a FUCKING IDIOT.

??

You used to say to me NUMEROUS times after hitting me, when I was 7-14 years old, in the chest so hard that I couldn't breathe for 10 seconds, as I was catching my breath and trying to cry, you would almost invariably say, "Oh come on, that's nothing. That's nothing compared to what my dad used to do to me".

So that made it ok, you fucking monster?

YOU FUCKING CHILD BEATER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ONLY A COWARD LIKE YOU ARE HITS CHILDREN.

The source of much of Ashkenazic emotional dysfunctions.

What is the source of this great paranoia on your side of the family??????

You (for sure, for sure) your sister, your niece, your daughter (mamash), and your mother are/were all totally unjustifiably paranoid and untrusting of people generally. Where might this have come from??

To this day the 4 of you still don't trust people and think that everyone is lying to you all.

It goes back hundreds of years at least. Your ancestors lived for hundreds of years in Eastern Europe and Ukraine, some of the most antisemitic Western countries in the last millennium. Ukrainian pogroms like Russian pogroms could occur at any minute, chas veshalom. Your ancestors lived in constant states of anxiety and fear, never knowing when the next Hungarian or Ukrainian mob might suddenly decide that it was a good day chas veshalom to go and terrorize the Jewish communities. They would randomly enter Jewish communities and pillage and destroy shops. They would rape women, beat men, murder Jews, abduct Jews and do worse horrible things. Life was a constant state of fear of the unknown.

Show the photo after the ukaranian kiev porgam.

And the Russian and Ukrainian authorities rarely did ANYTHING about it. They turned away from what was happening, and under the last Czar of Russia, the antisemitic Nicholas, antisemitic persecution was almost never defended against, and was even subtly encouraged by this antisemitic bastard.

Gd meted out His severe punishment for the hundreds of years of Russian persecution of His Chosen People to this awful man and to his descendants (“....I will punish you for your sins to the 3rd and 4th generations...”) in 1917. BARUCH HASHEM. THANK YOU Gd Almighty FOR THE DAYS OF TERROR THAT THIS INSIDIOUS BASTARD AND HIS ENTIRE FAMILY SUFFERED FOR DAYS BEFORE THEY WERE SHOT IN A SIMILAR MANNER THAT THOUSANDS OF JEWS HAD BEEN TERRORIZED AND MURDERED UNDER HIS AND HIS ANCESTORS’ GOVERNMENTS.

The Russians again were punished during the ensuing decades of Russian/Soviet persecution of Jews, by Gd forcing 99% of Russians/Soviets to live as the Russians and the people in the countries which became the USSR had forced Jews to live in their countries for centuries: in poverty, with little chance of upward societal mobility, sometimes hungry, little choice of food, little choice of job or career, constant government surveillance, and persecution by their own people. Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you Gd Almighty.

Don’t goyim ever read Genesis 12:1-3? Easy message. Hurt Jews and you will suffer. Don’t hurt Jews and you will be ok. Help Jews and you will lead a joyous and blessed life.

So some Jews in these areas of Eastern Europe and Ukraine over hundreds of years developed perpetual anxiety, not knowing during their entire lives from one day to the next what their fates would be, and what the fates of their families would be.

Until the very late 1800’s, Russian military could at any time come by Jewish villages and forcefully conscript Jewish boys into the military. They would come by chas veshalom and abduct Jewish boys as young as 12, ripping them away from their mothers’ arms, place them on a military transport, and take them off to a faraway place. The boys almost never saw their families for the rest of their lives, and the mothers and families of these boys never knew what happened to them. There are plenty of articles about this.

This was the daily life of Grandpa Louie and Grandpa Harry, and their ancestors going back hundreds of years. On top of that, there were definitely evil Jews in many communities, Jews who would inform on other Jews’ activities.

Many Jews over centuries developed and passed on to their children a mindset which included almost perpetual anxiety along with calculated (or not so calculated) distrust of their own people. Sometimes there was distrust even among family members and community members!! Undoubtedly, those Jews who were evil and went against their fellow Jews, and those who favored Gentiles over their Jewish sisters and brothers, were

UNDOUBTEDLY punished, according to His Torah, severely by Gd, either in their lifetimes, or afterwards in Gehinnom. And their descendants until the 3rd and 4th generations as well may have been punished, according to Gd's own words in His Torah.

So today, many Jews of Ashkenazic ancestry still have these psychological issues, even though the external stimuli which it was originally developed for no longer exists be'ezrat Hashem. Nan's and Grandpa's parents, who had lived their childhoods like that, picked up enough of it from their parents who had lived a lifetime like that, and unknowingly passed it onto their children, who unknowingly (bezrH unknowingly) passed it onto their children. They did not pass it on overtly I hope and many likely are not and were not even aware of these issues, but without adequate self-reflection and without adequate self-awareness, it became a daily way of living and of interacting with the existing culture, even if American culture for the most part did not have the same conditions as our ancestors had lived in for hundreds and maybe even over a thousand years.

That is why Nan, while perceptive, would often be unjustly suspicious of things which weren't reality. It explains how she developed "eyes in the back of her head" as her kids used to say about her. It explains somewhat the physical abuse of Grandpa Harry to his three sons, and their abuse of their sons and daughters, and those children's abuse of their sons and daughters. It explains a culture of suspicion, distrust, paranoia and anxiety that is inarguably present in Edie, Marshal, Debbie and Kim. Some members of the family have risen above most of this, baruch Hashem. They have used tools like years of emotional therapy, books, simple logic and pure faith in Hashem to understand and stop this unnecessary cycle of paranoia and violence and distrust of one's own family.

Sephardic Jews generally had it NOWHERE near as bad as Ashkenazic Jews did, especially from around 1540 onwards. People today think that Arab persecution of Jews

Since I can remember, since I was a child, I remember you saying to my mother, to your 2 subsequent wives, to me, to Debbie, to Edie, to your mother, and to others so often when they/I would say something about politics or current events or anytime anyone accused you of anything, "You're paranoid! You're paranoid." I used to think to myself, "How does he know that that person is only being paranoid and is not correct in what they are saying? Is he a prophet?" I honestly didn't know how you could know that, but I had hoped that when I got older that I would learn this incredible power of discernment from you.

But when I got older and wiser I understood the basic rule of judging others. **Whatever you repeatedly see in others is EXACTLY what you see in yourself.** Whether or not the "other" truly has those qualities is irrelevant. Gd uses others as mirrors for us to learn about ourselves. Many times a friend really is smart. But when you see him as "He's smart, and I like that about him", it means that you think that **YOU** are smart, and that you like that about **yourself**. Also, many times, he is not really so smart (however that may be measured), but you see him as smart and you like that about him. It means that same thing - it means that you think that **YOU** are smart, and that you like that about

yourself. It's irrelevant what his IQ is or how many languages he knows or whatever else you are using to evaluate his “smartness”. What’s important is the fact that you see him as smart, and that means that you see yourself as possessing that same quality.

The same goes for when we see things that we don’t like in others. We are forbidden from judging other people just for the sake of judging them. But some people judge others because they think that it makes them feel better about themselves; if they can “find fault” with someone else and then focus on that person’s perceived “faults”. They tell themselves that that person has all of these “faults” and “weaknesses” and that because they do not have them, then they are better than the other person. They use this false premise to feel better about themselves. But this approach has 2 inherent problems.

1. It is just a justification for someone raising their ego, which is usually **a false sense of self**, a false perception of ourselves. Gd tells us that almost all of our ego is from the yetzer hara, and that the goal of our lives is to keep our ego as small as possible. Gd is infinitely humble, and He wants us to mirror this trait of His the absolute best that we can. Humility means a very low ego. When we listen to this ego as a reason for doing things or saying things, then we sin, and we will be punished of course. So when we judge others in order to raise our own ego, we are acting in an evil way. This what sooooo many "therapists" do. They are not really effective at helping people. They are just in it to be able to see so many other people's problems, and then to be able to say to themselves, "You see, 'Therapist', all of those poor souls are so messed up, oh wow, I have to help them all. I am so put together because I am not like them". But a deeper look reveals that they are usually more messed up than their patients. Someone I knew in Europe told me that in their country they have a phrase for that exact type of “therapist” and “therapy”. I don't remember it now, but it reflects how soooo many “therapists” really need to fix themselves, and they administer “therapy” in order to make themselves feel better about themselves, and how most of the general public is aware that so many “therapists” are just selfish egomaniacs.

2. What we are really seeing, again, is a quality about ourselves that we do not like. Maybe the other person really is messy. Maybe they really are lazy. Maybe they do really “talk a lot”. And maybe they are actually quite organized. Maybe they are very industrious, in ways that we don’t see. Maybe they actually talk very little when they are not around us. It does not matter. What is “messy” to one person may be “organized” to another. It does NOT matter what the actual reality is. The only thing that matters is that we are seeing a mirror. Whether those other’s qualities are real or imagined or something else is totally irrelevant to us. What matters is that if we say, “She really talks a lot all the time, and I don't like / do like that about her”, that shows us what we do like / don't like about ourselves.

Only self-actualized, truly humble, wise and holy (truly close with Hashem) individuals have the ability to discern between qualities in others and qualities in themselves. And even with these individuals, Gd is constantly using others as mirrors for them to continue to grow and learn about themselves as well as the world around them.

The point about you, Marshal, is that I realized when I got older that you **don't always know** who is unjustly paranoid and who is not. What I did understand though, is that **YOU see yourself as paranoid for sure**. And I agree with you that your involuntary self-assessment is highly likely. Looking at your ancestors' backgrounds, and the emotional and physical abuse that you suffered from your parents, it makes a lot of sense that you would carry a high level of unjustified paranoia which you learned and subsequently developed from your mother and father. I mean, you said "You're paranoid" to people **A LOT**. I think that you also used it as a deflection mechanism, to try to draw attention away from the truth about something which you wanted to hide when you were being questioned about certain topics, most notably about my mother's death.

**THE REAL REASON WHY YOU MARRIED SHARON,
INSTEAD OF ANY OF THE OTHER NORMAL
WONDERFUL WOMEN WHO LOVED YOU WHEN I WAS
A TEENAGER.**

You didn't marry the normal ones because you would have had to tell them your secrets.

Because your whole life you've been justly (sometimes, especially as a child with your abusive parents) and unjustly (most of the time) paranoid. And you love to think that you are James Bond, always having to cover your tracks and always having to look over your shoulder, always keeping a loaded automatic pistol in your bedside dresser drawer, WITHOUT a bullet in the chamber, and the safety on, and always plenty of rifles around the house.

And....you do have so many crimes in your past.

Murder of rival gang members in Chicago.

Grand Theft Auto

Forced Entry

Breaking and Entering

Burglary

Those are just the ones mentioned in this letter which **you** have repeatedly admitted and bragged about to me.

It would be good to have such a cold-blooded killer, who could kill anyone, anytime, even your own son if it wanted to, without feeling 1 tiny bit of remorse. Someone who could run interference for you all the time. Someone who could keep the trail clean for you all the time. An atheist who doesn't believe anyways in any kind of judgment after death nor in this lifetime. You needed an agent of the s*t**. (Not joking nor exaggerating).

You needed someone who would always do your dirty work for you and “protect you”. In return she got paid to do what she had been trained to do.

Those normal women might not want to be with a convicted felon and someone who had committed more serious crimes after that.

They were REALLY too good for you. You weren't willing to risk telling any of them everything about you. And they definitely would not have done dirty work for you.

Sharon Ashworth was the right man for the job.

The thing is, though, that if you had had enough emunah in Gd Almighty back then, you could have still married some of those women. I think that at least a few of them, like Kookhwa, may have accepted all of your dark secrets about yourself, because it seemed like she and a couple of others truly loved you. If you had first made teshuvah with Gd, which included promising Him that you would never ever do those things again, and then not ever doing them again, and truly, truly repented, He would have arranged for someone else to also accept your past. You would not need a hit man like Ashworth anymore, because you would have had faith in Him that you would not need one, which you didn't. when I was younger, with what I knew about you, and what I didn't know, I still accepted you. You could have told me everything, and if you had truly and properly made teshuvah, Gd would have made everything work out between all of us. Instead, you chose to run from everything, and you never made true teshuvah. So, you got what is next on the list: 37 years now of suffering. And more on the way. Read this paragraph a few times, over a few different days, and I think you will understand what I have written. They could have accepted you, you could have been married to someone who truly loves you, and life with them and your kids could have been so much different.

I don't remember EVER seeing you look so uncomfortable in photos as I have seen you look in photos with your current wife's nieces. Here are the photos below.

LINK

[PHOTOS OF HIM BEING UNCOMFORTABLE WITH HIS WIFES FAMILY.](#)

I know you longer than anyone on the planet except for your sister and her 2 daughters and my 2 uncles. But I lived with you for 18 years almost every day of my life, so I got to know you in most ways better than any of them.

I have never seen you **grimacing** in a photo like I see you here, especially next to the blond one. The first thing I thought was, “Why is he so uncomfortable next to them?” But I quickly had my answer. Because they are all icks. To use the word which you used to describe soooo many people when I was growing up, those people are all “icks”.

If you had met Sharon, who was, let's say, an acquaintance of yours at the time perhaps (I have no idea how), by chance like in a restaurant or shopping mall, while you were

married to Joy, or when I was a teenager (before you realized that you needed your current wife's knowledge of real estate and subsequently her money for you to retire "in the lifestyle that I am accustomed to" - your words that you told me when I was a teenager that you would do anything to retire like that), you would have given Sharon your signature, feigned, drawn-out courtesy "laugh" "Haaaaaaaaaaaaa, that's funny" to her repeated idiotic phrases which she likes to laugh at herself and call them "jokes", and then you would have turned around to me and Debbie and Joy and your smile would quickly fade and you would roll your eyes and say, "Let's get the hell outta here".

And as soon as we were out of hearing range of it, you would have said, "Ick! ICK! She is such an ick! And those nieces of her's are also icks! ICK! Deb honey, keep your Daddy away from them, ok babe?!" We all would be laughing so hard. But you would have been TOTALLY right. They are the ickiest fucking people ever!!!!!!!!!!!!!! WTF are you doing with them?????!!!!!!

Seriously, MARSHAL KLEIN, WHAT THE HOLY FUCK ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE DISGUSTING PEOPLE????????????!!!!!!

WTF is wrong with you?????????

Oh yeh, I forgot, following in Daddy's (Grandpa Sam's) footsteps no matter HOW IDIOTIC it is. Grandpa married a goy, whose adopted daughter was a total fucking ICKKKKKKKK of a major degree (also named "Sharon Lee", um...WTF??), and Grandpa took her in and treated that woman (the adopted daughter) like his own daughter chas veshalom, and upset his own daughter because he physically and emotionally abandoned her and her daughters, his blood.

Wait a second – that adopted daughters' name was...wait for it.....wait for it.....

Sharon.

Middle name was Lee?????????

Her name was chas veshalom Sharon Lee.

Holy moleyyyyyyyyy.

Wow Marshal, you are batting 1000!!!! Not just did you succeed in marrying a total and complete dogfaced evil narcissistic piece of total shit and garbage, but you also succeeded in getting one with the EXACT SAME NAME as the EVIL awful adopted daughter of your Daddy's wife. First and middle names exactly the same. What are the chances? SCORE!!!!

What a fucking pathetic fucking loser you are!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Your father did soooooooo much better than you though. So so much better.

His wife Minnette was an angel to me and to Debbie and to you, and to my mother and to Joy when they were your wives. The things that she did for us, as you know, were huge. She came to stay with the 3 of us for a long time after your divorce, living away from her husband during the entire week just to babysit and to take care of me and Debbie. She was a total angel. And she took very good care of Grandpa Sam, despite him giving away so much of her money to another woman. She took care of him quite well during their lives.

And Minnette's grandchildren were nothing like their mother. They were kind and nice people. We called them our cousins, and they were smart, nice, and a pleasure to be around. They had very challenging lives with their abusive narcissistic selfish egotistical mother SHARON "lee" (WTF????), and Minnette took good care of my grandpa, of Minnette's grandchildren and of us.

Grandpa Sam excelled way past your hands down with his last marriage. He married a goy, which is something between him and Gd Almighty. But that goy, Minnette, was fricking LEAGUES above your current wife, she was a million times better human being than your current wife (who is NOT human). Minnette's brother and his wife were humble and kind and giving people, to you and to us, and her grandkids were and are awesome human beings, people who work hard and have a sincerely positive attitude in life.

Your current wife and her family are total ICKS!!!!!!! Her sister allowed her husband Blane to physically and sexually abuse her and her daughters for 2 decades. The only one who I think has his head screwed on a bit straight these days is Blane, who appropriately ridiculed you in a photo of you years ago. He has disliked you for years, because you are disingenuous and he sees right through you, and maybe because he sees some of his own abusive self in you. He wrote these comments in such a way that you wouldn't delete them, and that his daughters wouldn't get mad at him, but his disgust of you shines right through. GO BLANE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! When you walked around the streets of Tel Aviv with your cowboy hat and tennis shoes on, almost EVERYONE was staring at you. They were like, What. The. Fuck. Is. That ???????? I smiled covertly to myself all of the time. I was not embarrassed as I never am around others, but I was laughing to myself at their reactions.

His ridicule was correct because this is NOT who you are. You've lived someone else's life for the last 14 years, making your life about riding horses, playing cowboy and being a slave to groups who behind your back ridicule how you have nothing to do in your life except to serve them, because you CANNOT be alone and develop yourself, so you ALWAYS HAVE needed some external stimulation as well as many, many other people's approval of you, so it's obvious to any outside objective observer that you are out of your element. **Blane also was a totally alcoholic, physically abusive husband and father as we all know, so they are all icks really.**

LINK

Blane, a REAL cowboy, making fun of Marshal's get up. Sharon looks here like the total piece of work that IT/"she" is.

So that's why you are forcing a smile but it's really a grimace in your photos with these ICK ICK people. I know you and that's a grimace not a happy smile. You were feeling sooooo uncomfortable (search for "blond one" in this letter for a longer description of that).

How you lied to me about who I am named after. Because it's from my mother's family.

I asked you ever since I can remember about who am I named after. You told me since I was a child, "You are named after your Great Uncle Al, my uncle". You told me this repeatedly until I was in my 20s.

He was your mom's brother.

BIGGEST FUCKING LIE IN THE WHOOOOOOOLE FUCKING WORLD.

BIGGEST LIE YOU FUCKING LIAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU told your son, your first born child, a TOTAL AND COMPLETE lie about who he was named after??

You FUCKING INSOLENT DISRESPECTFUL LOSER PATHETIC FUCK who has 0 fear of Gd!!

But you will, Marshall Alan Klein. You. Will. Be'ezrat Hashem.

1. **You DESPISED your Uncle Al** at the time that I was born because he had listened to **your sinful mother tell him to change his mind** and to NOT help you financially to start your business, after he had already agreed to do so. You never even TALKED to him again after that. Why in the world would you name your first-born kid after him????????

2. **MOST IMPORTANTLY**, it is expressly **FORBIDDEN** to name a child after a living person in Ashkenazic custom!!!!!! Your mother and father never would have allowed you to do that.

Uncle Al was alive during all of these years that you lied to me.

You lied to me about the origin of my name ALL of my life. Only when I was 25 did my mother's brothers Jerry and David confirm to me the truth. Your sister Edie had told me when I was 14, but she said not to tell you or else "(your father) will kill me" (search for

“he would kill me” in this letter for a longer description of that). Since you spent 20 years telling me how your sister was crazy and “a piece of work”, I did not completely believe her until my uncles confirmed the truth with me. And I didn’t want to ask you about it because I didn’t want my aunt to be murdered by you. Back then.

YOU FUCKING IRREVERENT SOB!!

Why didn’t you tell me the truth? Paranoid much? You’re paranoid!

FUCKING ASSHOLE!!

(search for “Honey, I hate to break it to you” (my aunt told me the truth first) in this document for a much longer description of that).

HOW YOU DO NOT KEEP YOUR WORD AND HOW YOU LIE

Until about 13 months ago, I used to tell friends and family members about the challenges that I had with you **as well as the things which I respected you for**. Unlike you, which you got from your demon “wife”, I see and am grateful for the good things in people, even if they have so many shitty things like you do.

One thing that I used to tell people for years that I respected about you was that you kept your word.

I used to tell people that, “If he says that he is going to do something, no matter what might happen in between the time that he says it and that he does it, he will do what he said he would do”.

I won’t ever say that again to anyone bezrH.

And I realized while writing this that you had stopped keeping your word ever since I was 18 years old. I just didn't want to realize it until this incident in October 2023 happened. Then I reflected on things, wondering how could you have suddenly changed? But you didn't change. I just hadn't wanted to see it.

So I added many sections to this letter showing how you haven’t kept your word to me since I was 18 years old, repeatedly (keep reading below and also search for “2.0 GPA” for as longer description of that”).

After you explicitly and unconditionally promised in an email (link below) to help me in October 2023 with 20% of what I needed and what I had asked you for, I kept checking my account to see your money there. I thanked you right after the first time that I checked my account for you promising to send it (even though it wasn’t there yet). Because I had this false sense of who you were, I really felt a sense of relief for my situation (being in a

country that was just attacked worse than it had been attacked in over 75 years, with almost all businesses closed, no work, etc. etc.).

I relaxed about 20% of my stress after reading your email because I knew that it would just be a day or two until I received your money. I hypothesized that probably you had sent it to Debbie for her to send to me, and like she had done before several times in that situation, she was going to purposefully and unethically (it wasn't her money to mess around with) take her sweet time to send it to me.

Based on the basic niceness of your email (intermixed with dickheadedness), I felt closer to you and believed that we were now on the road to reestablishing a nice relationship. I looked forward to calling you soon and becoming closer.

Then, after my kind thank-you note to you, you started becoming the **PENULTIMATE ASSHOLE THAT YOU HAVE BECOME OVER THE LAST 36 YEARS.** YOUR PARENTS' SOULS ARE SOOOOOO ASHAMED OF YOU!!!! YOUR GRANDPARENTS' SOULS ARE SOOOOOO ASHAMED OF YOU!!!!

LINK

His promise to send me \$1000 for food when Israel was at war. But he did not do it for 3 months, and only did it after a lot of harassing me and playing games with me. He in reality wanted two phone numbers of people whom he could spy on me through, and also that he could convince them to influence me to be certain ways (manipulate me). He and Debbie have been doing this to me for decades, even through my cousin Jeremy.

This drama continued on for 3 months.

During those 3 months I started thinking about "How could he have been like that (keeping his word) all of my life and just now he is being soooo different, such a FUCKING DICKHEAD LIAR LOSER who does not keep his word"????

And that's when I started remembering things. Thank you once again Gd Almighty.

And that's when I realized that I had simply been brainwashed by you, you **FUCKING MONSTER.**

I realized that you just said that about yourself a lot, THAT YOU KEEP YOUR WORD. But like so many other lies that you have told all of your life, this one was a lie also.

The first time that I can remember of you EXPLICITLY not keeping your word was when I was 18 years old.

You lied.

Big time.

It was a lie that started when I was 6 years old, and you made the truth clear to me at 18 years old, 2 months before I started college.

**You cheap, phony lying fucking bastard.
Let's not forget convicted felon in Illinois.**

During the summer, a couple months before I started university as a freshman, you sat me down in the kitchen table one night and said that you wanted to talk with me. You had with you a bunch of papers. I had no idea what you wanted to talk about.

You told me, for the first time in my life, that my mother had left me an inheritance. You told me that it was from her retirement fund from when she was a teacher. She had indicated that Debbie and I would get each half of that money if she went to Gan Aiden.

MY LOVELY WONDERFUL HOLY MOTHER, who gave her children half of everything that she had, no matter who was older, nor who was better behaved, nor who kissed her ass more, nor who collaborated with her to discredit the other one more, nor who “protected” her more, nor who worked so hard to sustain her image to EVERYONE and to put down the other sibling to others FOR DECADES LIKE AN EVIL FUCKING SIBLING in order to protect a FUCKING MONSTER NARCISSIST TYRANT like yourself.

No, my mother gave to BOTH of her children unconditionally AND equally.

And unlike my piece of shit sibling who would have seen this differently if she had been the older one, I TOTALLY and COMPLETELY respect my mom’s treating her kids equally. Baruch Hashem.

And you could learn A WHOLE FUCKING LOT from my mother about parenting.

So much that you could never learn everything she had to teach you even in what’s left of your pitiful fucking lifetime. Nor from the time you met her even, unless you had miraculously shed your ego, paranoia, anxiety, distrust of humanity, and so many more of your evil traits.

Anyways, you told me when I was 18 years old, while you were holding a bunch of papers and a pen in your hand, that **you had been aware of thousands of dollars of MINE for all of my life,** which was my mother’s gift to me.

So you asked me on that night (“told” me) that you would pay for half of my university expenses. What?????????

Since I was 6 years old you had been telling me about how you were going to put me and Debbie through college. You had talked about how you never had the chance to go to college, and that that was your dream in life – to see your kid's graduate college. Your bigger dream of course was me becoming a doctor.

But no matter what we chose to study, you had told us since we were 5 and 6 years old about how you were going to “put us through college”.

Now, 2 months before I started college, after I had successfully completed all of the applications, acceptances, forms, registering for a dorm, preparing to move, etc., etc., (when I would have preferred to stay at home and attend community college), you told me that **“I will pay for half of your university expenses, and you will pay for half of them from your mother's money that she left you as an inheritance** (which I have not told you about all of your life until this very moment)”.

Then you added to that.

You said, **“I will pay for half of your university expenses as long as you keep a ‘C’ average.** I know that your grades have always been much higher than that, but I can only expect from myself a ‘C’ average, so that is all I expect from you. If you drop below a ‘C’ average then I will stop paying for your university expenses.”

Then you asked me, “Is that all ok with you? If it is, then sign here. This will move the money from your mother's STRS retirement account into your bank account.”

Let's not forget that ANYTIME that the subject of my mother or her family had come up since I was 5 years old until that moment, it had only been negative talk and telling me how crazy they all were and telling me how they all just wanted to kill me and Debbie.

Your story had been:

My mom supposedly wanted to kill us because it looked like you would win custody of us so if she couldn't have us, then nobody would. My mom's parents and brothers wanted us dead after she went to Gan Aiden because “We should be with our mother”. Can you fucking believe yourself????? Not only did you tell me lies all of my life about who my mom and her family were, but you told such lies to a child, who may have grown up thinking, “Well, if my mom's family is so crazy, then.....maybe I am crazy?” And that is exactly what Debbie thinks today. Good job you fucking asshole.

SHE GOT HER CRAZY FROM YOU AND YOUR MESSED UP, PARANOID, SCHIZOPHRENIC FAMILY.

You thus slandered my mother and her parents, who were not alive anymore during most of the times that you told me about them. Do you have any idea what a HUGE SIN it is to slander (lie about) people who have left this world????????? Do you have any idea? Of

course the answer is no. But didn't you feel some sort of guilt and shame about lying about my mom and her family to me, after they weren't here anymore????

Oh wait, of course you didn't. You are an overt narcissist.

It was all false negative talk about her and her family. All. Then suddenly you told me about this money that she had left me that had been sitting around for over a decade.

You then told me after everything, "If it's not ok with you to use your mom's money, then we will just keep your mother's money for you in the retirement account where it's earning interest and you can pay for your half of your college by working. What do want to do? If I were you I would just use your mother's money. That way you can focus on school and you don't have to work. That's what I would do".

I DISTINCTLY remember feeling pressured by you at that moment, at that kitchen table that summer night to sign those papers and to use my mom's money to pay for half of my college. Otherwise I probably would have said, "Well, let me think about everything".

I mean, **EVERYTHING** had changed in 3 minutes. You went back on your word from what you had said dozens of time during my ENTIRE life, at least 12 years of it that I could remember.

I remember sitting there thinking,

1) "How nice! My mother who has been made out to be a monster all of my life, loved me enough to leave me money".

2) My father who has always told me, " 'Trust your daddy. Trust your daddy.' (EXACT PHRASE repeated from ages 5 to 18) had kept this secret from me all of my life".

3) "Now my college is HALF of MY expense???? **Well, if it is now half of MY expense, then I want to think about if I want to spend MY money on this thing.** (Because I really, really didn't. As I wrote above, I wanted to stay at home and live with my sister and father whom I loved so much in the town I grew up in close to the synagogue which I loved with my rabbi whom I loved and go and study at Community College for 2 years. I would take my GE and elective classes, for almost 0 cost, and they would fully transfer to a university in 2 years. I would have the same result as if I went to the university after 2 years – except that I would be happier, I'd be with my family, I would save thousands of dollars, and I would be in my house and in my town that I loved)".

So I distinctly remember the feeling of pressure from you to sign that paper and then for me to forget the entire thing.

And I did that. Because I was young, naïve, trusted you (even though everyone sees now that it was hardly deserved), and Gd forbid, I didn't want to start making any waves with you, because I felt somewhere in my soul that you didn't like the idea of me staying at

home (which you didn't, because the demon whom you had been dating didn't, because it wanted your time and money all for itself). So I just went ahead with your plan to have me spend my mother's **LAST** gift to me, the only tangible thing that she left me in this world, on something that I really didn't care about, on years of my life which I would have rather spent doing something else.

ASSHOLE!!

Fucking asshole.

It's good that we don't meet. It could be a very, very, very unpleasant time for you.

FUCKING DICKHEAD!!

Anyways, so you, in your pre-planned, 45-minute conversation, in one swift move, 2 months before I was supposed to start university, told me that

- 1) I had money left to me by my mother for the last 13 years which you hadn't told me about,
- 2) That you were in fact **NOT** going to pay for all of my college, which you had offered and promised to do all of my life,
- 3) That you were only going to pay for **half** of my college,
- 4) That you would only pay for half of my college on the condition that I maintained certain grades,
- 5) That I would have to pay for the other half of my college.
- 6) That if I did not agree to pay for half of my university expenses using the money that my mother had left me, then I would have to work to make the money that I needed to pay for my half of what you had told me all of my life would be your PLEASURE to do.

You told me all of this 2 months before I was going to start college.

That was the **FIRST** thing that I can remember that you didn't keep your word on – and I was only 18 years old.

HERE IS ANOTHER HUGE THING THAT YOU DIDN'T KEEP YOUR WORD
ON

Then came the next thing that you didn't keep your word on.

Within my first year at college, where I was most of the time miserable, attending a university where parties, the beach and drugs were more important to most people than actually learning was, my grades started going down. I had graduated high school with great grades, as I was included in the Honor Society at graduation. But within my first year of college, my grades slowly dropped. I was unhappy and I hated learning in classrooms of 250-800 people. But....my grades never dropped below a "C" 2.0 average.

MY GPA HAS NEVER ONCE IN MY UNIVERSITY CAREER OR EVER DROPPED BELOW A 2.0 GPA. **EVER.**

Yet, you, Marshal Klein, began to be soooooooo cold and distant from me. It started just a few days after you had forced me to move to the university. I was soooooooo unhappy there. I think that you moved me up there on Sunday. On Wednesday, I finished my classes early, got in my car and drove home. I arrived around 4:00 PM. I wanted to surprise you. I pulled up to the house and noticed that your car was in the driveway. I walked in the house and said, "Hi Dad!" You were so surprised to see me and asked what I was doing home. I said that I had finished classes early that day and that I wanted to come home and to see you. You gave me a big hug and were happy to see me.

Debbie was at work at Marie Calendar's or something.

Then the demon arrived. It entered the house and was less than happy to see me. It first gave me an interview about why I came home so unexpectedly, without saying hi it just said, "I saw your car in the driveway"..... Um, do you want a medal or something?, and then it told me about how "Ohhhhhhhhhh, its better not to come back home so fast. You need time to get used to being there. You need to give yourself time to adjust to the rhythm. Otherwise you will be coming home all the time".

Did I ever ask you for your narcissistic, stupid, idiotic, selfish opinion???? Because I don't remember ever asking you what your thoughts were about it.....

It had and has an ego bigger than the planet Uranus.

Then it told you that, "Marshal, I need to talk to you alone. I'll be in the bedroom waiting for you". You told me, "Al I'll be back in a minute. What should we do for dinner? You want to go out? Lets go out for dinner and surprise Debbie at Marie Calendar's and you can tell me all about college! Hot dog!" I said, "Ok".

Well, it was not a minute. It was many minutes. I anyway made something to eat and went outside in the backyard to play with our doggie and lay in the sun. You came outside to me in the backyard about 15 minutes later or so and you looked unhappy.

You told to me that your new dating partner of 6 months (as far as we knew) was unhappy that I had "just showed up unannounced" to MY house that I had been showing up unannounced to for the last 18 years.

You said that she felt like now it was more her house since I went away to college. You gave me some song and dance which were probably it's words that it told you to tell me. So after about 10 minutes of making me, for the **FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE** feel unwelcome in my own house, you gave me a direction. You said: "**[IT – the ugly dogfaced idiotic moron selfish narcissist] wants me to tell you to call before you**

come home from now on. And besides it's good because....maybe I'll be busy and I won't have time to see you."

I thought and then said, "What kind of BS is that?? I'll see you when I see you, just like it was last week and for the last 18 years...." I told you it didn't matter if you were busy, I'd just see you whenever you got home. But you made me feel like there was something wrong with me for wanting to come back home so soon. No matter how you said it, there was this underlying message of "Al, you have to be tough and learn to live away from home now".

Why????? I was 18 years old!!!! Plenty of my friends stayed living at home until they were almost 30, some of them. I was 18!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And anyways, why????

Then, you made that hurtful moment 300x worse when you said that you now couldn't go out to eat with me as you had planned with me earlier because suddenly something had come up with your work and you and IT had to go and do some work....somewhere. So you said that you would be home later. And you got home, very, very late. I sat in that lonely, dark house that night by myself, waiting for Debbie to come home around 10 PM, and then finally waiting for you to come home around 11 PM and then you said you were tired and went straight to bed.

I guess you had to follow your master to its house and spend the evening with IT, instead of spending it with your son who had come home for a night. Let me guess – 99 to 1 says that IT told you that you had to spend as little time with me that day and night as possible, so that I would "learn" that I was better off to be at school, because I would just be lonely at home. Right? Right. MAMASH RIGHT.

On some level I'm sure that I understood that this was coming from the fucking childless (by choice – an abortion followed by a conscious choice not to have kids because, in its own words, "I'm too selfish") demon, but really it didn't matter because you were the one saying it, which meant that either 1) you were letting it control you or 2) you actually felt the same way.

Either way, I started on that day to see you that day as the HUGE PUSSY WIMP that I see you as today, and as the "father" who didn't really give a shit about me, despite the 13 years of telling me opposite, and especially the previous 4 years of telling me and Debbie that "Ain't no broad never gonna get between me and my kids!" and "My kids will always come first!" which was just a way to get us to agree to live with you so that you didn't have to pay child support to Joy.

Which is the REAL reason that you wanted custody of us from our OWN MOTHER – so that you would not have to pay to her child support for us!

So, I had just been forced out of my house that I had lived in for ALL of my life, living with my dad and my sister, my only living immediate family, since my mother was in Gan Aiden and you had forced my stepmother to stay away from us. I never wanted to go

away to college then. I had been forced to leave one week before. My sister nevvvvver wanted me to go away either. She had some sense of the emotional torture from your actions that awaited her once I was gone.

Then I basically ran home to feel comfortable and at home again. I couldn't wait to see you and Debbie. I couldn't wait to see my doggie and my house. I felt soooooo alone at that school. I had a shitty roommate. I had almost nothing in common with the people there who were all about partying and orgies and drugs and alcohol. I was soooooooooo unhappy. Now I ran home to be once again loved and accepted by the two people who meant more to me than anything in the world, to be in my own house again.

And you told me in different words that something was wrong with me and that I needed to "be tougher and stronger" and stay away longer for a little while, so that "I would get used to it".

I probably felt the worst at that moment then I had felt all of my life. I no longer felt really loved or wanted by you.

Smart me. You never really wanted nor loved me. I just finally realized it at that moment.

Anyways, after you had given me this speech about calling before I came home, and after you cancelled our dinner plans for "some work that I have to do with IT", I went outside and sat in my car. I put on some music. It was a warm September evening. The sun was still up. It was around 5 PM. I just sat outside in my car for about 20 minutes. I didn't want to be inside. I didn't want to go back to the university. In my car, in my OLD driveway, in my car, was the closest home for me.

To my great surprise, you came out to me after 20 minutes. You asked me why I was in my car. I told you that I just wanted to be there and listen to music. You asked me if I was ok. I said yeh I was ok. Because at that moment as an 18-year old I didn't really understand what I was feeling. I just knew that I felt bad. I knew that I felt alone. I knew that I felt, for the first time in my life, truly abandoned.

And that was the beginning of the end of any good relationship that we had had before.

You told me, years after I graduated college, that for the first few MONTHS after I went to college, that you had wanted to call me EVERY day. I would have LOVED that. We both could have told each other how much we missed each other. I was NOT having so much fun there like so many other people were. Most of them talked endlessly about how they had so much freedom there, how they could stay out as late as they wanted to and come home when they wanted to, and drink beer in their rooms, and have parties in their rooms and on and on and on and on. I had been able to do all of those things since I was 16 years old!!!! It was nothing for me. Plus, I had to share a room with a total freak. Plus,

I hated my classes. They were in auditoriums of up to 800 students!!!! How do you learn like that?????

If you would have called me every day as you had felt like it, and we would have talked often, then it would have been a small amount of time until we both realized that I was better off to come and live at home and go to community college, as I had wanted to do from the first place.

So, why didn't you call?

You said that you didn't call because your girlfriend fuckface told you that, "You need to let him go. You need to let him build a life on his own apart from you. Its time that he goes off on his own. You can't hold him back. You have to let him go. You can't keep bothering him every day like that".

Wowwwwww.

What a failure of a Jewish father you became ever since you met it.

You think that you have accomplished so much by not marrying a religious xian like your father did.

But you did the same thing to me and to Debbie as your dad did to you – you stopped being a Jewish father once I left the house.

MANY Jewish fathers, and many, many non-Jewish fathers, would have never thought SUCH stupid idiotic things, especially after your son HIMSELF ran home after 3 days of college because he was sooooo unhappy.

They would have let themselves think and feel as you did think and feel that my son is unhappy and I can feel that, and I want to let him know that I am there for him, and see how I can help him to feel better.

You also wanted me to go to college because you never had the opportunity to do so. But that wasn't MY dream!!!! It was YOUR dream!! SO you go and do it. I didn't want to do it!!!!

So.....you told me yourself that you had FORCED yourself for months to not call me (what damage did that do to your soul, and what damage did that do to OUR relationship – what bad things did you have to tell yourself about me in order to not call me and connect with me too much?????) because IT convinced you to????

Since when did you think that an atheistic selfish, childless murderer of her own child, huge lonely narcissist had ANY knowledge whatsoever of how you should interact with your son?????

Obviously from the day that you met IT until today. You fucking stupid idiot.

YOUR SISTER IS A BETTER PARENT THAN YOU ARE BY FAR. YOUR PARENTS WERE BETTER PARENTS THAN YOU ARE.

Here are some of the reasons that it told you to be like that with me. It served her nefarious purposes of

having more of your time and resources for herself,

widening the gap between you and your children,

having more of your time and resources for herself,

making you more emotionally dependent on her because you didn't have the formerly strong relationship with me anymore,

having more of your time and resources for herself,

and best of all for her, it totally emotionally hurt your son, whom she knew right away was the ONLY one in your family who might ever have the emunah to EVER EVER seriously stand up to its EVIL, DEMONIC thing. IT IS AN AGENT OF THE S*T*N.

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE FUCKING COFFEE YOU FUCKING MORON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOUR SOUL HAS BEEN SUCKED RIGHT OUT OF YOU FOR OVER 36 YEARS. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO ANY REAL JEW WHO MARRIES OR HAS AN INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP WITH AN EVIL GOY.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY YOU CONTINUE TO GO DOWN AND DOWN AND DOWN AND GET SICKER AND SICKER AND SICKER AND.....SHE KEEPS DOING JUST FINE, IF NOT BETTER??????

IT IS TAKING YOUR LIFE ENERGY, YOUR SOUL AND IT IS FEEDING OFF OF IT!!!!

IT IS EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN FOR A JEW TO MARRY A GOY!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THAT'S WHY!!!!!!!!!!!!

And back to this:

MY GPA NEVER ONCE IN MY UNIVERSITY CAREER OR EVER DROPPED BELOW A 2.0 GPA. **EVER.**

And to review this:

You said, **"I will pay for half of your university expenses as long as you keep a "C" average.**

BUT, the second time in my life that you did not keep your word to me is about that.

Starting at the end of my freshman year, my grades started dropping because I was soooooo unhappy. And you started having a fit when that started. A fit. And you became emotionally distant from me. More and more and more and more.

And even until today you still say that what caused us to drift apart was my grades.

You used to yell at me during that 1 year and say to me, "I'm not paying for bad grades!!!!!"

I don't know what you meant by "bad grades". But you had already made it quite clear in summer of 1988 that you would not pay (your **HALF** share of all expenses) for any grades less than a "C" average.

So, why all the drama at the end of my freshman year and through my sophomore year????? Why all the drama, Marshal? If I had dropped below a C average you could save your money. Otherwise, I was fulfilling YOUR terms. So why to get so excited? Why all of the fuss? Why couldn't you be the same loving dad? You had given me your terms. That's it.

Because that was NOT IT. It was only a cover for your trying to distance yourself further from me at the orders of your slavemaster.

LINK

He says fuck off to me 4 times. He tries to say he has been a jerk to me ever since I was 19 because of my undergrad grades. GIVE ME A BREAK. I show him it had nothing to do with that. He lies about an agreement that we had. He says that "it was implied". What does it matter which university it was? If he in fact did say that he would return half of the money, and he did NOT specify a university, which he did not, because at the time neither he nor I ever considered that I would transfer to a better school later, THEN HE NOW OWES ME TENS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Now, wait a second, Marshal Klein.

In your very own words, in the recording above, you clearly said that, "I never said that" and that I, Al, am "making things up again" when I say that you had agreed to continue funding my university education as long as I maintained a 2.0 GPA.

YOUR WORDS.

So, then, why were you, in your own words in the recording, “Absolutely” having a problem with me when I was at university “because of my grades”. If you had no requirement for a minimum GPA, in your own words, then what was your problem??

MARSHAL??

FUCKFACE????

Oops.

You have been caught in **YET ANOTHER LIE** haven’t you, you fucking masochist (look up that word you puny-minded user of everyone in your life)?

Oops.

“Lying gets you nowhere except into trouble”. You told me that all of the time when I was growing up, even when I hadn’t lied, but you just assumed I had, and I remember thinking, “Why does he always think that I lied even when I didn’t?”

Because you just saw in me yourself, even when I hadn’t lied (search for "whatever you repeatedly see in others" in this document for a longer description of that).

“Lying gets you nowhere except into trouble”. Too bad for you that you never took your own advice.

You DID NOT have a problem with my grades. You probably secretly wished that I would drop out of the university so that you could stop paying for it.

YOU HAD A PROBLEM WITH ME. Your problem was that your new DEMON (I am not exaggerating, it IS A demon) “girlfriend” wanted your children out of your life, so that it could have you all to itself.

You left your 16-year daughter home alone most nights every week during **THIS SAME EXACT TIME PERIOD**, which was the last 2 years of her time living at home (see the first 10 pages of this document for an extensive description of that). And you emotionally abandoned her and your son, in order to appease your controlling bitch.

REGARDLESS of all of that, you were STILL only paying for half of my college education while I was studying. So why to make such a fuss? And my grades were always above a 2.0, I was passing and could graduate even with a 2.0.

I have asked you several times over the years **WHY you emotionally and physically drifted away from me emotionally after I went to college.**

Your answer for 30 years has been, “Because you started getting bad grades, and I told you that I wasn’t going to pay for bad grades!!!!”

But according to your own words in the recording above, you **NEVER** told me that you were not going to “pay for bad grades”. **YOUR WORDS** in a recording!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

So you still haven’t answered the question.

Why did you hurtfully and definitely move away from me emotionally ever since I went to college (from the day that I wrote above when I came home 4 days later because I was so unhappy there, and you hugged me and were so happy to see me and made dinner plans with me to surprise my sister and then after that **FUCKING HORSE-FACED DEMON** said, “Marshal, I need to talk to you alone” that you **FUCKING** told me that I had to get used to being at college and that you were canceling the dinner plans that you had made with me 30 minutes before and then you left at 5:30 PM with that fucking uglyass piece of nothing and you didn’t come back until like 11 PM that night!!!!!!!!!!) ?

What did my grades have to do with you intentionally and purposefully withholding love from me? What did grades have anything to do with you behaving more and more like that cold lump of shit and evilness that you have become and that you live with – a cold, soulless, nothing in this world – and less like the “loving” father that you pretended to be for at least the few years before that, when I was 14-18 years old?????

What do grades have to do with your "love", **Marshal you fuckhead**????????????????????

You had already told me when I was 18 that you wouldn’t pay for less than a C average. My GPA **never** dropped below a 2.0 average. If it had then I would have been kicked out of any university.

So please explain to me and others –

1) What do falling grades have to do with your claimed reason for emotionally distancing yourself from me since you had already established years before what the result would be for “bad grades” (loss of your funding **HALF** of my university expenses) ????

2) **Even more importantly** – from December 1990 (in my junior year of university), **my grades began steadily improving**. I had declared my major of Biology, and I was enjoying my classes more, and I had finally started to see you as the **FUCKING PRICK** that you are, and I was less beating myself up as I had for almost 2 years, thinking that something was wrong with ME because my father, my only living parent, had been rejecting me for 2 years, unlike any way that he had been for the previous 18 years of my life.

Beginning September 1990, I took a **FULL LOAD** of Biology, Chemistry and Physics classes, almost unheard of at UCSB, and was advised twice not to do that by the university program advisers. (Most students took only like Chem for a year plus an elective and a GE, and then Physics for a year plus an elective and a GE, etc.). I only met

one (1) student that entire year who was doing like me, out of the hundreds of biology majors. Everyone told me that I was crazy, and that I would not be able to handle the load.

I received fine grades in everything after a year of that, b”H, and mostly caught up to the programs of the other Biology students, most of whom had started their Biology Major classes in their freshman year.

But despite these improvements and achievements, your sorry fucking ass grew more and more distant from me. You continued to be distant from me.

Why, Marshal?? Why?? You have claimed for decades that the reason for your distance was my grades. But.....there was already a consequence that you had set – *your lack of funding if they dropped too low.* **BUT YOU NEVER TOLD ME AT 18** – “If they drop below a “C” average, then I will drop my funding for HALF of your education **AND I will withdraw my unconditional love for you”**.

So that is the **SECOND time** that you did not keep your word. You had made a **UNILATERAL** agreement with me. I didn’t have any choice in the “agreement” (more like a set of instructions that this is how it will be, unless I wanted to move out and work at a fast food restaurant, those were the choices that you gave me), but still you gave your word that “lack of funding for **HALF** of your education will be the result of ‘bad grades (less than a 2.0 GPA)’”.

But according to you your distance from me was because of bad grades. Have trouble keeping your word, Marshal???? Not to mention that my GPA never fell below a “C” average. So, explain yourself Marshal. I’m sure that you cannot.

I can. The only explanation is that your emotionally distancing yourself from me, and your treating me like **TOTAL SHIT** had **everything to do with** you allowing your DEMONIC girlfriend to manipulate you into distancing yourself from BOTH of your children – which you did very well, until my sister manipulated you also, and then you only treated me like total shit – the one person who has NEVER tried to manipulate you.

You sorry fucking idiot fuck.

It had 0 to do with my “bad grades”.

And here are 2 final kickers, to show the entire world what a FUCKING LIAR you are.....

You are the 2nd biggest liar that I have known in my life, after David Page (number and severity of lies divided by (“per” for your uneducated ass) amount of time we interacted.

2) (repeated from #2 above) From December 1990 my grades improved and my progress towards graduation markedly improved. Yet you continued to become more and more emotionally distant from me.

3) In February 1992, I called you at your office in the afternoon, around 3 or 4 PM. You were not there.

I left you a voicemail which said clearly,

**“Dad, I no longer want your financial support.
You do not have to give me any more money for anything”.**

That was one of the best days of my life, one of the best calls that I have ever made, and one of the best messages that I have ever left. I have never forgotten sitting on the sofa in my place on Camino del Sur and making that call.

I was FINALLY free of your tyranny, control, lies and micromanagement.

You called me back later that day and I explained to you that I had secured my own funding from the university. I did not want your assistance with anything financial any more. You had already paid half of everything through the end of that UCSB quarter, which would be in March 1992. Those payments were the last payments that you would ever make for my living expenses and for my education until 2014 when you gave me \$500 to help me with the economic collapse in Israel as a result of the war that summer.

I remember that you sounded disappointed and sad. That was so weird for me because you had made it sound for 3.5 years like that it was such a burden for you to pay for half of my university expenses.

And it let you finish with your promise of paying for my education about a year and a half earlier than you would have had to have paid until my graduation.

You should have been jumping up and down!!!!!! You didn't even have to fulfill all of your **half-assed commitment** to pay for **half** of my undergraduate education.

So, from THAT EXACT moment on, you should have been back to being close with me as we had been when I was 18. I mean, the whole thing of you paying for me, of my grades, whether they were good or not, and about everything financial was.....no longer a concern for you.

But of course, you were not back to anything. You got continually worse and more distant from me as you have gradually until now. Here is **ANOTHER HUGE LIE FROM THE KING OF LIES**. I was unconscious, my mom put a plastic bag over my head, it suffocated me so I was bleeding out of my nose.

Wow, didn't you ever think that I met check on the physiology of that one day??????? **I HAD A FUCKING NOSEBLEED LIKE I HAD HAD 2 OR 3X A WEEK DURING MY ENTIRE CHILDHOOD!!!!**

I don't believe ANY more of your stories about my mother that you told me. I'm sure that you made every single one up.

Back to the college thing.

And if it wasn't from that moment on, then here is the 4th thing that lets the world know what a liar you have been about why you stopped being close to me ever since I was 19 years old.

4) After graduating with my undergraduate degree, with a 3.17 average, you got even FURTHER away from me then you had been before, emotionally.

It was during the couple of months before I graduated that you told me, **“No, you can't come back and live here after college because I've had 3 failed marriages, and this marriage has got to work”.**

And one final one that shows everyone reading this what a fucking asshole liar SOB you are.

5) After graduating with my undergraduate degree, later that year, **I returned to enroll in a Masters Degree program.**

I completed that, and I went on to attain more Masters Degrees!!!!!!

Yet you have remained cold and distant and have treated me like total shit for 36 years, ever since I was 18-19 years old. Sometimes you were a bit better, like when I had stopped communicating with you and then you reconnected with me without even bringing up 1 word of what had happened, or discussing with me why I had stopping communication with you, and sometimes you were much worse, like ever since I started becoming religious (which you kind of encouraged, ever since you told me in 2010, “Do you keep kosher, Al? Debbie keeps kosher. Debbie has separate dishwashers. She keeps kosher isn't that great? Do you keep kosher, Al?”).

Newsflash you arrogant idiot, talking about things that you don't know about, just to try to promote Debbie in order to get on her good side and to try to put me down:

Having 2 dishwashers does not mean AT ALL that someone is keeping kosher. Give me a break. Debbie regularly went out to eat with you during those years and at least until your birthday in 2019, and probably also your birthday in 2022, and probably also now, at restaurants which did not have any hechsher whatsoever about kashrut. I don't care if she ate lettuce and tomatoes there, that food there was NOT kosher mehadrin. She was NOT keeping kosher. She ate at your house for years and probably still does. Your

kitchen is absolutely NOT kosher. When I messaged her in 2018 about buying only food that had kosher labeling on it (a stamp from a certifying halachic, kosher authority), she had no clue what I was talking about.

When I wrote you that 2022 long response to the most sinful and egregious message that you have ever sent to anyone (outrightly disowning your child), I incorrectly, as of that time, believed that you had not been making a fool of yourself all of my life by repeatedly claiming things which were not true because you had NOT done the necessary research to see if what you had previously thought was indeed true.

As you can see throughout this letter, I take that back now and forever. I remember wondering for years, at least since 2019 when Debbie wrote me that “Israel probably has free dental” followed by a long message about how I should “Look into that and use that Israeli free dental services” as her responses to my request to her for \$100 so that I could get a cavity filled (Israel has never had free dental care services at any time in its 76-year history, except for children and the very elderly, both very recent services. The only “free” dental clinics are student dentists, and the wait for an appointment is months, not days or weeks, as I had needed at that time), and from then until 2024 her repeated claims about things which she knew nothing about, but she pretended to be a world authority of, how in the world it could be that she had this glaring, foolhardy trait which she engaged so often, yet you didn’t have. She is a carbon copy of you in almost everything related to your personalities, actions, beliefs and most all, your sins. EVERY sin that you do which is a sin that you learned from you mother, she also does. NO WONDER Grandma Ruth’s soul continually falls down into the pits of Gehinnom. EVERY time that you do a sin that she did (which you do almost daily), **that you learned from her**, she is judged for that, again. EVERY time that Debbie incurs a sin that she learned from you or from Grandma Ruth, she is judged for that, again. No wonder her suffering has hardly abated from the time of her death. You two evil, amalekite, sinful idiots (or maybe you both do it on purpose – who knows what brews in those twisted, evil minds of yours’), Grandma Ruth suffers again. She and Grandpa Sam will continue suffering like that until you, Debbie, Edie and Kim are **DEAD AS FUCKING DOORNAILS**. Please Gd, please make that happen by Your Hand as soon as possible. Please.

Because the chance that any of the 4 of you will change your ways in your lifetimes is so incredibly small now. It would seriously require direct intervention from Gd to do that. And I don’t see that happening.

That is what’s called a miracle.

So I wondered from at least 2020 until 2023 how in the world Debbie developed so strongly a trait which you don’t have. Then, after your huge misstep in behaving like the penultimate asshole that you are, in promising to help me buy food after Israel was invaded and then completely reneging on your promise, as anyone including you can see from the text of your original October 2023 email about it, I went back and thought about everything I know about you since I was a small child. And then I remembered the lie that you repeated from the time that I was 7 until 2022 that “People bleed from their

noses when they are suffocated”. I already had discovered years ago that that was a lie from you. So, I started reflecting on so many other claims that you had told me over the ensuing decades. I discovered that as late as November 2023, I still had the “Daddy is always right glasses” on. They may have been very tinted by then, but I obviously still had them on. I realized that there had been NUMEROUS, NUMEROUS times when you had said something which you didn’t follow up on, or when you made a claim about something which was COMPLETELY unfounded. The most sinful one of those was “People bleed from their noses when they are suffocated”, which you used as a way to support the worst lie (there are so, so many) that you have ever told, telling your own children!!!!!! And your family and your acquaintances (none of them were ever really your “friends”, because you don’t truly have any friends, because you only care about yourself) (search for “plastic bag over your heads”).

And your insidious claim here about that “Debbie keeps kosher, do you keep kosher??” was another one of your 50-years long exaggerations and lies which you know nothing about.

I had been keeping more kosher than Debbie had been at that point since before I moved to Israel. Part of it was my own efforts before I moved to Israel, and part of it came automatically as living in Israel, where the level of kashrut is higher overall automatically than it is anywhere else in the world, in grocery stores and supermarkets alike. Every large supermarket chain keeps meat and fish VERY separated, even at the fresh meat counters, and do not sell meat from non-kosher animals, and keep milk and meat products very well separated, and many restaurants and cafes, and etc. you can look it up yourself.

Do youuuuuuuu keep kosher, Marshal? I should have asked you that question. What a fucking stupid thing to say. And you will say that you were simply asking me. You weren’t. You were trying to show me, yet again, how Debbie was better than me.

Just because someone has 2 dishwashers doesn’t mean DICK about their level of kashrut. Debbie was not keeping anywhere near what any religious person, and for sure what no rabbi or kashrut authority calls “keeping kosher” until at least 2022, and I doubt if anything has changed until today. I don’t care personally what Debbie does, I know that it is pure evil. I am telling your puny mind that you are always making claims to support your positions which are not substantiated for SHIT.

Debbie bought 2 dishwashers only to be like her grandma. Baruch Hashem. At least my grandma received some merit for Debbie’s actions. But Nan also did not keep a high level of kashrut. She kept a higher level of kashrut than Debbie did as of 2022. She also ate out with us at all the restaurants, including the Chinese ones, she cooked with our dishes and ate that food, but thank Gd her and my Grandpa Sam (from what I saw of him eating), kept kosher all of their lives, albeit at a lower level than kosher mehadrin.

Messages to debbie about kosher labeling and her responses.

My 2022 response to him.

Messages asking her for \$100 for the cavity and her responses.

But overall you have become more and more distant from me ever since I was 19. And the point of the last few pages was to show that **your #1 posited reason that you have given to me and to others about why you became distant from me and stayed distant from me was for some reason due to my “bad grades” during my late freshman and late sophomore years.**

Which,

- 1) should have had no relevance to how you treated me anyways since if I got “bad grades” then you would **not** have had to pay for my school,
- 2) became irrelevant in my junior year since my grades started improving,
- 3) became TOTALLY irrelevant halfway through my 4th year because I told you that you did not have to pay for my college anymore,
- 4) became TOTALLY irrelevant after I graduated because the possibility of you paying for my college was now completely irrelevant, and
- 5) should have started, if anything, you being again closer to me after I had graduated and was pursuing and completing several advanced degrees, on my own dime, with excellent GPAs which included the Dean’s List and graduating with Honors, etc.

So if you what you have said is true, then why didn’t you start being a loving, warm, kind father again after any of those 5 things? Why didn’t you display again your “unconditional” (ha!) love for me as early as January 1991 when my grades started markedly improving (#2 above),

**and then especially from March 1992, when you
stopped giving me ANY money at all for ANYTHING
(#3 above) ???????????????????????????**

Because as I have said, it is a bunch of fucking crap, just another one of your lies. More lies from a pathological liar, teen murderer, adult murderer, convicted car thief, self-confessed trespasser who forced his way into my mother's house twice, once when she and her infant children were there, and once when nobody was home, adult murderer, liar, child beater, self-confessed burglar (search for “burglary” in this letter for a longer description), accomplice to murder (at least 3 times, probably more), and the list goes on and on.

MARSHAL KLEIN IS A MULTIPLE TIMES OFFENDING CRIMINAL.

AND THE BIGGEST LIAR I HAVE EVER KNOWN.

It had 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 to do with my grades.

Your emotionally distancing yourself from both of your children started the day that I turned 18, (search for “18th” in this letter) because you never wanted us in the first place. You found a girlfriend whom you knew was insecure, low self-esteem, lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely, codependent, manipulative, evil, selfish and a total FUCKING moron and idiot, to use as your FRONT to your children for why you drifted away from us.

And for years I bought it too. For years I hated it (your girlfriend). For years I blamed her, and not you. Until one day that Hashem woke me up, I realized that I didn’t have ANY problem with that pathetic thing. I didn’t know it and I couldn’t care one iota what might happen to it. My problem was with you.

My problem was with you. Why would you allow such a thing to get in between you and your kids, between you and your sister, between you and your parents !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, between you and YOUR RABBI WHO HAD BAR MITZVAHED YOUR KIDS AND WHOSE FAMILY HAD BEEN OUR FAMILY FRIENDS since 1975 !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, between you and everyone who regarded you as a “friend” ?

Because your mother may have disowned you if you had started acting like the FUCKING ASSWIPE that you DID act like in 1989 and have acted like without there being some apparent external force that could be easily blamed for your emotional withdrawal. Sharon was your shield. Sharon could take all of the blame for the problems that your kids had with you. And this act worked for you for decades.

LET THE WORLD KNOW – YOU ARE THE PROBLEM.

You never wanted my mom to get pregnant;

when she did get pregnant you wanted her to have an abortion (both times) chas veshalom;

when you divorced her you wanted custody of us ONLY so that you would not have to pay her child support + you were afraid that we would grow up to hate you (we both do, just Debbie’s is not showing itself right now, it WILL surface again, like it has many times before (at 16, 17, 18, 19, and at 22-26ish), I promise you that + you could not have

any more kids after your vasectomy so you wanted to raise us so that we would take care of you in your old age, since you had almost 0 chance of ever having anymore children.

Your parents are dead now, dead as a fucking doornail. They are reduced to ashes. You will NEVER see them again. EVER. They died. They are dead dead. Jews who have been cremated from their own hand are among the LEAST likely Jews to be resurrected. Gd will do what He wants of course, but by what we know, by what He tells us in His Torah (not from some rabbis you fucking dope – Gd makes His rules, not rabbis or any other human being), your parents are among the least likely group of Jews to be resurrected at the Geulah.

Now you can be open and be yourself. Debbie you pretend to love because she has got the bucks, and so she is your safety net now. Me I have no money, so you could care less about me or what happens to me. You only now want to look good to your family and my mom's family because it's important to Debbie that you do. Why is it important to her?

Because she wants her kids to grow up and hear only GOOD things about their grandpa. Because Debbie thinks that if her kids hear about what a FUCKING MONSTER TYRANT that you really are, then they will think "What is wrong with my mom maybe if her dad was such a narcissistic, emotionally messed up asshole tyrant piece of shit???? What can be wrong with me then?"

And she is afraid that they will start to dislike their mom maybe, and they will see that their dad Jeff's family is more sane than their mom's family, despite any other bullshit.

What motivates Debbie the most? Why does she get up every morning? Just to maintain the façade that she is "ok", that she is "great" to everyone. If anybody sees through her HUGE act, then she just discards them from her life. Or worse yet, she will punish them.

So be yourself now Marshal. You've got Debbie with her big bucks. You don't need me anymore. At LEAST let people see that you are honest about who you really are.

I mean, now they see you as a total fucking asshole + a liar (pretending that you love and care about your son).

So now you can drop the second part at least. Let them see that at least that you don't pretend to love me or care about me. Just let them see what a FUCKING ASSHOLE TYRANT ABUSIVE IDIOT FUCKHEAD MONSTER that you have been and that you are.

Let them see that you honestly don't care about either of your children any more than how utilitarian they can be to you.

Let them see that you honestly don't care about either of your children any more than how you can USE them.

ALL of my life I had heard about how you were always afraid that people would USE you. You broke up with this lady, you had stayed away from this businessman, you had ended THIS friendship, you didn't keep in touch with this family member, ALL because "They just want to use me".

As with everything, Mr. Idiot Klein, everything that we see in others is what we see in ourselves.

YOU have always been the MASTER USER.

You used my mother to get my grandpa's money, you used Joy to get her mother's money, you used your current wife to get her money (so that together you would have enough money for a big house and fancy lifestyle), you use Debbie for her money (as your safety net), you use your grandchildren so that your daughter will be more inclined to help you financially if you ever need it, you used me because you thought I was smart and that I would be a doctor and be rich and would be your safety net. YOU USE EVERYBODY IN YOUR LIFE. You just do it so subtly that most people do not notice it.

You used a sweet, kind, beloved man named Mort to start your business (because he had the rest of the money that you didn't have to start your business with), and then you THREW HIM TO THE CURB the minute that you sold your business, after 17 years of being a close business partner with him, talking to him "every day" of those 17 years (your words written in a message to me), and him being a close friend of yours, picking your mother up from LAX numerous times and even having her stay at his house, coming to your kids' Bar Mitzvahs, coming to dinners with us and his nice, sweet family becoming friends with our family (see "Mort Lewis: in this letter).

YOU ARE THE MASTER USER. YOU ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, AND PROBABLY ALWAYS WILL BE.

A few months before I graduated college, I called and told you that I wanted to move back home after I graduated and live at home for 1-2 years. I said that I wanted to wait tables and earn a bunch of money so that I could pay off my student loans. Then I wanted to move to Africa and work in one of their national parks managing wildlife (my degree was in Zoology, and that had been a dream of mine for years). Zoology is the study of animals you dope, and had NOTHING to do with "zoos". It is a Biological Sciences degree, with a specialization of courses focusing on the organismal, organ, tissue, and cellular physiology; ecology; evolution; and behavior of heterotrophic, truly multicellular organisms. I do not remember the word "zoo" ever being mentioned once in any lecture or textbook in my 3.5 years of Biology major classes.

I thought that you might be sooooo happy. You know, like EVERY parent is when their child moves back home after college. I hadn't lived at home for over 5 years, and I thought that you would be so happy.

You told me, “I’ll get back to you about it”. I thought that’s weird, but ok he has to tell the wife about it first and then tell me it’s ok. Like it was just a diplomatic thing to tell her (not ask her) about it first. I mean, I’m your son and you had just got married like 3 months before.

Nope.

You called me a few days later and told me, “You can’t move back in”. I said, “Why not?” **You said, “I have had 3 failed marriages, and this marriage has got to work”.** I asked you what in the heck did that have to do with me moving back in?? You didn’t say much more, so any moron can figure out what happened.

You had told your wife, “Hey, guess what? Al is going to move back in for a year or two and wait tables to pay off his student loans and then go live in Africa!”

It had replied to you, “Marshal, if he moves back in here, then I move out, and this [sham of a] marriage is over. I did not marry you so that I could live with you and ONE or both of your kids. Living with you [or ANY human being, **especially** any man] is hard enough for me”.

So, I was trying to be responsible and to pay off my student loans **RIGHT AWAY** after graduating by saving money on not paying rent or food, and looked forward to living with my father again. And what would it have meant for that soulless selfish arrogant narcissistic demon (I’m referring to you and your wife both)? I would have been working afternoons and nights (always my preferred schedule for the numerous years that I had previously been a waiter), and also on weekends. So I would have slept late everyday. I would have seen you both hardly at all, unless we had previously made specific times to see each other (which would have been great). It would have made me feel a bit better towards your wife.

About my student loans, you LOOOOVED that I had started taking out student loans in **my name**. It decreased the need for you to supplement the expenses that you had not foreseen when I was 18 years old, with inevitable things that came up with university education, like increased tuition expenses as they rose every year; lab costs and materials costs associated with my decision to declare a Natural Sciences major after my sophomore year; and my need to rent an apartment after my freshman year instead of continuing to live in the dorms, like 90% of UCSB students did.

I needed up to 3 references for the student loan applications. You told me to put down you and Nan for the first applications which asked for two, one of them being a parent. When a later application required 3 references, you told me, “Put down Auntie Edie”. Did you tell Nan and her that? Or better yet, had you asked them if that was ok with them? But hey, they/she worked/works for you right? Always they/she always have/did, and Auntie probably always will. So you felt that you could do whatever you had wanted

to do with their names, as long as I could borrow more money so that you would have to pay less money.

So (from 2 paragraphs above) after you had told me that I could not move back in with you and Beavis for 1-2 years, even though we would all HARDLY see each other with different working schedules, then you gave me some half-assed consolation that you would pay for half of my rent for 6 months (so 3 months full rent). While it was a nice offer, Marshal, don't pat yourself too much on the back. If you wanted to truly make up for your sinful pussiness with a demonic "wife" who has bossed you around for 36 years, you could have offered to pay ALL of my rent **and food** for 1-2 years, so that I could have had the same economic benefit that I would have had if I had lived with you for 1-2 years.

And you could have afforded that with no problem.

And you see, there it is AGAIN. **HALF. HALF. HALF. HALF.** EVERYTHING IS HALF-ASSED WITH YOU.

You always told me, "Don't do things half-assed" when I was a kid (and left me dumbfounded, because I never felt that I did that – I mean look at my grades in elementary school, junior high, high school, Hebrew School, my EXCELLENT Bar Mitzvah "performance" of leading the ENTIRE Friday night and Saturday morning services, which caused the Rabbi to call me the next week at home and offer me a job, at 13 years old, as a Bar Mitzvah tutor for the synagogue) because **YOU do everything half-assed** (search for "half-assed" to see all of the times that you said that to me over 21 years).

That's the story of you AT LEAST since I was 18. You always do and have done EVERYTHING with me half-assed.

LINK.

October 2013. Your sister tells me that her mid-50s year old daughter recently moved back in with her into HER own ultra-small apartment, which was/is the size of ONE of your smaller guest bedrooms.

You have a 4100 sq. ft. house. At the time that I had asked you to move back in with you for 1-2 years, you had had a 3500 sq. ft. house. I told her that she is a wayyy better parent than you are. She believes me ("I believe it") that you would not let me move back in with you when I was 24 years old for 1-2 years. She is sure that it was your "wife" who looks like Beavis who didn't want me to move back in with you. She says that you would never tell me that it was Beavis. Then we had a fun conversation with her funny sassiness.

One of your most favorite things to yell at me about when I was a kid was, “Damnit, Albert, you do everything half-assed! If you are going to do something, do it all the way or don’t do it at all!”

I remember thinking “No, I don’t. I just didn’t understand your idiot instructions OR you were not clear about what you had wanted (like you have not been recently, from October 2023 to January 2024 telling me that I had to give you “Two phone numbers of friends who can reach you” in exchange for \$1000 of money for food (!!!!!!!!!) to eat, when you finally revealed in January 2024, after I had sent you “**Two phone numbers of friends who can reach you**”, that you **supposedly** had been thinking for 3 months “Two phone numbers of friends who can reach you *who live in Israel*” – if that had happened when I was 8 years old you would have yelled at me, similar to what you subsequently wrote to me in email, “Albert, you KNEW what I was asking for!!!! Stop playing games with me, and get me those 2 phone numbers!!!!!! First come here and let me smack you!!!!!!”) OR you have no clue what was ACTUALLY expected of me at school because you are a half-brained IDIOT of the highest degree who never graduated high school, OR whatever”. But I rarely felt like that was my mentality, to do something halfway.

As I am updating this letter since the most previous update, I want to tell you how MUCH OF A FUCKING DICK YOU ARE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I have been to friends’ houses recently for Shabbat, ALL Americans who immigrated to Israel years ago, most of whom grew up with no Jewish background, or very little Jewish background, like no Bar or Bat Mitzvahs, who ALL except one of them became Chozer b'Teshuvah (“religious”) during their time in Israel (the other one was born into a religious family), who married each other. We all have very similar backgrounds, except that I had a much more religious upbringing than any of them ever did.

AND YET THEIR PARENTS, SOME OF WHOM HAVE BECOME OR ARE BECOMING RELIGIOUS BECAUSE THEY SEE HOW HAPPY THEIR CHILDREN ARE BEING RELIGIOUS, MOST OF WHOM STILL LIVE IN AMERICA, SOME OF WHOM HAVE MADE ALIYAH, SOME OF WHOM ARE SERIOUSLY

CONSIDERING MAKING ALIYAH, ARE ALL, **ALL**, extremely supportive of these children of theirs, both spiritually and materially!!!!!!!!!! Their parent shave MUCH less money than you do, and of wayyyyyyy less than Debbie does, and yet they help their children out any way that they can. These men study Torah at yeshivah all day, and these women stay at home with the beautiful young children. Their parents love to visit them as much as possible.

AND THEY ALL CAN'T BELIEVE
WHAT A FUCKING **DICK** YOU
ARE!!

**YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING
DICK !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

I FUCKING HATE YOU. DO YOU
GET THAT???? I UNDERSTAND
NOW THAT YOU HAVE NEVER
LOVED ANYBODY BUT
YOURSELF. And I hate entities like
you. Entities like you don't need to be
on this Earth. You are only here for
yourself. You are **ABSOLUTELY** not
Jewish anymore. **YOU. ARE. NOT.**
JEWISH anymore by many Torah
definitions. **YOU. ARE. NOT.**
JEWISH. ANYMORE.

FUCKING LEAVE. So that I can rejoice every minute that I think about how much you are suffering. And I will only pray to Gd Almighty to ONLY increase your suffering.

Rav Avigdor Miller writes in one of his books what is happening now to the maniac from WWII and to the roman fucking bastard who brought down the 2nd Holy Temple.

It probably happens to many people. I pray to Gd Almighty that it will happen to you. I PRAY WITH ALL OF MY HEART THAT THIS AND WORSE WILL HAPPEN TO YOU YOU FUCKING BASTARD!! I WILL PRAY WITH ALL OF MY MIGHT THAT GD ALMIGHTY WILL BESTOW SUCH A JUDGMENT ONTO YOU, AND I WILL PRAY EVERY TIME THAT I WILL THINK ABOUT IT, BE'EZRAT HASHEM EVERY DAY, THAT HE WILL NOT SHOW YOU ANY MERCY, AND THAT HE WILL INCREASE YOUR SUFFERING AS MUCH AS HE SEES FIT.

Every day, their bodies are reassembled. All of their damaged nerves (especially, so that they will feel the pain so much), skin, bodies, etc. are reassembled by the attending angels. Then, they are burned all fucking day, all day. Then the next day, they are put back together, and it is repeated.

AS THE SINGLE BEST HUMAN ADVOCATE FOR YOUR FATE IN THE UNIVERSE (as your child, as your only son, as your first-born), WHETHER I AM HERE OR THERE, I WILL ALWAYS ADVOCATE TO GD ALMIGHTY TO INCREASE YOUR SUFFERING AT BEST, AND AT LEAST TO SHOW YOU NO MERCY AND TO CONTINUE WHATEVER PROGRAM HE HAS SET OUT FOR YOU.

Just now, as I was writing this, I heard a fairly holy man call out to the man whom he was talking to, "Mordechai!", to get his attention again. What an awesome sign from the Master of the universe to me, that He WILL listen to and accept my prayer recommendations for your soul, as he would do to most people in my position as long as they were holy people.

The tables have turned you asshole!!!!!! For all of the abuse and selfish treatment of me that you administered for over 5 decades of my life, you are now, as you have been for

over a decade but you are too blind to see (literally now, aren't you, too blind to see, you fucking asshole!!!!!! YAYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!! BLIND AS A FUCKING BAT, AREN'T YOU!!!!!!

YAYYY
YY
YY!!!!!!) just beginning your suffering which will continue bezrH forever, for all of the grief that you caused to my mother, to me, to my mother's parents, to our Rabbi, to Mort, to Howard, to Joy, to Minnette, to your father (!!!!!!), to your mother (!!!!!!), to Don, to Peggy, and to so many other people.

The tables have turned, and your suffering has just been getting started these past 12 or so years. This is really just the tip of the flames, "my love" (your insincere bullshit talk just to keep me as a teenager from going to live with my stepmom, which would have cost you a ton of money in child support).

You are in for years, decades, centuries, millennia, and hopefully an eternity, of suffering. I FUCKING. LOVE. IT. And NOBODY, not NOBODY, can do or will be able to do a FUCKING THING about it. NONE of your useless money, nor Debbie's useless money, will do a FUCKING THING. One of the greatest things that I heard in my 20s, after being brainwashed by you for all of my life that money was the most important thing in life, was that, "You won't take 1 penny of it with you".

My prayers do and WILL matter the most to Him. It won't matter if I am here or there. And I WILL never forget what you did to her, and to me, and to others. EVER.

To continue from a couple pages before,

"But I rarely felt like that was my mentality, to do something halfway."

Of course it wasn't. It was just YOUR projection of yourself onto me, because you do EVERYTHING half-assed. You saw yourself in me, even though I have never ever been like that. You always have and still do (search for "lancaster" in this document for an example of your half-assedness).

Like paying my rent for 3 months after my university graduation and thinking that it made up for not welcoming me to live with you for 1-2 years after college so that I could pay off my student loans and save money to go out on my own.

I already hear your perennially narcissistic self saying, "I didn't have to agree to pay for even 1 month!"

You KNOW that that is not the way it works.

You had the capability to help me. Gd EXPECTED you to let me live with you for 1-2 years to help me, to be ecstatic that your only son wanted to live with you for 1-2 more

years of his life; not to cater in an idolatrous way to a demon who you were with just for money!!!! Don't you see that?? You will, Marshal Fuckhead. You will. I PROMISE AS SURE AS I AM SURE THAT I am in Eretz Yisrael right now. He will make SURE that you see that, as long as it takes. He has already been trying to show you for over 14 years. You are just not wanting to see it, because you are a fucking baby. You have never wanted to grow up emotionally. You have sooooo many "mental problems" (as you call them). Your biggest mental problem is your narcissism (NPD) which **inherently** (Look it up, its important to know its meaning in this sentence especially) prevents you from seeing what an asshole you are.

LINK.

This will be EXACTLY you. You will regret what an asshole you have been only in your last moments, laid up in a bed, asking for a cigarette, and talking about how you cheated on Peggy, cheated on my mother multiple times, and cheated on Joy multiple times. And how you treated your children like shit. And you will ask me for forgiveness through someone else. And I will NEVER answer you. I will DEFINITELY not come to see you. NO way, hosay. When I hear from somewhere that you have left, I will only look up, put my arms to the sky, and say, like everyone else you know will, "Thank you, Gd. Thank you" for relieving this world of such a monster.

And you will be talking to a nurse. Because nobody else will care a shit about you. EVERYONE including your wife will just be waiting for you to go, like I am now.

Grace this Earth by leaving it. Please.

And ignore what I told you on the phone in April. The timeline has changed. That is no longer relevant. Gd has changed everything again.

You will be just like this guy in the video. Almost everything the same. Your wife will be out riding its horse or doing its errands. As you start to get sick and bedridden you will bring a nurse to take care of you. Your wife will tell you, "Marshal, I have to maintain my daily schedule. If I stay around here all day with you like this, I will just get depressed. And then I won't be any good to you or me. You see?" (like, 'You see my "logic" that I'm showing you, Marshal? Like I have shown you for 36 years so that you would do my bidding?').

Of course, as always, you will say, "Yes, I see your logic. You're right. Go and do your things". I mean, what the heck else are you gonna say at that point, right? You didn't stand up to it for 36 years, you sure as heck ain't gonna start now!!!! "And besides, Marshal, since you got sick, now I gotta clean them all bah mahself, and feed them all bah mahself, and brush them all bah mahself, And then I gotta come home and see ya like this. And I just CAN'T see ya like this all day, Marshal. It'll just get meh down! Ya know what ah mean? Ah ha, aha ha, aha ha. Ya know what ah mean?"

And then it will happily go and ride the horse. And it will happily go and do its errands. **JUST LIKE** the guys' wife in this video does (without the horse riding). And you will be alone, all day, with your nurse. And this time, I won't be calling you and keeping you company for hours like I did several times before when you were sick and injured. I have learned my lesson now about 6 times over. As soon as you get better, you would shit on me all over again. Your best friend will become your nurse. And he is the one who will watch you die. Die alone.

If a retired wealthy man and his middle-class working friend have another friend whose house just fell down because of an earthquake, do you think that He expects both men to help the man whose house fell down equally?? Of course not. He expects us to help to the best of our individual ability. Your ability at that time was capable of allowing me to move back in with you by being a man, or if you had wanted to remain a pussy then to provide me with the FULL support (not half-assed) that I would have had of living with you, like full food and rent in a safe neighborhood.

You have FAILED in His eyes. And in your soul, you know that. You have been failing for decades. He would not have expected Edie to have paid for an apartment and food for her kids. She did not have the capability of that at that time as far as I know. He DID expect it of you. You can say whatever evil bullshit that you have learned from your demon that you want to now. You know in your soul that those words are correct. And it does also, everyone does. It just would NEVER allow you to do either of those things.

Interesting timing of your sham "marriage" wasn't it. **She timed it so that she faked a suicide attempt to get you to marry it because you felt sorry for it RIGHT before I graduated college, because it KNEW that I would want to move back home after graduation.** She KNEW that once I was back in your house, it would be an uphill battle to get you to marry it, because you would have had my company, so you would not have been alone, and you were very successful in real estate then, and you had money, so why not just keep dating it? Why to marry and have to live with such a ball and chain? (search for "slashed" to read about Sharon Ashworth's staged "suicide attempt" which she used to get you to not throw her away which you were about to do, after you had realized that your kids had been right about her for 6 years, and hey, you didn't need her real estate expertise anymore, and hey, you were still young enough to find another wife).

You were also half-assed when I asked you to help me with \$10,000 debt that I had incurred as a result of loans that I took out to survive my 3rd and hardest year at that time of living in Israel. Helping your son to live in Israel has to be one of the greatest mitzvot that you could have EVER done for either of your adult children. Do you have ANY FUCKING idea how many blessings He would have bestowed upon you for that?? Of course you don't.

You said, "Where did you take the loans out from?" I said, "Credit cards". You said, "I ain't paying your credit cards!"

What did it make a difference, you fucking moron, if they were from credit cards or personal loans from a friend, or from a random guy in South Vietnam???????? They were loans that needed to be paid off!! And credit card loans have the highest interest rates. SO, IDIOT, you should be MORE inclined to help me pay my loans that would soon aggregate a lot more debt for me. What did it matter what the source was anyways?????

So, you waited 7 years. I asked you in the 5th and 6th years again, and finally in the 7th year, without telling me beforehand, you suddenly paid them off.

Thank you for doing that.

It cost you more than double in the 7th year as what it would have cost you in the 1st year to pay them off. You always told me, and you always did, until you started going with this fucking creep whom you are now married to, "Do things right away! Don't wait!! If you're gonna do it, do it!!!! WTF do you have to wait for?? Don't wait! Do things right away!!"

In October 2023 you promised unconditionally to send me \$1000 so that I could buy food. You should have just sent it right after sending me that email. **Right away, like you always had done before 1989 and like you always taught me to do.** But after you had sent the proper email to me that you would send that \$1000, **Debbie had her twittle feelings twurt because I hadn't responded to her insulting, insidious, totally sinful request for personal information for money from her after Israel had been invaded, in exchange for \$100.** So she told you soooo sinfully, (I have been and will love to see her suffer soooooooooo greatly for this), "Don't give him something for nothing" (from your wife's "Nobody in this world gives something for nothing" mantra which you, and then Debbie, and then your sister picked up). "Get two more contacts of his friends from over there from him so I can talk with them and spy on him and influence them to influence him. **He is desperate for the money.** Everything is closed there now, he has no work, and he needs food".

Ohhhhhhhhhh, Debbie, I do and will **relish** in your suffering for that.

DEBORAH, I AM AND WILL CONTINUE TO RELISH IN YOUR SUFFERING FOR ALL OF YOUR DISGUSTING SINS THAT YOU HAVE PERPETUATED ONTO ME AND ONTO SO MANY OTHERS. RELISH. RELISH. YOU EVIL FUCKING CUNT.

YOU ARE NOT MY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER. Do not EVER think that you are Kathleen's daughter. You are Sharon Lee Ashworth's daughter. She won. She co-opted another teenage and young adult and middle-aged adult into being the daughter which she never had the guts to have herself, after she murdered her own daughter right in her own body. That's right. Mazal tov, Deborah you fucking idiot!!!! You have given Sharon Ashworth a daughter. You!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You are EXACTLY like what her daughter would have been like.

You are cold. You are vengeful (exactly like Sharon Ashworth is). You are passive-aggressive. You are bipolar. You are TOTALLY afflicted with NPD. You are a HUUUUUGE narcissist. You are a user (just like she has used Marshal for 38 years for his money, his loyalty, his company, his soul, his goodness, and even...his very own daughter!!!!!!!!!!!!!!) Sharon has successfully taken his own daughter away from him. You do not behave like he even used to, during the years when he still had some of his soul left.

You DEFINITELY do not behave like his mother (her good side, her good attributes). She would NEVER, EVER have put up with you treating her oldest grandson as you have for 34 years, and especially as you have been for the past 13 years. She would have given you and your insolent, crazy, hysterical cousin a potch in head. She would have had a talking to her daughter also. But she lived in fear of her son just like everyone else does, and now like everyone does of you. But she would never have feared you, no matter how deep your husband's pockets were.

And you definitely, definitely, in no universe do you behave like my mother - you absolutely do NOT behave like her. My mother would have NEVER, EVER treated ANY member of her family the way that you have treated me, and some of her first cousins, and some of her other cousins. Hacking their accounts??? Are you a fucking psychopath????? Yes, you most definitely are a psychopath.

Even evil, spoiled brat, idiot Jeanie would have never behaved like you. Even DAVID PAGE, the little squirmy, slimy, lying sack of horse diarrheas that he is, has not yet gotten to be as evil as you are. He is definitely on the way. I mean he took revenge on me already by illegally stopping his check to me, just because he didn't like an email that I sent to him explaining how the American government works. Can you believe that?? What a small penis little tiny "man" idiot he is. Can you fucking believe that? I am preparing to sue his ass in court for all of that money that he owes me, and I've been advised to report him for, among other crimes that he has confessed to me, you, Marshal and others about several times against the State of California, but also for bank fraud.

You are, without a doubt, the daughter of Sharon Ashworth. You have taken after her in every conceivable way. I feel so, so, so, so sorry for my nieces that they have your wretched self as their mother. Poor girls. They both must have so, so so much mental and emotional trauma from having you as their mother. I cannot imagine it all. Everyone from Kim to Edie to Jerry to my mother's cousins has told me for years about how much problems you have had with your daughters, especially with rebellious Elyse. You go Elyse!!!!!! Give her fucking hell!!!!!! Give your evil, Sharon Ashworth's daughter fucking hell. She is a fucking bitch cunt evil fuck, Deborah, your "mother". She is a fucking failure in this world. Give her hell because it will keep you sane. Protect your younger sister from Deborah's complete and total psychoses at all costs. Deborah is a fucking mess. Deborah is a copycat blueprint of Sharon Ashworth. Do you like Sharon, Elyse? I highly doubt it. Deborah is a carbon copy of Sharon. Sharon loves knowing that she has stolen Deborah away from Marshal and away from Deborah's family of Jewish Kleins and Winicks, and Deborah has let Lee Ashworth, a demonic entity, control her

and rule her for 3 and a half decades now. Inside, Deborah loooooooves Sharon so, so much. Because Deborah is weak. Your fucked up mother is WEAK, as weak as any human being can be. She latches onto anything, anyone, who shows her any small dose of respect. Because Deborah feels like such utter shit inside. She feels like she is worthless, a nothing. She called Lee Ashworth a “nothing” to me a few times. She is right, but I never saw it like that before. Deborah saw it so easily, because we always see in others what we really see in ourselves. Deborah sees itself as a nothing. And Deborah is right. It is a nothing. It is a nothing. Elyse, sometimes in people’s lives we need to take that step back, and see our parents for the demons they are. Some of us have demons for parents. And for those of us who do, like me, you and Rebecca, we need to take that deep breath, realize the truth, cry about it for a little while, and finally, finally find the strength within us from Gd Almighty to let go of that fucking demonic parent. Maybe they were or weren’t demonic when we were born. Maybe they could change, we tell ourselves. But trust me, 99% of them, these narcissists, will never change. Do your research about narcissists. I spent over a year doing mine, dafter I realized, finally, after 5 decades, what was going on with Marshal, a killer, a murderer, a trespasser, a wife abuser, a liar like you could not believe, a person who allowed someone else to try to murder his father, a person who attempted to murder his own son through emotional manipulation, a complete and total agent of the s****t***n, and evil fucking entity. Deborah is the same. She has taken right after him and right after the demon that he chose to marry. Your mother is a fucking demon, Elyse. The faster you realize that and move away from her, the happier a life you will lead. I understand that you have 2 more years in her house. After that, you are a free agent. It took me 30 more years to realize that Marshal is a fucking monster. Gd has bestowed upon me the duty to help you to see the truth about Marshal’s cursed, fucked up, fucked in their heads family. The Klein family was cursed generations ago. It will die now. Its reign of terror on this earth, on the best ones in its genealogy, ends today. It will end now. Separate yourself from it as soon as you can. Protect your sweet sister at all costs. She has a very special soul.

Deborah, congratulations. You have taken the yetzer hara’s temptation. Good work. You took the easy way out. Instead of continuing to stand up to Marshal, as you did at 16, you bought the farm with him. You became evil. I resisted Sharon’s attempt at forming an “alliance” with it in 1992, at the obvious and implied expense of yours, Deborah’s sanity, and perhaps your life. I am almost positive, that if I had taken her evil, evil, s*****t*****n*****ic offer to be “friends” again, which meant I would be fully accepted and included into hers and Marshals evil club, which would have excluded you, who was still on the 24/7 outs with Sharon, and often also then with Marshal, albeit covertly, then you probably would have killed yourself within a year or so. I am 99% sure. I grew up with you. I lived with you almost every day for 16 years. We were only apart during class time at school or Hebrew School, but we saw each other at recesses and lunchtimes. I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN JEFF OR YOUR KIDS in so, so many ways. It was ME that you followed everywhere. It was MY FRIENDS that you tried to be friends with in elementary and junior high school because you didn’t have any friends. You and I did EVERYTHING together. It was me who watched you REPEATEDLY get into trouble with Joy, because you were such a fucking brat.

They unfairly gave me more attention than you. For sure. Why?? Easypeasy. Especially if you have read this letter. Marshal saw in me that I was way smarter than you. I was a boy. He translated that into: Albert will grow up to be a successful doctor, and if I treat him good now, and if I pay for his education and for his doctor's office, then he will always take care of me. Debbie – well, she is kind of stupid, and I don't know if she will have any career at all, but if she does, she won't be that successful, and if she does, she will stop it when she gets married. She will marry a guy, and he will be the breadwinner, so there's a good chance that she won't have control over his money, and therefore I can't count on her to take care of me like I can count on Al, because he will be the breadwinner in the family.

That must have totally sucked for you to always know and feel, ever since we were so small, that I was my parents' favorite. I was marshal's favorite. And joy would go along with whatever marshal wanted with his kids. And joy had her own deep-seated emotional issues from her own mother's experience with her. Her mother had treated Joy badly in many ways, and Joy passed that onto you, her only daughter. Maybe she did it subconsciously, acting out her own psychoses onto someone else instead of fixing them herself. You know, like you do to your own 2 daughters. Poor, poor girls. I pray for them almost daily sometimes that Gd will not allow them to be fucked in their heads from having you as their mother. Anyway Joy treated you like shit, and she treated me better. Marshal also. All of the time, ever since I can remember.

So what did you do? You acted out to get attention. Its Psych 101 (did you miss that class in your "Social Ecology" major, the major that you described to me and the hundreds of other people who asked you, "What's that?????" as, "It's a combination of sociology and psychology" (???????), a total bullshit major designed for idiots who don't know what they want to study, that UCI used to love to channel people like that into that major to "build their program", i.e., to get more state funding for their program).

It's Psych 101. You got less positive attention than me, all the time, and you were persecuted by Joy way more than I was. I was the older one, so I was always the one entrusted more. These are not things that you have even one TINY right to be upset with me for. **YOU DON'T HAVE ONE TINY RIGHT TO BE UPSET WITH ME ABOUT THOSE THINGS.** But yet you are, because you don't have the courage to be upset with the **THREE** people whom you **DO** deserve to be upset with about it – them and you.

So you received less positive attention than me. So what did you do? You acted out **ALL** the time, getting in trouble with Joy **ALL** the time. 1. You hated her anyways for a variety of reasons. But more importantly, 2. By acting out you received attention. It's very very common for younger children and middle children to get into trouble a lot. They want **ANY** attention. So when they get into trouble, they force the parent who has been neglecting them, to put their attention onto those children. So you **WANTED** to get into trouble. You would rather have the pain of the spankings, and the pain of the isolation in your room, and the pain of the displeasure of the parents, rather than have no attention at all. At least you felt alive that way. You felt like you mattered; like that they were paying attention to you. It's a very, very common behavior pattern in children.

And NONE of that is my fault whatsoever. Grow up about 50 years and stop blaming me for the sinful actions of Joy and Marshal.

Or don't, I don't really give a fucking shit. But as sure as that I am writing this letter, I am 100% sure that if it is His will at the time, that my nieces will see this letter and will learn so, soooooooooo much more about what a fucking cunt you are. And if I am not here, they will know why that is. I GUARANTEE IT YOU FUCKING BITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!

And I know that you think that you would tell me one day, "Its Jeff's money. I couldn't just send it to you anytime I wanted to help you because Jeff wouldn't let me. He was mad at you all those years because you told me about your dream in 2006. It wasn't my money. It was his money."

Nice try you fucking moron. You think I am that stupid???? You both are married. His money is your money. And if it's not like that with you both, then it tells me even more what a fucking loser you are. You agreed to enter and to stay in a marriage where your husband's money is not equally your money as well????? What a fucking loser you truly are. You can't even command dignity within your own marriage.

And if Jeff is still upset / was upset (????????????) / has EVER been upset with me for a dream that I had – what a fucking loser. What a fucking pansy. Are you fucking kidding me ????????? I just find it so hard to believe, based on what I have heard about him that he would have ever been upset / is upset with me for a dream that I had ?????? Is he that much of a fucking pussy????? Seriously????? As if I control my own dreams????? Did he forget that you didn't even invite me to yours and his wedding???? Which our lifetime Rabbi, the Rabbi who married you, along with other people, all of whom have told me that they told you, "You should have invited Al".

PEOPLE WERE FUCKING OVER THEMSELVES that you didn't invite me to your wedding!!!!!!!!!!!!!! WHAT THE HOLY FUCK ?????????????? WHAT THE HOLY FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?????????

Oh yeh, that's EXACTLY what Sharon's daughter would have done. And you are Sharon's daughter. Kathleen's family, my mother's family, and especially my mother, would have NEVER not invited me. Even my fathers family at the time, NEVER would have not invited me. Few Jewish families, few goy families would have not invited their brother (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!).

But Sharon and her daughter would have done that.

People were aghast at you. Some told you, and some didn't. But they have told me over the years. You LOOKED LIKE A FUCKING BITCH. You looked like the fucking bitch that you are. Everyone saw what a fucking bitch you are.

Maybe you not inviting me to your wedding influenced me to have that dream? Or maybe it was divine intervention, so that you would wait to have kids until the gametes for Elyse were ready, because He wanted to bring Elyse into the world and nobody else until then? Who knows?? BUT JEFF, YOU FUCKING PANSY ASS PUSSY FUCK, IF ITS TRUE WHAT I HAVE HEARD OVER THE YEARS, THAT YOU ARE/WERE UPSET WITH ME FOR HAVING A DREAM, AND THEN SPENDING TIME TO FIND DEBORAH'S NUMBER, AND SPENDING MY MONEY TO CALL HER, TO TALK TO HER FOR 5 MINUTES, TO TELL HER A DREAM I HAD HAD REPEATED 3 TIMES – Then DUDE YOU ARE A FUCKING PSYCHO ALSO.

SERIOUSLY, JEFF, YOU ARE A FUCKING PSYCHO IF THAT'S TRUE. I mean, I have wondered over the years why the fuck Jeff married you. There are only 2 explanations. He didn't see the real you until years later, like maybe one or two years later. And he looks to be a real quiet, social misfit kind of guy. So to land a blond like you, who most guys would find attractive, because most guys are dopes and only look at bleached blond hair and a fake flashy smile, would be something that might blind him to your other bad qualities which he chose to ignore because he thought it would be cool to have you on his arm.

Or.....he is just as psychotic as you are. And based on what you have told me about his parents, especially about his overbearing mother, whom you could not stand to be around, and based on some photos of him, I wouldn't be surprised if he is just as psychotic as you are, but maybe he just hides it really well. That sounds hauntingly familiar, doesn't it? Like Marshal tried to hide his psychoses from everyone for most of his life, and tried to make his wives look like the "crazy" ones. Newsflash: NO matter what, if one spouse has big emotional issues, 100% the other spouse does also. 100%.

The only other option as I said is that he didn't see it until too late, because you hid it from him. But then.....even though yours is just a paper marriage at this point, still, why has he stayed with you??

So maybe in fact, Jeff is a little boy emotionally, and he blamed and still blames ME for telling you about a dream I had 19 years ago, which he blames ME for upsetting your trip to Israel, and for you not getting pregnant in Israel on that trip, and Gd knows what else. GROW UP YOU FUCKING PSYCHO, JEFF. GROW. THE. FUCK. UP.

That's EXACTLY what my father would have told you before 1989, before he became a pansy pussy just like you are. GROW. THE. FUCK. UP. You didn't have a good trip because I told Debbie a dream I had? Wow. Victim issues much?? Child/parent issues much, Jeffrey, you fucking small, small boy. GROW. THE. FUCK. UP. My nieces deserve a father, not a fucking child to be called their father. Be a man, Jeff. Stop being a little boy.

Be a man Jeff, for once in your pathetic life. And you look like a fucking psychopath in so many photos. Do you know what a natural smile feels like? You definitely weren't married for your looks, dude. I mean, is that why you worked all the time? Is that why

you have made like 10000000x more money that you or your family will EVER need? Trying to make up for your bad looks, bro? Or for something else maybe? Either way, dude, if your soul is pure, the looks will be good also. And everything else will be also.

I don't think I've even seen a picture of you with a natural, full, relaxed smile on your face. Depressed much? Repressed much? Angry at me for telling Debbie a dream? Dude, I am laughing at your childishness. Money doesn't make you a human being. It doesn't make you SHIT. It only makes you someone with money. If you are upset with me about that dream I told Debbie about 19 years ago because you think that's why your trip wasn't great, then fly your cowardly ass over here, you fucking deranged psycho. Let's talk. Maybe then you will have something to really be upset about.

And your kind brother was dying then of cancer. Wow. What a dickhead you are. What a fucking dickhead you are. You left your dying brother alone in LA while you traipsed off to vacation????? You are just as cold as Deborah. Why weren't you spending EVERY FUCKING MINUTE with your brother, dude ?????? Woww. What a fucking schmuck you are. No wonder he died. He probably suffered all of his life from you and your narcissism, and from your mother's overbearingness, and your father's psychoses.

Dude. You fucking went on a 2-week vacation while your brother was dying????????????

WHAT A FUCKING SCHMUCK.

And now you support Deborah keeping me away from my nieces all of these years?? So, your daughters have lost 2 uncles of theirs, because of your narcissism and vengeful, childish, pussy-ass antics? What a fucking schmuck you are.

Good job, Deborah. You married a fucking schmuck. A homely-looking guy, who is stuck in his childhood, just like you are. But...he has lots of money. Yayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy. Debbie the gold digger. Debbie the JAP. Sooooo many people have said to me over the years, "She got what she always wanted - money" about your marriage. Does Jeffrey know that you married him for his money??

Congrats, Deb, for a life so well-lived. Vengefulness; hurting people physically and mentally and in their lives; coldness; shitty ass fucking mother; marrying for money. Wow. That sounds just like.....Tell her what has she won, Bob.....Sharon. Lee. Ashworth.

Debbie, you are now Sharon Lee Ashworth's daughter. Through and through. Yayyyyyyy. It means that I am not at all related to you anymore. Yay.

Your life is worth ashes also now. Good one, Deb. Nice one.

And pussy you always being a slave to the females in your life ever since your domineering mother.

LINK

HIS PROMISE TO SEND ME \$1000 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR. BUT HE DID NOT DO IT FOR 3 MONTHS, AND ONLY DID IT AFTER A LOT OF HARASSING ME AND PLAYING GAMES WITH ME.

But instead you listened AGAIN to an IDIOT, Debbie. Debbie's huge ego was destroyed because I had ignored her TOTALLY SINFUL email a few days before promising me little money in exchange for bits of personal information (which she already had).

LINK

LINK TO DEBBIE'S EMAILS PROMISING TO SEND ME ONLY \$100 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR ONLY IF I WOULD GIVE HER SOME OF MY PERSONAL INFORMATION. A friend of mine at the time said to me when I told her about this, "\$100 ????? She should put a couple of zeroes after that amount with the money that she has and the amount that you need" (she meant like "\$10,000").

So you listened to another IDIOT WOMAN (that is your M.O. in life, to have idiot females boss you around - like your mother did for 18 years - and you are super comfortable with that), and you decided to string me out, and copy that **SINFUL BITCH DEBORAH**, and go back on your word, which means absolutely NOTHING anymore, and require me to send you even more personal details (you added more requirements as time went on, you fucking FUCKHEAD) about my personal life in order for you to send the money that you had already promised to me **unconditionally**.

So by the time I got the money in JANUARY (from October), the exchange rate had fallen so much that I lost almost \$100 worth of shekels from the original \$1000!!!!

I lost nearly \$100 of your money because you did it half-assed!!

YOU DO EVERYTHING IN YOUR LIFE HALF-ASSED !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You always have and always will.

A smarter person would have followed through on their promise and sent it right away, and told Debbie to "go fuck" (your term from the 70s and 80s). Then they would have offered another chunk of money soon after in exchange for the personal details. But everyone knows that you, your wife, your sister, Debbie, and your sister's daughter are all complete and total idiots.

You always do everything half-assed. You always have and still do.

Recently, while I was updating this letter, I spoke to someone whom I have known for a long time in Israel. They are Israeli, and they know so much, really almost everything about how you and Deborah have been such FUCKING ASSHOLES to me over the years. They know almost everything. Even though we have talked since January 2024, we didn't discuss something because I had much better and more interesting things to talk to them about. But last October 2023-january 2024 came up in our recent conversation.

The person said, "He did that to you????? For food? When you needed money for food?" Then there was a pause. Then that person said, "For a thousand dollars?????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Another pause. Then, "Why didn't he send you the whole \$5000 anyways????? Gooooooo_____". Add a "d" at the end there.

Then I told them about Debbie, how she had bargained with \$100 for me for money for food in exchange for my address and phone (which she had, but which her total and complete idiot, totally idolatrous, money-idolizing "rabbi" had told her that it was disconnected, after he had called the number, and had heard a recording in Hebrew which said, "The subscriber you have reached is not available now. Please try your call again later". I think his Hebrew probably sucks and he didn't understand the message. He really is a fucking doofus).

The person said, "What ??! She did that?" I told them how a Polish friend of mine at the time had said, "\$100???? She should put a couple zeroes after that, based on what you need and what she can afford. Woww!!" Note to Deborah, the biggest failure of all 100+ members of my genetic family on both sides (no exaggeration), you know, the one who has only a BA in a major that an 8th grader can complete, and NO OTHER accomplishments in her life – popping out 2 kids ain't no accomplishment – women do that millions of times every day around the world, and have been doing it for millennia, and it is not even a commandment for women - and you have raised them for fucking SHIT!!!!!! My poor nieces, I pray for them almost every day that they will be ok after 18 years of being subjected to your fucking neuroses for 18 years.

Note to IDIOT OF ALL IDIOTS Deborah - "couple" means 2. That means that she, and everyone else, outside of cursed California, EXPECTS you to have given me \$10,000 JUST for that one time after October 7, 2023. YOU FUCKING IDIOT
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You stupid fucking cunt. You are NO daughter or my mother's. A little over a year ago, a month or so after what happened as described above, I received a confirmed message from my mother, from someone who has been gifted with such things for decades, baruch Hashem, a very, very holy person (you don't even know what holy means – seriously), that THE SOUL OF MY MOTHER WAS SO CLOSE TO REGRETTING THAT SHE HAD EVER HAD YOU, REGRETTING THAT SHE HAD NOT USED BETTER CONTRACEPTION AT THAT TIME, BECAUSE OF THE UNFORGIVABLE, SINFUL WAY THAT YOU WERE AND HAD BEEN TREATING ME.

SHE ALMOST WISHED THAT SHE HAD NOT HAD YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The only reason that she did not wish it completely is because she understands now that Hashem does everything for a reason. BUT SHE WONDERED HOW YOU COULD BE HER DAUGHTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Because you are NOT her fucking daughter. You are NOTHING like her. She was sweet. You are a fucking cunt. She was kind. You are mean and vengeful. She was compassionate. You are a bitch to everyone. She was feminine, a real woman, an Aishet Chayil (An “accomplished woman”, from Mishlei/Proverbs, something that every Jewish woman and many non-Jewish women strive to be). You. ARE. NOTHING. You have accomplished NOTHING except to make this world worse, to bring pain to people, to hurt people, to make this world a worse place, not a better place.

You have never ONCE thanked me for pushing you, for 3.5 years, to meet Uncles Jerry, David and the rest of my mom’s family. I told you about the reunion and pushed you for months to go to it. I was the one who finally convinced you to go to it, and arranged EVERYTHING for you. All that I heard from you for 3.5 years was, “Dad has been saying all of our lives that they are dangerous. Be careful. No, I do not want to meet them”.

After months of trying to convince you, at the very last minute you decided to fly out to the East Coast to the reunion, meeting the cousins before my uncles, who lived in Southern California, because you were still afraid of them after allowing yourself to still be brainwashed by Marshal, about how they were dangerous, until you were 26 years old.

And all you did, just like Marshal would have done, was to SHIT on me. Once you arrived, you pretty much ignored me. You treated me like shit the entire weekend. UNFUCKINGBELIEVABLE. You were only there because I had spent 3.5 years trying to get you to meet my mother’s family, because I thought that it might help you to heal from your many neuroses. I knew what it had done for me, to see that I

had NORMAL family, loving family. Family who did not care how my grades were or what job I would have. They are family who love me just because I am me. They lacked all of the ridiculous paranoia, and major lying, and pretentiousness of Marshal and Edie and Ruth, and they didn't have goy, atheist, psychotic, narcissistic spouses. At that time, there wasn't a hint of narcissism in any of them. Even David Page was better back then. That was before you got control of him, or more realistically, before he allowed you to control him, and to infect him with your evilness and narcissism, which you weak-ass, wimp-ass fuckface allowed yourself to be infected by Sharon Ashworth.

You were only there because of me, because I had tried so hard for years to help you to be a better person, and to be a happier person, and you only shit on me. After that weekend, I did not speak with you for 8 years. I could not believe your behavior. And a couple cousins amazingly also became cold to me, when they saw that you became cold to me there. That was great – I saw a few people's true colors. Until today, same story, with those same people. Narcissists, liars, and weak people, only interested in kowtowing to you.

YOU CAN'T EVEN BE A GOOD MOTHER!!

YOU ARE NOT MY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

YOU ARE SHARON LEE ASHWORTH'S DAUGHTER.

Marshal and Deborah are weak. They are weak and pathetic. You both have allowed that demon to rule over you. Marshal, you fucking pussy of a whatever you are (you are NOT a man); you have allowed it to rule your life, and have allowed it to infiltrate your family and to poison almost everyone in it. **YOU FUCKING PUSSYFUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! YOU FUCKING SORRY EXCUSE FOR A MALE.**

You allowed it to take your soul, your masculinity, your family, and everything about your life. Deborah has allowed it to rule over her as her mother. Deborah has adopted every aspect of it, becoming its daughter.

If you were Ebenezer Scrooge, whenever the Angel showed you how you had treated me and others in **NOT** the way that Gd wants you to treat them, "Treat others as you want to be treated" (Vayikra 19:18), you would have said to the Angel showing you all of those

times, “You see? I shouldn’t have given him that toy / told him that I would give him that money / helped that woman to her car with groceries (because then she asked me if I could load them into her car!!) / given that man at the gas station money (because then he asked me if I could give him more money! Can you believe it?? A starving man asked me for more money after I had already given him \$2 !!!!!)) / gone home 1 night a week to be with my 16-year old daughter who already had self-esteem, body, looks, depression, anger, and confusion issues from mine and my 3rd wife’s physical and emotional abuse of her, because she just ran into her room anyways / let my sister come and stay in my house because all she did was complain about the house temperature all the time / FILL IN THE HUNDREDS, NO THOUSANDS OF BLANKS.

THAT IS CALLED NARCISSISM.

You are NEVER wrong. It is ALWAYS the other person who is wrong. You were already a covert narcissist until 1988. Since then you have become what the person you married has always been since the minute I met her (search for “you have got to read this” in this letter for a longer description of that).

An overt narcissist.

And they NEVER change.

Years ago I wrote your wife a direct and honest letter. You told me then, “I didn’t raise you to write a letter like that.” WTF does that have to do with anything?? I was like 25 years old. Did you think that, or do you still think like an idiot that, children and especially adult children do only what their parents “raise them” to do????? What a fucking idiotic thing to say. I told you then “What’s the connection there?” Of course you just repeated yourself.

Are all of your actions a sole result of what you learned from your parents?????

Well, actually after writing this letter for so many months, yes, it seems like they are. You are a follower totally of your sister and of your parents, and now of your demon wife and of your daughter and of your niece. That’s why you think like that. Your actions ARE a result of how your parents raised you, and of how your sister raised and directs you, even so subtly manipulates you, and of how Beavis, Debbie and Kim manipulate and direct you these days.

Since that’s who you are, your puny brain thinks that EVERYONE does that.

Anyways, I decided this time that you were right. Your “wife” means nothing to me. So this time I write to you DIRECTLY. Is that better for you?

You are such a cold evil “parent”.

**HOW YOU HAVE ALWAYS TRIED TO TURN MY
GIRLFRIENDS AGAINST ME SINCE 1989.**

**THIS WAS THE LAST TIME THAT YOU TRIED,
BECAUSE SHE SHOWED YOU EXACTLY WHAT AN
ASSHOLE OF A FATHER YOU WERE BEING TO ME.**

YOU FUCKING CREEP.

For over two decades, you had tried to turn my girlfriends against me, and had tried to get them to favor you.

Then I got smarter. Before you came to Israel, I warned my girlfriend that you would probably try to do that. I told her how you would probably do that. She did not believe me that you would do that. But she was 100% prepared for it. Her response to your evilness caused me to fall even more in love with her.

I told her before you arrived when and how you might try to do it. I told her it would likely be over a meal, after I had asked you questions about my mom.

After her, you and I had traveled to Metzada on Shabbat, we went to the Kotel on the way back to Tel Aviv, just an hour before sunset. It was a beautiful time for all three of us. I felt how much Gd was blessing us. The sky, the sun, the atmosphere of quiet and holiness, the birds flying in circles above our heads continuously and singing to each other as they often do at that time of day there, being with my girlfriend and my father at the holiest place that Jews can be, on Shabbat, lifted my soul soooooo high. I had tears in my eyes as I said to you both, “The only thing that would make this even better would be if Debbie were here with us now”. I was thinking “Debbie and my mother”, but I dared not say that back then and risk upsetting you (I wonder why it would, since you supposedly only had hate for her as you had professed to your children for their whole life? Oh yeh, it reminded you of your appropriate guilt feelings about her death).

If Debbie had been there then with you in that year at that time, she **NEVER** would have said, “All that is missing is Al / Al and my mom”.

She would instead relish in having you all to herself at such a moment as that, and that I was excluded from that moment, so that she could soak it up with you alone, and “get revenge” (!!!!!) on me (what the F did I do, you fucking little shithead idiot ?????? – grow up and be a REAL WOMAN FOR ONCE IN YOUR PATHETIC FUCKING LIFE and take out your anger where it belongs – ON HIM YOU FUCKING COWARD, or just

fix your issues yourself. I was not the one who favored me (impossible ?????) in our childhood) for **YOUR** 16 years of favoring me when we were growing up.

I had tears in my eyes as I said to you both, “The only thing that would make this even better would be if Debbie were here with us now”. We stayed a little while longer, and then went to an awesome restaurant at Mamilla.

During dinner, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way through, I asked you a few questions about my mom. They were not threatening questions for you, just about how religious was she, did she ever want to come to Israel, how did you guys celebrate Pesach and other Holy Days, etc. Around my third or so question (textbook for you for 28 years), you started getting, in your **exact** words, “flustered”. Textbook. My girlfriend had been respectfully silent as I had asked you questions and you had answered, just listening and eating. She is a stellar person in situations like that.

After I had asked you the 2nd or maximum 3rd question, you erupted, as always. You put down your fork and said with an angry, annoyed tone, “Why do you always gotta ask me questions about your mother? Why can’t we just eat in peace and just talk about you guys, or how good the food is – do you like your fish, honey? How is the fish?” She replied with a smile, “Very good, thank you”. Then you used your just created “in”. You said directly to her, not looking at me for the duration of your diatribe here, “You know, I don’t know why he has ALWAYS gotta ask me questions about his mother. He is stuck in the past. Al is livin’ in the past. He can’t move on with his life. Always, ‘Why did she do this? Why did you do that? What was she like’? He has got something wrong with his head. He needs help, he really needs help. He can’t let go of his mother. All the fucking time, asking questions about his mother. Al has got problems. He really has got problems. You know what I mean?”

She had stopped eating during your diatribe. As you were talking I said to myself, “Here we go again. Always trying to turn my girlfriends against me, telling them how crazy I am because I didn’t think at 14 years old, when you finally told me things about my mother, to ask you EVERY SINGLE FUCKING QUESTION THAT I MIGHT HAVE DURING THE REST OF MY LIFE about her. So I must be crazy, like her, Joy, your own mother, Edie, Kim, Kathy, Jer, and every other person whom you knew socially. There must be something wrong with me that I keep asking you questions about my mother, like how religious was she and did she want to come to Israel, after we had just been to Metzada and to the Kotel”.

The truth is, that your controlling narcissistic self LOVED and LOVES me wanting to know things about my mom. Because you think that it keeps me under your control. “If he wants to know stuff about his mom, I will string him along all of my life. Then I will always have something that he wants. Then he will always stay in touch with me, and be at least somewhat nice to me. And also then he will never hurt me”.

Right, **asshole**????????????????????????????

So she had stopped eating during your monologue in your invariable attempt to turn my new girlfriend against me. She politely waited until you finished talking AT her. You still had not looked at me.

She then smiled halfway and said, “Well, I guess he just wants to know about his mother. I ask my mother’s friends and relatives all of the time about my mother, and I knew her all of my life until just a few years ago. It must be hard for Al to have hardly had a chance to know her, so I guess he just wants to hear it from you! That’s all.” She had a happy tone in her voice as she finished. Her smile had gotten bigger.

Wow. That stopped you DEAD in your tracks.

It was the first time that you hadn’t had a more weak-minded, easily-charmed-by-your-bullshit woman whom you could influence more easily.

You sat there silent for several seconds just looking at her. I can only imagine the words that were forming in your mind that you wanted to say to her.

Then you looked down, straightened yourself in your chair, and said, “Huh. Welp, maybe you’re right. I’ll think about that. Yeh we had Passover with your mom a couple times. I don’t remember anything else. So, what are we gonna do tomorrow?”

THAT was one of the MAIN reasons that she DID NOT want me to give you her phone number so that you could “Have someone there to call in case I can’t reach you”.

You had asked me after your trip to Israel to ask her and my good friend who had walked you to your car if I could give their phone numbers so that “I can have a number to call in case I can’t reach you”. What a TOTALLY FUCKING weird thing for you to ask for, seeing as how during those years, you could always reach me. It was YOU who had told me a year earlier when I called you on the way to Jerusalem, “You can’t call me every 2 days” (search for “I’m on the way to Yerushalayim” in this letter for a longer description of that).

You must have told my Uncle Jerry to start doing that because he sinfully, soooooo sinfully said that to me sometime later, when I called to remind him of his father’s yartzeit.

RECORDING OF JERRY YELLING AND BEING AN ASSHOLE TO ME.

You just wanted the numbers of people who were close to me so that your wife and later your daughter could spy on me and “influence” those people to turn against me and could influence me the way that you wanted them to.

I remember thinking when you had asked me a few times for her number after you got back, “Is he mad????? Is he so detached from reality to think that after that incident at dinner that she would EVER want me to give him her number, after he had done

EXACTLY what I had warned her that he would do, which was soooooooooo fucking heinous????”

I mean, she had had problems with her parents like everyone. But at least they NEVER EVER had tried to subvert their own offspring !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It was unFUCKINGBELIEVABLE to her.

And she was not the first one. A former girlfriend has told me that she remembers how you had so obviously favored Debbie over me ALL weekend that she was at our house in the 90s. My 2nd girlfriend, who knew a lot about psychology and therapy, told me that you had several psychoses. Back then, I told her that it couldn't be. I told her that you know people very well, and that you identify other people who have “mental problems”, like your mom and your sister. So you must not have them yourself, if you can see others who do. I remember her staring at me for about 2 or 3 seconds, at a Sizzler in Santa Barbara we were at, and then erupting into truly joyful laughter. I laughed with her too but I didn't know what was so funny. She finally told me in a sweet and compassionate way, “Oh Albie, you are so sweet. And gullible. And naïve about your father. Your father has a lot of issues. You will see it more as he gets older”. I totally dismissed what she had said and went back to the all-you-can-eat salad bar for more. I have realized since then that her 2-3 second stare was probably her evaluating me to see whether or not I was being serious or being sarcastic.

My girlfriend in Israel whom you totally bewildered by attempting to UNDERMINE your son TO HIS GIRLFRIEND right in front of him still never talked badly about you. Factually, yes. Intentionally negative for no reason, never. And she still always suggested to me everything to try so that we would be close again. Her unwavering goal was for us to be close again. She asked me constantly from time to time, “Have you talked to your dad recently?” She always reminded me that you may not be around forever. But she never forgot what a fucking creep parent you had been that day. She definitely DID NOT want you calling her.

She probably correctly thought, “If he can say such things in front of Al to me, trying to undermine his own son like that right in front of me, IMAGINE what he could say and do in a conversation with me on the phone when Al would not be around to hear it”.

And Deborah, the little shitfuck evil witch that it is, has done and DOES the same, exact, NARCISSISTIC things. Besides your two's other multiple psychoses, you both are CERTIFIABLE narcissists. As per the criteria for diagnosis of NPD in the DSM-5, you both are narcissists with NPD.

WTF is wrong with you ??????????????????

And my friend was the same way. You think just because he took care of you when you were here that he trusted you for 1 second?????? He didn't want you to have his phone number. He knew people then better than you did. He didn't want you to have his number

(search for “I will show you how to get to your car” in this letter for a longer description of that).

LINK.

You fucking creep. Your narcissistic email here says it all. I didn't HAVE to tell them anything “bad” about you. They knew you just by being around you.

In no way did they want you to call them without me in the conversation.

Like the “Love Bombing” that I wrote about elsewhere is this letter (search for “love bombing”), this is a trait of narcissists as well. It's called “Triangulation”. Debbie, the child whom my mother's soul, almost a year ago, was so close to regretting having had her, does that ALL THE TIME with my mother's own family!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, and with MY FRIENDS whom she contacts or has them contacted after swiping their numbers from my phone!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!, some of whom have been friends of mine for decades!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The good thing from this is that I have been able to see who my “friends” truly are. It has been Gd's way of weeding out people whom I thought were friends of mine, and showing me the truth about them. But it does not for 1 millisecond excuse her evil, evil, totally punishable and sinful behavior.

And you have been doing that to me ever since my 2nd girlfriend. She also didn't fall for your Triangulation bullshit, probably due to the fact that her mother was a REAL psychologist, and so she knew all about stuff like this long before she ever met you. But others along the way sometimes have fallen for your Triangulation, a marked trait of narcissists. And, yeh that's good, because it weeded them out for me as well.

Do you see now why I hate you and Debbie and most of your family?????? Because you ALL are TOTAL and complete NOTHINGS !!!!! You are evil “people”. You put control and manipulation before love. You are worthless to this world.

I have finally woken up, Marshall Alan Klein, born June 1, 1943, in Chicago, who changed his identity to Marshal Dennis Klein, born May 30, 1943 (search for "imposter" to read about how I have found out that you conveniently changed your identity **right around the time of your arrest and conviction in Chicago for Grand Theft Auto**, and its subsequent expungment, all arranged by your ultra-wealthy uncles).

I have woken up to see that you are a nothing. You are a shell of a person. You have not loved me or Debbie ever. Because you do not know how to love.

Fucking creep.

We did not speak for 1 year because of you. I called you several times in January 2023 and messaged you and you did not answer me and did not respond to ANY of my messages.

In January of 2024 I called you. You answered, "I'm in a meeting I can't talk now". No, "Hi Al, it's nice to hear from you". I said, "Ok, I'll call you back after your meeting how long will your meeting be for?" You said, "3 hours, no don't call me back today". I said, "You have a 3 hour meeting?" After a pause you said, "Bye, Al" and closed the phone on me.

LINK.

RECORDING OF My first time speaking with you in over a year. This is how you respond.

Then a few days later I called you again. We started talking about the money which you had owed me from your own promise for **3 MONTHS!!!!!!**

I told you calmly that, "I want to see you follow through on your promise. Send me the money that you promised, and I'll send you the 2 phone numbers that you want".

You replied to me, **"NO! We will do it my way! I am in control!! Not you!!"**

LINK.

Marshal Klein BELLOWING at his son, as he always has, "YOU ARE NOT IN CONTROL. I AM!!!!" and "WE WILL DO IT MY WAY!!!!"

That's how you spoke to my mother too. I remember.

You are a **FUCKING TYRANT**. You always have been and you always will be.

When I was 20 years old, you tried to change me into who you are.

I had several good friends at the time. Most of them were from high school, because Gd had blessed me that many of my high school friends went to the same university as I did. I had stayed friends with them as well as with my friends who didn't go to the same university as me. That kind of support was important to me, since your emotional support had all but left ever since I went away to university.

When I was 20 years old, you told me, "Nobody in life gives something for nothing. Everybody wants something. Your friends all want something from you. That's why they are your friends. They don't care if you succeed or fail. If you fail in life, they will leave you. They don't really care about you. **Nobody gives something for nothing**".

You had NEVER spoken like that to me before, ever. And many of these same friends you had known for years. You had never said anything like that to me back then.

Hm. I wonder why your outlook about this idea changed. I have never forgotten you saying, "Everyone in this world wants something from you. **Nobody in life gives**

something for nothing". Because it sounded like something that the bitch that you were dating would say about people. But anyways why would you say it to me? Because she and you wanted me to further isolate myself from anyone who might provide me any kind of support.

But I still erroneously practically idolized you back then, and even though it was the FIRST time that you had EVER said such a thing to me, I started to believe you. As a result, I moved away emotionally from the only people who were a true source of emotional support for me, since that was the exact time that you were at your height in those years of being distant from me.

You had NEVER talked like that before that day. Never. Your pessimistic, cynical sister had always said those things.

But you had never said them before that day. Yet they were right in line with what your sister had said, and EXACTLY in line with the thinking of the cold, selfish, lonely demon that you had sinfully had let into our lives.

You saying that to me and me believing you affected the next few years of my friendships as well as my romantic relationships. In my next romantic relationship I chose a woman who was as cold as your demonfriend in some ways, although she was like Einstein compared to your demonfriend (not too difficult to do). My previous girlfriend had been everything that your demonfriend was not – warm, kind, giving, accepting, and supportive, and truly loved me.

Years later, when I met my mother's family, I realized that you were totally, totally wrong. YOU FUCKHEAD.

My mother's family who had never met me before, dozens of cousins and uncles and aunts, accepted me with wide open arms and hugs and kisses, immediately invited me to their homes for meals, took me all around, spent so much time with me, and I felt that warm, unconditional love which I had been lacking almost entirely since I was 18 years old. Cousins who were second and third cousins in distant cities invited me into their houses for meals and lodging, and never asked a thing from me in return.

From those days onward I returned to being a whole and complete person, believing in love again and believing again that there are people in the world who love me just because I exist. And then over the next years until now I have met more and more and more people who have given to me and wanted NOTHING in return. NOTHING.

YOU ARE A FUCKING PRICK ASSHOLE FUCKHEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Many people whom I know, relatives and friends, would LOOOOOOOOOVE to write letters to or talk to their parents the way that I am writing to you now.

But many won't do that because they are afraid that their parents will cut them out of their inheritance.

Many like my sister won't do that because they are afraid that then their parents will ostracize them and they wonder if then their kids might also.

Many like my sister won't do it because they feel that they have to uphold to their children the image of their parents as great people, even when they know deep in their heart the true nature of their parents.

I don't have to worry about none of that thanks to your years-long strategy of excluding me, ignoring me, and basically being a shitty parent for a long time. I already have almost no relationship with you thanks to the strategy which you have pursued for years, at the advice of your totally retarded idiot narcissistic selfish wife, and your almost equally idiot (Debbie is more of an idiot than your wife is, one of the few people who are) controlling, narcissistic, low self-esteem, lost, doesn't know who she is but she tries to control everything and everybody "daughter".

Good work Marshal and Sharon and Deborah and Edie and Kim and Mike Cocos and any other idiot friend of Marshal's who has advised him like the idiots that you all who HAVE advised him are. EXCELLENT WORK. Thank you.

You are such an evil and selfish thing. I recently asked you if I could say Kaddish for your father. I must ask your permission to do this, because it is your obligation to do it, but it is also your honor and privilege to do it for him. You are the only person in the world obligate dot say Kaddish for your parents, as their only son. So anyone who wants to say Kaddish for them must ask you if it is ok with you.

I started saying Kaddish for Grandpa Sam in 2013. That November, I sent you a text message asking if I had your permission to do so. This was after a few months of me not communicating with you because you had told me a few months earlier that you could not come to Israel the following year during May, when the best weather and sunshine is abundant, and when my work schedule would be lighter, because your fucking demonic, ugly fucking gross disgusting "wife" insisted that you instead go with her to Bryce Canyon that May. This was after weeks of discussion between us about it. You knew that you were being an asshole of a father, a total and complete failure of a father, but you didn't have, and have never ever had, the courage to stand up to that demon, because you are A FUCKING PUSSY.

You responded to me, "Grandpa Sam is lucky to have such a great grandson. You have my permission to say Kaddish for him". Every year since then when I asked you if I could do it, you said "yes".

This year I asked you, and followed up with another request after you had not answered me, and you have never, ever responded to me. UNFUCKINGBELIEVABLE. You let whatever petty, puny, tiny drama you have in your mind be more important than your

father's soul. Thank you so much for setting such an example for me. Ill definitely remember that. I'll remember even more not to feel any obligation to do anything for your demonic soul than the bare minimum that my rabbi advises that I do, for ME, not for you.

Here are my emails to you, which you have never responded to. Its soooo obvious that your tiny, puny mind and Deborah's tiny, puny mind, and your other family members, and friends, and anyone else who is so weak to let you influence them, have engaged in a formula now to not respond to me. What a bunch of sheep you all are. What a bunch of idiots you all are. Following failure of a lifetime Deborah's formulas. It has been soooooooooo obvious to me for soooooooooo fucking long who is in touch with Deborah and who follows her instructions like the idiots and sheep that they are.

I will not forget any of that, nor anyone who has followed that. You can be totally and completely SURE of that.

LINK

My emails to you asking you this year if I could say Kaddish for your father, to which you never replied to me. Grandpa Sam may have suffered because of this, but FOR SURE you have and will suffer way, way more. Replying that no I couldn't would have been wayyyyyyy better than not replying to me. MAY YOU FUCKING BURNNNNNNNN BURNNNNN BURNNNNNNNNNNNN in Gehinnom for eternity, if it be Gd's will, without mercy.

BUUUUUURRRRRNN YOU MOTHER
FUCKING FUCKHEAD !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You are such a fucking dunce. So is Deborah, and so is your sister Edie. Your wife is a total fucking airhead.

You have read this letter so far, especially and including the last section about Grandpa Sam, and you have said to these other imbeciles, and they have said to you, including Kim, your niece, let's for sure not forget her, your most avid foot soldier after Deborah because she also wants your money, "You see? He contradicts himself all the time. In one part of the letter he says that he doesn't respect Grandpa Sam, that Grandpa Sam was a bad parent to me, that he sinned; and in another part of the letter, he asks me to say Kaddish for him, and says that Grandpa Sam inspired him in his Jewishness, and he says that he was a great Grandpa to him". Then Deborah pipes up (like Sharon used to pipe up all the time) and says, "It's all just a bunch of lies, it's all just a bunch of random stuff to make you look bad, Dad. Just ignore it and go on with your life. Just ignore it. That's all. Just ignore it". (Like you used to repeat the same mantra over and over to us when advising us). You and those other imbeciles love to say, "You see, he's crazy. He just

spouts random stuff off. I bet he never even proofread his letter. If he did, he would have seen how many times he contradicted himself”.

That’s why I could not STAND being in the same family with you and Debbie, especially after Joy left, or to put it more realistically, after you kicked her out because you had used her for all that she was worth, and you had to get rid of her before the 10-year anniversary, so that she would have less leverage to get more money out of you.

Because you two are among the stupidest things I have ever known. I mean, you two REALLY are the bottom of the fucking barrel. FUCKING IDIOTS. Sometimes I wonder how Joy managed you for 9 years. Well, I guess she enjoyed the nice lifestyle her mother’s money afforded us all.

I am totally positive that almost none of you, probably none of you, have heard about the concept of duality.

This is something for average and higher minds, so you all should be sure to read this section several, several times, and do some research, before you might be able to understand it. In other words, come back to this section many times, you fucking imbeciles Edie, Kim, Sharon, Marshal, Deborah.

An idea perpetuated by lesser minds, and by systems of society who want to control minds is the idea that everything in the universe is black or white, A or B, this or that, light or dark.

That is not the truth that exists in the universe.

One of the greatest things that any student, I mean a serious, engaged, enthusiastic Torah student learns, is that the truth of the universe is that there is truth in everything, and that at least two, and often many different “explanations” for phenomena are ALL correct.

One very, very simple example that I learned years ago, years before I became religious, when science was kind of my “religion”, is this.

In graduate school, I met another graduate student in the department who was brilliant. She was kind and cool, very smart, very knowledgeable, and very professional. She helped me immensely with my data analysis, and taught me how to analyze my data better. She was always helpful whenever she had time to help others. Her and her husband went to church every Sunday. She was very close to Gd (be’ezrat Hashem it was Gd Almighty, Hashem, the Creator; I don’t remember those details now). And she was one of the top students in our department.

Many times, when she was helping me at the computer with data analysis, we would start talking about philosophical, biological concepts, and about evolution, and about the transmission of alleles through populations. I greatly enjoyed our discussions about biological topics. I wondered for weeks about something. I finally asked her, during one

of our discussions, what I now consider to be a low-brow question, but which I constantly remind myself is a question that millions if not billions of people ask themselves and others, and that is an opportunity for me to show them the truth and the light: “How can you be such a successful and enthusiastic biologist, and still go to church and be religious?”

She easily, happily and quickly replied to me. It was a long and extremely educative discussion for me. I will only present to you here one thing that she said to me, which hopefully will allow you to understand the concept of duality, that there are often many truths about something, and they are all, indeed, true.

She told me that the mechanisms of evolution are sound. I already knew that, because as an eager undergraduate student (“eager” once I left that educative hellhole of Santa Barbara / Isla Vista, the town that loved to pride itself that it was chosen by Playboy Magazine every year as “The Best Halloween Party in America” – uggghhhhh - and went against your airheaded advice (and many others’ airheaded, stupid, advice – except for one very powerful, educated, Jewish professor and university administrator, and a few other very good souls, like my best friend at the time)) I had asked my Genetics professor at the time a question, one of hundreds of questions that I asked him that semester in his private office hours, after class and during class. He had responded to me, “I don’t know, Al. That’s a good question. Why don’t you come to my lab next week, and we will set up an experiment, and we will find out the answer”. I had been grilling my professors at that hellhole called UCSB like that for two years prior also, but at such a big place, where money money drove everything more than teach, teach, I felt like a dope instead of a person who had a “penetrating mind” and asked insightful questions. My biochemistry professor at my new, smaller, academically-oriented university (like they are supposed to be) wrote me a letter of recommendation after I graduated, and he voluntarily sent me a copy of it, and told me that I could copy it and use it anytime, wrote, among many other nice things, “Al has a penetrating mind. If he asked to work in our chemistry laboratory here at the university, I would be happy to accept him”. Before that letter, I had wondered about my mind, because of the decades of you, ASSHOLE FUCK LYING PIECE OF SHIT THAT YOU ARE, AND YOUR KISS-ASS ACCOMPLICE YOUR SISTER, telling me for decades, “Why do you ask so many questions?”

Gd saved me through all of that, miraculously, from dumbing myself down to your level, and from questioning myself too much. Thank you, Gd Almighty. I love you so much.

Anyways, my experiment with my genetics professor turned into a multiple-weeks experiment, and through it I witnessed microevolution before my eyes. So, when this fellow graduate student told me that the mechanisms of evolution are sound and true, I knew she was right because I had seen it with my own eyes. And then she explained to me that maybe both science’s concepts about the universe as well as religion’s ideas about the universe are both true. She gave me an example that I will give to you here.

She said, “Maybe Gd made the Big Bang happen, and then He let everything go from there. He let the universe take its course, but He was the one who started everything. So

then evolution is based on random mutations. But He had a role in creating everything from the beginning”.

That is one example. There are infinite others. The idea is that two or more ideas about something can be simultaneously true.

I love Grandpa Sam. Mostly I don't do any mitzvot for his soul anymore, because I look at his wretched living family, and I am disgusted by most of them, and I see that most of them have forsaken Gd Almighty, and some of them blatantly and publicly flout His commandments, and I hate MOST of them because they have forsaken me, and they have forsaken themselves, and they have forsaken Gd, all for MONEY. So fuck them, and fuck him. I hate your fucking family. There is almost NOTHING to be proud of in them. NOTHING!! Just a bunch of fucking beggars. They are ultimately just a bunch of fucking beggars, begging in their own way for your money and Deborah's money. They forsook their own cousin, nephew, brother and son, all for fucking money.

MARSHAL, YOU ARE A FUCKING BEGGAR OF MONEY. AND SO IS YOUR DAUGHTER, AND SO IS YOUR SISTER, NIECE, FEMALE COUSIN, and maybe a few more people in your gene pool. JUST A BUNCH OF FUCKING BEGGARS. DISGUSTING FAMILY. IT IS OVER NOW.

The Kleins stop now. There will be no more Kleins.

I guarantee it. Guaranteed.

But on his yartzeit, I want to do things for his soul, so I do them. I love what he did for me with Torah, and inspiring me about Torah. I love how warm he was. I hate how he supposedly abused you. I hate how he married a Catholic former nun. I hate how he had those symbols on his walls. I love that Minnette was a good person, and took care of me when I was small. I love how Minnette was always kind to me when I was at their house. I love how Minnette hated your fucking guts after you started throwing her and my grandfather under the bus for your disgusting cuntbitch. I hate how he treated Edie (although now I love it, because she fucking deserved it, now that I see what a wretched evil cunt bitch she is). Do you get it now?? ALL of those things are true.

I hate your mother for being such a fucking cunt to her husband. I hate her for abusing you and Edie. I love her for going to synagogue with me on Shabbat. I love her for how nice she was to our Rabbi. I love her for coming to my Bar Mitzvah, even though you and she never told me the truth, even after your divorce from Joy, that you arranged the whole thing. I hate her for how she tried to emotionally manipulate me when she didn't get her way. I hate her MOST for the way that she raised you and Edie, because you two ducklings, you two followers, were always too weak-minded and too dependent on her emotionally (and you both still are emotionally dependent on her and her approval, even though she's been dead and burnt for over 10 years now), and so you two have turned into everything that her brothers thought that your father was – feigning love for people

who have money, because they have money. You feigning your deep love for Sharon and Deborah, and Edie feigning deep love for you and Deborah.

ALL OF THOSE THINGS ARE TRUE. SIMULTANEOUSLY. That is how the universe really works.

Sorry that it's not the easy black and white that your lazy, puny, totally underdeveloped "brain" likes. Sorry that it's not the easy A or B lie that Western society perpetuates, and that lazy followers like you and Edie LOOOOOOOOVE to believe in and try to make the world work that way for you. But, no, it is not. And I am not really sorry either. I'm glad. I am just mocking you both.

Gd, the true Master of this universe, commands us in His Torah to Lehavdeal, to distinguish, between what is holy and unholy, or as many people might say, what is right and wrong, what is good and what is evil, and to choose, constantly, every second, the holy choices.

Our task in this lifetime is to bring His light into this material universe. You can like it or not, you can discuss about it or not, whatever. It doesn't make any difference what an insolent, "rebellious" (not really, just likes to look like she/they is/are) thinks about it.

That's the way it is. It is every human's task, and for those who take the time to study about it and why it's that way, we embrace it and we love it.

Anyway, it is our task. And to get us to do that at our best, He constantly sends us challenges. Some people call them "tests". And a recurring test is to distinguish between what is holy and what is unholy.

So I recognize all of the holy and unholy aspects of Grandpa Sam. I do my best to love and to enjoy and to perpetuate the holy aspects. I do my best to ignore the unholy ones, and to be aware of them, so that I do not repeat his mistakes. You know, you selfish fuck, a person can be easily judged by how much they live their lives, and try to be the best that they can be, for the sole purpose that their children will not be tempted to emulate their own unholy behaviors.

People, all the time, even those people who are in no way "religious", Jew and non-Jew, repeatedly say, "Having a child/children has made me a better person".

Why??

Because everyone knows, on some level in their soul (different people are aware of this at different levels), that once they have children, they are responsible not only for themselves and their conduct in front of Gd Almighty, but they are now responsible also for the conduct of another person/people, to a certain extent, in front of Gd Almighty. People know this in their soul, no matter what their outward level of worship of Gd is. And they know that their words will impact their child. They can teach their child many

things through their words. But the ultimate teach, the ultimate lesson, is not in what they say to their child. It is in what they do, that their child sees, hears, and most importantly, knows on a spiritual level.

So most people become “better” people upon having children, because they know that whatever they do in their life will impact their children immensely, and it will impact who their children grow up to be, and how their children treat the world and other people, and most importantly, how their children serve Him.

But you are a lazy fuck. Look at you. Miserable piece of shit. You kept secrets about yourself from me for years, called me a liar for years, called me “half-assed” for years, and portrayed yourself to me for years as a “self-made man”, who was a superman because you ran away from your hometown and that’s why you are so much better than your immediate family. You called me all of the names that had been calling yourself all of your life, but now you could project it onto your smart, sweet, happy, dutiful little son, and bring him down to your level, or so you thought. It worked on your daughter. Whatever level she was born at, whatever level my mother had lifted her up to, you took ALL of that away and made her into the evil entity, the evil, vengeful, red-eyed demon that it is today. Because you did not try to be the best that you could be so that your kids would be as good as or better than you. But because you only did what was important to you, begging for money from Peggy, then from my mom and her dad, then from Joy and her mom, and now from Ashworth who is worth less than ashes. You painted to me a picture of who you are that is soooooooooo detached and far away from who you really are, that I spent decades of my life trying to make sense of it all, because you lied to me for decades about yourself, through your words, and 100 times more through your actions.

And the final kicker is that when I was 17 years old, just about to become an adult, I watched as that lie of a father stepped into who he had really been all along, a failure of a human being, a user, a taker, a liar, a beggar for money. I saw you date and call your girlfriend one of the biggest losers I have ever personally known in my entire life.

I watched you sit in that driver’s seat on the 23 freeway, just before the Arboles exit, and say nothing when that fucking evil demon fuckhead, may it lose it’s fucking head NOW, THIS MOMENT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

When it said to me, “You are better off that your mother died”. (Sharon fuckface ugly cunt thinks its a gift to the world but it is a huge pile of nothing, June 1990).

I watched you sit there and keep driving, not even looking in the rearview mirror at me, just keep driving like the fucking pansy-ass, pussyfuck, beggar that you have ALWAYS been.

From seeing you, since I was 17 years old, ally yourself with such a loser of the universe, my brain went into virtual spin. It took me years and even decades to finally understand what the truth was, what the reality was, of you and who you are.

I entered myself into a few relationships in my 20s like that, with a spiritually and oftentimes emotionally abusive girlfriend, because that is what I had seen in my father who “only makes 1 mistake a year”. Even into my 30s I did that a few times, albeit to a lesser degree. It was all subconscious. But looking back, I was emulating someone whom I had come to believe, because of his own lies, and because of who I was, was living life right. So even though I despised Beavis, I subconsciously used to think that somehow, my daddy was still right.

Only in the last 10 years did Gd bring me into my last, awful relationship. From this awful, awful thing and those experiences did I finally come to see you for what you are – an overt narcissist. I had heard that word tossed around for years, but I thought it was just a buzz word. Since the 90s that term had started to become more well-known, but I dismissed it, mostly because it rarely came up during my graduate psychology classes and was not so much discussed as another psychopathologies. But after several brain-challenging months of trying to understand this person, Gd finally showed me who that person was. And the more I researched narcissism, the more I understood that demon’s actions, and then the more I understood you and your actions. And my final questions was, “Why have I been attracted to such people off an on these past few decades?” and that is the ultimate question that I, and others in my situation had to ask. And by digging for the answer, and by facing my own fears about finding out the answer, because it would tell me about me, I finally found the answers. And from that, I FINALLY understood you, and why it has been so difficult, actually impossible, to have anything real with you all of my life.

Because I finally put all of the puzzle pieces together to understand that you, only care about, you.

You talk big talk. But you walk a very, very small walk. And like I said earlier, the actions of the parent mean wayyyyyyyy more to the child than the words that the parent says. When I distanced your words, your decades of lies, from your actions, I saw what you really are. You are a murderer, many times over. You are an accomplice to murder, many times over. You are an accomplice to attempted murder of your own father. You are a liar. You are a fraud. You are an imposter. You are a beggar. You are a follower. You are a cheater. You hate women. You hate yourself. You hate every member of your family. You know, I was thinking recently, that I remember always feeling as a lid and as a teenager that you never really liked Auntie Edie or her kids, or your mom, and sometimes not even your dad. I remember thinking how much I loved them all, and how, even through your words sometimes, “My sister’s gotta lotta hang-ups”, but more importantly through your actions, you seemed totally indifferent to all of them. I mean, it seemed like, “its nice that they are there, its fun to chat with them once in a while, I’m glad my kids like them, but.....if Chicago got hit by a nuclear missile, eh, well, there they go, no big deal”. Seriously. I remember feeling that way and thinking that way when I was a teenager.

You lied to me for 2.5 decades about who I am named after !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I can't wait until my nieces learn about that. Among so many other things. I can't wait until they hear your recordings and see the legal documents refuting your 5 decades of lies to everyone.

Can't. Wait.

I can't wait until every little last shred of memory of you is wiped off of this earth.

I can't wait until almost nobody speaks about you any more, or wants to remember you in any way because they realize what a fraud and what a liar you were all of your life to them and to everyone else.

Most of all, to your pitiful self.

Look at photos of yourself in high school. You look like the angriest son of a bitch in the class. You look antisocial. You look like you hate society. You are usually by yourself, spaced a bit from the other kids in the class photos. You were such a son of a bitch.

Summary: You look pathological. You look like someone who wants to burn society.

I hate your fucking guts. And I will do everything that I can, all of my life, and after my life, to be 100% sure that every memory of you is gone from this earth, as soon as possible. Your line ends here. Now. My nieces are not your line, they are Jeff's line, physically and spiritually, and they will be even further from your line after they learn who you really are. PROMISE. My kids are not your line. They never were, and for sure they won't be after I have understood what you are. Everything is about the spiritual world. They are and will be nothing of yours.

One of your ancestors did a very, very major sin. Your line has been cursed ever since then. Nobody until now was strong enough to break it. Including you, you weak, cowardly fuck.

It will end here. Your line ends here.

Look at your family. Two out of four of your wives were goyim. The ONLY reason that you married a Jewish woman was because of my grandmother, Baruch Hashem. I think that was the single greatest mitzvah that she did in her entire lifetime, disapproving of your marriage to Peggy. She had many merits in Heaven when she left, and also many sins. Disapproving of your goy marriage (as great of a wife that Peggy was to you, and maybe she would have converted in time if you hadn't been such a dangerous, threatening, narcissistic asshole to her (search for "Peggy Bowman" to read more about that)) was THE GREATEST thing that your mother ever did. Because you pined for her approval (thank Gd – do you see now how duality works – yes, because of your psychoses, your own narcissism and emotional dependency, you let your mother's disapproval of you marrying a goy influence you to only marry a Jewish woman the next time, and this ALSO led you to fulfill a commandment of Gd Almighty to marry only

another Jewish woman, and marrying a Jewish woman, and thus keeping that commandment (Devarim/deut 7:3) gave you great points with Hashem – and BOTH of those things are and were simultaneously TRUE – get it, yet, dunceface?), you decided to marry a Jewish woman for your second marriage. Because you pined for your mother's approval, you told Joy that she would have to convert if you guys got married, which she did, and she became more observant than you; she was a great Jewish mother to us, even working for the synagogue in a paid position, and she made sure that we kept all of the major Holy Days, even giving us the option to stay home from school if we wanted to for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur; she lit the Shabbat candles many, many times, and made sure that we were always studying diligently in Hebrew School and were preparing for our Bar Mitzvahs.

Your two cousins married goyim. Your sister and all of her kids have married goyim.

I know what you really are, better than anyone knows.

And you know EXACTLY what I mean.

You are dust. You are dust, you son of a bitch.

You are already gone.

You never said to yourself, "Having children has made me a better person".

You said, "Having children has given me a way to ensure my financial and emotional well-being when I get older. I just gotta treat them decent, and give them a bunch of material things that Carol DeWitt will pay for, be superdad after my divorce from Joy until Al is 18 so they don't leave me, love bomb them every chance that I get, and then, I'm sittin' pretty for the rest of my life". They will have all of these great memories and times with me, and they will want to take care of me. And that's how I will make it to the finish line, never having to depend on anyone for money, never having to beg for money like my father did with my mother and with Minnette. I'll be better than my father; I'll never have to beg for money".

How's that working out for you? You are begging Sharon Ashworth for money. You are begging Debbie for money. In your own way, you are begging those two for their money. Just like you begged your previous 3 wives and their parents for money.

You are THE SAME AS YOUR FATHER. NOTHING HAS CHANGED FROM HIM TO YOU.

Yes, you will say that I ask people for money. Yes. Yes. Yes, Marshal, don't you go worrying about me. Lesson #1 for a narcissist like you. Even if I do, that does not change ANYTHING about you. That is one of your's and Edie's biggest tactics. It is called deflection. So what if I do? That does not change the fact that you do. Don't worry about

me, or Debbie, or Ashworth, or Edie. Worry about you. You have a LOT of worrying to do about you.

It doesn't matter ONE IOTA if I do or not. Or if Kathy does or not. Or Jeremy. Or Edie. Or if Debbie is a beggar of her rich husband. Or if she takes after you.

You have 0 idea why I do things I do, I will just tell you that. So don't waste your valuable time (yours is quickly running out) comparing yourself to me or to anyone else. Marshal, for once in your pathetic, wretched, miserable life which I know in one part of you, you wish it would just end, don't worry about me. Try to stop being a narcissist, even for a little while, and just worry about you.

You are just like your father, and you have always been, begging people for money.

The really sad thing is that you have plenty of money. You are really just addicted to feeling like you are dependent on other people. The really sad thing is, is that; you don't need Beavis' money. You don't need Debbie's money. You just make yourself feel like you do. You just put yourself into positions where you need it. Like, you don't need to live on this big ranch in the fucking boonies, in goyishka, cold feeling central California. You don't need to be around horses all the time. That's dogface's dream, not yours.

You could easily afford to live on your own, or to live with Debbie (they would love it; she just doesn't let herself admit that). You could pay Debbie something to alleviate your guilt or whatever.

So why do you subject yourself to such a miserable life?

Because you are addicted to wanting to feel dependent on someone.

Your dad felt it. Your mom felt it. You inherited it, as did your sister. That's why she has such unhealthy relationships with 2 of her kids. Because she is so afraid to be alone, she has guilted them into always being around her. Gosh – Kim moved away for the first time in any of her 3 kids' lives (except Jeremy for temporary stints), and all I ever heard or read from her since the day Kim left was, "I miss my Kimberly". EVERY email, EVERY phone call would include that, for years.

The truth is, you would be ok by yourself. You just don't want to believe it, because it would mean finally, after 81 years, growing up. It would mean, finally, truly being different from your parents.

They didn't NEED each other either. We only need Him. I know that sounds xian weird and all, and it's a shame that it has been co-opted for not so good purposes, but nevertheless, it's a true statement, as long as it refers ONLY to Hashem, Gd Almighty, the Master, the Creator.

You have maximum 38 years and some months left. And the way you are going, it doesn't look like that.

My last piece of advice to you, and perhaps my most important one – live YOUR life, for the first time in your life. You won't ever get another chance to. The way you have lived your life until now, like lying to your son about who he is named after just because you didn't want him to know about his mothers family because you knew that ultimately he would realize that they rock and that you and your family sucks – oh yeh, and all of your murders – you ain't coming back for another round, kiddo.

Live your life now. It's your last one.

Marshal, don't spend your time talking about, or worrying about, or trying to denigrate what I've written here, or trying to discredit me so that your huge, huge ego self doesn't have to come to terms with all of the truths that I have thrown at you in this letter at your ugly, evil-looking, sunken eyes, stupid-fucking looking goatie beard, wrinkled, white, disgusting fucking face, thinking and talking with others about how can I write this letter and break the 5th Commandment.

Marshal, you are such a fucking idiot that what I am about to write AMAZES me that I actually have to write this to you.

If you were not such a fucking idiot, if you were not such a fucking moron, if you had half a brain that could do more than quick calculations, and could understand more than stock markets, horse breeds and simple economic principles, than I would not need to even write this section, because you would never have thought nor discussed such things.

Honestly, if you flexed your tiny brain even a bit one day, you would already have figured this out.

And I know that Kim will be the first one to jump up and shout this out. Just like the impatient, petulant little kid in the class who wants to rebel against the teacher to try to show him or her how smart the little brat is and how stupid the teacher is. That's the kid that Kim was. Little shithead – always getting into trouble with drugs and booze and bad kids. Now she thinks she is so cool because she married some freak in a bowtie who thinks he is so cool. Newsflash – NOBODY wants to see your tongues on your FB photos. Do you need to prove to the world that you know how to French kiss like junior high schoolers? EWWWWWWWWWWWW. Dis-gusting.

Marshal, I am A OK. You know that I am smart. Even David Page, as idiot and dweeby as he is, told me when we spoke several years ago, that the one thing that stood out most in his mind from his memories of me during my first 4 years (before you stole me away from him, his brother, my mother and her parents for the next 20 years) was that, "What I remember most about you is that you were smart. I remember feeling amazed at how smart you were".

Yeh. And you have known it also; you banked your entire retirement on it.

If you needed material proof, I have a lifetime of jobs, careers, reference letters and university degrees which require one to be well-educated and driven, and intellectual.

So, how in the world could you ever think that Al Klein, with his intellect, would be so stupid as to jeopardize his soul by, after years of being religious, blatantly ignoring one of Gd's most significant commandments?

I mean, it's the 5th Commandment. Did you know that there are entire books written about it by some of the greatest sages in history, and even by current rabbis? There are discourses, writings, discussions about it, perhaps even more so than any other single commandment. It has significance wayyyyyyyyy above what you even think it can have. It's the first commandment that He gave to humanity that deals with our interactions with other human beings. Its relevance extends to how we treat Him by how we observe this commandment!

There is so much written about it and discussed about it daily, for over 3300 years at least, partly because of the very first word. What does "honor" really mean? What does Gd really mean when He says, "Honor"? I mean, you have no idea, I am 99.999999% sure, how complicated those 6 words can be, and the extent to which it is discussed and studied and taught.

I do. Interestingly, it was one of the first commandments that I chose to study in detail. I was drawn to it. I didn't know why then.

I have discussed it so much with people, and read about it so much. This was years before I was fully religious, even it was back when you and I were talking on a semi-regular basis. Did you know that it appears twice in the Torah (not including its review in Deuteronomy, as Moshe reviewed everything there). In Vayikra, Gd says to us to honor our parents, but to **NOT listen to them if they tell us to do something which conflicts with what He tells us to do** (i.e., what is written in His Torah). His directions supersede our parents' directions, and then by extrapolation, anybody's directions. .

I studied it quite avidly my first couple of years of being religious. And like all of Gd's Torah, it can be studied forever, as we all learn new things about His Torah every time we study it.

So....in your words – (you LOVE to use trendy expressions – like Edie, it makes you guys feel included, and still relevant, and relieves yours' fears of being abandoned, and left out, since your mother Ruth fucked you both up with her 18 years of emotional manipulation and her subtle and overt threats of emotional abandonment, which she sometimes carried out on you both) – in your words, to use the trendy expression that you love –

I'm good.

I'm good, Marshal. Don't you worry about me. And please, for you, stop deflecting. Even if I wasn't, and even if I was violating Gd's commandments, chas veshalom, that DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR HUNDREDS OF SINS THAT I HAVE POINTED OUT IN THIS LETTER!!!!!!!!!!!!

DO YOU GET THAT YET YOU FUCKING IMBECILE????????????

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I DO OR DON'T DO. IT DOESN'T DETRACT ONE BIT FROM THE TRUTHS THAT I HAVE WRITTEN HERE.

YOU ARE STILL AN EVIL FUCK, WHO MURDERED MY MOTHER AND MANY OTHER PEOPLE, AND IF YOU SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN A HIGH SECURITY PRISON IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, I WILL ONLY JUMP FOR Joy.

AT LEAST IT WILL GET YOU AWAY FROM THE DEMON YOU HAVE FORCED YOURSELF TO LIVE WITH.

I'm not going to explain everything. It would be wayyyyy above your puny fucking mind anyways.

But for one example, once you finish this letter, you will see that I talk about the definition of a Jew.

You have thought all of your life that a Jew is someone who was born from a Jewish mother.

But I show you that someone who is born from a Jewish mother may not be considered a Jew later in their life, depending on their behaviors. You are no longer a Jew. Deborah is absolutely not a Jew. Your sister is not a Jew. David Page is definitely not a Jew. He is also amalek.

And I showed you in this letter how a Jew can be amalek. What? Amalek? The quintessential enemy of the Jews? How could someone born from a Jewish mother be amalek? But I have shown you how in this letter. You are Amalek you fuckhead.

So, don't worry about me, Marshal. I'm good. I know EXACTLY what the commandments mean, on levels which you have never even thought fathomed. And even if I didn't, I don't want nor need any "help" from you about that.

Focus on you, if you can, I know it's almost impossible for a narcissist like you to do that. But don't worry about me, I'm good, and whatever my status is has 0000000000000000 ZERO relevance to you and your status. Read this letter, it contains ONLY truths about you and others. I don't give a flying fuck what you do or don't do

with what I have written. You can delete the letter or you can read every word and change yourself to be better. There is no difference to me. Gd is definitely not judging me on what you do. He judges me on what I do.

But don't waste your time trying to discredit what I wrote because of your horse expert/stock market expert/human calculator mind trying to understand and apply the Torah to me. You wouldn't even get close. Focus on you or don't, focus on me or don't.

Debbie tried to use that as a boneheaded excuse in an email to me months ago about why she wouldn't do the super great mitzvah of supporting her own brother in his Torah studies, about if my behaviors are holy or not. Give me a fucking break Deborah you complete idiot. You just don't have enough say in your marriage to tell your idiot, childish, immature husband who knows financial stuff (NOT an intellectual topic) and how to sell surfing merchandise (small business ownership does not require ANY kind of brains – it might be an exciting and interesting endeavor to some, but it is rarely an intellectual endeavor) to tell him, “I am going to support Al in his Torah studies, and grow up and get over your 18-year long grudge against him for a fucking dream that he had”, and just do it.

So instead, as you learned narcissism from the best, Sharon Lee (wow, that's almost like Sara Lee, the cake maker, wow, I wonder how Dogface would like to be compared to a cake maker mom), you turn it around on me, with your idiot email about whether my behaviors are holy or not. You sounded again like the total idiot that you are, and total meek coward that you are, trapping yourself in an unhappy marriage with a dufus. Let me guess – it's a tough one – but maybe I'll get it right – you're planning to divorce Jeff as soon as Elyse turns 18 – just like your grandparents did, and kind of just like your dad did in his own way. Right, Deb? Copy Nan, copy dad? Wow, that was a tough one to figure out. Jeff's gotcha by your pigtails now, doesn't he? Ya ain't goin' nowhere, like you had planned on shucking him once you had your 2 kids, just like Daddy Marshal uses people and then throws them away. But Jeffrey wouldn't let you get away with that, now would he, little Debbie? And he didn't, now did he, little Debbie?

So idiot Deborah, and idiot marshal, yes, my behaviors are holy, and have been sanctioned, by people so much wiser than you both that you cannot imagine. Since I started becoming religious, He has blessed me with some of the greatest rabbis I could ever hope to know and learn from. And if they aren't, don't let it bother your little minds. You both have much too big things to be worried about. Your egos for starters.

Marshal - I'm good.

You married a thing named “Sharon Lee”.

You have a stepsister named “Sharon Lee”. You first met her in the 1960s.

You met the thing that you married in the 1980s.

Nice one. Good one.

Amazing.

Your stepsister has a reputation, among her own mother and her own children for not being a very good mother. That's pretty much the only thing that I heard about her for years from you and from Minnette. I mean, I heard that she was a pretty terrible mother, actually. I heard many times that she is a BITCH, a psychopath and a weird person.

Then you married a "Sharon Lee". What are the fucking chances of that?

Guess what?

She is a BITCH, a psychopath and a weird person.

What are the fucking chances of that?

Good one, marshal. Nice one. Good goin'.

She is SUCH a fucking BITCH, a psychopath and a weird person, that she has the fucking NERVE to talk gossip about the other Sharon Lee, and to speak negative things about her.

Can you fucking believe that???????????

Can you fucking believe that???????????

I mean, who THE FUCK DOES IT THINK IT IS, to badmouth someone whom it has NEVER met, to badmouth anybody at all, but especially someone who was a part of its spouse's family decades before it ever met that spouse???? Mamash chutzpah!!!!
Woww. The ego on that fucking cunt is astronfuckingnomical.

Here is the recording of it talking shit about another Sharon Lee, who AT LEAST gave birth to several children, and raised them.

Your Sharon Lee murdered its own child, while the child was still dependent on it for everything. As a "woman", it was supposed to take care of that little child, allow it to grow and develop, and birth it into this world, and feed it, at least. If it didn't want it because of whatever reasons, it had 0 right to murder it. Gd considers what it did to be murder, and yeh.....it is. There is no other way to understand it. Believe me, I used to think the other stuff. Now I understand that it was a human being. Your Sharon Lee committed the WORST kind of murder, of a mother murdering its unborn child, who is dependent on that mother for EVERYTHING.

And your stepsister carried and raised several children. On which fucking planet or universe does your narcissistic loser piece of shit did nothing in its pathetic life thing think that it is better than your stepsister that it has ANY ground to stand on to badmouth that woman?????????

THAT is what I have been talking about during this ENTIRE letter. Your THING is such a loser. It has SUCH a huge ego, it is SUUUUUCH a narcissist, talking about itself ALL THE FUCKING TIME (at least you didn't used to do that), illegally engaging clients and sellers in the real estate profession, murdering people, attempting to murder my grandfather, freezing my aunt out of the house, (here's more duality for you, you idiot – I LOOOOOVE my aunt and bless her for being the first one to tell me that you lied to me about who I am named after, and for telling me other “secrets” that you lied to me about; and I hate her and despise her for doing to me EXACTLY what her father did to her – throwing me under the bus just to be on your good side – and both of those things are true and both exist simultaneously – look that word up for yourself), and being an overall loser in life – and it has the fucking nerve to talk shit about a woman who carried, birthed, fed and raised several kids.

Gd, you are such a FUCKING LOSER. You chose to be with this loser for your longest marriage, for over half of your adult life, to BOTH of your children's chagrin and disapproval. GD, WHAT A FUCKING LOSER YOU ARE.

LINK

Sharon Lee Ashworth talking shit about your stepsister, another Sharon Lee.

The more I look at you with my reality glasses on, the more I see what fucking scum you and Deborah are, and your family is. But still, Auntie and her kids are wayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy better people than you and Deborah are.

Even Kim. No matter what shit they all have gone through, no matter what shit parenting Auntie has put them through, they are better people than you 2 are. NONE of the 4 of them would EVER disown another member of their family, and NONE of them would ever ignore or abandon another one. THEY STICK TOGETHER. YOU AND DEBORAH STICK TO YOURSELVES. You are both demons. They are just messed up people, doing their best to get through their lives being as human as possible. Yes, they have some weird priorities, but they are not murderers; they are not pathological liars (liars sometimes yes, but like 1% of your and Deborah's lies), they have fairly low narcissistic tendencies, they have very low passive-aggressiveness (except Kim), and most of all, they do not actively plot against their own family members, nor against anybody I don't think. AUNTIE AND HER KIDS MAY HAVE SOME ISSUES. BUT THEY ARE NOT DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATHS LIKE YOU AND DEBBIE ARE. That's why they are so afraid of you both. They know what you both are capable of. And so do other people.

I HATE YOU BOTH WITH A FUCKING PASSION YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND.

YOUR LINE ENDS NOW. As one of my beloved older relatives from my mom's side used to say after all of his siblings had left this earth, "I'm the last of the Mohicans".

I'm the last of the Kleins your line ends NOW. Grandpa Sam's line ends NOW.

There will be no more Klein's ever. Your cousin's kids ain't Jewish. Their out. My kids won't be Kleins, ever. The name is done. The line is gone. Forever. Thank Gd.

I will make sure of that. It is nothing but a scourge on this earth. Between you, your demon, and Deborah, you all have caused soooooooooo much pain in this world.

Look at Auntie and her kids. Troubled ? Yes. Kim and Auntie for sure. The others less, but yes. But none of them have spent their lives scorching Gd's earth. They have not intentionally hurt, murdered, plotted revenge, hacked accounts, gotten people fired from their jobs, etc.

You two need to go. May Gd remove the two of you from this Earth as soon as possible. Please, Gd.

Your "wife" used to tell me and Debbie, right in front of you, embarrassing the heck out of you in front of your son (!) and daughter (!!!!!), so many times when I was 18 and 19, WHY you ended up choosing IT to be your girlfriend instead of the dozen or so of other normal, attractive, kind, warm women whom you had been dating during the time that you also dated her. Here is what it/she said. I remember driving to Ventura for dinner, and it turning around to talk to us in its seat (can you AT LEAST face front when you have to blab so I AT LEAST don't have to see your ugly demonic mug). It was in its passive/aggressive mode, so you must have done something "wrong" earlier in the day, or a minute before, or 3 minutes before, or 1 year before (as she is a TRUE passive aggressive).

"Marshal, on our first date, was driving me home and he told me that he wanted to come in and have sex with me. I told him, 'Take me home. This is going to be our last date. Get lost'. And I decided that I would never date him again. He came to me the next day at our work, and said, 'I'm sorry, can we go out again?' I said, 'No way!' But he kept asking me again and again and again. So I told him, 'Ok, we can go out again. But if you so much as lay one finger on me it will be our last date!' "

She continued, all the while you were driving us all out to dinner in Ventura. "So, he behaved himself like a good little boy. Ha ha ha ha, didn't you , Marshal?" You were grimacing in embarrassment as this story was being told to your son and daughter RIGHT in front of you. You just smiled and kept driving. It continued, "Then we went on another date, and then another date, and I gotta tell ya, I didn't think he would make it! I didn't think he would go one date without asking me to go to bed. And I told him, 'That's not how I work'. That's not how I work, Marshal." It took time out from its story to look at you and lecture you AGAIN more now - 3 years after the event, in front of your children.

"Marshal, I'm.....I'm not just not built like that. Ya know, I had my fun at college, and" (turning to now tell us more about its personality - did we ask??), "I grew up. Ya know I-aha aha ahahahahahahaha! That's it I just grew up! AH-ahahahahahhahah."

It turned to face forward. Toda, Hashem.

"And he behaved himself. I reaalllllly did not think he could do it. You were a good boy, weren't you, Marshal?" You responded with an obvious hint of embarrassment in your voice, "I deeeed. I deeeed. I was a good boy. You guys hungry? Watcha gonna have for dinner at the restaurant, Al? Huh? Whatcha gonna eat? Deb, whatcha gonna order for dinner sweetie?", obviously trying to change the subject and to get blabbermouth to shut the f up.

But of course it had to continue, in its evil desire to embarrass you as much as it could in front of your daughter (!) and son. "Honestly, Marshal, I did not think that you would make it. I neeeeeever thought that you would go more than one date without propositioning me. On the second date I thought, 'He won't make it through the whole time without asking me to bed.'" Then it turned back around to talk to us. "I just didn't think he could do it. I just was not his type. Every other woman before just said, 'Yes', I guess, whenever he asked. Isn't that right, Marshal? Something like that right?" You said, "Well, almost every one. Almooooooooost every one. Not exactly like that, but close".

You were passively-aggressively trying to regain your ego pride at "being a man" after she had humiliated you in front of your daughter (!) and son, and to show her how she was a STICK IN THE MUD and how past women had been so much more cool and easygoing with you, irrespective of what their intimate status had been with you at ANY time in yours' relationship. You were just trying to show to her that the women whom you had dated in the past had been easygoing, cool, and.....normal.

Oops.

Um, oops Marshal.

You had only answered ITS own question honestly.

But.....you forgot that you were dealing with a psychopath.

You obviously forgot that you were talking to a narcissist who was also suffering from high-functioning depression and bipolar disorder, who was also acting passively-aggressively, all like you were and had been all of your life.

Oops.

"Well, I hope they had a good time with you." Then, turning around to look at us, it said with a serious, angry, evil, demonic look on its dogfaced face, "Sluts".

Few seconds pause. Then while still looking at us, its sadistic “smile” and then the trademark, “Right! Noh! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Right?! Noh! Ha ha ha ha ha”.

Needless to say we were cringing at the whole thing, not laughing with it.

As had happened countless times before, and as would happen countless times in the future, it was the only one laughing at its own pitiful attempts at humor.

The rest of the evening you spent 90% of your time trying to make nice to it because it had been so hurt at the thought of you being with women before you were with it. It hardly talked to you, was cold to you, and wouldn't even walk into the Chart House for a little while. You sent us in to get a table and came in about 15 minutes later with it. You tried your whole, “Ok guys, what are we getting for dinner!” upbeat attitude while it sulked for the next 90 minutes. You tried repeatedly to get it out of its self-imposed, emotional exile from us all, and especially from you.

Resistance is futile.

There was no human being who could have changed its mood. And it definitely wasn't going to be you.

Oops.

You forgot you were dating a manic depressive psychopath.

You got a big reminder that night!!!! And about twice a month. That was only what I saw in my limited time around it as I was most of the time at university.

But, alas, you kept on dating it.

Hm.

I wonder why. Why would a man continue to date such a monster?

You were not like it at all back then, at least to my perception back then. You were (at least on the outside), a freewheeling, easygoing, cool middle-aged single man who generally had cool women as girlfriends or dates. I mean, Kookhwa rocked. She was sincerely feminine, funny, cute, cool, great motherly figure if we wanted it, yet she never forced it on us at all. She was attractive and you guys seemed to have a great time together most of the time. That's the same story for almost all of the other women. The good ones didn't last long with you though. After Kookhwa, the good ones were shorter-lived. The more difficult ones lasted longer. I wonder why that would be.

So why would you continue with such a fucking loser????????

A thing who refuses your advances by telling you, "Take me home now! This is our last date. Bye."

Instead of a good-natured laugh and with a smile, "I don't think so, Marshal, not tonight. Thank you for the offer, but that's too fast for me. I'll be happy to go out with you another time, but I don't think that I'm going to be ready for that anytime soon, to be honest with you, that's how I feel."

You were attracted to the "Take me home now! This is our last date. Bye." ?? Because you pursued it until it finally gave in to go out with you again, but only on its terms.

And.....it is NOTHING special.

So why?

The funniest thing is that it has many material similarities to my mother. Extremely similar height and body frame size. Both had advanced degrees in Education and both worked in schools. To you, both were smart women. It is definitely not smart. I am being serious in saying that. But to you, both women are smart.

That's where any similarities end.

But it's an amazing amount of similarities.

Were you subconsciously trying to find someone who reminded you of my mom? Because that is really your type? Or were you wanting to find someone who reminded you of my mom, so that you could relieve the IMMENSE guilt that you felt about how you treated my mom, by "making it work" with someone who reminds you of her in some ways? Did you think subconsciously that if you made it work with someone who reminded you of my mom, then you could "make it right" with Gd or something like that?

Did you think that if you "made this marriage work" then it might undo all of the damage that you did to my mother?

Or were you just attracted to someone who would abuse you emotionally and mentally? Someone with whom you would have to suffer with for the rest of your life? Someone who you would let control you and your emotions ?

I mean why else pursue someone who treated you against your nature over and over and over and over? Someone who intentionally embarrassed you in front of your children? Someone who treated you like garbage?

The only logical answers are the right ones.

1. Money (that's why it liked you; it even alluded to that several times to us).

2. Real estate experience.

You even told me years later that she refused you sex from the beginning, and you that felt attracted to her about that. You said that after she refused you sex at the beginning, that it made you really want her and desire her. You said that she wasn't easy like the ones before her. You said, "All of the other broads I got into bed with so easy". And so you had to have her.

You told me all of this because you knew that I thought how shitty she was and I think that you were trying to show me how great she was or something.

And this is such a common theme in so many books and movies and stories. The man who gets all the women in bed "falls" for the one who is hard to get in bed because she is "respectful".

What's really going on is that the man is addicted to suffering and he is addicted to being controlled by women, so he chases the woman who will control him and make him suffer.

Like you.

That other fake fairy tale version misses one important fact. The type of man who is attracted to a woman who is looking for something **more serious** than just sex also HIMSELF is not interested in just sex. He would not have been sleeping around with so many people in the first place.

At least that's for men who enjoy doing that kind of thing.

Harley was never like you. He played around plenty and he treated his women very well. I saw it firsthand. But he never got addicted to "the one that got away". He just let her "get away", and continued on with the ones who were more like him.

But this one wasn't great just because she refused you. She turned out to be emotionally abusive to you for the next 36 years.

I felt sooooo surprised in 2020 when I heard over the phone how it was talking to you. Same same. Nothings changed. **Still talking to you as if you were an incompetent child. Still talking to you soooooo condescendingly.**

LINK

RECORDING OF HER FIRST CHARACTERISTICALLY ARROGANTLY TELLING ME HOW SHE IS SO SMART AND SO GOOD AT EVERYTHING, AND HOW SHE IS SURRRRE THAT SHE DID IT RIGHT, AND THEN, OOPS, UM, NO SHE UM DID IT WRONG. AFTERWARDS SHE STARTS BERATING HIM, BUT REMEMBERS THAT I AM LISTENING SO IT/"SHE" TONES IT DOWN AND GETS NICEY QUICKLY.

So, in conclusion, you chose to spend maybe the rest of your life with someone who abuses you on a daily basis.

I wonder why.

Your mother abused you mentally and emotionally until you were an adult, even telling her OWN brothers NOT to loan you money to start your business AFTER they had already told you that they would loan you the money!!!! And like the pussies that they were (I see your role models now for being a pussy - they were your role models for pretty much everything else, and like Edie and Debbie you follow a particular person's goods and bads, not just the goods - idiots - and that subjects that soul, like Ruth's soul, to a harsher judgment every yartzeit, because you ARE learning to sin from that person), they listened to her and did not loan you the money. **Do you have any idea what judgment they received for that when they got up there?** One of them was worse than the other; neithers' was pleasant to say the least. Hers (Ruth's) was much, much worse than theirs, and very, very much deserved for what they all 3 did to you about renegeing on that loan offer.

She abused you physically as a child. Two moronic people in your family idolize your mom as if she is a tzadikah. She was no tzadikah. She pined after her husband who left her after 23 years of marriage, after he had been married to a woman whose brothers hated him because he was poor when he met her. Ruth did NOT usually stick up for her marriage nor for her husband himself to her brothers, at least partially because she felt dependent on their economic support. Her husband had had enough.

She was so hurt that he had finally left her (you go Grandpa Sam!!!! – finally he had had enough abuse) that she pined after him for the rest of her life, **never** having another deep romantic relationship with any man, and finally turning her sadness into anger at Grandpa Sam, and talking SHIT about him to everyone who would listen (including her own daughter and her daughter's children, and to Deborah after a while, and finally also to me).

At my Bar Mitzvah she could not even bring herself to say hi to him. She only responded AFTER Grandpa Sam had the decency to say, "Hello, Ruth". She responded, "Hello, Sam". At future family events when they met she was cold to him and to Wendy. She rolled her eyes to me and Debbie about them. It was all just to hide her own hurt at him leaving her.

MAYBE if she had acted like an adult and told her brothers to leave him alone, maybe if she had finally told them to either love him like she did or to stay out of their lives, then they would have stayed happily married for the rest of their lives. Oh yeh, she made herself dependent on her brothers to support them when they didn't make ends meet. So she wouldn't do that. She didn't have enough emunah in Hashem to decide to stand by her husband no matter what, with or without her brothers and their financial help.

And her brothers NEVER would have stopped helping them, at least as long as their father was alive, and perhaps for as long as you were under 18 years old, and maybe forever. They had THAT much dignity.

So, after your kids were grown, and you didn't need a wife who would be a great stepmom to your kids to raise them, you chose a THING who would abuse you for the rest of your life. Why? Because that's what you are comfortable with. You grew up with that for 18 years, and it endured even into your twenties, and you have never done the work to work through your hurt and anger at your mother, and so this is the result. You are so comfortable with being abused that you chose a spouse who will abuse you in the same way, making you suffer, for the rest of your life.

LINK

[Email from Edie saying how Ruth never wanted the divorce.](#)

Whatever happened to our cat? We had our tuxedo cat for years. Then, you and Joy had discussions about what you would do with her when we would soon be moving to the country. Because Joy didn't want her to be an inside cat, ever. And an outside cat there, going out on her own all the time, was vulnerable to the many natural predators in the area.

So one day, a few months before we moved to the country, you mysteriously left the house for a few hours.

We never saw our sweet cat ever again. She was supposedly lost according to you guys. What did you do with her? Hm? Marshal?

Only people with extremely low self-esteem and low disregard for their bodies get plastic surgery just for cosmetic reasons.

When you visited me in 2012, we were walking down a street in Tel Aviv. The women walking by of course were dressed skimpily on a warm Israeli spring day. You kept remarking about them. Then one walked by and as you had been saying since I could remember since I was about 14, "Look at the knockers on that one." Another one walked by, "Look at the knockers on that one." Then you said to me, "Do you think her boobs were real or fake? What about that one, real or fake?" Then you asked me, "Do you like fake boobs on broads?" I knew that you were trying to find out if my girlfriend's were real or fake as you had already met her a couple of times. I told you I didn't know if I liked them or not. Then you said, "I love 'em! [DOGFACE] got them and I love them!" You held your cupped hands up like you had your hands on a woman's breasts while walking down the street, which was packed with people and repeated again, while your cupped hands were up, "I love 'em!"

The way you held your hands it looked like you could be massaging a nursing cow's breasts.

I looked to see if any cars were coming on the street next to us because I thought that I was about to throw up on the street.

In my adult life, my friends and mother's family always have helped me more than you have, even when I really needed something.

When I was 25, a little over a year after graduating college, I got my first salaried job in my life. I had to drive about 30-40 minutes every day on the LA freeways to get there.

I was also attending graduate school. I was due to get a payout from my student loans in about 3 weeks.

I could not afford a car. Of course I did not dream of asking you to help me to buy a car (why not?????? Looking back, WHY THE FUCK NOT????? YOU could have afforded it, and I needed it, even if just because it was safer than riding a 1000cc motorcycle every day 45 minutes on crowded LA freeways in rain and high winds, etc.), even though you could have afforded to buy me a nice new car. Even though any other Jewish parent, and so many non-Jewish ones also whom I knew of would have and did help their kid to get started in their life.

I decided to buy a big, used motorcycle. It made the most sense to me, as it had the power to allow me to drive on the freeways, and I would save on gas and insurance, and it was cheaper than buying a car.

The motorcycle I found cost \$5000. I had about \$3000 already. I was going to get a loan payout of about \$2000 in 3 weeks, and I was working a good-paying job b"H.

I called you and asked you if I could borrow \$2000 from you **for 3 weeks** so that I could buy a motorcycle so that I could get back and forth safely (more safely than driving my little 250cc motorcycle that I already had at that time back and forth).

A good father who had the resources you did at that point would have discussed helping me to get a car.

Anyways, you said no. No, you would NOT loan me \$2000 for 3 weeks so that I could get a motorcycle to get me back and forth from my job.

YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE OF A FATHER. Always have been and probably always will be.

YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE OF A FATHER.

You are a total and complete loser of a human being.

I went to my best friend at the time and asked him.

He said sure, I'll loan you that money. He did. I bought the motorcycle. I started working. 3 weeks later I paid him back. End of the story (your words).

In actuality, he and his kind family, who had also let me live with them for months when I first moved back to California about a year earlier (because you wouldn't because, "I've had 3 failed marriages and this one has got to work") received numerous blessings. His father was out of work at that time, as many people were. Within a couple of weeks of them letting me stay with them, his dad got a great job. I don't remember or maybe I didn't know what happened to his mom, but I remember that the next time I saw her after he had loaned me the money, she had gone from being a mom to being a total MILF! His sister had been trying to get into universities at that time, and wasn't being successful. When I went by his place to repay him the money (the same time that his mom suddenly looked like a woman I'd like to.....go on a date with), his sister happily told me that she had gotten into UCLA for graduate school. She was looking good that day also.

And Gd punished you for being a DICKFUCK of a parent. BARUCH HASHEM
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! HALLELUYAH!!!!!!!!!!

Have you always been trying to hold your children back ever since you married a semi-rich "wife" and you saw that you didn't need your kids anymore as a safety net to support you then or in your retirement, and you assumed that I might not help you if you needed it (I would have for sure back then)??

Have you always been afraid that your children would do well in life and make you look like the failure that you are?

I have. No need to worry anymore.

Your sister has been a better parent than you have ever been.
Your parents were better parents than you.

She has NEVER and they NEVER disowned her/their children like you disowned me in 2020.

When I was a kid, you used to ask Grandpa Sam all the time why he used to beat you when you were young.

I remember seeing you talking to him on the sofa at Grandpa Sam's house. You were crying and he was sitting there pretty emotionless. We were visiting them and sleeping over there for the weekend, as we did several times. We would drive down there on a Friday evening after you got home from work. It was soooooo fun. Joy would get us ready for a couple hours right after school before you got home from work. As soon as you got home, we would get into your car and drive to Jack in the Box or Burger King or whatever. We would load up on all kinds of great fast food. Then we would drive an hour and a half to his house, all of us eating on the way. Debbie and I had a ball in the back seat with our food and ourselves.

I remember the billboards that would indicate that we were getting close to his house, like the old bald man who I always thought back then that someone had drawn and posted in that place because they knew Grandpa Sam and wanted to show everyone that they were getting close to his house, and the Nabisco sign, and of course the cute girl losing her moving bikini to the moving dog in the Coppertone billboard. As a kid who had not been to the beach since 1974 with my mom, as you didn't like the beach, I imagined that that really happened on beaches. No wonder I couldn't wait to go to the beach when you reconnected us with Auntie Edie in 1984 by phone and she told us that we would go to the beach all the time when she came to visit.

Debbie and I would sleep in one bedroom at their house, and you and Joy in another room. I had woken up to go to the bathroom, and I heard my dad crying for the first time in my life, so I came to see what was going on. You didn't see me at first. You guys were sitting next to each other on the sofa. He was on your left side, so your face was away from me when I first stood in the entranceway to the living room. You were crying to him on the sofa. I asked what was going on. Of course, you couldn't have your son seeing you crying (ever, until you were drunk at my Bar Mitzvah), so you yelled at me to "Get back into the other room!"

It was the first time that I had seen you cry, albeit for a few seconds, until you shooed me away. The only time that I have ever seen you really cry in front of me, when you knew that I was watching you, was after my Bar Mitzvah party when you were still drunk, as you were telling me how great of a job that I had done, and how much you loved me, and some other personal things, before you went to your bedroom and slept until the next morning. Joy even told us, "Your father is drunk and he went to bed early" after you had gone to bed at 8 PM.

But years later I found out from other people who were there had been in the house with us during those times (when you were crying while you were talking to Grandpa Sam) **that you were crying because Grandpa Sam did not admit to beating you when you were young.**

You told me years later, "I asked my dad 'Why did he hit me so much when I was a kid?'" My dad told me, "I never hit you. I never hit you." I said, "Tell him, 'Yes you did, and why did you do that?'" You said that it was no use. You said that he kept telling you that he had never hit you when you were a kid. And you crying to him did not help you to get him to admit that he had beat you.

I also remember Grandpa Sam looking very plain and unemotional when I saw you both on the sofa there. You were crying and talking, and he was just sitting there, as if you were not there.

You always said that Grandpa Sam always told you that "I never hit you" whenever you asked him why did he beat you when you were a kid.

You said that you felt very hurt about that but what could you do about it?

You are so pathetic that you take your orders from your 29-years younger daughter for the last 12 years. Soooooooooo pathetic. Does Marshall Alan Klein (search for "imposter" to see how you changed your identity in 1959 so that your felony conviction for Grand Theft Auto would not be discovered by anyone) need his 29-years younger daughter to fight his battles for him? Pathetic. She tells you what to do, when to call me, when to talk to me, if to talk to me, when to email me, what to email me. You send her all of my texts and emails so that she will tell you how to and if to respond to me.

And before her you took your marching orders from your "wife". All the same stuff just from it. Now it's from your daughter. Because its sooooooooo comfortable for you to have domineering "women" tell you what to do. You still live in your childhood, when your domineering mother always told you what to do.

YOU ARE A FUCKING PUSSYFUCK!!

In 2022, we were talking on the phone and you were giving me your list of complaints about everything about me. And then you said, "You told me years ago that you thought that I killed your mother". I said, "And?" You said, "**Who else have you told that to? Who else knows that you think that?**" I said, "What does it matter to you?" and you didn't seem satisfied by my answer, but you did not pursue it any further.

Weird. Don't you think that that is weird?

LINK

2022. In this phone recording, he focuses on how I could supposedly ask him such a question, instead of on "Why did/do you think that I did that?" I wish I had had the courage when I was younger to ask him that directly. He then asks me twice, "WHO ELSE HAVE YOU TOLD THAT TO?"

Search for "I killed your mother" in this document for more information about this recording.

That's why you and Debbie have talked slander and gossip about me for years to both sides of my family **AND TO MY FRIENDS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

You have hacked my phone (totally illegal) to get the numbers of my friends. Of course Debbie took care of it, paying the right people to do that.

You (directly and through Debbie) have contacted them and lied to them about me so that they would spy on me for you.

Most of them Debbie has paid them to report on me to them.

YOU AND DEBBIE HAVE BEEN SMEARING ME TO MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN PARANOID THAT I WOULD REVEAL TO EVERYONE THAT

YOU MURDERED MY MOTHER.

And you have been paranoid that I would investigate you and report you and that you would spend the rest of your life in prison or that you would get KILLED BECAUSE YOU KILLED SOMEONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If I pushed too hard, then you would do whatever it took to get me into a mental hospital or behind bars myself, wouldn't you have?????????????????

JUST SO THAT you would not have to pay for YOUR crimes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You ARE the definition of a narcissist.

You do wrong and then you fault other people for exposing YOUR sins!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I am soooooooooo fuckkkkkkkking ashamed to be your son.

But Hashem has His reasons for everything. Abraham's father was a dickfuck also, just like you are. He was a MAJOR dickfuck. He got his own son murdered by Nimrod because of HIS idolatry, stupidity, and NARCISSISM.

Yet Abraham was the man through whom Gd saved the world by starting Judaism.

So even though you are such an assfuck also like Terach, maybe there is still some hope for me yet.

The key is that Abraham FINALLY left his father and went on his OWN way. **BARUCH HASHEM.**

YOU FUCKING SELFISH PSYCHOPATH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You thought that a smear campaign would discredit me when I eventually told everyone the truth.

But you forget some things.

My mother's family is smart (like my mom was). Two members of your family are smart. My mother's family has always hated your disgustingly sick guts. Members of my mother's family firsthand have **heard** you being an asshole to my mother. And two living members of my mom's family **SAW** you treating my mother like absolute SHIT.

There is even a little video of you treating my mother like shit. She was looking down after your first forced kiss in front of her parents and brothers. That means, "I DON'T WANT TO KISS YOUR PSYCHOPATHIC ASS AGAIN!!!!" So you forced her to a 2nd time, which she quickly rebuffs.

Then you forced her to kiss you a 3rd time!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

She was polite enough not to make a scene, but she clearly did not want to kiss you!! WTF????????? Anyways, what loser pathetic fuckhead even kisses his wife like that in front of her family and in front of his family?

And what greater loser pathetic shithead FORCES her to kiss him when she clearly didn't want to, by rebuffing him just seconds before ???????

LOSER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Maybe if you hadn't been such an asshole to her for the previous year you wouldn't have had to force anything.

Debbie said to me a short while after I received these videos, "Um, yeh, I don't like the way that dad aggressively forces Mom to kiss him. I mean, like, WTF is he doing?? What is that there? Who does he think he is?"

RECORDING OF DEBBIE SAYING THAT

I just watched it again. You see my mother put her hand with her CLOSED fist against you, trying to push you away????????????? You see her then put her closed fist against your face trying to push you away?????????????

I wish she would have pulled it back and clobbered you in your nose and broken it AGAIN. You told me so many times about how ‘those niggas’ in South Side Chicago had broken your nose “so many times” when you were a kid and a teenager. Does your bed buddy, bed buddy David Page know that you said “those niggas” until 1988 when you started dating your current “wife”, who taught you not to say those words in front of her “high-brow” friends because she was afraid it would her look bad?

Of course, she knew better than to hit you in front of everyone there. She knew what would happen to her once everyone said good night and went home. And they knew also. Jerry, David, my grandpa and grandma ALL knew the physical and emotional abuse that you had been subjecting my mother to since DAY ONE of your marriage, because you correctly felt like a shithead for marrying a woman for her money.

She knew that your first wife Peggy had smartly run to the other side of the planet after throwing a plate of spaghetti at you and running, literally running, out from you.

But you could have said, “This is where I am now, I have a wonderful wife and kids, I have a father-in-law helping me with my business, and paying for our family’s expenses, life ROCKS!!!!” Or at least peacefully exited the whole thing, instead of making WWII on me, my sister, my mother, my grandparents and my uncles. INSTEAD OF MAKING A MESS OF THEIRS AND YOUR LIVES.

[LINK TO A VIDEO OF MY FATHER FORCING HIMSELF ON MY UNWILLING MOTHER RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER CHILDREN, HER PARENTS, AND HER BROTHERS WHILE HER PARENTS LOOK ON. THIS WAS DURING A TIME WHEN MY DAD WANTED A DIVORCE.](#) Eleven months after this video, their divorce was finalized. Exactly like with his next wife, their marriage severely deteriorated after the 2-year mark, when he gets uncomfortable with the relationship as it gets too close.

WHO THE FUCK DID YOU THINK YOU WERE pulling my mother towards you and FORCING HER TO KISS YOU WHEN SHE SOOOOO OBVIOUSLY DIDN’T WANT TO KISS YOU YOU WIMP FUCK????????????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

That video shows your domineering nature as much as anything does. You were such a fuckhead wimp loser that you had to FORCE YOUR WIFE TO KISS YOU!!!!

WHAT ELSE DID YOU FORCE MY MOTHER TO DO AGAINST HER WILL YOU FUCKHEAD LOSER OF A “MAN” ??????????????????????????

What kind of a real man forces his wife to kiss him, IN FRONT OF HER CHILDREN, PARENTS, AND BROTHERS????????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

IN THE VIDEO DON'T YOU SEE EVERYONE WATCHING YOU AND WONDERING "WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOING TO OUR DAUGHTER AND SISTER" ??????

Of course David is trying to lessen his own anxiety and get out his general displeasure at you (my mom's family was NOT happy with you these days) through more of his lifetime stupid antics.

WHAT KIND OF A "MAN" DOES THAT???????

A pussy-ass man. That's who does that. A wimp. A narcissist. A controller. A PUSSY. YOU FUCKING PUSSYFUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MAKE SURE YOU NEVER SEE ME AGAIN. EVER. EVER. EVER. EVER.

You think that I forgot what I heard between you two when you were arguing when I was 3 and a half?

You said to her, "I will have [custody of] these children no matter what! They will never stay with you! They will be dead before they will stay with you! If your parents don't stop bothering me for [custody of] the children, then NOBODY will have them!!!!!!

The MOST atrocious part of it all is that you told me when I was 14, 15 and 16 that my mother

"Tried to kill you guys because she said that if she could not have you, then nobody would have you". Since the first part WE ALL KNOW IS A LIE, and since the second part is dependent on the first part, then the second part is a lie also. That's something you learn in Geometry and Logic classes. I know, you never finished high school.

I WONDER where you would even dream up such an idea. Because you had the idea yourself.

So for years I told close friends and girlfriends that **LIE** about what my mother thought and what my mother had said according to you.

You told me twice when I was 15 and 16 that, **"Your daddy did something very bad years ago. Your daddy did something very bad years ago. One day I will tell you what your daddy did"**. Then you told me, "Don't tell your sister that I told you that".

You have told Debbie. Because you know that she won't tell on you because of all of the reasons below.

You are nervous that everyone will find out that your son knows that you killed his mother. Don't worry, the theory has been around since a few days after she died, from her mother, her father and her brothers. **MY MOTHER'S FAMILY HAS KNOWN THEIR ENTIRE LIVES SINCE IT HAPPENED. BUT THEY WERE AFRAID OF YOU AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO MY MOM!!!!!!**

That's exactly why her brothers ambushed you in a parking garage a few days after she died and came up to you with baseball bats ready to bash your pitiful ugly head in. I wish that they had!!!! I could have grown up with my grandparents and my uncles, a loving, Sephardic family, who respected the Torah and Judaism. My grandparents are BURIED in a Jewish cemetery, unlike your parents who both had their bodies burnt to a FUCKING crisp, totally AGAINST Jewish Law. And my grandpa has his ashes in a chas veshalom xian cemetery.

Debbie wants to smear me to everyone in order to protect you from what I wrote above. Why would my mother's daughter suddenly want to protect you?? Easypeasy. My sister is a total and complete idolater. Her #1 deity chas veshalom is money. Her #2 deity is power. Her #3 deity is control. Her #4 deity is image. So, she most of all wants ALL of your money when you die. She will do anything that she can to make sure that you leave ALL of it to her, and if you don't, she will pay some expensive attorneys to get from me whatever you might leave me. So, in order to get all of your money, she "protects" you by smearing me to my mother's family so that they won't help me, and so that they won't communicate with me and tell me things which would shed light on what a disgusting fuck you are. My idolatrous, evil sister has sold her soul, and has forsaken the memory of her mother, just to please her deities of money, power, control and image. She will do everything it takes to make sure that you don't have a bad image to my mom's family. She will do ANYTHING that you want to be sure that you will leave her all of your money, and so that I will suffer.

AND she also wants to present to her children the image of you being such a hero. Because she has no soul. So she does not know who she is. So the most important thing to her is that her father looks good to her children. **If her father looks bad, then she thinks it makes her look bad to her children.** And she can't have that. She deifies her image to others. It is more important to her than Gd chas veshalom.

In 1990, you and Debbie went, for the VERY first time ever, to my mother's grave WITHOUT ME !!!!!!!!!!! You did NOT let me come with you both !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

It was the middle of March. It was the last day of classes at the university before Spring Break.

I had told you the day before that I had finished my final exams, and that I would be driving home for Spring Break on Friday evening. I had told you that I had wanted to stay around the campus on Friday for a while, go to the beach, and maybe relax with my friends a bit, before packing up and driving back late in the day.

But I had woken up Friday morning and it was a beautiful day. The sun was shining with blue skies. I decided that I just wanted to come home right away, and maybe spend some time with Debbie who was also home for Spring Break. I decided that I would arrive early and surprise her.

I had the greatest drive ever. Driving on the 101 for an hour right after the morning rush hour, zero traffic, sunroof open and windows down, driving right by the Pacific Ocean, radio going, singing and happy to be finished with my final exams and finished with the Winter Quarter. I was looking forward to a week at home, relaxing with you and Debbie, seeing my high school friends who were also home from university, and waiting tables at the restaurant that I had worked at on most of my breaks since high school.

I arrived at our house around 11:15 A.M. I remember seeing the time on the wall clock.

I pulled up to surprisingly see your car in the driveway (because you were usually at work at that time), and Debbie's car.

I walked into the house and said, "Hi, guys! Happy Spring Break! Dad, what are you doing home?"

Debbie said hi and then kept running around. She was dressed up.

You said hi, and then mostly ignored me. You kept walking around the house, busily.

You both seemed very uncomfortable.

Then you started talking to Debbie about how you had just gotten the directions, and that you guys should leave soon so that you could be back in time for an appointment later that day. She was in her room getting ready, and you went in there to talk to her. You talked in very low volume quickly, then she did, and then you came back out to the kitchen. Of course, Debbie was late as she always was for everything, including picking her children up and taking them places, until at least until 2011 (search for "").

I asked you guys, "Where are you guys going?" You both ignored me and just kept getting ready.

I asked you again, because Debbie was in her room. She had walked right by me from the kitchen to her room, looking at me but not saying anything, as she had learned to do from your bitchfuck girlfriend at the time, your now "wife".

This time, you stopped getting ready to go and answered me.

You said, "Debbie and me are going to the cemetery where Kathy is buried".

I said, "How cool. I will come with you guys!"

Debbie had come out of her room. She stared at you.

You said, "No. Debbie and I will go there by ourselves".

Debbie then continued getting ready.

I said, "Why? I want to go also". Neither Debbie nor I, nor you, according to you, had EVER been to our mother's grave, because you had only disparaged her during my first 20 years, and had hardly ever wanted to talk about her. Apparently, Debbie's shrink at UCI had pushed her to push you to tell her things about my mother, things which we should have known decades before. Debbie also told you that you were to blame for her psychoses, as the shrink had instructed Debbie to do.

You replied, "No. Debbie and I are going by ourselves". Debbie heard you, and didn't say a word. It was obvious that it was HER idea to not include me.

You both were planning to go to the cemetery, and you thought that you would have left before I got home from school. Then you probably would have lied to me about where you guys had been, or you would have told me after the fact that you had gone to the cemetery.

CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE THAT ??????????

**CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE THAT, DEBBIE,
YOU FUCKING CUNT ??????????**

That was the first thing, in what was to be a 34-year long trend of debbie telling me and including me in almost NOTHING that she ever did or found out about my mother and her family.

That was the beginning of a 34-year long trend of debbie intentionally excluding me from as much as she could about any knowledge, documents, photos, or people who shed any light on how and who my mother was (search for "ketubah" to see how debbie has refused 4 requests of mine to give me a copy of my mother's and yours' Ketubah, which you sinfully (may you BURN, BURN, BURN, BURN) gave to her without making a

copy and giving one to me, on top of numerous other photos and documents. She responded to my last request in 2020 for the Ketubah with a message that she repeated 3 times: “You are an asshole”. “You are an asshole”. “You are an asshole”. She knew that I needed the Ketubah to marry in Israel; it would have saved me a LOT of hassle).

I mean, why not?? She was my mother. You told me that I couldn’t go with you to my mother’s grave for the first time?

You know what I love, you FUCKHEAD?? Do you know what I love?

I LOOOOOOOOOOOOVE knowing that you suffer. I LOOOOOOOOOOOOVE when I hear your pathetic voice tell me that you can’t ride horses anymore because of your back. I LOOOOOOOOOOVE hearing that you are going blind as a bat. I LOOOOOOOOOOVE hearing that you are losing your motor skills. EVERY FUCKING TIME that I hear that you are suffering, my day becomes SOOOOOOOOOOOOOO much happier. If you die alone, very soon, in a jail cell with David Page as your cellmate, cold and alone (being with David Page is like being alone, he is as cold and narcissistic as they come) I will look up to the sky and say “Halleluyah”. I will shout out loud, “Halleluyah!!!!” for everyone to hear me. No matter what condition I am in in my life, that will be the second greatest day of my life, after the day that I was born and I got to see the angel who had been carrying me for 9 months.

**CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE THAT, DEBBIE,
YOU FUCKING CUNT BITCH FUCKHEAD UGLY
OBESE UGLY PIECE OF SHIT ??????????**

I guarantee you, if it is His will, I guarantee you that Elyse and Rebecca will know what evil, dastardly, mamash un-Jewish, soulless, agents of the yetzer hara you both really are. I PROMISE YOU.

I PROMISE YOU, IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS, that they will have the opportunity to read this letter if they want to. I PROMISE YOU, IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS, that they will know what is in this letter and sooooooooooooooooooooo much more. They will hear every recording, they will read EVERY FUCKING document, and they will know every story about how EVIL you and your “daughter” are. I know that now Debbie will tell them, “If your uncle ever gives you a letter, know that it is all false”, or something like that. I have already planned for all of that. Don’t worry.

They will learn the documented truth about how their mother didn’t help their uncle when his business collapsed during Corona. They will learn how their mother and you didn’t help me during the 2014 war, and then to just a small extent, AFTER their holy grandmother’s family helped me. They will see what Debbie wrote to me when I asked

for the ketubah. They will see and hear every message that I have ever received from you both, and they will hear every conversation that I have ever had with you both. They will see how evil David Page fuck supported that and even stole from me, how he lied to me, and how he is such a little, pitiful, pathetic piece of shit. They will know how Jeanie and Renee collaborated with debbie, and especially how Jeanie treated me, lied to me, and talked slander (a worse sin than malicious gossip, because it is also lying) about me to other cousins of mine.

Those two nieces of mine will have the ENTIRE books of Marshal, Debbie, Jeanie, David Page, Kim, Edie and others and their evilness open before them, all there if and when they want to ever read it.

And from what I know about them, those two intelligent, mindful, driven young ladies will soak up EVERY last word, recording and document and story that they can get their hands on, because like me and my holy, wonderful mother, maternal grandmother, and great-grandmother, they will be seekers of truth. They will NOT be idolaters like you and their mother are, clinging to people and ideas just because they are cowards to face the truth, like you both are.

They will be holy and truth seekers. And then, finally, your family's generational evilness, will end. This world will be a better, happier place. I know, you don't give a SHIT about the world. You only care about yourself. You always have.

My mother said something similar to you in 1973, didn't she? I remember. It was one of the scariest days of my life, because I feared for hers and my life in that moment, after I saw the look in your eyes. And she didn't just say it once. She told you a few times, that when we got older, she would tell us about your past crimes and about what an evil FUCK you are. She said that she would tell us why you REALLY wanted custody of us, and about how you never wanted us in the first place, and about your verbal and physical threats to her.

After that you started thinking about how she might die. You killed her by destroying her, by suing her and trying to get custody of us, and finally by stealing us away from her and her parents, and moving far away from her with us (search for "I ran over to her and hugged her leg because I was afraid for her" to see how she told you that she would tell us all of your deep, dark secrets).

Guess what? I have learned from her. So many people will have seen this letter by the time that you will. So many people have copies of everything: the documents, the recordings, and many other things. There are other people in this world who HATE Amalek, and they HATE assholes like you. They **fucking despise** EVIL FUCKS like you and debbie, and they will **be sure** that Rachel and Rivka learn the truth about you and their mother. THEY WILL BE SURE TO, even if I am not around.

I saw what you did to my mother. I saw what you did to my grandmother. I know the truth. I knew what you and Debbie are capable of.

These people despise and spurn “Jews” like you. Some of them aren’t even Jewish, but they deeply HATE people like you, who try to turn your son’s girlfriends against him (!!) and try to subvert your own child, not helping him when you can and when he needs it. They hate Debbie more.

To some of them, you are not a Jew anymore. You have been married for 30 years to a sick, disgusting goy. They hate her. They hate you and Debbie for how you have spurned Hashem, and how you have spurned the Torah, left and fucking right. Neither of you are Jews to them any more. You are both Amalek.

These people still have hope for Rachel and Rivka. They are kids. They have been snowed by their mother and their grandfather for decades, EXACTLY like you snowed me and Debbie for decades. They want to try to stop the generational sinning, because it is Gd’s will that we try to save each other, to a certain extent. It isn’t my niece’s fault that they were raised by a FUCKING LIAR, A FUCKING PSYCHOPATH. It isn’t their fault that their grandfather is a murderer, and an ex-con, and has committed so many other crimes, and only cares about himself.

What do you and Debbie tell them about me? Let me guess. Something like this?

“When can we talk to and meet Uncle Al?” Response: “Uncle Al is an SOB, a liar and he is dangerous”. Sound familiar (search for “SOB” to see how that is the exact lie that you told me for decades about my uncles, until I stopped having faith in anything that you said after you chose your demented, psychotic wife over me in 1994).

I don’t care what they think about me. I DO care to protect them from you two evil fucks, and to be sure that they will know the truth, like I should have been told by you about so many, many things, including what a FUCKING PSYCHO that you are.

You have disrespected Gd all of your life. In your 30s you thought that if my mom and grandma were no longer alive, then I would never learn the dark, totally dark truths about who you are, a FAILURE in everything that you touched.

You idolater. You idiot. You anti-Jew.

It was Gd Almighty who led me to uncover the truths that I did about you. It was my mother’s and grandmother’s souls who led me to uncover so many truths that I did.

You idiot.

I learned my lesson. I have made it so much easier than my mother’s and grandma’s souls had it. I have put so much information about you and Debbie and your evil, dastardly selves out into the world by now, that if it doesn’t matter anymore if I will be alive or dead as far as disseminating information about you both. I won’t need to lead Rivka to any shoeboxes (search for “shoebox” to see how Debbie began uncovering information

about my mother). There are too many people out there who will go to her and to her sister, and be sure that they know the truths about you both. They will hear and see everything. What they choose to do with that will be their choice. But we will be SURE that they will learn the truth about what psychos you both are, and MOST OF ALL, how badly you both have treated me for decades. "Victim Debbie" does not get any free pass. She is an adult since she was 18. She could have fixed herself by now, but lazy her has taken the easy way, like she always has. Instead she has chosen to become your foot soldier, and to propagate evilness all on her own. No mercy. NO. MERCY.

Her children WILL learn who she really is, just like soooooooooo many people, from your family, your "friends", your business associates, my mothers family, and so many more3 people have told me the truths about you, which I confirmed by finding the documents (or they were handed to me by people who have HATED you ever since you threw them under the bus or did worse to them).

I PROMISE YOU THAT. If it will be Gd's will at that time, it will happen. Everything is in place. I could write a letter 4 or 5 times as long as this one. Your history is a fucking mess. Debbie's history is a fucking mess.

When someone cuts another person out of their life, either by not responding to the other person's communications, or by outright telling the other person that they no longer want to communicate for an indefinite period of time, or the first person "blocks" the second person, then the first person no longer has an obligation to keep the secret things secret anymore of the first person.

When someone stops communication completely with a second person, it's like the first person is dead to the second person. The second person has no idea if the first person will ever communicate with them again. And there is no obligation to continue a vow of secrecy to a dead person, in almost all circumstances. Anyone whom I have tried repeatedly to connect with, whom repeatedly over a period of time does not respond to me; they are like dead to me. The same goes for people who have told me that they won't communicate with me anymore. They are like dead to me (search for "My children will wonder" for more information on this topic).

My mother never tried to kill ANYBODY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

EVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

She was acquitted by a jury of her peers who took just a few hours to reach a verdict.

She never even HIT her children, which is much more than you yourself can say.

The court documents show that you even ADMITTED, in court, under oath, that she hardly ever laid a HAND on us!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

When you were asked whether or not my mom had ever physically hurt us, you said, “A little shove at the most”.

[Legal documents from her trial showing Marshal Klein's testimony above.](#)

CLICK LINKS ABOVE FOR THE DOCUMENTS.

In 2020 when we spoke by phone I was telling you that I was 4.5 years old when my mother went to Gan Aiden.

You said, “You were 3.5 years old.”

How can a father forget how old his kids were when their mother left ALL BECAUSE OF HIM???????????????? He murdered their mother and he cannot remember how old those poor children were when he made her leave this material world?

LINK

[HOW CAN HE NOT REMEMBER, EVEN AFTER I HAD TOLD HIM IN A PREVIOUS CONVERSATION 2 WEEKS BEFORE, HOW OLD I WAS WHEN MY MOM WENT TO GAN AIDEN?? HE REMARRIED 5 MONTHS AFTER MY MOTHER’S DEATH.](#)

As I wrote earlier in this letter, you and Debbie have spied on me for decades. You used to use my own cousin Jeremy to ask him to call me and to find out information about me. Shame on you so much. Shame on you.

You even used one of my colleagues at my work in Israel. You spied on me through him for 10 years!!!! You paid him to give you information about me.

YOU THINK I DIDN’T KNOW, YOU FUCKING IDIOTS??????? I purposefully gave him misinformation about me JUST so that he would give you MISINFORMATION. YOU AND DEBORAH ARE FUCKING IDIOTS!!!!!!

When I called him on it repeatedly and he finally told me that indeed you were paying him for information, and I made him repent, he finally started cooperating with me in giving you misinformation. He was a fuckhead to cooperate with you. **But in the end he helped me to get you back.** HE TOOK YOUR MONEY, AND COOPERATED WITH ME. **YOU BOTH ARE FUUUUUUCKING IDIOTS.**

And you have done that with at least 6 of my friends. I want to thank you for that because it helped me to see who were really my friends whom I could trust and who weren't. Who were stupid enough or idolatrous enough to either believe your stories about me being crazy, or about me being a bad person, or whatever so that they would report to you about me and what I was doing so that you could "HELP" me. WHAT A FUCKING LINE OF CRAP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **YOU HAVE NEVER WANTED TO HELP ME.**

YOU HAVE ALWAYS wanted to only HURT me. YOU FUCKING ASSWIPE
FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Debbie is a serious idiot and a serious mental case. You both have several mental issues. Debbie is manic depressive and she has SERIOUS depression. She has NEVER cured the issues behind her teenage bulimia. She has only masked them.

YOU NEVER WANTED TO HELP ME. YOU ONLY WANTED TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME TO BE SURE THAT I WASN'T GOING TO EXPOSE YOU YOU MURDEROUS FUCKHEAD!!

YOU ARE A MURDERER.

YOU WILL BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN BURN IN GEHINNOM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And you probably will actually burn, since you HATE heat so much. It would be a great punishment for you: centuries of unending, inescapable heat.

**AND I WILL DO NOTHING EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER
EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER
EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVER TO HELP YOU. EVER.**

On the contrary. I will celebrate every day that I know that you are suffering.

Like I have been celebrating recently when I realized some months ago that indeed you have been suffering for 36 years at the hands of a demon.

Baruch Hashem!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**MAY YOU SUFFER EVERY SECOND MORE THAT HE KEEPS YOU ALIVE.
AND SUFFER MAMASH MAMASH MAMASH MAMASH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

YOU FAILED YOU FUCKING FUCKHEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You failed.

Your whole goal was to cover up you murdering my mother, and to have Debbie and me serve you and help you forever, and that we would not know the truth and be good to you.

You failed. Like you have failed everything else in your life.

THE ONLY REASON THAT YOUR LUGGAGE BUSINESS SURVIVED IS BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS HAD JOY'S MOM'S MONEY BEHIND YOU.

Anytime that you were in trouble in your business, Joy's ultra-rich mom's money came in. That's how we went from living with barely enough money to buy food to suddenly a new house and then another new house and new cars for you both etc. etc.

You didn't make all that money. Joy's rich mom Carol Dewitt gave you that money.

She wanted Joy to be married and to have a family, so that she could tell all of her ultra-rich elitist Los Angeles socialite friends that her daughter was a respectable wife and mother, and not just a divorced single mother.

You are not a "self-made man".

THE ONLY REASON THAT YOU MADE IT IN REAL ESTATE IS BECAUSE YOU HAD THAT FUCKING DEMON (your current "wife") BEHIND YOU WITH HER MONEY AND EXPERIENCE. SHE TAUGHT YOU HOW TO DO REAL ESTATE IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR FUTURE MONEY FOR HER RETIREMENT IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. (search for "I don't like people" to read about what she repeatedly told me about why she wanted to retire in the boonies).

And you haven't done anything for your kids. You have done everything for you. You didn't want to look like a fuckhead to your kids. That's all that was important to you.

Because you have NEVER cared 1 day for anyone with unconditional love. You don't know what that is.

You are a COVERT NARCISSIST. You only ultimately care about yourself, and ultimately everything that you do is for yourself.

That is a "mental problem" (your term as of 12.2022, as the recording in this letter shows) in the DSM-5. It is called NPD - Narcissistic Personality Disorder. You've got it BIG time. So does Deborah, David Page, Kim, and of course your "wife". It has it the worst of anyone whom I have ever known.

You recently wrote me an email in December 2023 that said, "Praying won't put food on the table". Wow. Wow wow wow wow wow wow. That shows me and everyone the extent of your idolatry.

I know that you believe that you have the money that you have because you WORKED SO HARD FOR IT.

BULLSHIT.

You have EVERYTHING that you have because Gd has given it to you.

You told me in September 2020 that your monthly retirement income was \$6250. I was asking you to support me with \$2500 a month and you told me that that was 40% of your monthly retirement income.

Wow. You retired on \$6250 a month?? That's a far higher amount than most people make working full-time jobs.

Do you not see how blessed you are by Gd????

And it is because of all of the years that you finally got your shit together (after previously having lost money in every business that you had tried) from the time that I was 4 (after my mother went to Gan Aiden, and you so obviously felt responsible and guilty for her death, which is why you have let your daughter and your current wife, both of whom threatened to attempt suicide and "attempted" (or faked an attempt to get your attention) suicide respectively, guilt trip you into being their lifelong servant) until I was 18 years old.

This happened even if your motivation was your own selfish economic ambitions and your need to assuage the deep-seated guilt that you felt as a result of my mother's death.

He has blessed you with \$6250/month retirement income because of that.

You never were able to be economically successful without Carol DeWitt's money. Joy's mother's money is what saved you. And Gd provided that to you after my mother hurt herself ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR WORTHLESS ASS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Your own mother stopped you from starting a business after her brothers had already agreed to loan you money to start your business!!!!!! She had told her brothers to not loan you money because she didn't have faith in you to be successful, and she was afraid that you would "embarrass" her to her family.

Your evil demonic "daughter" who idolizes and worships people, the greatest sin in the universe, follows in every footstep that you and her only real female role model, Nan, made, whether they were evil and sinful things or holy things. So she spends a great majority of her time campaigning against me to my own family (!!!!!), many of whom

sincerely want to help me because this is how they were raised, to help family as much as we can.

Debbie follows evil Ruth Klein's machinations of keeping her **own son** from success (because Debbie has treated me like her son (?????), trying to “teach” me and to punish/”guide” me (?????) ever since it became clear to her that she would not be having a son in 2014; yes I know, crazy, which Debbie **TOTALLY** is), which Ruth did because

1) She was a fucking cunt sometimes.

(And you know that about your mother, you’ve just become such a coward that you don’t dare to speak up about it around your daughter, nieces and nephew, lest your crazy daughter mobilize both herself and her bipolar cousin against you, both of whom idolize Ruth as a way of discreetly rebelling against their own parents, even though they are now in their 50s and 60s – paaaaathetic).

2) She was more afraid of her own reputation than she was of serving Gd and helping her children to succeed.

3) You were dating and then marrying goyim, Peggy and Cheryl, back then. By the way, for her **other** pressure on you to marry a Jewish woman or for her praying that your wife would voluntarily convert, she received great merit for that.

The souls of my mother and of her mother and of her father have woken up both of her children to your heinous sinful, horrible crimes against her and against her family ever since Debbie went through your “sacred shoebox”, which you forbid us to ever look in, when she was 16 and 17, and you had been leaving her home all alone day after day and night after night so that you could serve the wishes of your evil girlfriend Sharon, who wanted to control you to be with her at her house all the time in order to cure her own loneliness and to show you who was boss – and Sharon has been doing that **extremely successfully** for 36 years now (search for "shoebox" in this document for more information about that).

You forsook your daughter because Sharon owned you, didn’t she? In addition to other things that she had on you, like your aggressive behavior towards her when you were dating and she would not jump into bed with you immediately like your other whores had (because she had been raped and pregnant and had murdered her unborn child and so was wary of sex again), you thought that you needed her for her money and to teach you the real estate business.

Well you got her silence about your transgressions towards her.

You got her money now, which allows you to live as you do and as you have on two incomes instead of one.

You got her real estate experience so that you could work your ass off for 20 years so that you maybe wouldn't have to worry about "living with cockroaches again" as you claim to have when you were a child.

And you have lost your soul, your children and your grandchildren (you do not have any real relationship with them either – its all superficial, and they know that on some level now and they will know that even better as they age, just like I did about you one day and Debbie did about you one day), your sister and her kids.

Your sister and her kids are afraid of your wife, afraid of you, and wanting to be on their best behavior so that they will get whatever money or things that they think you have already set aside for them to get after you grace this universe by leaving it permanently. Yes, there is a bit of nostalgia there, a tiny bit of family love, but for the most part they know EXACTLY who you are and what a fuckhead you are, and they are just looking for the money pot from you, and covering their asses. And you know that better than I do, you just play the game with them also.

After you kick the bucket, yeh, Edie and Jer will be sad for a day or two, blah blah. Then they will ask your wife, if it will still even talk to them, and if not then Debbie, **"SHOW ME THE MONEYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!"** [Just like this link here.](#)

Then, **"How much did he leave me, Deb? And how soon can I get it all?"** And all 4 of them will say, "Phew, I don't have to always be looking over my shoulder for if my brother or his wife will hurt me anymore because I disobeyed him. A lifetime of fear of retribution for disobeying Marshal Klein is over. The tyrant is dead. Dead as a fucking doornail. Thank Gd. I can breathe now".

And, "Deb, Where is my moneyyyyyy ??"

EXCELLENT LEGACY, don't you think, Marshal you fuck? But the truth is, you don't give a crap what people will think or say about you after. Because you think it all ends with your death. You have ALWAYS just wanted to survive. You only want to make it to the finish line comfortably and without cockroaches around you.

Boy oh boy, oh boy oh boy (as my beloved Grandpa Sam used to say), are you in for a surprise.

LINK.

[October 2013. Your sister, your only sibling, tells me that she lost touch with her Uncles Al and Arnie and their families because she didn't have much in common with them because they are "rich people's kids". Her other mother's brother Uncle Lenny's family also is not in touch with her. She says that you also moved away from Illinois \[because you were forced to as a condition of your bribed expungment for Grand Theft Auto\] and thus her family, "and left us" and then tried to make your life away from Illinois.](#)

She says that “We DO know, it wasn’t”, that your whole life has not been happy for you even after you moved away from Illinois.

And I do believe that you think that it was allllllll worth it.

You care only about you.

TRUE narcissist.

And you have been suffering more and more for 36 years now.

And it is only the beginning.

And it will be more than you can imagine. It will all be from Gd Almighty.

And then you will know that He gave you everything that you have.

Because He will take it all away just to show you that.

BARUCH HASHEM

!!

DID YOU REALLY THINK THAT YOU WOULD GET AWAY WITH IT ALL OF YOUR LIFE????

GD GAVE YOU EVERYTHING THAT YOU HAVE, NOT FOR YOU.

FOR US.

HE WANTED TO HELP US AFTER WHAT WE WENT THROUGH.

Maybe working hard was part of your purpose in this life. Maybe you would not have received that money from Hashem if you had not worked hard.

And as you know in your heart, Debbie wants you dead also. Dead as a fucking doornail. Because the moment you kick the bucket, then she can stop defending you and supporting you. It's a drag for her. She can tell everyone the truth about you. Until then, she wants to keep her kids happy. But when you kick the bucket, she will do exaaaactly like you did. Everyone knows that Debbie is just a big follower. She will then tell her kids all of your secrets, like you told me less than a year after Nan kicked the bucket how she told her bros to not give you money. Debbie is just waiting for you to go, just like everyone else who puts on a good show. And you know that in your soul. NOBODY FUCKING WANTS YOU HERE DO YOU GET THAT??????? PEGGY ran way from you. My mother hated your fucking guts!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Your relatives will hardly shed a tear

for you. Your kids will celebrate !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Halleluyah. DING DONG
THE dingdong is gone!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU ARE A CANCER ON THIS WORLD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My kids will hear your recordings and will read the documents in black and white and
will be aghast at what an ASSHOLE you were!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AND I GUARANTEE YOU, MARSHAL FUCKFACE, THAT ALL OF YOUR
GRANDKIDS WILL KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU.

ALL.

GUARANTEE YOU.

FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY SOUL, if it will be Gd's will, I WILL BE SURE THAT
RACHEL AND RIVKA WILL KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU, AND ABOUT
HOW THEIR MOTHER LIED TO THEM ABOUT YOU.

FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY SOUL.

That's what my mother had said to you, wasn't it. "I will make sure that your children
will know the truth about you!!!"

That was when you looked at her the same way that you had looked at me that day when
I was 14 with your hand on my throat (search for "brick in this letter for a longer
description of that).

YOU IDIOT.

You thought that if she and my grandparents were dead then I would never learn the truth
about you.

You idiot.

From Heaven they made sure that Debbie found your shoebox, and that I contacted my
uncles. My strong and holy mother and grandmother's souls FUCKED YOU UP SO
BAD.

That's what you get for not believing in Gd Almighty and just believing in your own
power.

Gd's will will ALWAYS be fulfilled you idiot.

LINK

He tells me that his retirement income is \$6250. He swears at me and I ask him to calm down. You have everything you have bc of me and Debbie. Gd provided you well to take care of us well. I remind him what I actually said (different from what he is claiming that I said) previously about him selling his car. He understands and agrees that that is what I indeed did say about it.

But you sure didn't get it FROM working hard.

You got it because He gave it to you.

Plenty of people work hard all the time and can lose or not make money or not make much money.

He gave it to you partly so that you could give some of it to your righteous son, who has saved you physically and spiritually soooooooooo many times.

HE GAVE IT TO YOU PARTLY SO THAT YOU COULD, with Debbie, support your holy son in his lifelong pursuit of the study of Torah. He gave it to you so that you could be a partner with your holy son in studying the Torah and improving his life and your life. He gave it to you partly so that you could receive blessings from supporting your son while he enlightens his life and your life and the lives of your family through the study and teaching of Gd's Torah.

In ancient Israel, Yissachar, one of the 12 tribes, made an agreement with his closest brother tribe, Zvulun.

The men of Zvulun loved to do business, and they were EXCELLENT at it.

The men of Yissachar loved to study Torah.

Zvulun knew that studying Torah is the greatest mitzvah, and that Gd blesses greatly those who study Torah.

But Zvulun was much more comfortable with and adept at doing business.

Yissachar men were excellent Torah scholars and knew how to study Torah and it came very naturally to them.

So Zvulun and Yissachar made an agreement, that Yissachar men would ONLY study Torah, and the Zvulun men would graciously support the Yissachar men through the IMMENSE profits that they made in their maritime trading business. This enabled the Yissachar men to study Torah full-time, and to also live well.

Both tribes had a comfortable living. Both tribes loved what they did, because it came naturally to them. And both tribes flourished in ancient Israel. Gd blessed Zvulun with a LOT of wealth. And Zvulun gladly gave a lot of that wealth to Yissachar. And then Yissachar studied and learned incredible Torah. And then Gd blessed Zvulun with more wealth because Zvulun had supported Yissachar in their Torah studying.

That is how Jews and non-Jews do it.

That is what Gd wants you and Debbie and my family and friends to do for me.

He has been waiting on you all for years now.

It's not a good idea, Marshal Dennis Klein, to keep the Master of the Universe, the Creator, waiting.

For ANYTHING.

As you can see with your FUCKED UP life that you have had for the last 7 years since I started asking you and Debbie to support me so that I can study Torah full-time (at the beginning Gd asked you all only for part-time, which you didn't do either).

Ever since these two tribes made this partnership over 3200 years ago, Jews and non-Jews have been entering into similar partnerships as this. It has come to be known as the "Yissachar-Zvulun Partnership". Those who genuinely prefer to work more and study Torah less, have supported economically those who LOVE to study Torah more. By supporting the ones who study Torah, those who support them share in the greatest commandment of the 613 commandments:

"The study of Torah is equivalent to that of all of the other commandments combined", Mishnah Peah 1:1 . There are so many other Torah references for that concept as well.

LINK.

[The Yissachar-Zvulun Partnership. This partnership is based on one of the very last chapters of the Torah, of the 5 Books of Moshe. We have been uniquely reading the first part of this particular parsha, Vezot Habracha \("And this is the blessing"\), for weeks now on several Mondays, Thursdays and Shabbat afternoons. We will read this entire chapter as part of our weekly Torah reading this Thursday bezrH, as we conclude our annual reading of Gd's Torah.](#)

LINK.

[A synagogue's offering of arranging Yissachar-Zvulun Partnerships.](#)

You are such an archaic, old-school, outdated dipshit that you think that if someone wants to study Torah full-time then he is "lazy" because he does not love to hustle around

a business like you and your wife did. Again, total narcissist. ONLY YOUR WAY IS OK. EVERYONE IS CRAZY EXCEPT YOU. EVERYONE IS A “PIECE OF WORK” EXCEPT YOU.

Let me ask you something, Einstein. If only your way is right, your ways of thinking, doing, breathing, working, living, speaking etc., then why did Gd create people who are different?

You told me on the phone a few years ago, and in a whatsapp message also, when I was starting to make my videos for my new business, that the “Torah videos and the Jewish stuff” are probably not going to do so well.

I told you something then in nicer words than I will elaborate to you now.

You fucking idiot.

You are a fucking idiot NOT because you said that and you were wrong. But because you said that because idiot airhead Beavis had told you that.

Because as an old-school, archaic, outdated, ugly, ICKKKKKKKKKKKKY thing, dummy, it told you that. Because as an atheist it doesn't see value in those, and it still lives in the 1970s and 1980s (just look at its hairdo – unchanged 80s butch haircut for almost 50 years) when “religion” wasn't so cool, and academic atheism was the in thing to be if you wanted to be seen as “intellectual” (especially important for those people who are not truly intellectual; at least they thought they might be “seen” to be intellectual).

YOU FUCKING IDIOT. Now I see where Debbie gets her same idiotic ranting about things which she has no clue about. You never used to do that until about 15 years ago. But you picked it up from Beavis.

Some of the fastest growing channels on YouTube are “religion” channels. There are Torah content-based and Israel content-based channels which have millions of subscribers and views. ONLY YOU AND YOUR BLASPHEMOUS FAMILY, almost all people who “converted”, think that religion isn't popular today. It's not 1985 you fuckface.

And xian religious channels' popularity are also growing exponentially during the last few years.

Here is a kicker for you, you fucking old-fashioned, closed-minded, isolated, brainwashed, pussywhipped huge idiot.

Between Orthodox, Conservative or Reform Judaism, which of those has grown the fastest recently?

In the past year, MORE JEWS HAVE EXPONENTIALLY BECOME ORTHODOX than at any time in modern history.

The rate is highest among American Jews.

More Reform synagogues in America have closed in the past year, or have scheduled to close next year, than at any other time in modern history.

Let me spell it out for you, dummy.

MORE JEWS ARE BECOMING RELIGIOUS THAN THEY EVER HAVE.

Because almost every Jew was “religious” from Abraham until around 1870-1900. They didn’t call it Orthodox or religious. It has just been the way of life for JEWS ever since Abraham. WE KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS. Almost no Jew in any country thought or lived differently until the late 1800s. NONE of your grandparents, until they arrived in America, called themselves “orthodox”. They just called themselves “Jews”. Being Jewish meant keeping all of the commandments. That is what you and others today call “being religious” or “being orthodox”.

For those Jews before 1870ish who did not want to observe so much, they did not let anyone know about it.

So today’s Jews are returning to the correct practices of their ancestors from 2 or 3 generations before. This has never happened before in history, because until the 1800s almost no Jews strayed from being “religious”.

You and your sister have all of my life always wanted to keep up with trends. It fits perfectly with your guys’ fear of being abandoned, of falling behind, of being left out, and most of all, of looking archaic and outdated. We can thank Ruth Klein’s ultra-evil subtle and overt threats to you both of emotional abandonment if you did not do her bidding, which she learned from her stepmom and father, for that. And which you and Edie have both done to your children. Shame on you both ultra-shitty parents.

Except you mother fucker took it a step further to physical abandonment when you disowned me. That’s why every one of your immediate family were and are better parents than you.

And you also have spent ALL of your lives rebelling against Grandpa Harry’s religious strictness, because you wanted to be “cool”, i.e., accepted by the cool goyim and the “cool” Jews.

In other words, you aspired to be followers, and not to be leaders. **THAT IS YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY TODAY. FOLLOWERS.**

So you always wanted to have the latest gadgets and be cool. Auntie always wanted to be such a cool mom and grandma.

You guys have now missed the “cool” boat.

You guys look today, to any truly up-to-date observer who knows the current trends in American Jewish observance, ARCHAIC and OUTDATED.

If she reads this then Debbie will become more religious, as she has already been doing, because now it is “cooler” and “more ok”. In other words, since more people are doing it now, now she will do it more. FOLLOWER. =IDOLIZER.

RECORDING OF PHONE CONVERSATION WATSAPP

And you know that Ruth Klein let her evil side out way too often. Her 2 weak-ass granddaughters love to idolize her, because they know that that subtly hurts their parents. When you and Edie see your kids love her sooooo much, and praise her so much, ohhhhhh she was such a tzadikah (ha!), then it twinges some hurt inside of you both because of the abuse that you endured from her. You two don't feel that she was suuuuuuch a great mother. So these two idiots just use this, even subconsciously after decades of doing it, to hurt you both, instead of just telling you how they feel, and/or talking to you, and/or fixing their own psychological and emotional problems, of which they have so many.

Those 2 weak minds also want an idol to hold onto, Gd forbid, because neither one had a strong female mother figure (or at least they don't see their mother figures like that) and because they are followers, not leaders. They lazily followed their older sibling who was smarter, kinder, and more holy than them, and then tried to be like them, and then gave up and rebelled against those things, instead of searching for and engaging the unique gifts which Gd gave them to fulfill their own purposes.

They know that you two wimps are NEVER going to say back to your kids, “Nanny was NOT SUCH A GREAT PERSON! She fucking hit me and my brother, she egged on my father until he beat us, and she used all different types of emotional manipulation on us! She was not so great!!”

The only time that you have ever said ANYTHING like that to me was in 2015 and 2016, because you knew at the time that I wouldn't repeat it to anyone in the family, because I wasn't into gossip, and because anyways you and Debbie had successfully isolated me enough by “discouraging” Edie and her kids from interacting with me too much. So you could let your guard down and you told me, extremely clearly, on 4 different yartzeit days over 2 years, “No, I ain't gonna do nothin' for my parents. My parents were NOT good parents. They were better grandparents than they were parents”.

You would never dare let your daughter or niece hear you say that. They would let you have it, either directly or through Ruth-taught emotional manipulation.

But that's what you and Edie think. That's fine, I am totally not judging that at all. I never would judge what children think about their parents. I am not them (you guys), and I wasn't there. I also would never judge what grandkids think about their grandparents. I TOTALLY understand AND empathize with Edie's kids about their feelings towards Grandpa Sam. In my opinion, and in Gd's view according to His Torah, Grandpa Sam fucked up bigggggg time with Edie and her kids. **HUGE**. And you have followed his example, overtly abandoning one and at times both of your own children. **TWO FUCKHEADS, LIKE FATHER LIKE SON.**

And you taught me to not forgive parents when they need your help, in how you treated your parents during the last years of their lives. And don't help them to the best of my ability when they need your help.

And Ruth was a bitch. You can see it most clearly in her photos from her in her 20s and 30s. She has a simmering anger in her eyes and face. Poor grandpa and you guys. She was a fucking cunt sometimes. There I said it for you two wimps. Grandpa had his stuff too. But she was a CUNT sometimes. MAJOR man-hating cunt, developed from years of her dad's emotional abandonment and of her 3 brothers being his favorites, especially the younger ones, and of subsequently NOT dealing with those childhood hurt feelings, and instead lashing out at her husband and children as a way of coping with those feelings.

And her emotional manipulation techniques were learned and engaged by you and Edie on your kids. Her biggest one was the "threat of emotional abandonment" and "emotional abandonment". She even used it on me once.

She was a great grandma to me. I won't say "excellent" nor "perfect" because of her emotional manipulation.

I was visiting Chicago for about 14 days. I was late to meet her, or I played with Jer too long at his house and didn't meet her as we had casually discussed, or something. I really don't remember what it was. All I remember was my stress afterwards.

I really have no idea what it was. But I remember that she would not talk to me. I called to talk to her, and she got off the phone. The next day, we all went to eat, the 5 of us and her. On the way there, my girl cousins suggested, "Sit RIGHT across from her so that she HAS to interact with you". I did. I sat there for a whole meal, and she did hardly look at me. I talked to her and she just ignored me. I remember feeling soooooooo sad, hurt and uncomfortable. I only had a few days left to spend with everyone, and she was pretending like I did not exist. Just because I was late? I didn't do it on purpose, I was just having fun fooling around with my cousin probably too late. Yes, I should have called, or whatever it was. I apologized to her a few times. Nothing. I talked to my 3 cousins about it for days. The older ones told me, "There's nothing else you can do. Nanny gets like that sometimes. You just have to wait for her".

Finally one day my aunt told me that she was on the phone and wanted to talk to me. I thought that she would explain, “Al, I felt hurt that you didn’t show up on time, I thought that I was not important to you, and I love you so much and I want to see you all the time that you are here”. And I would have been more sensitive and not let it happen again, because I loved her and wouldn’t want her to feel badly again. I wouldn’t have done it out of fear of her possible future emotional rejection again. I would have done it out of love.

I understand that she learned it from her stepmom. I understand that her dad and stepmom treated her badly. I understand that she was #6 in a family with 3 brothers, 2 of whom had a different, manipulative mother who treated her badly. So what??????? **Where does the buck stop??** Grow up. Handle your shit before you pass it on. Or if you already passed it on, handle your stuff and then re-teach your kids and apologize for your mistakes.

Nope. Just a “Hi, how are you? You guys want to go to a movie with me today with Jer? Ok, I’ll pick you up in a couple hours”. And life just continued. EXACTLY like you have done so many times and Debbie does now. No meeting of the minds. No sharing of feelings to help each other understand each other better and get closer. Just like um, it never happened. When we met, I was so happy to be having fun with her again. I apologized right to her face a 4th time to her. She did not even acknowledge that I had said anything. Jer tapped my arm and when I looked at him he shook his head, “No” and then said to me when she couldn’t hear, “Don’t bring it up again. She might get mad again”.

Newsflash Marshal: Not a healthy way to be.

And I endured that once. For a few days. And a few other times, also, but they were for shorter periods. I cannot imagine being her child for 18 years. Well, I kind of can. Because you have pulled that shit with me for the past 36 years.

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

Not that you care about anyone but you, but when we repeat the sins of our parents we make those sins generational, and then our parents’ souls suffer more. Because at their yartzeit trials, they are held responsible for their children sinning if the child learned those sins from the parents.

So now that you know that, you will probably repeat their sins even more so that they will suffer even more.

That’s EXACTLY why I don’t waste my time anymore on them. I realized that I am fighting a losing battle. And so is any other grandchild who does mitzvot for them. What I and the 4 others do is about 10% as effective as anything that you or Edie do, either way, mitzvah or sin.

Your sister Edie is a total disgrace. What a failure of a human being, just like you. No wonder that her cousins “want nothin’ to do with us” (she meant your and her entire family). You are a convicted felon, and I am sure that they are aware of your other crimes. You married a goy, whom I’m sure that they know is a total loser. Your father converted to Catholic. Edie, running after daddy’s approval, converted to Catholic. She forced her young son to convert. Your daughter uses her husband’s money to throw her weight around to her own genes, scaring them and hurting them to get her way, just like you did all of your life. Failure. BLECH. Your sister’s daughters converted. Just read those sentences alone. What a failure of a family you have. FAILURE.

October 2013. Your sister, your only sibling, tells me that she lost touch with her Uncles Al and Arnie and their families because she didn’t have much in common with them because they are “rich people’s kids”. Her other mother’s brother Uncle Lenny’s family also is not in touch with her. She says that you also moved away from Illinois and thus her family “and left us” and tried to make your life away from Illinois.

She says that “We DO know, it wasn’t.”, that your whole life has not been happy for you even after you moved away from Illinois.

Edie is a fucking **CUNT**. Her father emotionally and mostly physically abandoned her some time after he met Minnette, on top of the emotional abandonment ever since the day you were born. Just like you did, first to Debbie, and now to me. AND IDOLATROUS EDIE, SUCH A FUCKING IDIOT, FOLLOWS IN HER FATHER’S FOOTSTEPS!!

She has watched you emotionally and then physically abandon me, and stood by and said NOTHING!!!!!! On top of that, she joined into the abandonment. And so have her children!!

She is a follower and an idolizer like the little girl she was at 5 years old when you were born. A 5-year old girl. She is STUCK IN THE PAST, at 5 years old. Still trying to get her parents’ approval, especially daddy’s.

I love watching her and her children suffer. Love it. Her son’s life is a failure. What does he live for, the next restaurant? The next meal to cook? The next Ferrari show?

Kim has always been a failure. She copied her cousin and married rich and into status. but she has become mentally worse than before. I cant stand to look at any of her photos since her wedding. The wedding ones are the worst. Grotesque.

And Edie has metamorphosed from what was an attractive woman in her youth to a butt-ugly, wrinkled, old, contorted face, complaining cunt. Its ONLY a reflection of her now-mangled soul.

I have known and seen BEAUTIFUL 90-year old men and women who were way more attractive than the 25-year old sitting next to them. Years has NOTHING to do with it. **Everything** that we see on the outside of someone is a 100% reflection of how their soul is doing.

She has abandoned her nephew in every possible way, REPEATING like the evil demon that she is the sins of her father. She is doing to me EXACTLY what her father did to her. Just like she beat the hell out of her children just like her father did to her.

You know who repeats the abuse of their parents? CHILDREN in adult's bodies, like you and like her. Adults who are STUCK IN THEIR PAST, who never moved past their stage in childhood development that they were at when their parents' most severe abuse began. They are essentially still children, stuck in a stage of childhood development for the rest of their lives, because they are COWARDS, afraid to face the difficult emotions that they endured.

Instead of confronting their past, which requires true faith and courage, they "self-medicate" by doing to others exactly what was done to them. They feel that in some way it heals them, because now THEY are the abuser. THEY have the control.

Like you.

LINK

1.2024. Marshal Klein BELLOWING at his son, as he always has, "YOU ARE NOT IN CONTROL. I AM IN CONTROL!!!!" and "WE WILL DO IT MY WAY!!!!"

Wrong.

It only pushes them further to the dark side, further to evil. And now they have to deal with the abuse that they received, plus the undeserved abuse that they bestowed onto others.

YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY IS 75% A FAILURE. A FAILURE.

When you came to visit me in Israel in 2012, you told me that you were still looking for Peggy Bowman, your first wife who had thrown a plate of spaghetti in your lap and then walked out on you, and you never ever saw her again, online. You said that you had used Facebook and the internet to find her. You said you tried calling a few numbers but none worked. I told you that I would start looking for you. (see page 3 for a longer description of that).

At that time you were married (unhappily, as you have always been with every wife of yours, because you are unhappy with yourself) to the demon whom you are married to now.

I did some research and found a few leads. When you arrived back in California, I called you and told you what I had found. I gave you the information.

I would have LOOOOVED to have seen you with almost ANYONE else.

I guess you must have been pretty unhappily married if you were still, after 18 years of marriage to Sharon, were still trying to find the woman who walked out on you 45 years earlier.

EMAIL TO HIM THAT I SENT HIM WITH PEGGYS INFO

RECORDING OF THE HAPPY ENDINGS MESSAGE STUFFS.

You dated Sharon and married Sharon all for her money.

What was wrong with your money?? You REALLY needed a big ranch and 3 horses and 2 cars and a Harley Davidson motorcycle?? Was it worth it MARSHAL??? To sell your soul in order to spend your last years riding fucking horses around by yourself every day, and to come back to a “wife” who makes you spaghetti every night?? (search for “pastaphobia” in this document for a longer description of that).

I am 100% suuuuuure that you have NEVER EVER criticized one bit of pasta sauce or ANYTHING that Beavis has made for you, EVER. She would not throw it at you and run out the door. Even though I can say from personal experience that its “cooking” tastes like shit. **And you know it. You miss Peggy now, don’t you?** (See page 3 for a longer description of that).

Beavis would do something for sure, and it wouldn’t be throwing spaghetti. But YOU would be running out of the door for your life!!!!!!

You had enough money by yourself to have a little place with 1 horse and 1 car. Not enough?? Of course you could have always come and lived with me and my family in Israel, or close to us, or with Debbie, or whatever. Ok, yeh Debbie maybe would not want it because she has also become a cold, selfish cunt. But I would have welcomed my dad with huge happiness and love to live with me for the rest of my life.

Instead you chose to live someone else’s dream. It was NEVER your dream to live like this. NEVER.

I remember when I heard it blabbing about how all it wanted to do was “retire at 65, and move to northern California and have a ranch and a horse, far, far away from people”.

In the 20 years that I lived with you almost every day of my life, before you met Beavis, I NEVER heard you talk about doing that. Never.

And even after you met it, when it would blab about that a lot, you would just sit there and let it blab. You NEVER chimed in and said, "Oh, yeh, that will be great" or anything. You just sat there silently while it blabbed. I never felt like that was the path you wanted to take. That's also why I never thought that you two would stay together. Because I never saw you doing that.

You weren't rushing to retire in 2008 like a lazy person, like Beavis. You wanted to keep working. You loved working, you loved making deals. You would have worked until you were 75 or 80 and loved it.

The first year that you were living with it in the boonies over there you were soooooooooooooo depressed. Weren't you? Yes. You had to take medications and do things which weren't in your nature in order for you to be moderately happy.

Because you never should have been there. And look at where it has gotten you. Sick, sick, sick, sick, and more sick.

You are 80 years old and still playing Lone Ranger? Like your pathetic sister still playing Disney? You both are stuck in the past. But that's just scratching the surface. Your real stuckness is how you both are still stuck in your childhood emotional trauma. She is STILL running after daddy's approval, even though he's dead (yes, people can do this even after their parent dies, Psych 101 or 102 or whatever, its not rocket science, believe me, I have studied both in university, and its not rocket science) and you are still subjecting yourself to a domineering, abusive woman as your slavemaster and playing cowboy every day.

You will NEVER admit it, but you idolize and blindly follow your older sister's examples in life.

She is soooooooooo fucking pathetic.

At 86 years old she still pines over Disney.

At 81 years old you still ride horses with a gun like your boyhood heroes Roy Rogers and Lone Ranger.

But that is not who you are. You had learned to let go of stuff. You have ridden plenty of horses in your lifetime. You have played with plenty of guns in your lifetime. You rode horses carrying and shooting a gun plenty of times in your lifetime. You never needed to spend your last days doing that every single day.

Your days the last 15 years could have been spent working like you loved, and spending as much time as possible with your kids who used to love you a lot. You could have told us both the truth about everything, complete with your sincere repentance. We probably would have forgiven you, and the three of us could have gone to my mother's grave and you could have watched Debbie and I say Kaddish for her and the three of us could have become closer to Gd together and lived great lives together. You could have met and if you wanted to, married a supportive woman who would have loved you and taken care of you better than you love and take care of yourself.

Going to live in lonely, cold, goyishka central California was never your dream. What do you live for every day? To ride another horse??

The reason that you think that I don't like to hear about your life is because YOU DON'T LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR LIFE. You are not proud of your life.

I LIKED to hear you talk about things that I thought you loved.

But YOU have never truly loved your life since you left civilization to go and live like a hermit "far away from people" (as it always said it wanted), riding horses every fucking day or cleaning horseshit every fucking day.

So when you talk to me, since you know as well as anyone that I am your best mirror in the world, you see how pathetic your life is.

It's not me that looks down on your life. Its you.

And you should because you NEVER EVER EVER wanted this kind of life for yourself in your old age. And that's why you are slowly dying there. She is getting better and better every day while you slowly die. And she doesn't give a shit. When you are dead, she will keep the house all to herself, with her horse, just like she wanted it. And she will arrange it so that when she dies, it will all go to her family. She will make sure of that.

SHE HAS RAPED YOU MARSHAL.

IT HAS RAPED YOU OF YOUR DIGNITY, OF YOUR LIFE, OF YOUR HEALTH, OF YOUR SELF-WORTH, OF YOUR FAITH IN GD, OF YOUR FAMILY (EVERYONE INCLUDING YOUR SISTER AND HER KIDS).

SHE HAS RAPED YOU MARSHAL. YOU IDIOT.

YOU HAVE LET HER RAPE YOU.

You told me some years ago that you have a "neighbor who is a good friend also". You said that he and his wife live relatively close to you (45 minute drive?). You said that he has a nice big guest house on his property.

You said that his daughter is a grown adult.

You said that she lives in his guest house on his property.

You said that he lets her live there.

You told me, “We keep telling him to kick her out, but he lets her stay there”.

WHY THE FUCK are you always telling him and his wife to kick their daughter out of their guest house??????????????????

WHAT THE FUCK BUSINESS is it of yours you fucking arrogant FUCK??????

You NEVER were like that. Sharon has ALWAYS been like that. She is ALWAYS telling everyone what to do, exactly like that exact narcissist that she is. (SEE BELOW next section).

And, WHY DID YOU TELL YOUR NEW FRIEND TO KICK HIS DAUGHTER OUT OF HIS GUEST HOUSE? So it would make you feel better for not letting your son live with you??

So that you would not look like the only asshole parent out of everyone that you know?

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!!

Your friend is a FANTASTIC parent. He is a 1 trillion times better parent than you will EVER be. He has a guest house. He doesn't need it for anything. His daughter WANTS to live near him. (What a blessing, most kids can't wait to get out of the house. Most parents would be sooooo happy to have their adult kids live near them, right next to them, but still not in the same house). Wow.

AND YOU HAVE THE CHUTZPAH TO SINFULLY TELL HIM HOW TO BE A SHITTY PARENT LIKE YOU HAVE BEEN?????

May Gd bless that smart, loving, kind man and his wife who obviously love their daughter so much.

Baruch Hashem.

May Gd bless you with EXTREME SUFFERING the likes of which you have NEVER known. NEVER KNOWN.

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

When I was telling **you** by phone about 14 years ago that I had started my own vacation rental business in Tel Aviv (I had had it going for about 2 years by then, and I had a website and everything set up pretty well), she was sitting next to you while you were talking to me (typical of someone with NPD (Narcissistic Personality Disorder, she ALWAYS listened in to our conversations and always told you what to say to me AS YOU WERE TALKING to me – wtf MARSHAL????????)), and she piped up and started suggesting to you NAMES for my business. ??????!!!!!!!

I hadn't even known that it was listening to OUR conversation, or even at your house.

You told me each suggestion she had. “Lee thinks you should name it _____. Or maybe this _____. What do you think about that name? Oh, she says maybe this is a good name because _____.”

- 1) Did I ask it for suggestions for a name??????
- 2) Did I even need a name for my business? (No, it already had had a name for 2 years).
- 3) Did I ask it for suggestions for a name??????
- 4) Did it think to ask me what was the name of my business?
- 5) Did it think to ask me if I already had a name and how it was working out?
- 6) **Did I ask it for suggestions for a name??????**

It ALWAYS did that. Because of its deep, deep-seated insecurities, it always had to pipe in its 2 cents to make itself feel better about itself, and it always has to be "included" in EVERY FUCKING THING, from our phone calls to our therapy sessions to my 18th birthday WHEN I ONLY KNEW IT FOR 3 WEEKS!!!!!! PSYCHO !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (search for "screws" and separately for "18th" and separately for "shaken" in this document for a longer description of those).

IT IS A NOTHINGGGGGGGGGGG. IT IS FUCKING EVIL YOU FUCKING MORON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! HOW COULD YOU NEVER SEE THAT???????????

WTF IS WRONG WITH YOU
??

AND IT ALWAYS TOLD YOU HOW TO INTERACT WITH US!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And you listened to it!!!! Pathetic.

You used to talk to me on the phone, ever since I can remember, with [DOGFACE] sitting right next to you.

It would write notes to you on paper as you and I spoke, telling you how to answer me or what to say to me.

Sometimes it just mouthed the words.

How many times did you, while talking to me, pause for wayyy too long after I asked you a question, and then abruptly said some answer? TOO MANY.

How many times did I ask you a question, and then after the pause, you gave me an answer that was gibberish or it didn't answer my question because you couldn't read its writing or you mistakenly read its answer to my previous question instead - oops? TOO MANY.

How many times did I ask you a question, and then after the pause, you gave me an answer that was gibberish and then I said, "What?" and you said quietly in a whisper, "What do you want me to say?" or just "What?"

And then you said normal volume some refined answer? TOO MANY.

Gosh, a 6-year old could have figured out what was going on.....

Then, years later, at your present house, it moved up to using the PC. So I would ask you a question, then I would hear the keyboard typing, then a short pause, then an abrupt answer from you.

You are soooooooooo fucking pathetic.

Also sometimes your answer to me then would not make sense, because you didn't read what it wrote properly or it had made a typo or whatever.

Pathetic.

And what were you thinking anyways???????

That a disgusting moronic idiot who had **NEVER HAD KIDS,**

WHO HAD NEVER WANTED KIDS, EVER,

WHO HAS MURDERED ITS OWN CHILD WHILE THE CHILD WAS DEVELOPING IN THE CHILD'S PROTECTED SPACE (IT PAID SOMEONE TO STICK A METAL OBJECT INSIDE OF ITS DISGUSTING-ASS BODY, INTO ITS MOST "FEMALE" ORGAN, AND TO SLOWLY CUT ITS OWN CHILD INTO MANY PIECES WHILE THE CHILD WAS ALIVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT THAT CHILD WAS THINKING WHILE THIS WAS ALL HAPPENING??????? TERRIFIED, BETRAYED BY THE ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING IT AND NURTURING IT WITH HER OWN BODY!!

I know some of how that child felt.

Watch ANY video of an abortion online and you will see the poor, helpless embryo or fetus start flailing its arms from when the abortion starts. It KNOWS what is going on before it even happens. It KNOWS that it is about to be murdered.

YOU ARE A MURDERER SO YOU FELT COMFORTABLE MARRYING A MURDERER.

And that's not the only one she has murdered, now is it?

That's why you guys formed your marriage of convenience. Because you are the same evil fucks. And you have something on her and she has something on you. That's how you like it, to have your insurance policy with the only person who MUST know the truth about you.

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING??????

You have taken advice for 36 years from a CHILD MURDERER WHO NEVER HAD AND NEVER WANTED CHILDREN about how to speak to and how to interact with your children????????

But thanks for doing that. **Because it helped me to see that you also were sooooooooo close to murdering your own children. You told my mother that you would kill us before she got sole custody of us.**

I was there I heard you say it in slightly different words but your message was clear. That's why I have always feared you.

Debbie never heard it so she didn't fear you like I have. That's why she had the nerve to take you to task about our mother and everything else when she was 16 after I went away to college. To go through your shoebox of photos which showed her so many things about my mother.

Because she never heard you tell my mother that you would MURDER us before you would let my mother get 16 years of child support payments out of you. At the time you were flat broke. The idea of 16 years of child support payments was a HUGE nightmare to you.

Why????

Because you didn't want to have to pay child support for the next 16 years. Because you wanted to be free.

In 2017 I called you one day spontaneously to say hi. It was about midday your time.

You answered the phone and said to me coldly and sternly, “My dog is very sick. I’m taking him to the vet with [my dogface idiot wife]. I don’t know what will happen. **DON’T** call me back again today.”

WTF??????

Why not to call you back later? Ok I understand you were under stress to get the dog to the vet. **But is your dog more important than your son? Apparently so.**

What if I had wanted to chat with my dad? What if I wanted to find out what happened with the poor dog who had been subject to dogface's presence for how many years?

What was the problem to call you in a few hours?

Were you “protecting” your poor narcissistic fuckhead “wife”? Keeping your son away for the day to keep her in her own solitary depressing place?

What a blessed dog. He was able to leave the captivity of an evil demon monster. And its pathetic enabling pussywimp fuckhead slave.

I bet you are looking forward to that too in some way.

You and Debbie tell everyone that you want me to get married.

IT’S BULLSHIT. You both do NOT want me to get married. YOU FUCKHEADS.

You tell that to my female friends whom you get their telephone numbers from hacking my phone. Most of them are gay so you tell them, even if they are single, that I will never marry them so they should just forget about it and try to encourage me to marry a Jew as soon as possible.

You tell family members that you want me to marry so that I can start to be “a man”.

But the worst thing is what you say to and do to Jewish women whom I meet and date.

You are both pathological psychopaths.

A Jewish woman whom I was dating a few years ago you tried to get into contact with her. You eventually did get into contact with her.

You didn’t know back then how to hack my phone.

So dad you asked me, on the first time that I had told you about her, in a very, very weird, condescending way, “What is her last name?”

RECORDING OF HIM ASKING ME.

I thought, “What a weird question. I just told you about her for the very first time, she does not live ANYWHERE near you, you have 0 chance of having known her or know her. Why would you wonder such a thing? There should be a bunch of other more logical questions for you to ask me before that one.” Like about her, how much do I like her, etc. etc.

And you did not sound happy that I was dating someone. And I know you, and I could tell by the tone in your voice that it was a sinister, evilly-inspired question.

Funny thing is that a few days later I was also telling my colleague about her.

The same colleague whom you and Debbie had been paying for years to spy on me and report back to you, which I did not know at the time that I was telling him.

His first question was the same as yours.

“What’s her last name?”

So weird. I say, “I’m in a shidduch with this new woman. I really like her”. The next thing should be “Mazal tov” and the next questions should be “Are you really happy with her? Is she looking to marry? How did you meet?” Etc. etc.

And there is NO way that he would have known her already. So it was a super weird question.

I found out that you were trying to find her, to discourage her from marrying me.

And you have done that with subsequent women who have come onto my whatsapp after I met them.

You hack my phone regularly, get the numbers of any woman who looks like I might possibly do ok with in some relationship, and then talk her out of it or pay her to stay away from me.

Or ask her and/or pay her to start spying on me for you.

You both have been doing this for years.

Not EVERYONE that you and Debbie have threatened or paid have done your bidding to not tell me the truth.

Why would you total psychopaths do these things?

Because you both are terrified of 2 things. In your totally messed up brains you have these paranoia and fears:

That I might meet a woman who has a lot of money. Then I wouldn't stay in touch with you because I wouldn't need you anymore for anything. Then she might encourage me and that I might use her resources to find the truths about you both which you don't want put out into public.

These are ridiculous fears that you have, and they show just HOW BAD your past crimes are that you want to keep covered up.

Like,

-That my dad murdered my mom.

-That Debbie is helping him to keep it from people because she doesn't want her kids to grow up thinking that their grandfather is a murderer (because then they might follow his example and become a murderer themselves (???????????) – that's just the story you tell yourselves – the real reason is because Marshal doesn't want to bring shame to himself from his granddaughters and Debbie doesn't want to bring shame to herself because of her father).

-That Debbie is really a total loser who has done nothing in her life except to follow the exact life actions and personality examples and lives of her father's current "wife", her daddy, her stepmom, her nanny, her aunt and her fucked-in-the-head cousin (all in that order).

-That I might meet and marry a NORMAL woman who would make you both and your entire family (with maybe 2 exceptions) look like the psychotic generations-cursed-and-damaged people that you are.

It looks like Gd's will has been fulfilled no matter what you did. I have found out these things about you both already anyways. And your actions have helped me to see who are my real friends and who are not. The real friends didn't listen to you and have exposed your actions to me. I have been able to see who my "father" and "sister" really are. Thank you for that. Too bad that you never studied Torah too much. You would have known the lessons of Sefer Beraysheet.

You have intentionally intervened with more than one woman whom I have courted to get them to leave me. You have done the same with friends of mine, convincing my old friends that I have had for decades as well as new friends that I make to stay away from me, either by paying them or by telling them deep, twisted lies about me, which you both knew were lies.

You both are soooooooooo psychotic. You are controlling narcissists without hardly a single glimmer of good in them. You both are almost pure evil.

In 2010, less than a year after we had reconnected after not being in touch for 9 years, I was going to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv one evening with a good friend. A Neil Diamond song came on my laptop and I listened to it. It reminded me of you. So I called you, when it was about 8 am your time. I said, "Hi Dad, I'm on the way to Yerushalayim with my friend. I just heard Neil Diamond and I thought about you and so I'm calling you to say hi".

You replied, "Al, we just talked 2 days ago. Don't call me so often. You can't call me so often. You can't call me every 2 days."

I said, "I know I usually don't". (Why TF did I even feel like that I had to say that?????). I said, "But I just wanted to say hi to you because I'm going to the Holy City and I heard Neil Diamond just now."

The conversation finished quickly. My friend asked me why I looked unhappy. I explained to her what had happened. I said I couldn't believe that you would talk to me like that after I had kept you out of my life for 9 years and now was calling you regularly.

She said, "Don't let it bother you. Your father is just a fucking asshole. Probably his wife saw your number before he answered and said to him, 'Why is he calling you so much?' and your father is such a pussywhipped wimp that he said that to you to placate her".

She said, "Wow. If I called my mom or dad from America and said something like that, my mom would start crying and my dad would ask me (jokingly) 'Why did you say that to Eema because now she is crying?', lol".

Her parents were soooooo fucking sweet and nice. I felt like a shit when I would answer their questions about you to them. Because I was embarrassed to have you as my father. "Isn't your father so happy you are here? Isn't he so proud of you? He has never been here to visit you?? Is he thinking also to make Aliyah? Did his wife make a big Seder for them for Pesach, or does he go to your sister's house for Layil Seder? It's soooo hard in Israel for olim. He helps you when you need it?"

Gd I was soooooo embarrassed to talk about you and to have you as my father. I thought what a shit parent I have. I thought, "Now I know which values to judge my father by. Look at these kind, Gd-loving, Gd-fearing people who would do and did anything for their awesome daughter". They were Conservative Jews who had a love of and a fear of Gd and loved their children no matter who was religious and who was not.

THAT SCENARIO REPEATED ITSELF FOR YEARS. Different friends', dates' or girlfriends' parents; same embarrassment, similar discussions.

I realized after my friend said that to me about our phone call then that most people are normal. Most parents living on the other side of the world would feel soooooo honored

that their adult kid thought about them while on a date with his woman and called to say hello.

**YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING FAILURE OF A HUMAN BEING.
SUCH A TOTAL FAILURE.**

The rest of the evening and night with that woman in Jerusalem was marvelous, b”H.

This is the song I heard, you FUCKING FUCKHEAD. You fucking shitty fucking parent. Oh yeh, when I feel angry about these times I only need to remind myself that you NEVER wanted to be a parent, so if I wasn’t rich as an adult so that you could depend on me for money if you ever needed it, then you’d rather I never called you nor even existed. That has been so easy to see front and center by the way that you have hardly been there for me when I needed help as an adult. So at least I can understand you now.

You never deserved me. You never deserved my mother.

Your wife 100% does NOT love you as a woman **WHO LOVES HER HUSBAND** loves her husband.

How do I know? Easy.

A loving wife would have been from the beginning ENCOURAGING you to find ways to get closer with your kids.

Einstein’s second wife, his first cousin Elsa, would not spend time with him until he called his son and tried to reconcile with him. She finally threatened to LEAVE him if he did not at least TRY to reconcile with his sons. NUMEROUS wives have done things like that with the man whom they love to ENCOURAGE their husband to reconcile with their children, to get closer to their children. It brings a REAL WOMAN who TRULY LOVES her husband GREAT joy to see her husband get closer with his children, because it makes him happier.

Your wife since the day we met her has done **EVERYTHING** in her power to keep you away from **ANY OF** your children, your family and your friends who do not like her (me and less obviously Debbie, your sister and her kids), who advise you to stay away from her (your best friend Harley), and who do not kowtow to her insidious idiotic stupid self, like Rabbi Paskow, who was one of your best friends for 15 years, who converted your 3rd wife, who Bar Mitzvahed your children, until he told you that he could not marry you and her because she is not Jewish, and he would lose his Conservative rabbinical license (and thus his entire career), and from that day on she forced you to ostracize him from your life.

Gosh you are so fucking pathetic. What a fucking wuss you are.

Your sister stayed with you guys in your house around 2013. She told me that you “froze me out of the house” by refusing to turn the heater on to a comfortable temperature in the house at night. It was sooooo cold for my poor aunt that she nearly froze and got sick. She asked you repeatedly to make it warmer and you just said, “that’s as high as we are going to put the heater” because your cheap-ass cold bitch demon fuck “wife” didn’t want to pay extra for my aunt to be warm at night.

EVERYBODY HATES THAT FUCKING CUNT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**THEY JUST PRETEND TO GET ALONG WITH HER SO THAT SHE WON’T TELL YOU TO OSTRACIZE THEM, BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING DICKHEAD THAT YOU WOULD PUT A DEMON BEFORE YOUR OWN FAMILY AND YOU WOULD DO IT LIKE THE PUSSYFUCK THAT YOU ARE
!!**

BECAUSE THEY SEE YOU DO IT WITH YOUR OWN SON, WITH YOUR OWN FIRSTBORN CHILD, SO THEN OF COURSE YOU COULD DO IT TO THEM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NAN HATED HER ALSO !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! SHE USED TO ROLL HER EYES ALL THE TIME AT US WHEN THAT DEMON WAS TALKING. THEN AFTER THE DEMON LEFT THE ROOM, NAN WOULD MAKE ONE OF HER DRY JOKES ABOUT THE EVIL CUNT, WHICH WOULD LEAVE US TWO LAUGHING OUR ASSES OFF FOR MINUTES.

EVERYBODY HATES HER DON’T YOU GET IT YOU FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU JUST FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF YOUR FATHER LIKE THE LITTLE BOY THAT YOU ARE!!!!!!!

HE OSTRACIZED HIS OWN DAUGHTER AND HER FAMILY (AND HE IS SUFFERING FOR IT NOW, B-B-B-B-B-BELIEEEEEEEEEVE ME). (He stuttered and he said that phrase a lot, for anyone who doesn't know. May Gd bless his soul).

YOU HAVE TO BE LIKE HIM. YOU EVEN FOLLOW HIM IN HIS BAD EXAMPLES, IN HIS SINS AS WELL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU HAVE NEVER EVER EVER EVER BEEN YOUR OWN MAN!!!!!!!!!! YOU COPY YOUR DADDY AND MOMMY AND BIG SISTER IN EVERYTHING YOU DO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU ARE A NOTHING.

YOU ARE A FUCKING LOSER OF THIS EARTH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**MAKE WAY FOR A BETTER HUMAN BEING TO BE ON THIS EARTH.
MAKE WAY FOR SOMEONE WHO IS WORTH THE AIR, SPACE FOOD AND
WATER.**

YOU ARE NOT WORTH ANYYYYYY OF IT. YOU ARE A NOTHING!!!!!!!!!!!! A LOSER !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Your story was, “Auntie Edie kept complaining that it was too cold in the house. We gave her more blankets and I turned up the heater but she wanted it too warm. So we kept it colder like we normally do. She complained the whole time. Probably be the last time that your aunt will stay in our house. She was just complaining and complaining and complaining. My sister is always complaining. She is just like her mother. She always has and she always will”.

RECORDING OF HIM SAYINGS THAT.

That's what you have done since I was a kid. You smear the person, so that when I finally heard the story from Auntie Edie, I would have heard your smear version first, and I would have a negative impression of the situation already. It is all about manipulation with you, manipulation and doing WHATEVER it takes to make YOU look good and the other person look BAD.

The truth is irrelevant. Your image is what's relevant.

I said, “Why didn’t you just close the vents in your room more so you got less heat than she did?” Your response was “I don’t know I didn’t think of that. It doesn’t matter now. She ain’t staying in my house ever again”.

I thought, “Gosh what a dick. But now at least someone else in the family sees firsthand what a pussy you are. They see firsthand what a dick you are to your family just to keep your ugly-as-a-fuck stupid-ass ‘wife’ happy”.

Just LIKE YOUR OLD MAN.

Just like your old man. Great work Marshal Klein.

So your wife has NEVER ONCE urged you or pushed you to get closer to me or to work things out with me. NEVER.

Just the opposite she has actively campaigned to get me away from you.

Like when she FORCED her way into 2 of our therapy sessions without telling me. (search for "shaken" in this document for more info about that).

What a pathetic loser your wife is. And she is so fucking uggggggggggggly.

Yukkkkkkkkk,

It is an ickkkk. An iccekkkk.

Its family are mamash ickkkkksssss.

MY GIRLFRIENDS and my friends have done JUST the opposite.

My girlfriends have always encouraged me to try to mend our relationship any way that seemed reasonable. They almost never ever talked down about you, and if they did then they quickly recovered from it and said something nice about you afterwards. All of my friends and girlfriends said this: “Your dad knows in his heart that he is treating you wrong. He knows that what he is doing is wrong. You can tell him anything that you want to but he already knows that his behavior is not right. He knows that he lets her control him and he is choosing to do that. All you can do is to tell him that you love him”.

INCLUDE EMAIL I TOOK ABOUT MY FRIENDS MEETING HIM. TAKING CARES OF HIMS. “HE IS YOUR FATHER”. TREATING HIMS NICES. The one in italics separate document.

Nobody ever talked badly (factually, yes, but not unsubstantiated negativity) about you to me nor to anyone else around us at any time. Unlike your mean manipulative bitch, who has talked shit about me to **MY** aunt, to **MY COUSINS** (who TF does it think it is???????? – that sorry little piece of horseshit?????), to **MY** uncle, to **MY** relatives!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

It has succeeded in getting some of **MY** family to hate me, and getting them to feign that they LIKE it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And you have enabled all of that you EVIL FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

When I talked to Debbie about your evil demonic “wife” in 2011 and in 2012, she said the same thing to me both times.

She said, “Al, be happy that he has someone to take care of him so that we don’t have to. If he wasn’t with her then we would have to take care of him”.

I couldn’t believe my ears.

It would have been my total pleasure and honor back then to be able to live with you or to live near you and spend as much time as possible with you, especially if you would have been open to discussing our past together openly and honestly.

I definitely did not agree with Debbie's perspective. I would have rather spent a lot of time with you than to have you be with such a total demon.

WTF kind of talk was that Deborah???????

RECORDING OF HER SAYINGS THAT.

KETUBAH

In 2020 I asked you to send me a color copy of your ketubah with my mother.

I told you that I needed this in order to get married in Israel.

You told me, "I gave all that stuff [all of **what** stuff? What else is there about my mom that I don't know about ????????!!!!!!!] to Debbie a while ago. Go and ask her for it. If you have a problem let me know."

1. A responsible and fair parent would have made 2 color copies of it, and sent 1 to me and 1 to her. You could have kept the original for now.
2. I did go to her and ask her for a copy of it. I asked her FOUR (4) times in 2020. I told her that I needed it to get married in Israel.

THE THIRD TIME THAT I ASKED HER FOR IT WAS IN A JOINT LETTER THAT I SENT TO HER AND TO YOU. SO YOU KNEW THAT I WAS TRYING TO GET IT FROM HER.

She never sent it. The 4th time that I asked her for a copy of my parents' ketubah she replied, "You are an asshole".

3. So now I have a problem. Now I am letting you know that I have a problem as you said to.

What are you going to do about it?

LINK

To me asking my dad for my moms and his ketubah. He says he already gave everything to Debbie and to ask her about it. WHY DID HE GIVE EVERYTHING TO HER AND NOTHING TO ME????? Debbie is in Florida. Why? Her inlaws are sick. I asked how was his wife. We finished the conversation nicely. (July 2020).

LINK

My second request to my dad for the ketubah, which was never replied to.

Wow, very, very smart Debbie to take your 6-year old daughter across the continent in the middle of a VIRUS pandemic when, um, the in-laws are SICK. The kind of diabetes that she contracted about a week later has been shown to be sometimes caused by viruses, and affects children through age 6. You couldn't have waited to drag my nieces clear across a continent in the middle of a pandemic for AT LEAST 6 more months??

Oh yeh, and this was also during the Three Weeks (didn't/don't you have a rabbi that you were/are throwing millions of dollars at then/now? He undoubtedly knew about your trip, and he.....didn't warn you to NOT travel during the Three Weeks????????? **SHIT** "Rabbi". During a pandemic??? With a 6-year old? With children? Gd you are a fucking idiot. **And you flew back during the Nine Days????**

RUFKM ?????? You had 0 fear of Hashem?? You did a few days later, didn't you???? That was Him saying, "You didn't fear me before. But you will now." She got sick immediately upon your return. As they say in Israel, "Einshtein."

I messaged Debbie a few days after Rebecca got sick, and told her that it was genetic, and that Jerry has it. She had NO idea that Jerry had diabetes. It was the first time that she had considered that it might be genetic.

So in order to keep herself feeling guilty, like she MUST feel extremely guilty for causing my niece to have a lifetime illness, for dragging her 6-year old daughter across the continent in the middle of a VIRUS pandemic when, um, the in-laws are SICK, during the Three Weeks, and then flying again during the Nine Days, she will say after she reads this, "Al doesn't know what he is talking about. It is genetic. It had nothing to do with anything that I did."

FUCKING IDIOT.

Marshal and Deborah, the two idiots. Only my mother, Joy and I were the only smart ones in the family. Dealing with you two was like dealing with two squirrels. Total idiots. No, I take that back. I have definitely seen squirrels who are smarter than you both put together. I have seen cats who are smarter than you are.

Here is the link that you could have easily found yourself, but I know that you would not search for this because you don't want to know the truth. So here it is.

Search viruses can trigger diabetes in children under 6 years old

Long story short, short as it can be for your puny mind. Did you forget that I have been a biologist since I was a kid?? So, yeh, maybe if I make a biological claim, maybe, you arrogant FUCK, maybe I might be right.

Long story short. Not everyone who has a genetic predisposition for something will necessarily express that gene. Many genes require what is commonly called a trigger. Viruses CAN trigger the onset of diabetes. Rebecca was 6 years old. Until 7 years old,

there is a higher probability of that happening. Debbie was a FUCKING DIPSHIT for dragging her kids across the continent during a pandemic!!!! I mean, What. The. Fuck. What was she thinking??????????

And on top of that, a semi-religious (she thought she was) woman flying on an airplane on the only days of the year when it is HIGHLY recommended to not travel, was just spitting in the face of the Creator. AMAZING. TOTALLY AMAZING.

I can't wait until Rebecca learns that there is a high likelihood that she contracted a lifetime illness because of her mother's stupidity, carelessness, recklessness, and irreverence of Gd Almighty. I. Can't. Wait.

Deal, Deborah. Deal. FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, DEAL YOU FUCKING NARCISSIST. There is nobody else to be upset with except yourself. There are no more excuses to be made. Deal.

You idiot. You blamed me for her getting sick?? Me?? I was on the other side of the planet. You would blame the planet Mercury for something before you would ever look yourself in the mirror and admit to yourself that YOU. FUCKED. UP. You yourself fucked up.

You ALSO blame me for your shitty marriage. You blame ME for calling you and telling you about a dream that I had, which I told you about, as a reason for your marriage being so shitty. **ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND ???????????????**

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND ???????????????

Of course you are. That goes without saying (Joy saying, do you love that one also?).

Your marriage sucks because YOU are impossible to get along with. It takes a superman to live with you. YOU feel so bad about yourself inside that you blame me, your husband, and everyone else and everything else that you can think of for EVERYTHING. Where is your piece-of-shit rabbi? In 20 years, hasn't he EVER taught you that EVERYTHING we think and feel and experience is about us? That others are merely a mirror for us to see ourselves?? You cannot blame ANYBODY for ANYTHING. You can only blame yourself.

Just throw more money at that "rabbi" so that you continue to look like a big cheese at the synagogue to everyone.

I wonder what that "rabbi" would do, and I wonder what the other congregants would say and do, if you and Jeff suddenly lost **all** of your money. I wonder how much attention everyone would still give you. And I wonder how much attention so many other people in your life would give you. ALMOST NONE. Because you feel sooooo bad about yourself, that you have used money to buy people's "friendships," "loyalty," etc. none of it is real. Take away the money, and there go all of Deborah's relationships. I don't think that Jeff

thinks about it that way. I don't think that he uses his money for social relationships. Haven't you learned yet, if from nowhere else than from him, to stand on your own 2 feet, and to have relationships which are not dependent on how much money you are worth?

You blame me for your 20 years shitty-ass marriage because I told you a dream that I had?? I read that sentence again and I am astounded. WTF is wrong with you? Oh yeh, taking after Daddy because you don't know who else to be.

And another thing, Queen Narcissist. If you allowed my dream that I told you about to get in the way of you having kids at the moment that you wanted to get pregnant, why are you even unhappy about that?? Why??

Don't you love your daughters? Aren't you thankful for your two daughters, or is that just more fluff to make yourself look good to others??

Because if you love them so much, and if you are so thankful for them, then what do you have to complain about? If you really believe that my dream retelling influenced you to not have kids at the time that I told you about the dream, and then you had kids at another time, and you supposedly LOVE the kids that you DID have, then you would be thanking Him first for putting that dream into my head, and then thanking Him again for me telling you that dream, and then you would be thanking me for telling you my dream at the exact time that I did.

That's what "grateful," a word that you love to throw around but as far as I can see in many things about you, you don't have a clue about, truly means.

A truly grateful person understands that He did EVERYTHING for our good.

A truly grateful Deborah would be soooooooooo fucking happy that Gd arranged me to have that dream when I did, and to tell you that dream when I did.

And I told you all of that 14 years ago when we talked about that topic.

I am 80% sure that you even blame me for even having the dream. You kidding??

You are a lunatic.

Jeff seems like a good guy. He must be a great guy, to put up with you for so long. I honestly asked myself years ago, "How can anybody stay married to her??" Then I understood that you were having soooooooo many problems in your marriage, and I knew it was because of you.

Then I understood that you had tried to pull a "Marshal" (your lifetime (most of your life) idol, in a very, very unhealthy way). You tried to pull a "I got what I came for with this person, I used them for what I wanted, now its time to exit stage right". You tried to end

your marriage and to get your money and your kids (the two things that you came to the marriage for).

And Jeff set you straight. The first man in your life since you were 12 who has not let you walk all over him. The first man in your life since you were 12 who has not let you play a victim card with him. The first man in your life since you were 12 who kept you from getting your way. The first man in your life who stopped you from being even more like the controlling atheist demon who has been controlling Marshal left and fucking right for 36 years.

You finally needed that.

This is a link to my messages to Debbie.

LINK.

I asked Debbie 3 times for my parents' ketubah. She has never sent it to me, and instead called me an asshole, 4 times in a row (in her typical low-brow, idiot fashion) for asking about it a fourth time. She only has given me 2 things of my mother's history EVER. She has never shared any other photos or documents that she has acquired ever since she was 19 years old. I used to share everything with her that I acquired.

This is a letter that I sent to both of them 6 months after I totally lost my business due to the corona. I pleaded for them to help me. My father didn't read the whole thing at the time. My sister told him things that I supposedly wrote in the letter which are not in there. I wrote that Gd saved the life of my niece.

Instead of a) reading the letter himself, b) calling to ask me about any parts that he didn't understand, and c) then moving on with his life, he let Debbie play her victim theatre again as she has played with him REPEATEDLY ever since she was 16 (search for "suicide" in this document for details about that elsewhere in this letter, including her high school implication to him that she was considering suicide).

And he buys it all like the total and complete idiot that he is.

He then disowned me in a Whatsapp message.

LINK

PHOTO OF THE WHATSAPP MESSAGE

LINK

This is a link to that letter. At the end of the letter I asked Debbie for a fourth time for my mother's ketubah.

After you read this letter, and after Debbie reads this letter, you will both spend the majority of your time wondering, “Who has been telling him all of that? Who has he been talking to?” Deborah, Ms. Ultimate Control Freak, will organize a Zoom call with you, your sister and your sister’s kids. It will be a way for Deborah to subtly try to determine “Who is the mole in Marshal’s family?” She will conduct similar “spy investigations” (which 1. make her feel important, and 2. it copies her favorite female in the world, Marshals’ “wife”. Deborah LOOOOOVES to feel like she is learning to be Mrs. Spy, and Mrs. Clandestine Operations like evil Marshal’s wife is, and like Marshal loves to think he is James Bond. She LOOOOOVES Sharon Ashworth more than she will admit to anyone, including herself. Why? Because she doesn’t know who she is, so she looks to the wife of the person whom she idolizes, Marshal, as her role model. Deborah LOOOOOVES to feel important and “smart”, and that she will control everyone. It’s just what she has seen Sharon and Marshal doing for 36 years. And Deborah LOOOOOOOVES Sharon, and Deborah LOOOOOOOVES Joy, her stepmom, even though she publicly professes that she dislikes both of them. BULLSHIT) of Marshal’s friends and former business associate.

You two will spend most of your time trying to find out who told me, instead of looking at your pitiful, pathetic selves in the mirror and realizing that EVERYTHING in this letter is about you is true as true can be, and maybe reflecting on your behavior.

Do you know who does that? Do you know which people usually go their ENTIRE lives, never looking into themselves or analyzing their behavior to become better people, and instead focus on what’s going on outside of them, involving blaming others for their lot in life, and blaming others for challenging things that happen to them?

One guess. It’s already been discussed numerous times here because I somewhat have realized that it describes yours’ behaviors EXACTLY.

NARCISSISTS

Deborah, who loves copying you to a tee (one of your guys’ favorite Joy sayings), will end her time the same as you are, since she is copying you in being an overt narcissist – decrepit, old, marred by MULTIPLE sicknesses, ill, unhappy (as she is now, very unhappy inside, very, very unhappy) and alone.

You always wanted money because you believed that then others would think that you were “ok”.

One of the reasons why you always wanted to have lots of money was because you believed that it made you look to the outside world as if nothing was wrong with you.

You are right that many people idolize money (make it more important than Gd and what He wants and expects from us), so that when they see someone who has a moderate

amount of money, then they erroneously assume that he or she is “ok”. And people who have less money they may see as less emotionally stable or not so smart.

The famous saying about brilliant people goes: "If he is rich, he is a genius. If he is poor he is eccentric". Just look at the difference between Einstein (he was rich in Europe, when he rose to fame) and Tesla.

That’s one of the big reasons that you always wanted to be wealthy. You always knew that some things were “wrong” with you, that some things were not right in your head, and instead of choosing the difficult path of fixing those things, and leading a life of self-satisfaction and peace (with or without wealth), you chose the easier route of running after money, which you finally got, from my mom's father, from Joy’s mother, and finally from running a business and from selling houses, and now from your current wife. That path however only provided the band-aid, the covering which showed the world on the outside that you were “ok”, even though everyone on some level knows that indeed you are not ok.

But since you have wealth, for the feeble-minded they can look the other way from what their heart tells them and simply tell themselves that Marshal is ok.

This is a big part of why you wanted to have money, so that others would think you are ok.

Pure idolatry. You idolize people’s image of you over doing what Gd wants you to do in your lifetime – healing your soul wounds, which would allow you so much more greatness and spiritual achievement in this lifetime than any amount of money by itself could offer you.

You have been telling me basically ever since I was a teenager that something was wrong with me. You did the same with Debbie.

She took you seriously and integrated it into her own self-perception of who she is even today.

The result was her teenage bulimia, and her resulting physical self-image problems, which led her to copy you as she has done step by step ever since, including having a nose reduction plastic surgery operation when she was 16, for a nose which was quite normal.

But Debbie has no clue who she is (very much like you), so she clings to whatever you, Sharon, Joy, Nan, Auntie and her crazed cousin do as her guide for who she should be.

You have continued to tell me that something is wrong with me ever since I asked you to help support me in Israel. Funny thing – you hadn’t said that to me ever since I received my Bachelor of Science degree until I started asking you and Debbie to help support me

in Israel. Even the year and years prior to Corona, when we talked about once a week, while I was running my business, you never said that something was wrong with me. I was religious for 3 years before Corona and you never said that to me, even though I still talked about Torah to you a lot.

It just further proves my point above, that you see people with money as “ok” and people without money as “got a lotta hang-ups”.

You convinced Debbie of the same thing.

So after about a year of me being in Israel, when I asked for your help, you started again telling me, as you had when I was in high school, that I had mental issues. Amazingly, for about 15 years after receiving my B.S. I was ok, because I was in graduate school and then working various jobs. But as soon as I started asking for help economically, then suddenly I had problems again.

You are such a stupid idiot. You just see in others what is really the truth about yourself.

There are and have been so many brilliant poor people (Einstein in America, Tesla, the list is infinite almost) and so many stupid rich people (you, Debbie, Sharon, Kim, the list is infinite almost).

Anyways, if you REALLY believe that I have emotional challenges (like everybody has), then why aren't you a compassionate father and want to help me????? Doesn't Debbie want to help me?

Remember my friend that you met while you were here? We went to have a coffee with him. He was older than you but his son had made Aliyah like me. He was visiting Israel for a few months while you were here. This man had accepted that his son had some serious emotional challenges, many of which were caused by his being in a bus in Israel many years before which was blown up by arab animals. He suffered severe emotional trauma from that incident.

My friend (he was a former repeat client of mine in the vacation apartments) did everything to help his son. He had been paying for his son's rent and food and living expenses for years. He paid to have his son come home a few times a year to America. He offered his son to live with him in America. But the son preferred to live in Israel. So his father did everything he could to take care of him in Israel. He never criticized his son nor belittled him. He recognized that his son had issues and he compassionately took care of him. He loved his son.

His son became religious. My friend supported his son in all of that, even though my friend remained a Conservative Jew.

In my mother's family some cousins have challenging emotional problems.

Their families do not chastise them nor humiliate them. Their families do not punish them. Their families do not make life harder on them just to "teach" them how to manage on their own or whatever BULLSHIT Deborah learned from Sharon (chas veshalom!) which is contrary to EVERYTHING that GD teaches us about helping others in His Torah. Their families support them and take care of them. Their families love them unconditionally, and support them in every way that they can.

LINK.

[Excellent short article about how He expects us to help others, not to arrogantly and blasphemously think that we need to do His job for Him, ch"vsh.](#)

If you and Debbie are so sure that I have emotional challenges and issues, why are you not compassionate and kind towards me about it?

Is it because you both know that you each have severe emotional issues, and because you both feel that you don't deserve compassion or kindness from others because of your emotional disabilities and challenges, so you don't give it to others whom you believe need it from you?

Or is it more likely another narcissistic trait of you both. You see in others what you don't like in yourself so just as you reject yourselves, you reject others also.

How can you NOT help me when Israel is at war ???????

In 2014, I begged you for help many, many times. There was a war in the summer of 2014, and tourism had dropped to its lowest levels in almost 10 years. My business was in danger of collapsing. You and Debbie refused to help me over and over and over even though you both were soooooo capable.

EMAILS ASKING THEM FOR HELP AND THEIR/ESPECIALLY DEBBIE'S COLD RESPONSES.

You only finally helped me after my mother's cousins more than willingly agreed to help me GLADLY. They were in a much, much lower economic position than either one of you were in. I asked them, and they said, "Yes, sure".

When I told you that they had helped me quickly, **only then** you both quickly helped me, although with much less than either of you were capable of helping me with.

PATHETIC LOSERS.

MARSHAL'S FAMILY IS A FAMILY OF MOSTLY LOSERS.

Israel was at WAR!!!!!!! How could you not offer to help me right away??????????

Why did it take my mother's more gracious and loving family to help me before you two **sickos** would????????

Before you two demented, damaged, fucked-in-the-head, poisoned-by-your-hideous-demon-"wife" would????

And even more relevant – what about the 2023 war????????????????????

WTF is wrong with you assholes????????????????????

Israel was attacked worse than it ever has been. Everything closed for over a month. The economy went "down the tubes basically". I asked you both for help.

And Debbie sends me a price list with cheap-ass prices for information about me?

LINK

DEBBIE'S EMAILS PROMISING TO SEND ME ONLY \$100 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR ONLY IN EXCHANGE FOR SOME OF MY PERSONAL INFORMATION.

And Marshal offers to send money, then doesn't, then tries to extract every personal detail about my daily life that you can INCLUDING ransoming two phone numbers of my private FRIENDS in exchange for money which YOU YOURSELF told me that you were giving me for food!!!!!!! That you were giving me to eat and to live on!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LINK

HIS PROMISE TO SEND ME \$1000 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR. BUT HE DID NOT DO IT FOR 3 MONTHS, AND ONLY DID IT AFTER A LOT OF HARASSING ME AND PLAYING GAMES WITH ME.

Are you out of your FUCKING MIND????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Oh yes, of course you both are way out of your fucking minds.

HOW CAN YOU NOT IMMEDIATELY RUN TO HELP YOUR SON WHEN HE IS IN ISRAEL, THE HOLY LAND OF YOUR PEOPLE, WHEN IT IS AT WAR????????????????????

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU TWO FUCKING MORONS????????????????????????????!!!!!!

The money that you promised in October and that you FINALLY sent in January.

I lost \$100 of that money right out of the gate you fucking idiot!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The dollar was at its highest level in 10 years in October 2023.

When you finally sent it like the asshole that you are in January, only because everyone could see what an asshole of a father you are, the dollar had dropped to a point where I lost \$100 of the money that I could have had in October with the same \$1000.

So essentially I got \$900 of what I could have had in October.

FUCKING IDIOT. FUCKING FUCKHEAD.

Not to mention that I basically had accumulated another about \$100 of “late fees” by January. People had loaned me money and other things like FOOD so that I didn’t starve during those few months. I had to pay them back, and without going into minute details, by the time I gave everyone back what they had graciously given to me unconditionally but which they needed back as these people are fairly poor, I had used up that money within a few days. I had borrowed money as well from people and from businesses, telling them that my father had promised to send me \$1000 as soon as he could, because that’s what you had originally written me, and I showed them that email during the first few days after you had sent it, when I thought that it was just a logistical issue or my accomplished-nothing sibling trying to exercise any futile control she could over anything she could to make herself feel powerful.

By the time I paid back all of the nice things people had done for me, I was out **another** about \$100 that I would have saved **IF YOU HAD SENT ME THAT MONEY WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO, and I could have bought my own ultra-cheap groceries and cheaper food than what people provided for me during that time.**

When you say you’re gonna do something, do it!!!!!!

That’s **aloooooooooooooooooooooooooooo** I heard from you during ALL OF MY CHILDHOOD, along with all of your other platitudes **which in reality YOU needed to listen to**, much much much much more than I did. You were really talking to yourself when you said all of those things. You weren’t talking to me.

So Marshal, you fucking bastard, **When you say you’re gonna do something, do it!!!!!!**

And when I asked you for \$5000, that was a calculated amount to get me through until February, when it was projected that the economy and society might get back to normal.

I didn't just pull that number out of the sky like as such an idiot as you are
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You had written me, "I won't pay for your rent" and Debbie has said before when she sent me money, "It's for food".

What the fuck is wrong with you two idiots?????

So, you want to give me money to buy food at a grocery store. But not pay for my rent.

Ok.

Where am I supposed to keep the perishable stuff if I don't have a fridge?????

How can I buy economically and buy stuff in bulk if I don't have a place to store the rest of the rice package????? The rest of the nuts package? How can I buy 4 packs of couscous for slightly more than 1 pack of couscous if I don't have a place to store the other 3.5 packs after I make the first pack?

And where TF am I supposed to cook this cheap food if I don't have a place to live??

And where do you expect I'll sleep???????

WHAT IS WITH YOU TWO IDIOTS' BAN ON HELPING ME PAY FOR MY RENT??

FUCKING IDIOTS IS WHAT MOST PEOPLE IN YOUR FAMILY ARE. TOTAL FUCKING IDIOTS.

I am the ONLY one of your entire family, going back probably two millennia, who has EVER lived in the Land of Israel, Gd's Holy Land for His Chosen People, our people.

THAT is suuuuch a blessing for EVERYONE who is related to me.

You total fucking idolatrous evil disgusting idiot.

You both are the biggest fucking losers of any family that I have everrrrrrrrr heard of immigrants to Israel.

Every single person I know who has immigrated to Israel, (something that is suuuuuuuch a blessing for a Jew and for their entire family), has received help anytime they needed it from their families, even poor families.

Because they didn't let their ENTIRE families become poisoned by an atheist demon. no joke or exaggeration on that description. PURE TRUTH.

Marshal, you small, pathetic, tiny-brained idiot. **YOU ARE GOING TO ROAAAAAAAAAAAAAST FOR CENTURIES.** And you probably really will roast. being on an ultra-hot, ultra-HUMID, treeless, small, small island for centuries, 24/7, no night, just constant daytime, with nobody around for all of those centuries. All of the things that you hate and fear. Loneliness, heat, beach, humidity, constant sunshine, no shade, no escape from sun. You will cry out to Gd every day for mercy, and you will cry out to me to beg him for mercy for you.

You will cry to me harder and harder every day because you will know that I am not doing ANYTHING for you. I will tell my children ALL of the truth about you. EVERYTHING. They will know that their grandfather is a FUCKHEAD. And unlike your stories which are full of hot air, which NOBODY alive can corroborate, which you have no proof of, my children will have PLENTY of proof for almost everything that I tell them, to know what an EVIL, empty, soulless, selfish, narcissist you were.

Unlike Debbie, who is LITERALLY afraid of telling her kids any serious truths about you, because she follows you in EVERYTHING, and like you did she believes that, “Oh no, if I tell them that my dad is a convicted felon, then they might become one. Oh no, if they know that their grandpa murdered their grandma, they might also become bad. If I show them the court documents which prove that he lied to everyone, including his own children and his own family for half of a century, until Al exposed what an evil fuck he is, then they would see themselves as like him, and they might become like that, and Jeff’s parents would become the ‘winner-grandparents’. They would win that competition” (WTF?????). “And then they would think that I am evil because my dad is, underneath all of the smiles, truly evil. And I would AGAIN be relegated to being the loser, and I would again be the last one, like I was as a small child in my family of 4 and later in my family of 3, because I was the youngest and because I was female, and because my father is a domineering misogynist who has a deep-seated hatred of women in order to combat his mother’s deep-seated hatred of men, which they both have because both were the ultimate cowards, preferring to outlet their pain onto their innocent little children instead of being confident/brave/strong (fill-in-the-blank for the Western translation of “emunah”) and confronting their childhood pain and demons and overcoming them”.

(I’m sure that your brainless “wife” has been saying while she has been reading this letter with you, “He wrote 3 different master’s theses, and he still writes run-on sentences. These are all run-on sentences, Marshal”. Then, without you asking anything, in it’s matter-of-factly, wanna-be highbrow voice, “A run-on sentence is a sentence that just goes on and on. It doesn’t stop in the **normal** amount of time for a regular sentence”. DUMBSHIT. Yeh. That was another one of its subjective analyses of an objectively-measured item).

That was not a run-on sentence and that is not the definition of one. DUMBO.

And I am not writing another thesis or dissertation or article for publication or assignment to turn in. She, Edie, David Page and Jeanie aren't paying me to write this. Those are the other 3 who would think and say such things.

Years ago, I sent out an email to all of your family reminding them about Grandpa Sam's yartzeit. Edie wrote me back, questioning my spelling of the word and asking me about a spiritual question about her father. That's what you think about, Edie, to ask me if I spelled a non-English word right? I still have no fking clue what the correct Yiddish spelling of it is. I do not care one bit. If spellcheck is right, great, if not, who gives a flying f???? I don't have time for that. If people understand what I'm writing, that's all that matters with social messages. I answered her question with many facts about the spiritual question she asked, and she never wrote back anything like, "OK, thanks for the info. How is life with you? How's Israel? Ok, but I still don't understand this....."

People who aren't smart (totally ok, Gd gives us all certain gifts) but who suffer from big egos and low self-esteem, learn something new and then correct everyone around them all the time about these little, "who cares?" things. Edie wanted to catch me misspelling a word. David wanted to show me how he had learned a new internet "skill" (see below). Jeanie has judged my email writing, I have heard. I DO NOT CARE. If you want to pay me, I'll be happy to take my time to edit everything as I do when people have paid me (I used to be an English editor) and when professors and teachers were grading my work. Otherwise, judge my writing and messaging, if that's what you have time to do, which, all 4 of those people do, because they have 0 idea what their actual major purposes on this Earth are.

In 1997, control freak/I-can't-handle-my-own-emotions-all-of-my-life David Page replied to an email of mine, in which I had sent him some various links to internet things I thought he might be interested in, shortly after hyperlinks became popularly used and known about, which read, "From now on only send hyperlinks!"

Um, WTF, Dave? You ok, dude? Tough day at the office? Problems with the misses? Gotten laid lately, have we? Oh yeeeee, 1997, that was the year when your wife organized for some covert pressure to be put on David and Jerry to stop telling me things about your past, and about my mom, and about me, because of your extreme lifetime paranoia that I might find out more truths about you. So coward pussy follower dweeb small person David Page had an internal conflict, and like he did all his life, instead of taking out his anger at you and telling you and her to FUCK OFF, or reconciling the whole thing in his mind and finding a solution, he took his anger out on me, the person who had NOTHING to do with the whole thing. Jerry did the exact same thing. You had called them "liars, dangerous and SOBs" to me for 20+ years. You forgot "HUGE cowards".

David ALWAYS wants to be just like my mom. My mom was tough. She was the toughest and proudest with the most integrity of any of the 3 of them. David has always been weak and always been a fucking coward. He ain't NOTHING like Kathleen. She was awesome. He is a speck of dirt on this Earth. Blow away speck, blow away. This

Earth will be a cleaner place without you in it. YOU RAN AWAY FROM MY MOTHER, WHO SAVED YOUR PITIFUL LIFE, WHEN SHE NEEDED YOU MOST. THAT'S WHEN YOU DECIDED TO LEAVE HOME?? After living at home for 2 of your adult years, now you decide to leave home right when my mother needed people to be there for her????? After EVERYTHING that she did for you in your wretched, worthless life????? YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE. You are THE MOST SELFISH PERSON in both of my families. EVEN more selfish than Deborah. You talk a lot of hot air. Your actions reflect a selfish, narcissistic, egotistical, thing that has 0 self-esteem, and takes, takes, takes, takes. No wonder Jeanie is your best friend, and another cousin who did the same thing. You both abandoned my mother when she needed you most. **MAY YOU BOTH, ALL, FUCKING ROT IN GEHINNOM FOREVER. YOU FUCKING DIRTY PIGS.**

So tell your demon "wife" that I am writing a letter to you, you who doesn't know the difference between dependent and independent clauses (I don't think that her or Edie does either). I want to express myself; I am not trying to get published in an academic journal or to get a grade. I'm quite sure that any grammar errors in this letter do not inherently prevent any understanding of what I'm communicating.

I will tell my children all of the truth about how evil you are/were. I have learned and studied the Torah, thank you Gd Almighty. I understand better than I ever have how the universe works. I know that your closed, puny mind - which used to pride itself in being so open in the 80s, so that you could keep up with the latest "cool" trends (that's fine, whatever kept your mind open is fine, even it was idolatrous), and Debbie's, closed puny mind, because well, it has ALWAYS been like that, and she will follow you off of a cliff (literally) - have almost 0 CLUE about what studying Torah means. You think it means sitting around and discussing different ways of personally understanding the "Bible verses", or discussing how we feel about them.

No, you Jewish traitor (YES YOU ARE A TRAITOR TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE, the biggggggest traitor I personally know to the Jewish people!!, a bigger traitor than your father or sister have been. You think you are such a hero because you didn't go through conversion rituals like them. YOU AIN'T!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You have done worse!!!!!! They, especially your sister, don't/didn't really live it. Sam did it to appease Minnette, and Edie, after years of seeing that her father didn't care one bit that she had done it, and that it didn't change his decades-long emotional and physical abandonment of her, pretty much left the whole thing behind. BUT YOU HAVE BECOME A SERIOUS TRAITOR, WORSE THAN BOTH OF THEM COMBINED), that idea of Torah study is what other traditions do.

Studying Torah is learning the way of Gd, as much as human beings possibly can. I know that statement means almost nothing or maybe even nothing to your closed, puny mind, which has gotten smaller since 1988. I tried to help you understand it several times over about 5 years, and your closed-minded approach to even just listening, let alone trying to understand it, is obvious on the recordings attached to this letter. I mean, you have always said to me how smart I am. I know that you still know that, even if you have to talk

differently to your wife and to others just to appease your wife (like your dad constantly appeased Minnette) and your daughter who is jealous, possessive, and afraid of becoming #2 again to me (oh, wait, that's the exact description of your wife!).

Yet you never thought to say to yourself, "My son is so smart. I have always known that, and also look what he has accomplished. If he is really into this 'Torah thing', maybe there is something to it. I'll call him and ask him to explain it to me more". You never said that to yourself because you have to externally and internally (as much as your soul can let you – oh, wait, you have lost your soul) tell yourself that I have suddenly become a dumbshit because I love sitting around with other lazy dudes and talking about our personal feelings about "Bible verses".

And I have 0 desire to help you understand it ever again. I. don't. care. anymore. You do not deserve it.

It seems obvious to everyone with half of a brain (yours is puny, not near half) that He has "had it" with your insolent, blasphemous self. Look at you, how you have been suffering now for over 14 years, worse and worse every time that you treat me like shit, and every time that you do more evil with your ugly, insolent, pathetic "daughter" who would follow you into joining a Nazi army (NO JOKE whatsoever) if you did it and explained to her why it was the right thing to do.

You are a SLAVE to her. You are a slave to your wife, like Grandpa was to Minnette. You are a slave to your parents, even though they are dead and reduced to piles of ashes. DISGUSTING. You are a SLAVE.

You both are going straight to Gehinnom to suffer there for millennia.

And I will neeeeeveeeer do 1 thing to help you. Then you will cry out for me to help you. I will smile every day, knowing that you are suffering. And I will take your attitudes. "Well, her soul has to endure that so that she will learn to be a better person next time. Just gotta let her learn her lesson".

Al, you have to just let her suffer down there, where Gd's angels have put her into a cold, dark house perpetually, with nobody ever around. There are no days and no nights for her, just perpetual darkness, in a house she can never leave. It is torture for her. She is alone for 3,000 years like that. Don't pray for her Al, do not do any extra mitzvot for her. She has to learn next time to help those in her family. She has to learn to subdue the ego. That's the only way she will learn, Al.only way she's gonna learn".

I already know that each of you, especially you, you old, blind, aching decrepit FART, have been suffering immeasurably recently. I purposefully do NOTHING to help you. NOTHING.

Deborah behind her fake smiles and concert photos looking like she just learned how to apply makeup at 11 years old with enough layers of it for 8 females is suffering immeasurably inside.

AND I LOOOOOOOOOVE IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I LOVE SEEING YOU BOTH SUFFERING.

MARSHAL, YOU SON OF A BITCH. When I first became religious I used to ask the rabbi every Shabbat at the synagogue to bless you. He announced your Hebrew name to everyone and blessed you during the time that he was asking people to say names of who they wanted to be blessed that Shabbat. I used to happily tell you about it. “Dad, the rabbi blessed you last Shabbat!”. Gd did any blessing, of course, but the holier the requester is, bezrH the more likely and faster He will answer the request to bless. That’s why in the Tanach and throughout the Torah we see numerous times that people ask certain other people to bless them. **An angel once even asked a human being to bless it**, because the human was soooooo holy (Ya’akov Avinu, Jacob, the progenitor of the Nation of Israel, the Jews). And that story tells us where the name “Israel” comes from.

Its another mitzvah to tell someone when you have done something nice for someone that they may not already know about. Why? Because it spreads joy and happiness in the world, which is exactly what He wants from us. He wants us to make our world a happier, more joyful, more holy place. Its a mitzvah to tell someone that you blessed them or prayed for them, or “I sent you a gift and its on the way to you now!”. Then the person feels better. They feel lifted up. They feel happier and more joyful. “Thanks! I love you! What is it? What is it?! :)))))) ”

Grandma Minnette was soooooo sweet. She told me something over 24 years ago that I still remember.

I was at their house on a Sunday afternoon. Just like you and Beavis, your “wife”, they were sitting and watching TV for hours. I was sitting and watching with them. The difference between Minnette and Beavis, though, is that Minnette was a human. So, anytime that I wanted to talk, or ask something, I could just say it, and Minnette would turn to me and reply or answer me. She wasn’t a depressed hypnotized slave to the TV like Beavis is to its TV, who would invariably say to you, “Marshal!” or “Shush!” if you talked during its intentionally-depressing programs. And if I wanted to talk to Grandpa, he would be the same way, except that usually me or Minnette had to yell at him once so he would realize that we were trying to talk to him because of his hearing aid. “Sam, Albert is talking to you!” or “Grandpa!”. “Huh, what?! Oh just a minute lovey. T-t-t-t-turn down the set!” :)))))) Love you, Grandpa.

So one time we were talking about prayer. She told me that she and my Grandpa prayed for me every night. She said, “We always pray for you every night. We pray for all you guys every night. We pray for Debbie. And we pray for your dad” (even though you had been being more and more of a schmuck to them for years already).

“We especially prayed for you when you were doing all of that traveling to Gd-knows-where and doing all of your....Oh, gosh, what were you doing.....on your motorcycle across the country, and traveling in I don’t even know where, you were going someplace one day and you were in another place another day....well, anyways, we especially prayed for you and asked Gd to keep you safe and to watch over you. Yeh, of course”.

I said, “You guys knew that I was doing all of that stuff?” Grandpa said, “Oh yeh. Oh yeh. Y-y-y-y-you better believe it. Oh yeh.” “And you guys prayed for me to be safe??”.

“Of course” she said. “And we pray for Edie, and for her kids too. And Jerry, Jeremy, he was in China or Africa or something....we prayed for Gd to keep him safe over there. Because you never know what can happen in places like that! I don’t know why you kids are always going to those Gd-awful places, but we ask the Holy Father to watch over you guys. Because you never know what can happen in places like that!”.

I had tears in my eyes. I was soooo touched to hear that. I went over and kissed and hugged each one of them and thanked them. To this day I am so touched by that.

I thanked them many times over the subsequent years.

Just knowing that they had prayed for me so much, lifted my soul and I felt soooo nice and happy inside.

So I always used to tell you whenever I did that. The first time or two you were cute. You said joyfully, “Great! Tell the rabbi I said, ‘Thanks’”. LOL. I would then tell the rabbi that during the week when I saw him. He would smile and laugh his jolly laugh, and say “Baruch Hashem. My pleasure”.

After that, whenever I told you, you just didn’t respond. Just silence. And then, after a while you told me **coldly (it was not altruism, it was coldness and resentment ?!)**, “Don’t use up the rabbi’s blessings on me. Let him bless other people. Save his blessings and your blessings for other people”.

You were just sounding like and being a TOTAL DICK.

Um, its Gd Almighty. He has infinite amounts of blessing. And He looooves when we bless each other (i.e., request Him to bless others).

So, after a while I stopped asking the rabbi to bless you. Not because of your instruction. Because I stopped feeling good towards you. And after a while I stopped blessing you.

Then you continued treating me like shit. TOTAL SHIT. And then I stopped praying for you.

I had stopped praying for Debbie long before that.

That was in 2018.

I started again in 2019, when you started being more civilized, and interestingly, Debbie starting replying to my messages. Amazing!

Oh yeh, that was after you got Valley Fever.

You have ALWAYS been nicest to me when you have been afraid and sick.

One of the stupidest things your “wife” EVER said to me (there’s so many but here’s one).

Your stupid idiot wife said the stupidest thing to me in 1993. I was deciding where to live at college. I had dreamed for years of living by myself. But I never did it, partly because you discouraged me from it because she discouraged you from encouraging me to do it.

When I was at home for a break, you asked me where I was going to live in the next semester. You had 0 say in where I lived, because ever since March of 1992, I had neither asked for nor taken **1 CENT** of your money for my education nor living expenses. So I told you that I was pretty sure that I was going to get my own little studio apartment. I hadn’t decided for sure, but I was about 90% sure that I would.

Your stupid idiot narcissist “wife” was sitting at the house

While I was having a discussion with MY father, in an adjoining room, about a casual topic which I wasn’t asking for even HIS advice on, just was chatting with him about my upcoming plans, in walks Ms. Know-It-All.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh, so you think about getting your own apartment, huh?”

Did I fucking ask you to join this discussion? Did I ask your advice on this topic?

I politely said, “Yeh”. I had hoped it would chime in its 2 cents and exit the room, or else I would very soon.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, it’s really really hard to go back to living with people once you have lived on your own. Once I lived on my own for the first time, I didn’t want to go back to living with people. It was too hard to go back.”

Did I fucking ask you to join this discussion? Did I ask your advice on this topic?

Have I EVER, in the 5.5 Gd-forsaken years that I have had the **DISPLEASURE** of having to look at your grotesque face and person, to hear your depressing, self-

aggrandizing voice, and to feel your evil, negative, depressing, psychopathic energy
ASKED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR PERSONAL HISTORY???????

NEVER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YET YOU HAVE FORCED IT ONTO ME, MY SISTER, MY GRANDMOTHER, MY FRIENDS, MY COUSINS, MY AUNT AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO IS WITHIN EARSHOT OF YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DID YOU EVER THINK THAT MAYBE NOBODY IN MY FAMILY EXCEPT MY DAD WHO WANTS YOUR MONEY AND YOUR PROFESSIONAL ADVICE FOR HIS WORK GIVES A FLYING SHIT ABOUT YOUR LIFE HISTORY??

It continued, “So I think its best that you share an apartment with someone. Don’t, no don’t, don’t move in by yourself. You will never go back”.

A) You fucking idiot, I did not ask for your advice.

B) I’ll worry about “going back” or not when that time comes if it ever comes,

C) Its not a reason not to try something because of what MIGHT happen in the future, unless you are a paranoid schizophrenic who must control their life and stay in their comfort zone always,

D) Are you implying that a human being does not have control over their own feelings, thoughts and choices in life, that they are a victim to being controlled by unseen Comfort Zone Forces???????

What a fucking idiotic thing to say.

It said all of this for 1 reason.

If I lived with someone, then it would be easier for my dad, and it, to keep an eye on me.

That’s the whole reason it said that.

And it knew that a TRULY independent person like myself (unlike it, who puts on a big show that it is independent, when it is the MOST co-dependent person I have known somewhat well in my whole life, Gd forbid) would flourish and develop in every way possible if I had my own apartment.

And that I would then be in a better position to challenge my cowardly asshole parent on all of his bullshit.

And, I had heard that SHARON STORY before about 5 times, whenever it decided to pipe up over the past 5.5 years and tell us all why it didn't want to marry you or live with you or just because it felt low and small and it had to get attention for itself so that it felt better about itself. It said all of those things to me **RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU**, as if you were not even there.

I had not said a WORD about the topic, but it often would just spontaneously pipe up, while the 4 of us were eating or whatever, like in the middle of a discussion about Mount Everest, when there would be a short pause in the conversation because we 3 had food in our mouths or whatever, "No, no I don't think I will ever marry again, Al." (**WTF?????** Did I ask you a question?? About that?? About **anything**?? I'm just shoveling Thanksgiving stuffing into my mouth (Debbie had made the stuffing, THANK YOU GD, because Beavis wouldn't have had a clue about how to make it) because everything that it had made was only liked by my cute doggie under the table. It continued, "No, I just.....(pause for some heavy acting)...I just can't go back to living with someone again. I just can't do it". (Truly "independent" people never say they "can't" do something).

She would be saying this to me, RIGHT in front of you. She often used this passive-aggressive technique to embarrass you or to get a message to you without telling you directly (or maybe to publicly repeat an issue in front of you and others that you both had already discussed privately), talking to us about stuff that should be private between you both right in front of you. What an ick!! (search for "sluts" in this document and read the story before that word for another example).

Then Beavis, after NOBODY else had said ONE WORD about the topic (she had been just talking to herself) would say, "Well, now and I do think that there are some times when its good for someone to live alone, even if its for a short time. Do you want to hear about that?"

Debbie would say quickly and very seriously, "Not really". I would almost spit my food out from suppressed laughter. You would say, "Debbie, be polite". What's not polite about that? She was being **honest** for ALL **3** of us, including you.

Then my dad would say, "Go ahead, yeh tell us when it's good to live with someone".

Beavis would say, "Marshal, you weren't even listening. I was saying when it IS good to NOT live with someone. You never listen. Marshal. You have ADHD from your childhood and you never try to listen".

"Oh yeh, sorry, I was listening, babe, I just.....got mixed up. Go ahead". You said that with your congenial smile and nice manner.

"No, you weren't listening. You are over there, just eating away, while we are talking about something serious".

WE were?? No, as has had happened 95% of the time, **YOU** were.

Debbie: “That’s because nobody cares about what you are saying”.

Marshal: “Debbie!”

(He knew that he now had 4 rough days ahead of him. He thought Joy’s no sex for 8 years was tough (search for “didn’t give me sex for 8 years” in this document for more information about that topic). He would go back to that in a heartbeat for what was coming to him now).

I LOOOOOVED being around Beavis.

What a total fucking idiot and loser.

Whenever Israel was hit with missiles, you never EVER called me to see if I was ok. EVER.

INCLUDING IN APRIL 2024!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THAT’S A BIG PART OF THE REASON THAT I DECIDED TO SEND YOU THIS LETTER!!!! NICE GOIN’, MARSHFUCK.

SEE THE ENDING OF THIS LETTER FOR MORE ABOUT THIS.

In 2014 there were so many missile attacks on Israel. MANY of the missiles were aimed at Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv was targeted so many times. It was on the news over and over.

Yet not ONCE did you ever EVEN message me to see if I was ok!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NOT ONCE !!!

I even sent you messages and emails about why didn’t you check on me?

You never even answered those messages.

WTF ?????????????????????????????????

MESSAGES I SENT TO HIM.

Over the next many years, while I was living in Tel Aviv, Tel Aviv was targeted repeated times by missiles. There were sirens and people running for cover about ten or twelve times over the next few years.

Several times debris from the missiles landed in Tel Aviv and it was reported on the news. Yet from 2014 to 2023, you NEVER ONCE even messaged me on whatsapp or emailed me nor called your son to see if he was ok!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

WTF MARSHAL????????????????????????????

So in October 2023, I did not think that there was any REMOTE chance of you checking on me to see if I was ok.

ESPECIALLY AFTER YOU HAD NOT BEEN IN TOUCH with me hardly at all since January 2023.

In January 2023 I called you 3-4 times. **You did not answer any of my calls.** I then messaged you a few times. You **never** responded. I sent you a greeting on MY birthday in April. You did not even write me back "Happy Birthday" !! I messaged you for Father's Day, and no response. I called, texted and emailed you about 14 times from January until October, and you responded to me exactly 3 times with short, cold responses.

LINK 1.

These are all of my nice, cordial Jan-Sept 2023 emails to Marshal. He only replied one time during that entire time. I invited him to speak with me and to communicate with me several times. I wished him "Happy Fathers Day" and even reminded him of my birthday. HE DID NOT EVEN SEND ME A HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISH. There is also my 2023 Birthday Card to my niece Elyse/Rachel, who has probably never even seen it because Debbie is a psycho, trying to repeat the sins of her father of keeping her kids away from some of their family, including their uncle(s) (!!) all of our childhood, just like she repeats the sins of her grandmother in convincing my family NOT to help me when I need it, like my grandmother told her brothers to not help my father when he needed it. AWFUL THING TO DO.

LINK 2.

Happy Bday wishes to him.

So in October 2023 I never thought that you were checking on me. That's why I didn't rush to my emails to see if you had. And if you had stayed in touch with me instead of ignoring me for 10 months then you might have known that I was having problems with my phone in October.

BTW GREAT choice to listen to IDIOT Debbie on that one, her telling you to NOT communicate with me much – actually, BRILLIANT choice to listen to her for the last 10 years – THAT is the source of 80% of your FUCKUPS these last 10 years – listening to the biggest IDIOT on both sides of my family. I am not exaggerating.

And you are not far behind her.

So WHY TF did you never check on me? EASY – BECAUSE YOU DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ME.

Why did you look for me in October 2023?

Only because it made you look good to others.

You were very worried by that point about what people were thinking about what a sorry ass parent you are, after you had virtually ignored me for 10 months.

Of course Debbie was concerned about it also. She has to keep up the good image of you with her mom's family so that her kids will never hear stories about what an ASSHOLE you are to your son.

When I told you how I was a few days later when I saw your email, and I asked you to help me with money, you **BLATANTLY AND SOOOOOO SINFULLY IGNORED** my requests as if I had not even written them!!!!

These emails show IN WRITING that you were NOT so worried about me. It was all just for show, because relatives of mine were asking you, "Did you hear from him? Is he ok?"

Then you had to realize what a FUCKING ASSHOLE you had been to me. Because any honest answer would have been.

"I don't know. I haven't responded to the vast majority of his calls or emails for the past 10 months. I have only communicated with my son with three 1-line emails over the past 10 months. I don't know how to reach him".

"I HAVE BEEN A SHITTY PARENT".

LINK

HIS PROMISE TO SEND ME \$1000 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR. BUT HE DID NOT DO IT FOR 3 MONTHS, AND ONLY DID IT AFTER A LOT OF HARASSING ME AND PLAYING GAMES WITH ME.

I had to ask you 3 times in October 2023 before you even acknowledged my requests.

I guess you weren't so worried after all, were you Marshal?????

WERE YOU???????

NO YOU WEREN'T. IT WAS ALL JUST FOR SHOW.

If you were soooooooooo worried about whether or not I was ok, wondering what could have really happened to me, and then found out I was ok, a GENUINELY CONCERNED father would NOT just IGNORE his child's requests for help for money in a war-torn country.

But you were never genuinely concerned. You just wanted to look like you were that one time so that you would not be overly criticized by other people in your family and in my mom's family.

NOBODY that I know afterwards EVER believed that you were genuinely concerned for me when you emailed me on October 8 after your 3-month drawn-out fiasco and deceptiveness over \$1000!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NOBODY.

\$1000!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You idiot. If you or Debbie had even a LITTLE bit of brains between you both, then you would have sent the \$1000 as soon as I correctly showed you that you had already promised it, and you would have said you're right, and then would have said let me know if I can help more, and then would have asked for info in exchange for MORE money. That is still SUUUUCH a fucked up thing to do, but its smarter than your two's idiotic approach.

But you both are seriously certifiable IDIOTS. You always have been all of my life.

Do you have ANY idea how hard it was to be around you both after you and my stepmom divorced??

She was quite smart so it was nice to have 1 smart person in the house besides me.

After your divorce I felt like I was in the loony bin and the zoo at the same time. I spent years surrounded by 2 idiots.

Then your JOKE dating partner then girlfriend then "wife" was added to the mix.

I was surrounded by 3 complete and total IDIOTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Why did your parents have themselves cremated??????????

It is TOTALLY forbidden in Jewish law.

Do you know why?????????

It is EXACTLY what the pagans did in ancient times!!!!!! (And now).

It is an act of paganism and idolatry.

It also destroys a particular part of the body which the Torah tells us that Gd needs in order to rebuild the body at the Resurrection of the Dead.

Most likely I will NOT see your parents at the Resurrection of the Dead. Their bodies and bones are gone. Only Gd's decision (a miracle) can change that. And there is VERY LITTLE you do to help that situation. Between you and your sister, you bring the souls of my grandparents DOWN almost every day. They sit in Gehinnom longer and go into lower levels every day AND every year at their yartzheits' judgments. Many rabbis today believe that souls can be in Gehinnom for millennia. Makes sense.

[Ravs video about hayay hamaytim.](#)

Grandma Ruth, a lifelong Conservative Jew whose parents were raised as Orthodox Jews.

LINK.

[Email to you and your family that as lifelong Jews born into Orthodox Jewish families, they knew that cremation was a huge sin.](#)

LINK 2.

[2. Email #2 to you and your family that as lifelong Jews born into Orthodox Jewish families, they knew that cremation was a huge sin.](#)

Grandpa Sam, a Conservative Jew whose parents were raised as Orthodox Jews, whom you consulted for all of the Jewish things which needed to be done with your son right after he was born.

They both knew it was wrong very very well.

Why did they do it?????????????

Yet my mom's parents, whom you called "crazy" and every other negative word that you could think of, are buried in a Jewish cemetery.

Who's crazy???????

Your parents beat the living shit out of their children. In your own words, "my father beat the hell outta me".

My mom's parents never hit their children.

Who's crazy???????

Your mother egged on my grandfather until he erupted and “beat the hell outta me”.

My mom’s parents never hit their children.

Who’s crazy???????

Your father “converted” to Catholic. He even practiced it.

Your sister “converted” to Catholic. She forced her young son to “convert” to Catholic.

Your niece “converted” to xianity. She practiced it very actively.

A Jew converting to ANY tradition is not only forbidden, it is punishable by Gd as one of the most serious sins that a Jew can do.

My mom’s parents, my mom, and both of her brothers, and all of their kids, have never converted nor even thought about it.

Who’s crazy???????

You and your sister have both beat your children.

By your own admission under oath in a court of law, you said that my mother had never hit her children (search for “a little shove at the most” in this letter for a longer description of that).

Her brothers have never hit their children.

WHO’S CRAZY MARSHAL YOU FUCKHEAD????????????????????????????????????

Your parents’ kids, you and Edie, have both physically abused their children.

Serious, physical abuse, not just spankings which is also physical abuse. You and her hit your kids in their faces and on their chests and stomachs (search for “red and contorted” for a longer description of that). You used to do that to me once or twice a week, at home or in you Oldsmobile during our weekend drives. You pushed me up against a brick wall with your hand on my throat when I was 14, with the same look in your eyes that I saw when I was 4 and you looked at my mom that way when she told you that she would tell us the truth about you when we got older and then we would want nothing to do with you.

Neither my mom nor either of her two brothers have ever hit their kids in their faces or chests or stomachs. EVER.

WHO'S CRAZY MARSHAL YOU FUCKHEAD????????????????????

YOUR family is the fucked-in-the-head, crazy fucking people in my families. YOUR FAMILY IS CRAZY.

Your sister's 2 daughters have been married and divorced once and two times. They were physically and/or emotionally abused by their husbands.

My mom's and her brother's kids have been married one time, no divorces. Their spouses engaged in no physical abuse it seems, and it seems no serious emotional abuse.

Eddie had 2 marriages like that and worse, her husband almost killed her in front of her son.

YOU have been married 4, COUNT THEM FOUR TIMES !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

4 times !!!

Your first wife had to run away to the other side of the world to escape your obsessiveness, possessiveness, physical abuse, emotional abuse, and your cheating on her.

My mom and her brothers have been married ONCE, no divorces (except when you, the CRAZY one, thank Gd left my mother's life).

WHO IS CRAZY, MARSHAL ??????????????????????????????????????

If you answer for me 1 thing in this letter, please answer me, who is the CRAZIER family??

You don't need to answer. It's staring everyone right in the face.

You are the WORST person whom I have ever known. You have disparaged my mother's family for over 50 years as being crazy when your family is the most messed up family of ANY friend or relative outside of your family whom I know or have known. I have NEVER known anyone who has had as much drama, alcoholism, physical abuse, emotional abuse, divorces,

deaths, and unhappiness in almost every family member through a certain generation as your family has had.

My mother's parents are buried in a Jewish cemetery, baruch Hashem.

The soul of my mother's mother is wayyyyyyyyyyyyy higher than any of my 4 grandparents' souls have been after their deaths. Her soul is much higher than any of her numerous siblings' souls. Her sweet brother Sam is running a close second to her soul.

My mother's parents tried for years to get visitation rights to see us ever since my mom left this earth. Your attorney Bill Ritner blocked them from doing so every time. They finally came to see us one hot summer day when I was 9 years old. Debbie and I were playing at the nearby park. They called to us as we were walking by their car, and introduced themselves. I remembered them, especially my grandfather. They talked to us and gave us some toys. We sat in the back of their car and opened toys and talked to them. I can only imagine how much they restrained themselves, especially my touchy grandma, from hugging both of us and kissing us for hours, so as to not scare us. When we wanted to leave, we did and went in the house.

I can imagine how much stress they must have been under to do that. How long did they plan it for? How long did they sit waiting for us to walk by? They only wanted to see their grandchildren, that's all.

AND YOU BEHAVED LIKE THE MOTHER FUCKER THAT YOU ARE.

Joy knew all that had happened. We told her everything that they had said and done, which was just a couple of old people spending 30 minutes with their grandchildren whom they had been kept away from **BY YOU** for 5 years.

When you came home from work that day, you told us both that if that ever happened again, that we were supposed to: "Grab Debbie's hand and run to the house as fast as you can. Run inside the garage and close the garage door. Go inside and lock the house door. Tell your mother immediately. These are dangerous people. They want to kill you both. Do you understand me?"

I remember that you were soooooo assertive (I am being conservative in my description of your tone) that I remember feeling like that you were mad at me, a 9-year old boy, for talking to them and for taking toys from them. You weren't just being firm so I would understand you. You were upset with me.

They did come again, baruch Hashem. As your dutiful little servant, I did EXACTLY as you had said as soon as they started talking to us. I can only imagine my grandmother's pain at that moment.

Gd forgave me for that.

Gd gave both of my grandparents GREAT merit in Heaven for having the emunah in Him to go and to try to see us, after you had tried to stop them. GREAT merit.

THEY “GAVE YOU THE FINGER”, DIDN’T THEY??????????? (your expression for as long as I can remember about many situations).

THEY GAVE YOU THE FUCKING FINGER. That’s why you were mad at a 9-year old boy for talking to them. You were really mad at them, weren’t you? They did it anyway. Your attorney’s threats to them didn’t matter.

My sweet grandmother died in her 60s not long after the second time that that happened.

I wonder why. Did you allow Bill Ritner to get a restraining order against them?????
DID YOU DO THAT YOU MOTHER FUCKER????????????????????

YOU MOTHER FUCKER!!

**ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH ALSO, YOU FUCKING
WORTHLESS PIECE OF OLD DECREPIT “FLESH” ?????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

She always thought that you had been cheating on my mother while you were “at work”.
You told me that several times.

I believe it 100%.

MY GRANDPARENTS GAVE YOU THE FINGER.

I LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOVE IT.

I AM GIVING YOU THE FINGER.

SEE IT, FUCKFACE????????????????????

FUCK YOU

!!

!!!

LINK.

4.2022. [Emails from my mother’s brother Jerry about how my grandparents tried to visit us. I reply to him about how Debbie has thrown me under the bus in order to](#)

get the approval of my Amalekite father. My mother's soul dislikes Debbie immensely.

LINK.

1.2024. Email to my mother's brother Jerry about my grandparents and my father.

How you lied to me for over 20 years about who I am named after.

When you came to visit me in Israel in 2012, less than a year after Nan left this earth (I guess that's why you waited to ever tell me about this – so I wouldn't ask her about it??), you told me that:

When you were in your 20s, you had asked your rich Uncles Al and Arnie to loan you money so that you could start your own business. They agreed to loan you the money that you needed to start your business.

BEFORE they actually gave you the money, your mother, their sister, my grandmother, called them and told them to NOT give you the money.

They sinfully then told you that they would not loan you the money because your mother had told them not to.

When I asked you once why she told them not to, you said that you did not know why.

When I asked you why did they listen to her because it was their money to do what they wanted to do with it, and because they had already told you that they would give it to you, and because they had known you all of their lives and they knew that you were a responsible person, and because they knew that doing that would hurt you, and because they knew that doing that would impede your progress towards your desired business, you said that you did not know why.

That entire story, once you explained it to me, allowed me to understand why you never ever once introduced us to the uncles whom you supposedly loved so much as a child, who took you horseback riding and took you to their ranches (which is probably where you originally got the love of those things such that today you built a life around that kind of lifestyle).

You never showed us photos of them. The first photos I saw of them were from Auntie Edie when I was 14 years old.

You never ever talked to them since I can remember, and you rarely ever talked about them.

But you told me from the time that I was 7 (!) until I was in my 20s, even after I had found out the truth when I was 14 from Auntie Edie, but I couldn't talk to you about it because she said that you would kill her if you knew that she had told me, that I was named after your Uncle Al (search for "he would kill me" in this letter for a longer description of that). That was impossible, because Ashkenazic Jews do NOT name people after other living people.

So I had to wait until I was 25, when my uncles told me on the day that I first met them after 20 years of **you keeping me from my mother's ENTIRE family** (search for "those guys are dangerous" in this letter for a longer description of that), JUST like your idiot "daughter" blindly repeats your sins and like the total and COMPLETE IDIOT that she is, NEVER LEARNS from YOUR idiotic mistakes, and has been for 12 years and even now keeps her kids away from their uncle, because she IS ALSO LYING TO THEM ABOUT ME AND ABOUT YOU, AND SHE DOESN'T WANT ME TO TELL THEM THE TRUTH (kind of like your sister Edie told me a bunch of truths about you over 5 teenage years, and even until a few years ago!!!! YAYYYYYY!!!!!!) that I was ACTUALLY named after my grandfather, their father (search for "October 2013" for two different recordings of Edie telling me truths about my father and his family, which he should have told me HIMSELF decades before, if he wasn't the HUGE FELON PUSSY COWARD that he really is). Also search for "never wanted the divorce" for a more recent email from Edie telling me truths which Marshal should have told me himself a long time ago.

Gd has blessed Edie numerous times for exposing numerous truths about our family to me, and has punished Marshal Klein numerous times for lying about them or hiding them, and has and is punishing Deborah Rose Berg for like, such an idiot, repeating the sins of her father, which have only brought her father grief over the years. Deborah and Marshal, like so many other members of Marshal's family, have now made those sins generational, so my grandmother's soul suffers EVERY time that Debbie repeats them today, and she is punished for them again every yartzeit of my grandma's, because she is the one who originally started the stonewalling of family information from my father.

What you, Marshal, had told me ever since I was 7 years old about my name coming from your Uncle Al was a total and complete lie (search for "uncle al" in this document for more information about that). YOU LIED to me for 25 years about how I got my name.

THAT'S A HUUUUUUUUGE FUCKING LIE to tell to a child, to tell to your son, that he was named after someone whom he wasn't named after. How can you answer to a 7-year old boy who comes home from school after being told by the teacher that most of us were named after someone in our families and says, "Daddy, who I am named after?" and lie to him about his name????????????????????????????????

It takes a serious psychopath to lie to his 7-year old son about the son's name.

It takes a coward to lie to his son about where the son's name is from.

And some of your ugly, evil lying family perpetuated that. When I would mention that to your mother Nan she would agree that I was named after her brother.

At least Edie told me so many truths about things which you had lied to me about, or hadn't told me about. I loved her telling me things over the years. It was almost always at her place that she spilled the beans to me about you. Interesting, huh? We had lots of alone time together in CA. We were alone at home sometimes, we went grocery shopping just the two of us, we went for walks outside just the two of us (Debbie and Jer didn't usually want to go walking or food shopping and I could drive, or Debbie was babysitting and Jer was sleeping, or whatever).

But when she was staying at your house, very little new information if anything came out. But 2 weeks later, at her place, far away from you, she would spill some beans about you. Every trip to her house was great and fun, and I always learned new "dirt" (as you would see it), i.e., **truths**, about you, and about me, and about my mom, b"H.

She, your sister, probably felt safer telling me when she was 2000 miles away from you. Fucking crazy, huh???? Your sister.

Your own family has and do fear you. And most of my family REALLY fear Debbie, including most people on your side. She has had several family members seriously hurt through their phones, including having their FB accounts, emails, computers and bank accounts hacked. She has done other things to people who don't do her bidding. No wonder the godfather movie was one of your favorites. You loooooove that idea of being in control of your family, and having others fear you. It helped you to "make up for" (really, "to get revenge on") you feeling so NOT in control of the abuse that was administered to you by my grandparents and your sister, as you were the youngest in your family.

And Debbie takes right after you without ever thinking if your actions were right or wrong. As the youngest in our family and as a female, she was undoubtedly always the least in control of any of the 4 of us or later 3 of us. Now she looooooves to throw her weight (financial weight and body weight) and her husband's money around to feel in control.

Like father sin, like daughter sin.

You were both the youngest of your families and the LEAST in control as kids. Now you try to fix your childhood frustrations and fears by being "in control".

THAT is the very definition of and SOURCE of most psychoses.

People hurt as kids try to escape their hurt as adults by doing to others what was done to them.

It's called "revenge", not treatment.

They take "revenge" on their abusers. But it's not even really revenge, because they are doing it to innocent people who had nothing to do with the abuse that that abuser suffered.

It is in all actuality cowardice. Beating up a child 1/4 your size is something that cowards like you and your sister do.

YOU ARE A COWARD. YOU BEAT UP A 6 AND 8-YEAR OLD CHILD TWICE A WEEK. (search for "red and contorted" to read about how Marshal Klein, a 180-pound man, hit his little 6-year daughter in her chest and then his 8-year old son for years so they could not breathe).

Why do some people not admit, confront, and engage their childhood trauma, whether through real Torah learning, and/or therapy, and/or a supportive, loving spouse and family and friends, and/or books, and/or through logically understanding their issues (like Dr. Nash did and many others do and have done, as portrayed in "A Beautiful Mind" movie)?

Fear.

The one answer to that question is that they are afraid. It takes emunah, also seen in Western society as confidence, strength, whatever. No matter how individuals call it, it is the same thing: One's willingness to confront one's fears of the unquestionably challenging emotions which almost invariably accompany trips down those roads into childhood memories of abuse.

Fear of having those feelings again during accurate recollection of the childhood memories of that abuse which caused those feelings in the first place, is what keeps the vast majority of human beings stuck in patterns of trying unsuccessfully to escape the resurfacing of such feelings by running after addictions like money, power, status, alcohol, drugs including tobacco, gambling, overeating, escapist-motivated sexual activity, and abusing others, among so many other escapist tendencies.

You are afraid. Debbie is afraid. I remember you talking to me about, "Don't be a coward" ever since I was 8. You said that sooooo many times, along with "don't lie", and "don't do things half-assed". I often wondered why you were saying those things to me (like Beavis' random, spontaneous things it would talk about which I wondered "Why is it talking about this now?") since I never felt like they applied to me.

As each one has been addressed separately in this document, it wasn't me you were really talking to. I was just your mirror. You were talking to yourself.

You have been a coward for all of your life, running away from the feelings you felt as a child and teenager from the abuse that your parents gave to you.

You have inflicted on others, including your own children, the same abuse that you received as a child, albeit with some variation, instead of dealing with your own shit.

You both were and are wrong you assholes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Only the weakest people, like you two, go around throwing your weight (money) around to keep people in control.

It shows weakness and it shows that you both are pathetic losers.

Does that make you two psychos feel good? Powerful? That your own genes fear you???? (search for “Show me the money” for a longer description of how your relatives fear you).

Auntie feared you for years I remember (still does, search for “your BDay” in this document for more information). On my 2nd trip to Chicago as a teenager, Kim and Kathy took us to swim in Lake Michigan. Two days later I and Debbie were very sick. I think later they heard or figured out that there was a warning the next day about the water quality there or something.

All I remember Auntie saying all the time, as I recovered was, over and over, “Oh Gd, your father will never let you kids come back here. He is never gonna let you come back here. He is gonna be soooooo mad at me. Oh Gd.” She said that for days. She believed it until the day we left. Of course she had told you and apologized to you by phone while we were still there. At the airport she was saying, “I hope he lets you guys come back here one day”. I remember thinking, “Why is she so afraid of him? Is he is that much of a dick, that he would blame her for that? What else do I not know about my father?”

When I was a teenager, 14 years old, Auntie Edie was showing me photos of Arnie and Al (at her house of course). “That’s Uncle Arnie, and that’s Uncle Al!” I said, “Who I am named after!” She said, “Listen honey, you were named after your grandfather, your mother’s father. Did you know that his name is Albert?” I laughed and said, “Yeh, but dad would neeeever name me after him. My dad hates him.” She said, “Honey, I hate to break it to you, but you were named after your grandfather. Your dad didn’t hate him, then, when you were born. And in Judaism, you can’t name someone after the living. (She meant in Ashkenaz, keep reading). It’s not allowed. But in Sephardic you can. But in Ashkenazi you can’t. It’s a big no no.”

I sat there stunned. My father had been lying to me for as long as I could remember about my name. “But don’t tell your father I told you that! He would kill me!” Which is what she said about all the truths that she told me. So I was never able to ask you about it until my uncles told me the truth.

No matter who you were, Jerry especially and both of them were not going to allow that honor to be taken away from their father.

When I asked you years later why you had lied to me, you said, “I didn’t like him”.

????????????

So.....that gives you a reason to lie to your son about his name for almost 20 years???

Newsflash: You didn’t like your Uncle Al either at the time that I had asked you about my name (after he didn’t loan you the money that he promised that he would loan you, which was years before I was born).

So that stupid lie, **ANOTHER MARSHAL KLEIN LIE**, melts away like I pray that you will **asap**. Melt away and leave this earth so that there will be more peace in it, and less lies, less evil and less lies. And less lies.

Lech!!!!!! Go!!!!!!!

I FUCKING HATE YOU.

DO YOU GET IT ASSHOLE ??????????????

I FUCKING HATE YOU.

Gd you are a failure of a human being.

I have kept Edie’s trust in what she told me half of a century ago, and many other things, for this long.

I didn’t want you to kill her, as she said you would do about many truths which she told me about.

After I learned the truth about what really happened to my mother, and after I saw WITH MY OWN EYES you allow your DEMONIC wife to try to murder my grandfather in 2000 (that makes you an accomplice to attempted murder), I further believed that you could do that.

Edie has not been in touch with me for years, despite my repeated calls and emails to her. She stopped responding to me, surprise surprise, after you disowned me in 2020!

Surprise!! She has ALWAYS been “nice” (in touch and communicative) whenever you are “ok” with me, and she has ALWAYS distanced herself from me whenever you have distanced yourself from me. LIKE CLOCKWORK, as predictable as that the sun will rise tomorrow, she has ALWAYS been that predictable.

It’s really no surprise, because ALL of your family, including you, and even the best ones, are TOTAL FOLLOWERS. Nobody is a leader, you are all followers. You used to be their “anointed leader”, because well, hey, you had the most money, which you got from my stepmom’s mother, and then later made it in your business, because my step-grandma took care of all our household expenses, and you focused on building your business so that one day you could dump my stepmom Joy and be on your own. You were then poor after you sold your business a year after that divorce, and had to pay her HUGE alimony, and then you glommed onto Lee Sharon Ashworth, whom you have glommed onto for 36 years now. “Kids, here is your grandfather’s life story. He used one woman for her money, dumped her and then was poor, married another woman for her money, dumped her and was poor and then married another woman for her money, rinse and repeat. He did that 4 times in a row!!!!!! What a GREAT man, huh?”

Now Debbie is their leader, because she outranks you with her husband’s money, doesn’t she? But in reality, you and her are ALSO followers. She is following your example of using money to control your SHEEP Klein-Winick family. You followed your Uncle Arnie and Al’s examples of them using their money to make your parents’ marriage a disaster, because their sinful, yukky, heuty-peleuty perspective of the world is why they looked down on my Grandpa Sam, their brother-in-law, because he came from a not so wealthy family. Can you believe it?? They used their money to try and influence their sister to not marry and then to not stay married to the man whom she loved. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! How evil can a person be? Don’t answer that, you are more evil than both of them put together. But how evil can two people be in using their money to try to influence family about their own family relationships?

So, you, Marshal, as a lifelong follower, have followed and copied two people whom you have despised ever since they denied you MONEY which they had previously promised to you, when you were in your mid-20s. Yet you have followed their sinful ways, using your money to try to influence me, your daughter, your sister, and her kids, to do your bidding, and to talk to me when you approved, and to not talk to me when you didn’t approve.

And your SHEEP SHEEP daughter Deborah Rose Berg, and your sister Edie Biewer, and your niece Kathy, and your niece Kim Vassilos Marangore, and your nephew Jeremy, have all done your bidding all of their lives. You even influenced my cousin Jeremy, whom I had spent years playing with, going out as teenagers with, and building memories together as friends and not just as cousins as we are almost the same age, **to spy on me and to recruit information for you during times when I would not talk to you.**

It started in June 1999, after I had not been calling you nor returning your calls ever since January 1999, when like the pussy and schmuck parent that you are, you had told me, “Don’t EVER give me another Birthday or Chanukah gift unless you give one to my wife at the same time”. Gd, you are sooooo pathetic (search for “You loved Las Vegas” in this letter for a longer description of that).

My children will wonder how you could really be my biological father. I even had it checked, because for decades I also couldn’t believe it. Then I understood from the Torah how great people can have evil offspring, and how EVIL people can have GREAT offspring.

So in June 1999 you told your wife to tell your sister to tell my cousin (and of course your lifetime afraid-of-you sister complied, and of course her lifetime afraid-of-his-mother son complied) to call me and to ask me some questions about my life, and then to report back to you. Or did you pay them to do that? Gd you are such a coward and a total creep.

Anyways, your sister Edie has not been in touch with me for years, despite my repeated calls and emails to her.

You have told me dozens of times that, “Whatever we discuss is only between you and me. I will not discuss it even with my wife”, in response to my request to you to keep something that I was telling you private.

But, like the pathological (seriously, with no exaggeration) liar that you are, you of course told your wife, Debbie, Edie, her kids, and anyone else whom you thought probably wouldn’t let me know that you had told them.

I am not like you. So I have **never** told you any of the various truths that so many people have told me over the years about you or me or your family or my mom’s family until now.

When someone dies, we are no longer obligated to keep a vow of silence as we had when they were alive (even though I had never agreed verbally to her to not to tell you those things, but I understood that she probably would not want me to tell you those things).

Edie is like dead to me now. She doesn’t respond to ANY communication that I have sent to her in YEARS. **She hasn’t even included me on her yearly emails to all family members about a reminder about Nan’s yartzeit!!!!**

My email to her about that.

When someone stops responding after the other person’s repeated attempts to communicate with them, or when someone outright tells the other that they will stop

communicating with that person, or when someone “blocks” the other person, and it appears to the other person that any of those things which were applicable **MIGHT BE and LIKELY ARE** permanent, then the first person is considered to be dead to the second one. The second person then has no further obligation to keep anything private anymore that the first person may have explicitly asked or implicitly implied that they do.

Edie has given to me 0 indication that she ever plans to be in touch with me again. She has not responded to several personal and group emails which I have sent to her, including personal requests to include me on her annual reminder of her mother’s yartzeit!!!!!!! (Why doesn’t she ever send out reminders about her father’s yartzeit?????).

Article about the immature psychology of blocking by female psychologist. Psychology today.

So I am no longer obligated to keep the things that she communicated to me private. She is dead to me. And the same goes for things which you told me, and for anyone who has stopped communicating with someone else.

They might as well be dead to me.

I know that means NOTHING to you, because your integrity when it comes to safeguarding what is 100%, undoubtedly, the most precious thing to you in this world, money, is 0.

So you will break anybody’s trust if you think that it will ensure your money pot. It doesn’t matter to you if they are alive or DEAD.

And I know that you will say to others, “He complains that all I care about is money. How would he have rather had it, that he didn’t have so much money growing up ?? That we lived in a little house, like the ones we rented right after his mom died for a few years? That we had had a little backyard, and no pool, and just a few Star Wars toys, and no car when he was 16, and he would have had to attend community college for 2 years, and eat out at Jack-in-the-Box when we went out to eat (well, we DID do that, go to Jack in the Box about 50% of the time on weekend nights as a family) ?????”

YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES. YES.
YES.
YES.
YES.

Without a second thought. I would have rather grown up in a family with much less money, and much more sincere love than our family had.

You NEVER did it for US, you liar.

You did it ALL for **YOU**.

YOU are the one who wanted to be like your rich uncles and “make it big”, and be able to control your sister like they controlled their sister, your mother (you did control your sister, and you still do, because she lets you control her, and so do her kids, because they want your money, now and when you die).

YOU wanted the money, and today **YOU** have your money.

I, like all children, only wanted **real** love and **real** support from my parents. I know religious families in Israel with 5, 6, 7, 10 children who are wayyyyyyyyyyy wayyyyyyyyyyy poorer than we were. And I have known non-religious families with 2 kids, just like our family, who are wayyyyyyy poorer than we were.

And **ALL** of those kids have much less materially, and they **NEVER** go out to eat. But they have a LOT of fun and seem **VERY, VERY** happy to me. And you can see how much their parents love them.

I had NOT communicated with you ever since 2000, when you were an accomplice to murder of your father (search for "alzheimer's" in this document for a longer description of that).

In 2001 you had tried to play manipulative games to get me to call you, after you had moved my grandfather from one nursing home to another and **PURPOSEFULLY** did not tell me about it (search for "moved Grandpa Sam" in this document for a longer description of that; see this [recording of my grandpa's wife telling me how it was "not very nice" of my father to move him without telling me](#)) just to manipulate me to get me to call you to ask you where he was.

I did NOT call you. After 6 months you told Minnette his wife that she could tell me where he was.

YOU SAT IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF A RENTAL CAR IN 2012 and told me to my face that that was NOT what had happened. Little did you know that I had already recorded my conversations with Minnette years before.

MORE LIES FROM YOU.

MORE LIES.

**TWO DAYS AFTER THAT CONVERSATION IN THE RENTAL CAR
MINNETTE WAS DEAD.**

(search for "your stepmom" in this document for a longer description of that)

You are honestly a pathological liar. The only human being I have known who lies more than you per unit of interacted time is David Page. Its soooooo telling that you and he and Jerry despised each other basically since you met each other, or a little while after. Yet I see more and more how alike you 3 are. Jerry a bit less, he is more on his own, but there are definite similarities between you and he also. But you and David are bed buddies. Liars, severely emotionally disturbed, you both have clinical High-Functioning lifetime Depression (that's why neither one of you can be alone, look it up, Gd, everyone knows that connection since 1980), controllers, gossipers mamash, meek pussies, not "real men", marrying goyim, and on and on.

Baruch Hashem for goyim. They have their definite place in this universe, just like every person (Jew and non-Jew), animal, plant and inanimate matter have. And goyim marry goyim, and Jews marry Jews. It is a COMMANDMENT you shithead for a Jew to NOT marry a non-Jew. "Goy" is a Hebrew word in the Bible that refers to "non-Jews". ALL of your wives were goyim except for my mother. Joy converted after you married her. What is your addiction to goy women????? Why can't you marry a Jew? We know why.

Because Jews are sought after by goyim, ESPECIALLY Jewish men by goy women.

Because whether knowingly or not, a goy knows consciously or at least in their soul that marrying a Jew is ONLY a benefit for them. The souls are different. For a Jew it is a detriment.

Its not that one is better than the other. No connection. Each person has their own individual purpose on earth. But the souls are different. When goyim marry goyim, the spiritual energy is balanced. When Jews marry Jews, the spiritual energy is balanced. Mixing that creates a one-way flow of spiritual energy. That's how Gd made it. And both will be punished for it, the goy will be punished also, because she or he knew it at some level.

The goy will say to their goy friends and family about the Jew, "He is so warm, and giving. She is so kind. She places such an emphasis on morals and on education. He is a teacher and looooves children!! I love the Jewish holidays!! I love going to Bar Mitzvahs! They have so much fun!! The kids throw candy at the star of the show kid!! I love Jewish weddings! They pick up people on chairs and carry them above their heads. At the synagogue they are always singing and clapping. These people make little huts to live in for a week, and they sleep outside there and they love it!!!! And he regularly asks the rabbi questions right in the middle of the lesson. And the rabbi answers him!! The first time I was with her and she asked a question of the rabbi during his sermon, I was so embarrassed. But the rabbi answered her, and then others asked questions, too. And it was like, normal for them. At Chanukah they give the kids 8 days of presents! I want to come back next life as a Jewish kid!! And all of the candles are soooo pretty then. Shabbat is soooo beautiful, the lighting of the candles and the fun meals. The Jews are such a happy people!! Their toast is 'L'Chaim!!' To life!! I love being around him and his family. His mother is soooooo warm and nice. Her father welcomes me and showed

me how they make wine and bread blessings. It is all so beautiful. At Passover everyone almost HAS to drink 4 cups of wine!! Can you believe it?? I was able to get totally trashed in front of his mom, and she was trashed too!!!!”.

Great. You love it so much. Then become Jewish, or find documents which prove that you have Jewish ancestry. Do you know how many “goyim” who love Israel and love Judaism find out one day that they are actually Jews?? There are hundreds of articles about this. This is 1 of literally hundreds. Most people know about this man already.

LINK

[Pastor who discovers Jewish roots leads church to mass conversion.](#)

If you don't love Judaism enough to convert (a proper orthodox conversion) or search for documents (and then convert if you don't find them), then you have 0 business marrying a Jew. You will be punished and they will be punished. The goyim who marry Jews are takers. They are taking the benefits of being with a Jewish soul **without** giving back to their spouse the benefits of being with a Jewish soul. The Jews who marry goyim are losers. They are taking the easy way. And they will suffer from Him. Guaranteed.

I know of an Israeli who came to America for some years to make some money and go back to Israel, like thousands of Israelis illegally do every year, sometimes for years, because the wages in Israel SUCK. My girlfriend had done that for years and she told you about it. He was in New York. He was a Conservative Jew. He was working illegally in moving like many Israelis do in America. He met a Korean-American lady. They dated for some months. They were both about 22 years old. She wanted to know more about Judaism and if intermarriage was allowed, and he wasn't really clear about it, so one day he did a search on Youtube for a lecture about intermarriage. They watched the lecture together.

The lecture that Gd Almighty, may He be blessed forever, loaded into his search feed was a lecture by a well-known rabbi who was talking about many of the same points that I wrote about above. At the end of the lecture, she was aghast. She turned to him and said, “I don't want to marry you. I love you and I don't want you to suffer. I don't want to be punished and that you and I will be punished. It's not fair to you for you to marry me, and it's not right for me to marry you.” The young man said to Hashem in his mind, “That's what I get for showing her?” When he tells the story, at that point he and everyone laugh.

He told her she can convert and then they can be together. So she entered into an orthodox conversion program in NYC. She went as fast as she could. As is required, she and he had no contact during that year. At the end of her program, which was about 1 year later, after her mikveh (the very last step), he met her and congratulated her. They went to eat.

She told him, “I don't want to marry you”. He said, “Why not?” Like WTF, I have waited a year for you?? She said, “Now I am a religious Jew. You are not religious. I want to marry a religious Jew”.

The guy didn't want to lose her so he became chozer b'tshuvah (religious). Soon after, they left America and moved to Israel together. They live today in Modiin. They have 4 kids now and he studies Torah everyday. His mother has become religious, and his dad is almost there.

An Italian woman met an Israeli guy on a trip here. He was a Conservative Jew. They started dating and fell in love. She had a kid with him. She started to think about the issue of how to bring up the kid, what religion? So they watched a lecture by this same rabbi about intermarriage. Hashem had also dropped it into their search feed.

After watching the video with him, she told him, "I cannot marry you or stay with you. I love you too much and it's not good for you". He protested, but eventually she left and went back to Italy. The kid stayed in Israel, as she wanted her son to grow up here instead of there. After 3 months, it was unbearable for her. For many reasons, she started looking into past documents.

After a few months of hiring specialists to dig for her, she found out that her mother's line was Jewish. They had "converted" a few generations before for safety reasons, as the Catholics in that part of Italy at the time were persecuting Jews (nothing new since the 300s CE, including the event which brought Spain from world superpower to decline within 24 years of kicking out their Jews in 1492, at the suggestion of the pope or bishop or whatever to evil, evil fucked-in-the-head Isabella cunt). The couple contacted this rabbi whom they had seen the shiur with. He brought her up to speed with some conversion classes, but she did not require a full conversion because she was Jewish. She DID though, as a result of the classes, become religious. The Israeli guy then also became religious at her urging, and they are married now with several kids in Israel.

Those women are stand-up women, They loved their man so much that they stayed away from him so as not to hurt him (and them). They were not takers. They are good people, living in the way of Gd. He rewarded both of them and their husbands and He keeps rewarding them for their love of Him and His way (being honest with oneself, treating others as you want to be treated, "Love your fellow as you love yourself", not enticing or even accepting a Jew to break one of Gd's commandments), and they live very happy lives now bezrH.

Jews marry Jews, its Gd's explicit instruction in the Book of Deuteronomy, it's not my instruction. Goyim marry goyim. The discussion as per the Torah can get much more interesting and complicated such as when asking, "Who is a Jew?" (not just defined by the mother) and other things, but for now we will leave it simple. Many people who may identify themselves as non-Jews may actually have Jewish souls, and many people who think they are Jewish may not actually be Jewish, especially when considering certain principles. The Zohar tells us that some Jews are even Amalek.

So for goyim it is SUCH a prize to marry a Jew. **So Jewish men who have deep-seated feelings of inadequacy or like taking the easy way on things find it easier to marry**

goyim. Because it's easier to find a goy to marry, someone who really wants you, even if it's for "material" reasons, like her/his soul. The goy may not even be consciously aware of this. I know. I have been there a few times. Until Baruch Hashem I realized what was going on.

And you will NEVER see your goy wives again after this life of yours. And despite Grandpa's best efforts during his lifetime, he is most likely NOT with Minnette now and will never be. Jews and goyim have different places that they go to after life. Only in very rare circumstances will their souls ever be allowed to see one another after death. So like you are doing in so many other ways, he screwed himself twice. He "converted" and even practiced so that he could "...be buried next to Minnette". Why do people want to be buried next to each other? Because they think that that means that they will be together in the afterlife.

So he "converted" and practiced, and got punished for the worst sin in the universe. Him and Minnette most, most likely haven't seen each other since he went to Gehinnom. And most, most likely, they never ever will.

To continue from above (about how you tried to manipulate me from 2001 to contact you), in 2004 when Grandpa Sam died, you called and left me a voicemail telling me that he had died. You said, "Call me back and I will tell you when and where the service will be".

I did NOT call you back.

I mourned my grandfather myself. **I cried and regretted that I had NOT GONE TO SEE HIM MORE SINCE 2002 BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID THAT YOUR EVIL FUCKING COLD MURDEROUS WIFE WOULD TRY TO MURDER HIM AGAIN.** I did not attend a pagan service about his chas veshalom cremated ashes. It's despicable that the son of Orthodox Jews would do that. Cremation is expressly FORBIDDEN for Jews.

I called you many years later, a few years after I had moved to Israel. When I called, I called your home number. It was the only number I could find for you at 411. Your demon wife answered the phone. I had no desire to speak with her. I was only interested in speaking to you. We had not spoken in 9 years.

When she answered the phone, she said, "Hello". I said, "Hi. Can I talk to my dad please?" She said her favorite word, "Oh". And then there was a pause. And then it said abruptly, "Who's calling?"

Hm.

I have told that story for years to friends and family. "What a f---ing bitch" or "tssshhhhhh" or something like that was the most common response.

How many people in this world have a male voice and would ask to speak with their dad on your phone number?

Do you have another son that I don't know about?

She obviously knew my voice from talking to me for years before, **and from unethically forcing her way into our therapy sessions** (search for "shaken" in this document for a longer description of that), which, if I would have pressed the issue, could have made complications for the therapist with her professional psychological organizations and licensing organizations. She should have called the police and had your assfuck stupid ass wife arrested for trespassing. NONE of us wanted her there (except for meek pussy-ass you, who ALSO didn't want her there but you didn't have the anything to tell her to leave).

She is such a FUCKING CHILD.

Here's some information for you you moron.

Any woman who truly loved her man would have said, "Oh, hi! Yes of course just a minute!" and would have run to get you on the phone as quickly as possible, with a big smile and would say to you, "Marshal come quick Al is on the phone!" and would have sat next to you with that smile waiting to hear what happened in the conversation and with tears of joy would have hugged and kissed you after the call because she was so happy that you reconnected with your son.

Instead, we are talking about a 6-year old with a **SERIOUS FUCKING** attitude problem, an ego the size of Neptune, a self-esteem issue bigger than the entire solar system, and a narcissistic personality that makes the yetzer hara look like Santa Claus.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, poor little pathetic Sharon had her twittle feelings twurt because her husband's son didn't want to talk to her for 5 minutes **which would have been undoubtedly about HER** before he reconnected with his father after so many years.

Did she ever consider that maybe I was calling suddenly after so many years because there was an emergency chas veshalom and I needed to talk to you asap and not babble about bullshit just to feed her huge ego ??????

Seriously???????

You are a loser and its sooooo obvious because look who you married.

I sent you this email just a few months ago.

"On Wednesday, December 27, 2023, 4:05 PM, Al Klein wrote:

Dear Dad,

I am also interested for alternate phone numbers for you, as I have asked you for such a number over the years. I asked you for your new landline number twice, after you changed it a few years ago. You said both times that you would text it to me. You never gave it to me. You also never sent me your wife's number after I asked you years ago. I would be happy to have some alternate number(s) for you as well.

Love,
Al”

Here was your response in the link below.

LINK.

[Email from you to me lying \(again\) to me about why you would not give me your home phone number for the past four years. You criticizing me for working at developing a business, while you had failed at your first business attempt for 9 years. It also took you 5 years to start making any real money in real estate after you had failed the licensing exam at least twice, and then took 5 years to learn how to do it efficiently from your ugly-ass wife whom you sold your soul to for her experience and money.](#)

More lies.

You were obviously AGAIN LYING to me.

Otherwise why not send the number so that, according to your own words, I could have a way to reach you if the mobile phone service went down (“if we loose all cell service”) ?

Its “LOSE”, you airheaded dunce. An 80-year old doesn’t know how to spell “lose”? And Deborah will tell everyone, “Oh, gosh, he knew, it was just a simple spelling error.” And Deborah knows as well as I do, having spent almost every day of our childhood with Marshal, that it wasn’t. He thought that “loose” was the correct spelling. An 80-year old didn’t know how to spell “lose”. He only could help us with our Math homework until Algebra. He couldn’t help us with any other subjects at any time during our childhood. History, English, Lit, Science – forget it. He even said, “Once you start Algebra, you can only ask your mother for help.”

“Loose” is the description for about 80% of the women whom you have dated in your life.

I excused your lifelong stupidity when you were in your 30s and 40s. You were running a business, and you had a wife and 2 kids. You had a lot on your plate. But after Debbie went to university, why not take some classes on things like this which you have never understood? Instead of playing Lone Ranger every day for over a decade, why didn’t your wife teach you herself, or at least encourage you to take some classes in things you

like? Online classes have existed since the 2000s. A grammar class here, a horses class there, a computer class, a class of Israeli history, whatever. Wait, she always bragged about that “Oh yeh, I have 3 degrees”. Isn’t it actually 2 degrees and an expired MFT license?? Either way, a woman who had better formal education than her husband and who truly loved him would have encouraged him to learn to study more and to be comfortable with it, and to show him that, “You can do it!”. Oh yeh, no, she had to go out riding herself every day, being Dale Evans. No wait, it is **NO** Dale Evans. Dale Evans was a WOMAN. She was pretty, she was tough, she was cool, she was feminine. It is NO Dale Evans. Like you used to say EVERY time that we were out to eat and I ordered a “Roy Rogers” drink, you would say to the waitress, “Wait. Change my drink.” She would say, “Ok, what can I get you?” You would say, “I’ll have a Dale Evans”. You dated several Dale Evans. You did not get a Dale Evans at the end. Not. Even. Close. You got a fucking dogface psycho selfish controlling BIATCH.

You were 80 and still didn’t know how to spell “lose”. And it wasn’t an innocent mistake. You didn’t know how to spell it. I know because you’ve been misspelling it for decades.

Debbie is stupid stupid, IDIOT stupid like you are.

I am smart like my mother was. That’s why you hated her so much. You felt like the idiot that you are around her. That’s why you have always hated me so much too.

LINK

It used to bother me when I was in my 20s and in my 30s and in some of my 40s like this character was in her 20s when it bothered her that her father hated her. IT USED TO BOTHER ME SOOOOOOOO MUCH THAT YOU HATED ME.

I have grown up and realized that you are just an idiot. No, fucking moron is more like it. You are an uneducated dipshit. You have never held a candle to the intellectual capacity of any of your wives. Yet you have treated them like dirt. Which I realized makes you even more of an idiot. A only slightly smarter person would accept their lower intellectual capacity. They would realize the other gifts which Gd had given them to fulfill their unique purposes, and would engage those gifts to make the world a better place. They would say, “Thank you Gd” for them marrying such a smarter person, because they could benefit from her smartness and she could benefit from his Gd-given gifts.

For example, one gift of yours is that you are a human calculator.

Debbie and I used to squeal with delight when we would repeatedly give you random numbers to compute, and you would do so in seconds. “Daddy, what’s 965 times 534?” A few seconds later you had the answer. In later years we checked the calculator. You were always right.

I brought this up to you about 5 years ago in a phone call. You said that you couldn't do that so well anymore. I didn't buy it. Maybe your idiot wife told you, "Marshal, don't let people know about that. They will think/know that you are autistic".

Isn't that funny that Dustin Hoffman, my mother's FAVORITE actor and her heartthrob as a teenager, played the most famous role of an autistic person to date?

But instead of engaging your gifts to fulfill your purposes, you only compared yourself to others, like you have done with Edie, although you will never admit it, but it is glaringly obvious. I mean, she IS intellectually smarter than you. Kinda like, no EXACTLY like Kim and Debbie did to THEIR older, smart, kinder, holier siblings. Instead of looking for and engaging their own gifts, they took the easy way out and said to themselves, "I can't compete with that. So I will go the way of the yetzer hara and make as much noise as I can to get my mommy's/daddy's attention". Kim did it as a child and teenager by getting into ALL kinds of trouble, like SERIOUS things, always being the victim that her mother or grandmother needed to save. Debbie did it as an adult, inflating her suicide and mental health issues to get you to see her as a victim of both, and that you better help her or else you might just get a repeat of my mother's call for help. Debbie also did it while Joy was our stepmom.

Joy used to loooooove to go shopping. If it was after school, of course we went with her. She would often tell us when we walked into almost any store, "Now don't touch anything." I was like, ok, whatever. Even if it was the women's clothing section in a department store, and I was TOTALLY uninterested in that stuff in that section, so I would just sit down and think about stuff – school, Hebrew school, animals, biology, why people do things, Einstein, space, whatever. It wasn't a big deal to me. But Debbie would almost invariably start touching stuff. She would within a few minutes of Joy telling us that, walk over to a rack of women's pants, and start touching them and talking to herself. Sometimes I would say, "Don't do that, you will get into trouble." She would stop for a minute, and then go back to it. Invariably Joy would see her. She would say, "Young lady, I told you not to touch anything. If you do it again, you will get a spanking". Debbie wouldn't answer her. "Did you hear me?" I would whisper to her, "Say yes". Debbie would say yes. Joy would keep shopping. Within a few minutes, Debbie would do it again. I would walk up and tell her, "What are you doing!! You are going to get into trouble". Rinse and repeat, until, invariably Joy would catch her and Debbie would get punished and start crying in the store, and would get punished at home.

I am not judging Joy's rules nor justifying her behavior AT ALL.

But, nevertheless, whyyyyyyyyyyyyyy would ANYONE with a brain behave like Debbie?

Years ago when I was remembering these situations, and thinking about how Kim had been such a pain-in-ass growing up to Edie your sister, and how kids often are repeat troublemakers and their behavior makes no intellectual sense, I came to understand that it is a way of attention-seeking. Children who want their parents' attention often get into trouble, even though it hurts them, because it's better than being ignored by the parent.

And often these kids' parents ignore them more because another sibling gets more attention, and is smarter, kinder, or a better athlete, or better behaved, or is one gender and not the other, or older or younger, or whatever it is that the parent(s) sinfully choose(s) to use to sinfully favor one child over another, like you have ALWAYS done.

So I understood that even though has never been the brightest star in the sky, it didn't take a rocket scientist to understand the relationship between "Do what mom says, and then you won't get into trouble". She just preferred negative attention to no or to less attention than her brother received.

Also, Debbie genetically and culturally TOTALLY takes after you and your side of the family, and very little if at all, takes after my biological mother's genetic and cultural traits and those of her family. She is even colder like your side of the family is than my mom's side of the family is. You, your nephew, your niece and maybe your sister are ADHD/hyperactive/ADD or whatever the current trendy label for that is today. Debbie was/is ADHD. You can't sit still and focus, and she can't still and focus. My use of the word "can't" here would be yours and her words. You CAN do whatever you want to, and so can she and anybody else, bezrH, if you are not LAZY and not addicted to being a victim and addicted to your comfort zones.

She did that in almost EVERY store we went into, even drugstores (I remember a time in Thrifty, and other places) and she got into trouble 9x more than I ever did.

And Joy was not evil like you have portrayed her to be for almost 40 years. She used to buy us ice creams at Thrifty's (wow, 10, 20 and 25 cent ice creams for 1-3 scoops, ahhhh 80s America). When we went grocery shopping, she would first take us over to the Hostess section and let us pick out our own cakes (Twinkies, Suzy Qs, Apple pies, Cherry Pies, whatever we wanted, one each) and then let us open them and eat them while we were grocery shopping!!!! Loved it!!!! I remember sooooo many moms staring at us. Of course Joy saved the wrappers, put them in the cart and paid for them at checkout. But I remember a few times a few moms coming right up to her and saying to her, "You are not teaching your children well like that!" and "That is not the way to bring up children, ma'am". Store employees would sometimes look at us too like stockboys when we walked around. Chutzpah!!!! What a cool mom. If you are so worried about your 20 cents Suzy Q being paid for so wait for us at the checkout and see if she pays for it or not!! Chutzpah. Joy never responded to those nosey moms, she just kept shopping. Loved it.

When we were on the Janss mall she would always stop by The Thinnery on the way out and let us pick out our own flavor of frozen yogurt, right when that thing (frozen yogurt) first came out (chocolate, vanilla, or half-half). We got to eat it in her Mercedes afterwards. She almost never let us nor even you eat in her car.

She used to drop me and us at the TO Library for a few hours (heaven to me), the synagogue for a few hours in summertime (heaven to me) so I could tutor students for

money after my BM and study before my Bar Mitzvah, and chat with one of the best rabbis this earth has ever seen, and just sit on the grass peacefully waiting for her to pick me up in the summer sun. She ALWAYS had us on time to school, Hebrew School, PT conferences, and Hebrew School conferences. When I was 6 and 7, before 95% of the world knew what computers were, she told you that I should start taking computer classes at the community center. I was writing BASIC (the computer language) programs at 6 years old! I still remember creating my own pixelated image on Apple II's (!!!!) from my own written program. I only stopped that because I started Hebrew School at 8.

She ALWAYS made sure that we got good grades. Since I was 8 or 9, if I ever had a homework question, you always said, "You mother will help you". And she did, even in the afternoons when you were at work. And she made me WORK. She never gave me the answers. I remember 3 reports I had to write in 5th and 6th grade.

I had weeks to do them, maybe months. She kept asking me how I was doing, and to show her my progress from time to time. But INEVITABLY, I would leave most of it undone until the last minute.

I was 10 and 11 years old. My "Hawaii" or "Mexico" or whatever report that was due at that time was due on for example Thursday. She reminded me and reminded me for weeks before. But I did very little on it. On Tuesday she would ask me, "Show me what you have done." I would show her, and she would be pissed!! But she didn't hit me or anything. She just told me, matter-of-factly, and assertively, "You will stay in your room EVERY minute that you are home from now until Thursday and finish that report. If you don't sleep at night then you won't sleep. I want to see that report done, and done very well by Thursday morning".

She would be available if I needed help, but she did not do any work for me. I remember that you would come home from work, and you would eventually go to bed. You would tell me, "Listen to your mother, and get that done. I want to see a good grade on it". You knew that she had it under control. Then, around 11 or midnight, she would come into my room to see how I was doing. Mine was the only light on in the entire house. She would tell me, "I am going to bed now. DO NOT sleep until you are finished." I listened and complied.

She set her alarm (I heard it go off at 2 am) and came to check on me. She firmly but kindly encouraged me, checked my work and went back to sleep. Around 4 am she got up again and checked on me. If it was Wedn morning, she told me, "Ok, that's enough, go to sleep now". If it was Thursday, the day it was due, I stayed up until she woke up again at 6 am, she helped me to wrap it up, I turned it in, and I always got a good grade on it.

From that I learned how to be disciplined and applied that to GE classes which I totally despised at UCSB in classes of 200-800 students, and then later taking a FULL LOAD of Biology Major prerequisites simultaneously, and then Master's Degrees, etc. I 90% credit my learning of self-discipline to her. I mostly didn't learn those things from you.

In 8th grade in September the teacher announced a school dance in a couple months. There was a new girl at our school whom I liked A LOT. The other boys were more interested in the tall blonde and the cute and well-developed shy but popular other girl. I only thought about dancing with this new girl at the dance. (By March ALL of the boys were also after this “new girl”.)

I was nervous though because I had no idea how to dance. I told this to Joy. She told me, “Go get a record that you like. We will stand in front of this big mirror and I will show you how to dance”. I put on “Dancing in the Dark”. She said, “Oh yeh, this one has a good beat” even though she had little clue who Bruce was. I practiced with her several times before the Homecoming and Sadie Hawkins dances. She said, “Now you are ready to dance!”.

An old girlfriend that I had when I was 12 told me years ago on the phone, “Yeh, Al, I remember that you were a great boyfriend. You gave me chocolates and cards all the time”. If we were in Thrifty’s Joy would ask me if I wanted to get a box of chocolates for Stacy. Then before Valentine’s Day, we had moved away and I was at a different school. But I was still so in love with Stacy. My mom asked me in Thrifty if I wanted to get Stacy a heart box of chocolates and she would mail it to her. Of course I said yes and included a little card with it.

When my Bar Mitzvah tutor would come over every week, she would ALWAYS talk to him for 5 or 10 minutes afterwards about how I was doing. Our Rabbi loved her and thought she was great. She was totally involved in the synagogue, more involved as a convert than most of the members who were born Jewish. We always went back-to-school shopping early. It was HER who picked out our sweeeeet beautiful holy doggie whom you loved. It was her who adopted our street cat.

She used to have many intellectual books on the family room table. On top of the coffee table big books, was whatever book that she was currently reading. There was always a book there. Whenever she had time, usually in the afternoons when we were doing homework, she would read from it. When I was 8 she started reading a biography that was titled, “Einstein”. She would often tell us things about him and his life after she read those things in the book. Whenever there was a cool documentary on about him or some science, she made us come down and watch it. We used to watch, “In Search Of.....” with her almost every week.

You have ONLY disparaged her since your divorce with her to me. In 40 years I have NEVER heard you say a positive word about her. Yet she was not even biologically our mother. But she was as good of a mother as any kid could get. No she was not “perfect”. Yes she was harder on Debbie, probably because of the abusive relationship she had had with her mother growing up, which she didn’t fix but passed on, and partly because of Debbie too. From my experience, she was overall an excellent mother, not to mention excellent stepmom. She would pick up lox, whitefish and bagel platters on Fridays

sometimes, and they would be for when the Rabbi and his family would come over to our house after Shabbat on Saturday night, when she would serve that.

For our birthdays, she could have gotten us a regular cake. No. She got us Ice Cream Cakes from Baskin Robbins, every year!! She would order them before and they were awesome!!!! Our house was always very clean. For Chanukah and BDays we gave her a written list of things that we wanted. She went to the toy stores when we were at school, got some (but not all, because you guys told us that you did not want us to grow up to be spoiled) of the things on our lists, wrapped them herself, and hid them away until the Holy Days!! She wanted a tree in the house in December, because she had grown up that way, but it had 0 religious things on it, just neutral decorations and stuff.

SHE EVEN HAD YOU GET AN ARTIFICIAL TREE!! We called it a Chanukah bush. You put it together every year. I felt a bit stupid because the goy kids would brag about how they had real trees. I thought oh my parents are a bit weird or lazy or something. BUT SHE WAS FOLLOWING GD'S TORAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! He EXPRESSLY prohibits real trees in houses. It's a pagan custom. And for many reasons which Sages have explained for centuries, He does not allow people to put trees in their houses!! She got her "tree", really just colored plastic, without breaking His commandment!!

And it's totally cruel. Wow. This beautiful organism which has lived for years gets killed just to be stuck in a house for a week and then put into the garbage dump. What a blasphemous practice to His face, ch"vsh. And it doesn't matter, He doesn't want it. So don't do it.

When you would to Luggage Shows out of town for several days, during which I am totally sure that you whored around on her, she would buy banner paper and markers and balloons and glitter a few days before you got back, With us, we would all 3 of us make signs for you, "Welcome Home, Daddy" or whatever. Probably one reason she didn't have sex with you for the last 7-8 years of your marriage (your words, see below) was because at some point she had caught you sleeping around or was pretty sure about it and she didn't want to get a disease. Smart woman (search for "didn't have sex with me after the first 2 years of our marriage" for a longer description of that).

She was a great mom and stepmom. You disparage everyone, including me for the past 36 years, except yourself and Debbie. Just like David Page who disparages everyone except his kids and his father. Two clinically depressed, emotionally unstable putzes who only get by mentally by undeservedly propping themselves up above everyone else, even when its not reality.

Overall, Joy rocked.

You are 81 years old, and you still hate me because I am like my mother was, and like my stepmother, because I am smart (like them). You don't like to be too close to smart people, because then you compare yourself and you feel worthless, because you are

stupid. I tried for decades to help you with that. I have no empathy for you anymore, a lazy FUCK like you.

It doesn't bother me anymore that you hate me.

You have still never sent me your new home phone number.

Did your wife command you to not give it to me?

So that she would not have to ENDURE the blow to her ego the next time that I called your home number and she had to ENDURE me not wanting to talk to her but just wanting to talk to you? (See page 2 and search for "who's calling").

You are a pathetic loser.

A friend recommended this movie to me after reading one of the drafts that I wrote for this letter. The friend said to me, "This is a great movie for you to watch. Except that for your situation, the roles are reversed. Your dad is like the son in this movie, and you are like the father in this movie".

It takes a long time in the movie until that becomes clear. But when it did, it became crystal clear.

Even down to how I have said "I love you" SO MANY FUCKING FUCKING TIMES over the last 15 years on the phone, and you have said

NOTHING!!

YOU FUCKING WORTHLESS PIG

!!

I give you credit for being honest. You have never loved me or Debbie. So by not saying, "I love you", you were being honest. You just should have left us alone right away, and left us with the one parent who has loved us since the moment that she found out that she was pregnant. Unlike you, who proposed to her murdering us. She fell in love each time with her child whom she couldn't see, and then loved us every minute of her life, and she still loves us more than anything in the universe except Gd Almighty.

When I was a kid, and a teenager, if I would have seen this movie back then, I would have said, "That will be my dad. Funny, loving, wanting to spend time with me and my son. Cute. Kind." I was just plain stupid. I was just naïve. I just saw what I wanted to see. I believed the lifetime of lies that you had told me, from the "I love you" lies to the lies about me being unconscious at the hospital. YOU FUCKING

BASTARD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Lying to your son that he was unconscious
????????????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Are you a fucking psychopath?????????

Yes. Of course you are. You always have been.

**“Your mom tried to suffocate you guys by putting plastic bags
over your heads.”**

Show me a legal document that says anything like that. Just one.

I was just thinking, that if I heard at this moment from somewhere that you have died, I
will breathe a HUUUUUGE sigh of relief.

The world will look clean again. It will look fresh again without your evil darkness
clouding it.

LINK 1

**You are just like the middle-aged guy sitting at the desk. Money before your family,
money before ANYTHING or anybody. “Success” at the expense of everything,
including people’s lives. I am like his father. Loving, wanting to spend time with
you, trying to be funny to get you to notice me and to be nice to me and to spend
time with me.**

LINK 2

**Start at 10:30. For your puny mind that will say to your idiot, airheaded “wife”,
“You see, hun, this whole thing was a dream, that guy dreamed the whole thing. It
never really happened, phew, it was just a dream” when you watch this with your
demon roommate; TRY to watch it again with as much of a critical mind as you can
have.**

No, forget that, you will NEVER get it either on your own or with Beavis.

Here is what a critical mind would notice and understand from the movie.

It was absolutely NOT a dream. The presence of the note and the remote at the end
indicates that it was never a dream.

You will almost for sure NOT be like this guy in this scene (at 10:30). The vast majority
of narcissists NEVER realize how they messed up in their lives until **afterwards**, when
their soul is spending a very long time in extremely difficult situations. Most people do
NOT wake up before they die and understand that they made a mistake.

For the first time (at 10:30 in the link above), he puts others before himself as he was
running out of the hospital to tell his son that his son MUST forget the problems at work
and that he MUST go on the planned honeymoon with his wife. He does not want his son

to end up with the life that HE ended up with, because Adam's character realized, albeit too late for him, that the decades of his life that he had spent towards being a big cheese in his company and then towards always being a bigger chase and making more money were worth NOTHING compared to his losing his marriage to an excellent woman who really loved him; to losing his relationship with his father whom he REALLY adored but didn't admit it to himself; and to losing close relationships with his kids, who were now repeating now the mistakes that he made in HIS life, and would surely pass on those same mistakes to their kids, and to their kids.

He FINALLY put his son, and therefore his entire family BEFORE himself, before his ambition, and before money. The Angel of Death warns him that if he leaves the hospital that he will probably die. The angel warns him a second time that there will not be a chance to undo that. Adam's character doesn't even hear him or listen; he only cares about stopping his son, and therefore his family, from making the same huge life mistake that he had made.

Gd, through the angel, forgives him, because he sees that in his last moments, Michael DID make **COMPLETE** teshuvah. Even many religious Jews, and Gd-fearing non-Jews, do not understand what COMPLETE teshuvah is.

Complete teshuvah means that the person SINCERELY regrets what they did, from the BOTTOM of their soul, so so so so much that they SINCERELY and sooooo **strongly** "wish" that they could go back in time and do it over. They would give ANYTHING to be able to do it over. THAT is complete teshuvah.

It is no coincidence that this movie was produced by Jews and written by Jews. They got the Torah right. Extremely right.

The producers and writers even got it right about the LAST step of teshuvah. Gd tests us after we make teshuvah to see if we really meant it. He tests us at least once, sometimes 2 or 3 times. Here He tested Adam's character by giving him the remote again through His servant, the Angel of Death. Adam made the right choice, threw it away, passed the test, Gd accepted his teshuvah, and then Adam went on to bezrH continue his life in the right way, in derech Hashem, in the way of Gd.

He fixed his lifetime mistake by showing his son how important it is to always put family, and all social relationships, first. "Family comes first". Adam sincerely repented, and then passed the subsequent test that Gd gave him.

Your niece's lifelong best friend did the same thing, as best as she can. After murdering her unborn child when she was a young woman, she knew what she had done was a sin, the worst sin that a person can do to another person, and the second worse sin in the universe. Apparently, she sincerely repented. She told me how she knew that she had done wrong in Gd's eyes. And then Gd tested her 5 times. She now has 5 grown children, and she works all of the time to try to educate women to not make the same permanent

sin that she made. Gd has definitely tested her. She passed those 5 tests. Did He accept her teshuvah? She will know one day.

LINK 3

Notice how his mother tells him how he fucked up his marriage to one of the greatest women she has ever known: “She was always my favorite”.

Maybe your mother’s soul will also say that to you when you get up there, since she will likely be the first one along with your father to come and ask you, as the Torah tells us happens, “Why did you [do this, and this, and didn’t do this, and this] to me/my granddaughter/my grandson/ when I was alive/after I was here, and why didn’t you listen to my Albert, my beloved first-born grandson, when he reminded you year after year to learn Torah for my soul on my yartzeits, and to say Kaddish for me?”

And then maybe she will show you some images of your life in your late twenties, or maybe show you my mother’s soul itself, and say to you, “How did you fuck that up, Marshall? Kathy was my favorite. She was such a sweet girl and she loved you so much. She was intelligent and graceful, kind and spirited. How did you mess that up with her? And why did you treat her and her family so badly afterwards for the rest of your life? They are your children’s family.”

After you answer her the truth, because that’s ALL that is possible “up” there, “Because I always wanted to be like Uncle Al and Uncle Arnie and be rich so that I would not answer to **ANYBODY** in my life, so that I could be FREE and live my life MY way”, she will say, in the same direct tone that she used to say things which were true, “But you had that money when you became a millionaire in 1984, and you had that money again when you made so much money in real estate ever since the early 1990s, and yet you **AGAIN** married someone who has for over 30 years kept you **AGAIN** in chains, someone whom you let control you in every possible way. Despite the fact that you attained your goals of being financially independent, and you could have lived for the rest of your life working well until **YOU** (not it) wanted to retire, and then you could have retired with yes, a smaller house and less possessions, but you could have retired the way that you had lived since 1984, a truly financially independent person, making your OWN decisions about your life and how to live it, where to live it, and with whom to have in it”.

“So, why, Marshall? Why did you continue to let yourself be controlled by such an ICK of a thing? Why did you continue to put money before everyone and everything, when you had achieved your lifetime goal at 41 years old? You could have spent the second half of your life enjoying YOUR life, and enjoying your children, and your grandchildren, and embracing Al’s getting closer to Gd Almighty, which we all saw coming ever since he was a child. Your father told Al twice that he thought that Al would be a rabbi someday”.

She might continue saying, “You could have embraced that, and thanked Gd Almighty for that, and then Debbie might have followed in that, and either way you would have had such sincere, loving relationships with your children for the rest of BOTH of their lives.

And my soul would not be where it is now, and your father's soul would not be where it is now, because you have sinned SOOOOOOOOOO greatly against Gd Almighty ever since I got here. If mine and your father's soul would have been out of that place, we could have helped you, Edie and our grandkids and great-grandkids to have had so much more wonderful lives than they have had since we left."

So, why, Marshall? They are **gonna** ask you at the Heavenly Court, after your father talks to you. And after Kathy talks to you. So, what is the reason??"

And you will say, "Because I became addicted to being controlled all of my life by domineering women, and I did not have enough faith in Gd, and I was not strong enough to break that cycle, because I was too much of a coward to face those bad feelings that I had from when you and dad abused me, so I took the easy way out. I lived my life half-assed. I continued to let myself be controlled by a domineering woman, and I just directed my emotional hurt from childhood onto my son, and onto my daughter, and onto others".

You will say to her, "There is Grandpa Louie!" (her father, your favorite grandparent). Why doesn't he come to talk to me? I want to talk to him!" She will tell you, "My father is ashamed of you. You see him over there staying back? He does not want to talk to you. The same with Grandma Rose. They are ashamed of how you treated your children, and how you lived your life. They will not talk to you. They will only go with you to watch what the Heavenly Court will decide about your soul's fate".

Then she will tell you, "Now your father wants to ask you some questions. And after that, Kathy is waiting to ask you some questions. You see?"

That is EXACTLY how it works. When we get up there, the **first thing** that happens is that ALL of the people whom we hurt in our lives ask us, "Why did you do that to me?" And like a person with Wonder Woman's lasso around them, we are compelled to answer them honestly. And we feel the full shame for any bad sins that we did in our lifetimes.

Jews who have had NDEs have said that they felt the shame, and that they felt naked, because they could hear the "thoughts" of their favorite uncle's soul who was standing and watching them, but not coming to greet them. And then we are judged and sentenced by the Heavenly Court.

Grandpa Sam said things to me over my life which sometimes astounded me. I never knew that he thought such things, and I didn't realize that he perceived such things. This continued until the last time that I saw him. I remember sitting at a table with him in that YUKKK NURSING HOME YOU FUCKING Failure of a son !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I will pray for your INCREDIBLE suffering for how you treated my grandfather!!!! INCREDIBLE. Maybe that will clean your filthy, dirty, disgusting soul.

We were talking about various things. It was mostly small talk. But I had mentioned something about him and me that had happened about 20 years before. I thought that I

would be just retelling the story to him while he listened. As I was talking, his eyes became very alert, he looked to the left, right at me (I was sitting to his left at a circular table), and told me something about that moment. After he finished, he relaxed again, looked back straight ahead, and his eyes became less alert again, probably because he was wasting away in that place all by himself, and probably also because he was too doped up on drugs. I will NEVER EVER tell you what he told me, but he amazed me with his insight as he had throughout my life.

Another thing he told me was only AFTER you had started abandoning Debbie, me, him, Minnette, your mother, your sister, your rabbi who had converted your 3rd wife and Bar Mitzvahed both of your kids, your good friends like Harley who your controlling wife didn't like because they saw what a DEMON it is, and everyone who had mattered in your life.

He told me at Thanksgiving at your house in 1993 something when you were in the kitchen with it and Debbie, finishing dinner. Minnette, he and I were sitting at the table, talking and waiting. Minnette asked me what I planned to do after graduation in 6 months. I told them a few of my ideas. I said that I was thinking heavily about teaching, in some setting, either abroad or in America. I also told them my idea of working in an African National Park, which I decided on a few months later. Grandpa started to say something, but Minnette said something first, so he waited. While she was talking, I thought that he was going to say, after she had finished, something like "That's my boy, y-y-y-you will be a fine teacher, fine teacher, or any of those other things you said".

Instead, when she finished, he said something to me, which TOTALLY surprised me, with a tone of disappointment in his voice: "I-I-I-I-I always thought that you would become a rabbi. I always thought that you would be a rabbi".

I looked at him straight to see if he was joking. He was as serious as could be. And he looked disappointed. I had nothing to say. I thought, "A rabbi? Just because I loved preparing for and doing my Bar Mitzvah? Our blessed Rabbi had "heavily encouraged" (more like "lovingly pushed", b"H), Bar Mitzvahs to lead the entire Friday night and Saturday morning services in Hebrew, something which required years of preparation, including 4 months of focused prep with a tutor every week immediately before the Bar Mitzvah, something which I had thought was normal until I learned over the subsequent years from Jewish friends in college, LA and Israel that most of them had read a Torah portion and Haftarah, and had not led the entire service, for their Bar Mitzvahs.

I had thought, "Just because I had loved doing my Bar Mitzvah, and I apparently had done it quite well as the Rabbi had hired me as a Student Tutor the following week for Bar Mitzvah students; just because I had, 3 years later, become an official, Paid Tutor for that; just because I had become a part-time Hebrew School Teacher in college; just because I had been president, vice president and treasurer of the several Jewish organizations which I had joined in college, he thought I would be a rabbi?"

I remember thinking that he didn't know me that well.

He said it again during 2000 when I was visiting him and his wife once or twice a week. I still didn't understand where he got that from.

Then I remembered that the 3rd gift that he had given me was a beautiful picture. You had brought it home from work one day, when you came home from Buena Park. It was one of the first months of you opening that store. As a kid I connected that store with him, because I knew that that store was close to his house.

I was upstairs in my room. It was evening but the sun was still up, so it must have been summertime or a month or so before or after. You came home from work. I heard you downstairs. Usually you stayed down there talking to Joy for a while before you came up. But this time you came up sooner. You said, "Al, Al, I have a gift for you from Grandpa Sam". Of course I was excited. You walked in with a beautiful drawing of a rabbi teaching a student Torah. It was in a beautiful wooden frame. I asked you what the drawing was, and you explained it to me. That weekend you put it up on my wall, and it went on every wall of every room that I had until you moved in with DEMON in Simi Valley.

All of my childhood you had referred to Simi Valley as "Slimy Valley. Yukk. Slimy Valley". But of course then you moved there as your first house with the demon and lived there for over 15 years. Of course, that was after you had spent my whole childhood disparaging psychologists and therapy, and then you married a psychologist, and then you let it administer unprescribed, pseudo-therapy to you.

I thought about what he had said about me on and off for years. I thought, "That's cute, but he didn't know me". I was also surprised because of his lifestyle.

Only in my 2nd or so year of becoming "religious" did I understand what an insightful man that my grandfather was. Amazing. He told me other things through the years ever since I was 14, which showed me that Gd had blessed him with insight and understanding which was hard sometimes to predict because he was very humble about it.

Did you know that the Torah tells us that the #1 characteristic that Gd wants us all to have is humility? You are all ego, and so is Debbie. My mother was quite humble in many ways. I do my best to be humble. Grandpa Sam was very humble. G-G-G-G-GD bless his soul.

You probably watched that movie "Click" thinking, "That will be him, Al will be sad that I died. He will be sad".

More lies for your narcissistic self. That will NOT be me.

I will honestly feel relieved. I will feel peace like maybe I have never felt before. And I will only send prayers to Gd to maximize your suffering as much as He wants to, and to

show you no mercy. He will know absolutely that the most important human being to your salvation, the one who could make the most positive change for you in your afterlife, with the least bit of effort, does not do anything except pray to him to increase your suffering as much as He sees fit. I will not pray for anything for you except MAXIMUM suffering.

And I will RELISH in that.

All of my memories with you I now see through the Truth Glasses. I now see that everything that you did “for” me was really for you. I now see that everything that you said was really just for you.

I NOW SEE YOU 100% FOR WHAT YOU ARE.

I PRAY THAT you will leave not just this universe, but the spiritual universe as well. I WILL PRAY TO GD TO EXTINGUISH YOUR SOUL. He relatively rarely does that, but even in His Torah He describes that He might do that in some circumstances. He might extinguish a soul permanently. No reincarnation. No life up in Heaven. NOTHING. GONE. FOREVER.

I will pray that He will extinguish your very soul from His ENTIRE universe.

Then the world will be a better place.

And all of the idiots in your family and my family and my old “friends” whom you and Debbie have influenced to stay out of touch with me then will call me and say, “I’m sorry, I was afraid of what your dad or his wife or Debbie would do to me if I was in contact with you” or “They were sending me money and I needed the money, I’m sorry. I really wanted to talk with you but I needed their money/contacts/mercy”.

What do you think I will say to them? Those people, if I today announced that in reality I am a multi-millionaire, and that I have just been testing people all along, to see who are my real friends and who aren’t, would instantly stop doing debbie’s will and all of her evil wishes, and instead would start kissing up to me. Suddenly, there would be a lot of, “Hi, Al! How are you doing? I’d love to come to Israel, but we don’t have the money. If Gd would drop us some money, ha ha, then we would come to Israel tomorrow!”

One of my favorite quotes for so long has been: “Money isn’t everything, but it can show you who your friends are”.

And, “Money can buy all the friends you want, but they are never worth the price”.

I know you so well. When you see the ending of this movie, you will say to your airheaded brainless idiot wife, with a smile, “Ah, you see, the guy in the movie was just dreaming, it wasn’t really real. You see? It was just a dream. It wasn’t real for him”.

“What are we having for lunch?”

“What? Pasta again?”

You are such a narcissist, the worst one that I know, that the meaning behind the movie will never sink in to you. It would have 37 years ago. But you have lost your soul since then. You are HONESTLY just walking dead. Did you know that there are people who walk around without their soul, because they “sold” it or something like that, and they gave it away for money or power or fame or whatever? Look it up about how many celebrities have done that. I’m not joking its very serious and it’s talked about seriously. Many famous people on the internet and Youtube, who are not otherwise religious, admit that they sold their soul in exchange for fame, money, power or something else.

That’s you. You have 0 soul anymore. You are just a human body walking around. Disgusting.

Here is an email which I sent to Debbie some months ago. You have probably seen it, but if not you can get a sense of how much I think you are such a loser who sold your soul and the rest of your life and your place in the World to Come to be with the biggest loser that I ever saw you date in your 3-4 years of dating **that I knew about.**

LINK.

[My emails to Debbie about my father. Italics writing has been added in by me now.](#)

THINGS THAT YOU SAID ABOUT MY MOTHER’S BROTHERS

A few months before I graduated college I asked you if I could come to live with you. As I wrote above, you said no because “I’ve had 3 failed marriages and this one has got to work”.

Pathetic loser.

Shortly after that I decided to do what I had thought about doing for years, but which you had strongly discouraged every single time that I had asked you “What do you think about me calling my uncles and talking to them?”

You had always said the same thing. You said, “I recommend that you don’t. They are both sons of bitches. They are liars. David lied under oath in a court of law about me during the custody battle that I initiated over you guys. Biggest liar I ever knew. Both of them came after me in a parking garage a few days after your mother [went to Gan Aiden] with baseball bats and threatened me. Your grandparents wanted to kill you guys

so that you would be with your mother. Those guys are dangerous and sons of bitches. I think you should never call them, and I think that you should never meet them.”

After you abandoned your only son by telling me that I couldn't move back in to your house in order to work for 1 to 2 years to pay off my student loans so that I could go and live and work in an African National Park, which I had already researched and contacted, I lost soooooo much faith in you as a person, as a father, and as a parent who would always be there for your children, and who would put them first for the rest of your life, as you had declared 4 times a week during the first 3.5 years after your divorce from my stepmom.

Oh yeh, that was just a bunch of bullshit as were all of your empty promises during those years. You just used those promises to get us to continue to decide to live with you and not to live with our stepmom. That way you saved paying her child support until we were 18 years old, something that you had run away from a decade earlier by battling my mother for custody of us and that you now manipulated your children into believing that you wanted the best for them so that they would live with you. So you fed us this TOTAL BULLSHIT about how “My kids are always gonna come first! Nobody is gonna get between me and my kids”. And so much more blah blah blah bullshit which you never stuck to.

“We are the 3 musketeers!!!!” You used to say that to us a few times a week. It was all just manipulation to get us to be sure to decide to live with you and not to say that we wanted to go live our stepmom and leave you, which would have devastated you psychologically to be abandoned by your own children, which you 100% totally deserve today. But more importantly to you, it would have put you in the position of having to pay child support to our stepmom.

And you learned how to do that from your good friend and attorney, the demon Bill Ritner.

He was such a good man.

He had done the same thing to his children.

He got custody of his children, stealing them away from his ex-wife, by doing all of the legal things necessary in order to show that she was an alcoholic and was not fit to raise them. **The truth is is that he was an alcoholic** as well, and a lifetime chain smoker which eventually killed him, baruch Hashem. He was able to hold down a career and so he showed the court that he was the better fit parent to raise his kids. But his main motivation for wanting custody of his kids was that he would not have to pay child support to his wife.

He taught you how to do that, starting with how he gave you the idea for fighting for custody of me and Debbie, so that you also would not have to pay child support to my mother.

So after you told me that I couldn't live with you because you were putting your new wife, a relationship which had been barely dangling from a string for the 5 previous years, as more important than me (**letting someone** come between you and your kids, and **NOT** putting your kids first, two more broken promises), I lost faith in you as a person, as a father and as a parent. I decided that if you were such a dumbshit and such a loser to tell me that, then maybe your warnings about my uncles was wrong also. All I knew is that I had thought for many years that if I were in their position, I would love to hear from my nephew after 20 years.

So after I lost total faith in you as a credible human being in Spring 1994, I decided that I would risk my life (as you had made it out to be) to contact my mother's brothers.

By the time that I found them a few weeks later, they were of course overjoyed to hear from me.

We met as soon as I moved back to CA and it was truly one of the greatest days of my life.

I felt, more so than I had felt from you, your ugly-ass sister, or her kids for many years, the acceptance and love of family. They seemed like two regular guys. I realized that I remembered Jerry. They did not give a SHIT what degree I had or what work I was doing or how shitty of a family I came from nor what my monetary worth was. They didn't care what my GPA was. They just loved me for who I was. I remembered that feeling from 20 years before from them and from my mom and from her parents on that day. It was one of the best days of my life, baruch Hashem. Thank you Gd so much for that day.

I remember feeling embarrassed to tell them about you and what a FUCKING DICK you are.

I remember feeling embarrassed to tell them that I had asked you if I could live with you after college for 1-2 years and that you had said no and why you had said no.

I felt embarrassed at what a loser my father was on that day. Once I saw what true family could be like, I was ashamed and embarrassed to be from your family.

YOU ASSHOLE.

Our relationship grew from there. Jerry invited me over every 2 weeks for weekend dinners with his wife and my cousins. I felt like I was in a different universe. Everyone accepted me no matter what I did or said. What mattered was me, not the aspects of my life. They both for the next 3 years told me everything that I asked about my mom and told me things that I didn't ask.

That was, until your wife and you subtly threatened them to stop telling me things. That was, until your wife and you subtly threatened them to stop telling me things.

They introduced me to dozens more of my cousins, whom I realized over the next few years were soooooooooo different from you and most members of your ugly-ass, manipulative, plotting, narcissistic family.

They are mostly normal people, who in stereotypical Sephardic style, are warm, kind, accepting, and give unconditional, lifetime love to members of their family. They have stories of deception, stealing and cheating of some family members, as well as many emotional issues. **YET MOST OF THEM STILL TRULY PUT FAMILY FIRST!**

DAVID PAGE DOES NOT. He puts politics before family. It is to be expected. He has the mentality of a 5-year old. By his own admission as well as numerous other cousins' descriptions, he was spoiled rotten by my grandmother as he was by far her youngest child, born 10 years after my mom, in 1954. He never grew up and outgrew that spoiled bratedness, so he has taken things for granted since he was a kid. You know that, because he has told me numerous stories of you telling him to "grow up" during the 3-4 years that you saw him regularly. He took his own life for granted (and it almost ended by his own hands, baruch Hashem), took my mother's life for granted (and it ended), and he has taken me for granted, despite his writing and telling me how "I still remember receiving your phone call and the first letter that you sent me when we reconnected".

He is a TOTAL PUTZ. He is the biggest putz I know. His politics for which he has extremely shaky deductive reasoning about (as evidenced in an email he sent to me in 2021), showing his airheadedness, he puts before family relationships. I am not referring to his relationships with me nor to just with one other person; he puts his politics before several of his family relationships. You know, like a baby would.

His pathetic lifetime buddy cousin does also, but less overtly than David does. She was also spoiled rotten as she is also the youngest of 3 children. She is still a spoiled brat. She is definitely a BRAT. She sent me an EXTREMELY rude Whatsapp message some years ago referring to my mom, as she has mostly thrown my mother's memory under the bus, as has one of her other female cousins. My grandparents' and mother's souls are aghast at the two of them. I called her out on her rudeness, to which she apologized.

Her sisters are stellar. Graceful, kind, warm, fun-loving, generous with their feelings and communication, giving, attractive girls and now women. Their mother was the same with all of that to me. She was one of those 90-year old women I wrote about earlier – more attractive than many 25-year old women.

Spoiled brats usually are lifetime spoiled brats. It's hard to grow up from being a spoiled brat. She is also a total liar just like David is. She will lie to your face like you and David will. You all 3 lie like you are drinking water (Israeli expression which goes well once you think about it).

She has ALWAYS reminded me of your sister. They don't look too much alike, different hairstyles and one is short and one is tall, but something about their energy has

ALWAYS reminded me of the other one. It still does. Also, they are both ugly women, getting more ugly every day. Every subsequent photo that I see of this cousin, she looks more hideous and dark and soulless than the earlier photo. Her sisters look better with every photo. What we see on the outside is ALWAYS a reflection of what's going on on the inside. Holiness and purity always look good. Evil always looks bad. Hence you and David looking worse all the time also.

But most of my mom's family puts family first. I have literally marveled at that ever since I first started hearing stories about embezzlement, lies, cheating another one for money, intentionally hurting another's reputation, and more. Yet the descendants of those people, who may still harbor resentful feelings (forgive but not forget, and sometimes haven't even forgiven), love to see each other on zoom calls and ask how they are doing, or write comments to each other on FB, and/or meet at reunions and catch up with each other. THAT is Gd's way. He never tells us to forget. But He wants, more than anything, that we do our best to love each other. And that's what I have seen her family do over and over. If chas veshalom Putin's nuclear missile landed on Atlanta tomorrow and I never heard from any of them ever again, their example (the vast majority of them) of always loving each other and loving to communicate with each other as a way of extending their love to each other would always be an inspiration to me to be like that, instead of how most of your family puts judgment before love.

But maybe, since they know you for all (Edie) or most of their lives (her kids), then maybe they know the truth, that you never wanted me, and wish now that I was not here, and so you also don't feel true love for me. That can be a deeper but truer truth about the situation.

Most of my mom's family don't **JUDGE** each other first as your moronic and ugly daughter and your ugly-ass sister and her daughter and you do, they **LOVE** each other first.

THAT is the way of Gd Marshal Klein you fucking asshole.

So regardless of how my uncles and a few of their cousins have turned out to be huge cowards, afraid of you and then Debbie, and one of them is just taking up space on the planet which possibly could be better used by someone else, my decision to contact my mom's brothers was one of the **BEST** decisions of my life, and like a few other decisions which I have made which were 100% against your suggestion, it turned to be one of the greatest blessings that Gd has ever given to me.

Another one was my decision to transfer universities. I FUCKING HATED studying at UCSB. HATED IT. And all of my life I had LOOOOVED learning. At UCSB, a school of then 20,000+ students, my GE classes were minimum 200 students and Campbell Hall classes of which I had at least 3, and I think more, sat 800+ students!!!! How is that learning?? You can almost never ask questions or get any personal interaction from the instructor. I might as well have watched it on Youtube, which didn't exist then. What was the difference?? It was a degree mill, not a place of academic learning.

Even my major classes were mostly huge, except for the labs. I went to UCSB because you forced me to go when all I wanted to do was to stay at home with my sister, you, my town and my synagogue, and go to community college for 2 years and transfer afterwards to UCLA, a place of learning. What was UCSB's biggest claim to fame then?? "Best College Halloween Party in America!!" Every year it received that distinction in college magazines. And all of the potheads and partiers at the school talked that up all the time. And "4th best party school in America!!" Wow. Something to really spend thousands of dollars on. IT WAS SHIT. SHIT education. Shit place to seriously study.

You forced me to go so that you wouldn't have to deal with abandoning BOTH of your children every night while you were at your possessive new girlfriend's house. (search for "looked sad" for a longer description of that).

You had told me since I was a kid, for years, about how David Page, my mom's brother, had lied under oath during the custody battle which you initiated, in order to not have to pay child support to my mother, and to ensure that your only kids that you could ever have, because of your present vasectomy, would not grow up to hate you and not want to see you. You also groomed us to be your financial providers when you got old. That's something I would have done without even being asked. Its part of the 5th commandment also.

You had told me that David Page had said negative things about you under oath in a California courtroom in order to discredit you so that custody would be given to my mother.

During my first private meeting with him after I had met him and Jerry together, he **spontaneously** admitted that to me as well, that he had lied, under oath, in a court of law, during one of the custody trials for me and Debbie. I hadn't asked him about it. It was the first time that I remember an older person telling me something negative about themselves (you told me that you were a convicted felon of Grand Theft Auto only 3 years after this meeting that I had with David, while you were too drunk to drive, so you told me to drive us around (search for "your uncles bribed the right people" in this letter for a longer description of that)). You would NEVER do that, spontaneously and voluntarily admit that you were wrong. I don't even think today you would do that. David admitted to me that he had erred in breaking California law, a law which judges take extremely seriously.

I do not remember, in my entire life, you ever telling me that you had made a mistake. Ever.

About your telling me about your stealing a car and going to jail for it, and that the record somehow got expunged, you never said to me that it was a mistake. You only told me about it on the day that I received my first graduate degree, because, well, I still don't understand why. But at the end of the story you (half-drunk) said, "You see, Al, you have

a master's degree today, and your daddy stole a car and went to jail for it. You see, you are doing great! Great, my son!"

You were right in that way. I was and still am "doing great" compared to you. To this day, I have never even been **accused** of having committed **any** felony. I have never been charged with a felony, nor convicted of one. I have never needed to have any record of mine expunged by my rich uncles who basically wanted little to do with me after that for a while. I was never forced to leave the state of my birth as a condition of the bribed expungement. But you have been accused of, charged with and convicted of a felony. You have personally admitted to committing 3 other felonies (search for "burglary", "forced entry", and "breaking and entering" for longer descriptions of your self-admitted crimes.

Your best buddy David Page, that little dweeb, intentionally-nasal sounding shithead who loves to play victim and who disparages my mother and his mother on a regular basis in order to make himself look "ok", when in fact he is the MOST mentally ill person of his 5-person birth family (by far), has himself personally admitted to multiple people his committing felony perjury in a Los Angeles County courthouse in the 1970s, a crime which judges take EXTREMELY seriously. They don't want to know that ANYBODY has threatened the integrity of **any** courtroom, least of all a California courtroom, least of all a courtroom in their own county. David's gonna be one sorry fella pretty soon (did I get your phrasing right? Of course I did, I grew up with it for 18 years).

My feeling tells me today that you told me that story on the day that I received my first Master's degree in an effort to try to take away from my accomplishment, by showing me what a failure of a person you had been, and trying to influence me to feel guilty about my accomplishment, because of your past. And I did start to feel guilty, like I had only achieved that because you had provided me a better childhood than you had had. **Of course your father never permanently took your mother away from you, after he had taken you away from your mother.** But to you, EVERYTHING is about money, money, money, money, money, money.

And when you told me about how you had tried to force your way into mine and my mother's house while she held you back with the front door, you said it with honor. You also were proud that you had broken into my mother's house in the middle of the day weeks later, and proud that you had, after breaking in, **stolen** items which belonged to me and to **HER** from the house (search for "forced entry", "breaking and entering", and "burglary" in this letter for longer descriptions of your multiple, admitted crimes).

So you did not call any of those several, serious crimes which you had committed "mistakes". To David's credit, he called his **lying under oath in a court of law and cheating the tens of millions of California citizens whom he, by his very own admission, broke their felony perjury law and decreased the trust that they had in their judicial process** a mistake.

The closest that you ever came to that was the last day that you physically abused me. When I was 14, on a sunny April morning, you pushed me up against the wall in the living room with your hand on my throat with a look of demonic rage in your eyes. You shouted at me and yelled at me “Do we understand each other?!!!” You had already hit me in the face before that.

That was very similar to how you here said to me a couple of years ago, “Understand?!!”

LINK.

Marshal gives me an instruction after I have been an adult for over 30 years, as if I was still obligated to follow his instructions. He was not supporting me with anything material at that time. Afterwards he yells at me, “Understand?!!”, something he has done ever since I was 7 years old after he had smacked me in the stomach so hard that I couldn’t breathe, or in the face, or with a belt, while I was crying and trying to catch my breath. He was a 180-pound dunce. This “Understand?!!” was 2% of how loud and aggressive he had said it from when I was 7 until I was 14.

(search for “red and contorted” for a longer description of that).

You told me to go and get cleaned up and ready for school.

You took us to school. About an hour later I was pulled out of class by a kind secretary. She told me you came to see me. I figured that you were going to lecture me some more. Instead, you said you were sorry and that “I will never hit you again”. I did not believe you. You had been hitting Debbie and I once or twice a week since I was 7 years old. But you did not.

That is the only time that I remember you getting close to admitting that you had made a mistake. And I am sure that you only did it because you were afraid that I would choose to go and live with Joy, who had just moved out a week or two ago, and of course that I would successfully convince Debbie to go with me, and then you would have to pay Joy child support on top of the alimony that you were already paying to her.

That is how arrogant, conceited and narcissistic you were. And you are only 1000x worse now.

(Search for “brick” for a longer description of that physical abuse incident).

You talked to me and Debbie seriously for almost a year about the possibility that we might move to Spain so that you could escape paying my stepmom the alimony that you had agreed to pay to her.

After you divorced Joy, you agreed to pay her \$5000 a month alimony to support her.

This was to continue until either she remarried or her mother died. You agreed to such a high amount because therefore she agreed to not try to take part of your luggage business in the divorce agreement. You kept the luggage business all to yourself, and she got a lot of money every month.

You prayed day and night for her to remarry, you told us all the time. You kept talking about it for over 2 years. A few times a week Debbie and I had to hear you talk about how she had to get married so that you could stop paying her that money.

You said that we were so poor that you had to sell a few of your guns that you had had for like 20 years.

You said that we were so poor that you were cutting coupons out of the newspaper every week for the grocery store.

You said that we were so poor that we shopped only at the grocery store which offered double coupons, giving shoppers double the worth of their coupons.

You said that we were so poor that you started giving the grocery store cashier a few coupons for things which we did not even buy. And she took them because she liked you.

After a few weeks of that, you started including dozens of coupons of stuff which we didn't buy on that day into the whole batch of coupons that you handed the cashier at the checkout on the same day.

Because she liked you, really liked you, she accepted all of them.

You used to talk about how we had just saved \$15-20 at the supermarket on coupons for things which we did not buy.

You predicted soon after your divorce that Joy would remarry very very soon because she could not stand to be unmarried and alone.

But time went on and on and she did not remarry. And you agonized over it all of the time.

You had agreed to give her such a high amount of money every month so that she would agree to leave you your entire business. You kept your business, and in return you paid her more money alimony every month than you would have otherwise.

After about a year of her not remarrying, you started to tell Debbie and I that we might move to another country to escape you having to pay her alimony.

You started to coach us about it, to tell us that it would be exciting and that we could learn a new language and go to school in Europe.

But you told us that we would not be able to talk to her again as long as we were living overseas. You told us that we would not be able to be in contact with her.

You talked mostly about living in Spain, probably because it was one of the cheapest countries to live in in Europe.

You talked for almost a year about this to us off and on, as a solution to you having to pay her \$2000 a month alimony.

After about a year you stopped talking about this. Interestingly, some months later she remarried.

On the day that you received her letter in the mail telling you that she had remarried, you called us up to your bedroom.

You showed us her letter. A few days later you bought a frame for the letter.

You framed that letter and kept it on a shelf in your bedroom for as long as I can remember.

Meanwhile, thanks to you, neither one of us saw her nor spoke with her since 1985.

(search for “begging her to contact us” in this letter to see how you pushed my stepmom of 9 years away from me)

**How you told me in my twenties
never to give you another gift unless I also gave a gift
simultaneously to your wife.**

I moved to Las Vegas to attend university after getting accepted to their Ph.D. program. I had been interested in desert biology since I was a kid, and had researched herpetology for my M.S. degree, and was interested in perhaps studying the Gila Monster in its natural habitat, one of the very few venomous lizards in the world, and the only venomous NA lizard.

You loved Las Vegas since I can remember. I remember us going there as a family since I was 4 years old. We went to Las Vegas about 3 times a year for shorter and for longer vacations. You gambled, and Joy would take us kids to Circus Circus or take us with her shopping or whatever. Then we would do stuff all together like going to Lake Mead or whatever.

This went on until I went to college.

So when I moved there for my Ph.D., I immediately invited you to come and visit me. Of course you did, within just a few weeks of me moving there. It was around Chanukah time.

You stayed in a hotel on the Strip instead of staying with me. We met several times while you were there. I think you were there for less than a week.

On Chanukah, I came to meet you as usual on the Strip at your hotel, and then we went out to eat and gamble and go to a show or whatever.

I brought to your hotel room that night a small gift and a card for Chanukah. I wrote some really nice stuff in the card.

You said thank you and you liked the gift. You did not give me a gift or a card as I remember. But that didn't bother me.

I remind you that since I was about 26 or 27 you have not given me any birthday gifts or Chanukah gifts. You sent me a card a few times since then. I am talking about the years that we were in touch during Chanukah and my birthday. You have rarely given to me a Birthday or Chanukah gift or a card to me since I was about 28.

I have sent you Happy BDay messages and also gifts for Chanukah and for your Birthday several times since I was 28 years old.

SCREENSHOTS FROM MY AMAZON ACCOUNT SHOWING ALL THE GIFTS THAT I SENT TO HIM AND TO DEBBIE, DAVID, JERRY, ELYSE, REBECCA IN THE 2010S. THEY SENT TO ME NOTHING, NOT EVEN A CARD, EXCEPT DAD SENT ME A CARD OCCASIONALLY, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE ALL WAYYYYYYYY, WAYYYYYYYYYYYY RICHER THAN I AM.

You have rarely given to me a Birthday or Chanukah gift or a card to me since I was about 28.

You have not even EMAILED nor TEXTED me a Happy Birthday message in 2023 nor 2022 nor 2021.

WTF????????????????????????????????/

LINK TO ALL EMAILS, Was , SMS I SENT TO HIM for BDaYS AND CHANUKAHS since 2010.

Anyways, we had a nice time together. I remember that it felt a bit strained, and I could not understand why. I now understand that it was because your insecure, idiot, moron, narcissistic evil demon “wife” was soooooo upset because you were going to spend a few days alone with your son. So you maintained a distance from me. I remember you floating to me the idea of you coming with her. I said you can come with her but I don’t want to meet you with her. I said, “Dad, can’t we have a few days just you and me? For once?”

So you left the fucking creep-ass bitchfuck dogface idiot ultra-controlling fuckhead psychotic ultra-possessive selfish murderer-of-its-own-child loser pathetic insecure assfuck in California.

Halleluyah. Praise Gd.

But overall we had had a very nice time together. We got along fine, and besides the obvious strain and self-imposed distance on your part (extremely fucked up by the way on your part looking back, and further supports what I wrote about earlier about how you claim that you supposedly distanced yourself from me emotionally in my late teens and twenties because of “my grades” – a ton of BULLSHIT – it was never about my grades, it was about you catering to the 8-year old emotional needs of that fucking demon) we had had a good time together. I was happy with you and I was feeling very good about you when you left.

A few hours after I thought that you had arrived home, I called you. I was surprised that you had not called me as soon as you got back to tell me that you were back, as I had asked you to. We usually did that for each other back then.

You answered the phone. It was around 7 PM. You said that yeh you had made it back and everything was fine. You didn’t call me because you were tired when you got back and you wanted to shower and relax. Your “wife” was not there. She had gone to SF to be with her family there for the late December time. I asked why you didn’t go to join her. You said that you were tired.

The truth as I knew was that you could not STAND her family and being around them. Just as you cannot stand them now, but you put up with it and you have forced yourself to be around them when she wants you to do so. And Blaine never has really liked you. So you preferred not be around them. It was actually Heaven for you to be at your house all alone, without the nudgy overbearing controlling demon there. You sounded very happy. Maybe as detailed below, you got into a fight and she left without you? LOVE IT!!!!
☺))))))

You told me, “I just got showered and I made myself a great big roast beef sandwich, and I just sat down in front of the TV and I’m gonna eat my sandwich and watch TV”. I was happy to hear that you were happy. I told you how much I enjoyed you coming to visit

me. I thanked you for all of the dinners and shows. I asked you when you could come back to visit me again. I told you how much I loved you. It was the first time in years that I started to feel close to you again and thought that maybe we were on the way to having the kind of close relationship we had had when I was a teenager.

**AND HERE IS WHAT YOU TOLD ME YOU FUCKING
ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

You said to me, “When I got home I told [depressed psychotic dipshit demon] that you had given me a Chanukah card and a Chanukah gift”. I said, “ok”. You said, “[Its] feelings were hurt because you did not give [it] a gift and a card”.

????????????????

I said, “Yeh, ok whatever”. I was thinking, “another stupid discussion about another one of that fucking ultra-possessive dumbshit’s drama moments. Who gives a shit? Why to give this child’s antics any more attention? Next topic (about Dad or me or Dad and me)”.

But you continued on. You said, “She was really hurt that you did not give her anything”.

I thought, “This is serious? He is really going to give this more than 1 millisecond of attention? Ok. I will give it attention. Just like every childish drama that I have seen from it for the past 10 years, I will blow its childish, psychotic, moronic behavior out of the water with a tiny application of logic, a concept which is foreign to narcissists like it is”.

I said, “A. It doesn’t celebrate Chanukah, so why would I give it those things? B. It did not give me a Chanukah gift or card, so why would [it] or you expect me to give one to [it]? C. I did not EVEN think to apply one of either of those (A or B) for [it]”.

“That is the simple story. What is her problem, Dad?? I also didn’t get a gift for Auntie Edie nor for Jeremy nor for my uncle nor for my friend Dave. I thought to get one for you because you were visiting me. If you weren’t physically in front of me I don’t know if I would have gotten you either a gift or a card. What is her problem ????”

You said (as you always had when I had **logically** shown you what a mental case she is), “I understand all of that. Yes I see your points. But still she felt very hurt that you didn’t get one for her.”

You continued, “So from now on in the future, if you will get me a gift, make sure that you get one for her also. If you get me a Chanukah card, make sure that you get one for her also. Or else don’t give me any more gifts”.

I asked you, “Are you joking or being serious?”

You said, “Yes, I am totally serious, Al. She was very hurt that you didn’t get her a gift and a card also”.

And what did you want me to do at your birthday, since your birthdays are at different times of the year???? If I get you a BDay card and gift, then I have to give IT one also even though it isn’t the time for its Birthday yet??????

Ridiculous. ANOTHER **ultra-ridiculous** childish controlling psychotic drama from the most narcissistic entity I ever saw you with.

You continued, “So you don’t have to get me any gifts ever. But if you ever do give me a gift, make sure that you get one for [the psychotic evil demon **energy-sucker**] as well. Ok? That’s it! That’s it Al, that’s all we have to say about that”.

That was your typical way to stop any further discussion. In your own narcissistic ultra-controlling style, you would always say, since I was a kid, “That’s it. That’s the end of discussion”.

Do you have any idea how hurt I felt after that? Do you have any **FUCKING** idea?

But that was probably your plan. It was definitely her conniving, manipulative plan. I just wasn’t smart enough back then to realize it then.

Funny thing isn’t it? About two years before that you and I had been getting close for the first time in many years in therapy. And who [what] came along to ruin that? (search for “shaken” for a longer description of how Sharon trespassed into our therapist’s office to intentionally ruin our therapy sessions, therapy which was bringing us closer to each other for the first time in years).

Now we had had such a great time together. I felt so good about you. I had written such nice, nice things to you on the Chanukah card.

And you had the chutzpah to tell me that?????????

HOW IN THE WORLD COULD YOU EVER TELL ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN
THAT?????????

YOU FUCKING SORRY EXCUSE FOR A PARENT.

YOU FUCKING SORRY EXCUSE FOR A MAN.

YOU FUCKING SORRY EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING.

**YOU FUCKING COMPLETE ASSHOLE. I WILL HATE
YOU FOREVER WITH GD’S HELP.**

FOREVER.

Over the next few weeks I called you and told you my feelings. I was hurt and angry. And you said nothing helpful. So sometime in January I told you by phone, while you were at your office, "Fine. I will NEVER give you another card nor gift ever again".

We did not talk again for another year and a half. That was only to move my grandpa out of his house for the very last time because your wife had tried to murder him (search for "buena" in this document for a longer description of that). We did not speak again after that for almost a decade. The next time was when I called you at your house and the DEMON you live with said, "Who's calling?" to me (see page 3 for a longer description of that, and search for "who's calling" in this letter for more descriptions of that). You had tried before that to manipulate me to call you once by moving my grandpa to a nursing home and not telling me where he was so that I would call you, and you had called me when he left this earth and left a message for me to call you. I didn't call you either time.

So essentially we did not speak for 10 years after you said that to me. I wanted NOTHING to do with you. **FUCKFACE.**

I sent you gifts around 2015 and 2016 for Chanukah and also in 2018.

You were the only one I sent them to in your household. It was 100% unintentional, and by then I had temporarily forgotten about the vegas thing. I just.....wanted to send you Chanukah gifts. I didn't think to send it anything because it wasn't in my heart. Only later I remembered vegas and I thought, "Oh, good thing he has been handling my gift giving well". THAT'S THE TRUTH MR. PARANOID.

You had appropriately told me and written to me, "Thank you, Al for the gifts. I liked [that gift] and I enjoyed [that gift]. That sweatshirt is very cool. I wear it outside and everyone tells me that it's really cool".

I had sent you Video DVDs of your boyhood hero the Lone Ranger and of Israel and other things, and books and sweatshirts with "Israel" on it and stuff like that.

AMAZON PAGES SHOWING GIFTS SENT TO HIM AND TO ELYSE, RIVKA, DAVID PAGE, DEBBIE, JERRY et al FOR YEARS.

Why did you choose such a loser to be with? Oh yeh for its money and its knowledge of working in real estate, your new career. And because it is a murderer like you are. (search for "buena" in this document for a longer description of that).

I guess those 2 things were more important than choosing someone who told your son, within a year or two of knowing him, in its status as your “girlfriend”, **“You’re better off that your mother died”**. See page 2 for more description.

I guess those 2 things were important than choosing someone who would be sooooo happy for her husband that his son came home from college in his first week there because he missed his family and his dog and his house and his town and his synagogue. I mean can you believe it???? **Which college kid comes home a few days after college begins?** Most parents back then were almost begging their kids to come back to visit before the winter holidays.

A woman who really loved you would have been so happy for you and would have left you alone with your son or whatever he wanted. She would have changed any plans that she had with you that day so that you could spend time with your son, not drag you away from him as soon as IT could.

A WOMAN who loved you would never approach that situation by telling you to tell your son, “[the demon] wants you to call before you come home from now on”

after I had spent 18 years coming home whenever I wanted to to MY HOUSE (search for “call before you come home” in this document for a longer description of all of that).

Then again, it is no “woman”. It is a demon.

I am **NOT** joking.

Evil demon.

YOUR “HATRED” OF PSYCHOLOGISTS AND THEN YOU MARRIED ONE, AND ALL OF YOUR OTHER PLATITUDES WHICH YOU ABANDONED QUICKLY ONCE YOU MET THIS DEMON.

All of my life I heard from you all the time, “I can’t stand psychologists. I ain’t never goin’ to no psychologist.”

You used to say that when I was a kid, and you said it **innumerable** times when I was a teenager.

I never understood why.

But then, alas, you were Mr. Big Mouth, along with his endless platitudes during my teenage years of, “I ain’t never getting married ever again. Nevah!”

And, “Ain’t nobody gonna ever tell Marshal Klein what to do ever again”.

And, “Ain’t no broad gonna ever tell Marshal Klein what to do ever again”.

And, “No broad gonna ever come between me and my kids!”

And, “nobody gonna ever come between me and my kids! (search for “come between me and my kids” in this document for a longer description of all of that).

And by the time that I was 18 years old, you had stopped saying ALL of those things.

Because, alas, you had found a new woman to control you. “Woman” I don’t know, but definitely a new entity to control you.

And, alas, she claimed to be a.....guess what.....psychologist. During our first meeting with her (aka, the first time that she motor-mouthed about herself until we were so sick of her after 10 minutes and pleaded with our eyes with you to let us leave the room), she of course told us first of all that she was a “psychologist” (search for “china doll” in this document).

This was not actually correct. She was not at that time and has hardly EVER been an actual “psychologist”.

It would have been like someone who had a Masters Degree in Education and a Teaching Credential saying that, “I am a teacher” even though they were working as a real estate broker and as an Educational Advisor for an educational toy company or something.

IT ”she” was a real estate broker, a social worker and a high school counselor at the time. It was a work addict because it had NOTHING else in its life. It was a hermit living in its tiny little cold dark house (even though it could have afforded MUCH more) because in ITs words, “I’m saving for my retirement, so I can get out of dodge and go and live somewhere in central California on my own ranch with my horse and just me, away from people. I don’t like people! Ahhhhhh hahahhahahahaha!”

I never understood what was so funny about that and what made it laugh so much at its own jokes.

Oh yeh, I guess it was that nobody else was laughing as usual so it had to laugh so that....it looked like the joke was funny, or.....maybe so it didn’t sound like an antisocial misfit, or.....I don’t know why.

She was no psychologist at all, and as far as I know **couldn’t actually have EVER claimed to have ever been a psychologist**, at least ever since she had been.....a graduate student? or during her internship for her MFT license?, if she ever had one.

But those aren't really the times to say that you are a psychologist, because you are just **"studying psychology"** or you are **"studying how to be a psychologist"**, you **are not** really "practicing" psychology.

Anyways, it was the icing on the cake. **Marshal Klein had backpedaled on EVERY SINGLE one of his oft-repeated platitudes** (repeated 2 or 3 times a week for at least 4 years), and now, alas, he was dating a self-claimed "psychologist". And he soon married a psychologist. And 20 years later he would be going to see a psychiatrist. And then he would start getting prescriptions for anti-anger medication and antidepressants and all kinds of psychoactive drugs.

"I ain't never going to no psychologist". You went to one 2 years after you stopped saying that with Debbie after she had manipulated you with her suicide "attempt", following her depression and her bulimia after you left her alone in the house all by herself day after day after day ever since I went away to college so that she got depressed and started making herself throw up every day. (search for "bulimia" in this document for a longer description of that).

You abandoned her at your house, a 16-year old girl, because that FUCKING DEMON demanded that you be over at her depressing house every night with her.

You HAVE FUCKED OVER YOUR CHILDREN FOR 36 YEARS ALL FOR A FUCKING DEMON WHOM YOU HONESTLY CAN'T STAND YOU JUST PUT UP WITH IT SO THAT YOU HAVE ITS MONEY (better material lifestyle with your monies put together than it would have been if you had been separate), for its real estate expertise (which you needed to learn how to make money in real estate), and over the last 16 years for its company (so that you would not be lonely) being all isolated (just as IT wanted you to be) on a ranch in the middle of nowhere far away from your kids and from anything Jewish, like real synagogues.

Great work, Narcissist Klein. You are a huuuuuge narcissist. Always thinking ultimately only about you.

YOU DON'T EVEN TRULY LOVE YOUR GRANDKIDS THE WAY THAT MOST PEOPLE THINK YOU DO.

They are just another part of your **Master Plan**.

You want your daughter to be good with you so that her money is an option if you ever need it.

You want your daughter to be good with you so that you and your wife can tell your friends that you get along with your daughter and granddaughters (so that they will erroneously see you as "ok"), so that you can tell yourself that you are "ok", and so that you can have two other people who LIKE you, albeit they are children with little real

knowledge about who you are or who you have been or the evil things that you have done in your life.

You have repeatedly said over the decades of my life about how “women are crazy” and stuff like that.

You told me when I was graduating college that I could not move back in with you because, “I have had 3 failed marriages and this one has got to work”.

HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHY YOU HAVE HAD NOW 4 FAILED MARRIAGES?

Yes this one is a failure. Your wife controls you and you are unhappy and you are slowly dying while IT is getting better and better all of the time because IT is feeding off of your energy.

Have you ever stopped to think about it?

Because, guess what, it is blaringly obvious to everyone else besides you.

YOU ARE THE PROBLEM.

I mean what is the common denominator in all of your 4 failed marriages?

YOU ARE.

The problem is not so much with them, it is with you and with your choices about who to marry.

The current one, your longest marriage, is 100% absolutely the MOST mentally, emotionally, and spiritually messed up wife that you have ever had. It is the most selfish, egoistic, narcissistic and evil bitch that you have ever been with, and I am including all of the women that you dated when I was a teenager.

My stepmom Joy was in and out of therapy, and apparently had issues with staying alone for too long in a rural setting.

My mother had emotional challenges stemming from her parents’ issues and from her own childhood and teenage experiences.

Your first wife Peggy threw a plate of spaghetti in your lap and grabbed her bag and disappeared from your life forever the night that she had had enough of your verbal abuse at her.

So, 2 questions arise.

1. **WHO is the common denominator in all of these 4 failed marriages? YOU ARE.**
Did you ever in your narcissistic mind stop to think that maybe the problem is YOU more than it was/is them?????

Because it is GLARINGLY OBVIOUS to everyone else that YOU are the problem MUCH MORE than they are/were the problem.

2. Why did you 4 times CHOOSE to be with women who had emotional challenges and in the case of your current wife are completely psychotic (I am not exaggerating or being sarcastic here).

IT has high-functioning depression, manic depression, passive-aggressive, narcissism and a host of other mental issues stemming from its sexual and physical abuse by its alcoholic father while ITs alcoholic mother just stood by watching and letting it happen. Hence ITs man-hating, its institution-hating, its people-hating, its society-hating outlook. It calls all of this “independence”, but everyone knows that “independence” is the furthest thing from an accurate description of who IT is (search for “sofa in the family room” in this document for a longer description of that).

Hence ITs murder of its own child (search for “abortion” in this document for a longer description of that).

Hence ITs never marrying.

Hence ITs manipulation of you by faking a suicide attempt right at the time that you were considering leaving IT (search for “slash” in this document for a longer description of that).

So again, why did you 4 times CHOOSE to be with women who had emotional challenges and in the case of your current wife are completely psychotic (I am not exaggerating or being sarcastic here) ??????

Maybe because you are also psychotic??

YES. 100%, ABSOLUTELY YES.

The problem isn’t just the 4 wives.

THE UNDERLYING PROBLEM IS YOU!

None of your wives had 4 marriages to 4 different people.

ONLY YOU DID.

YOU ARE THE PROBLEM, MARSHAL KLEIN. NOT THEM.

WAKE UP YOU FUCKING NARCISSIST PUSSYASS FUCKHEAD.

YOU ARE A PSYCHO. CERTIFIABLE PSYCHO.

In 2020 for my birthday you told me, “I have a birthday card for you here, but I can’t mail it now because of corona. I’ll mail it to you as soon as the post office opens again and its safe to go and stand in line there”.

I said, “Ok. Why don’t you take photos of it now and send the photos to me in whatsapp?”

LINK

[The alleged birthday card that I have NEVER received.](#)

You said, “Ahhhh, that’s too much work. I don’t really know if I know how to do that. I’ll just send it to you when things lighten up”.

5 months later I asked you about it. You said it still wasn’t safe to go to the post office.

Almost 4 years later I have still never received that birthday card.

There never was a birthday card. You have not sent me a birthday card for many years. You did not even send me a “Happy Birthday” email the last 2 years (search for “happy birthday” in this document for a longer description of that).

Until I was 13 I had never ever seen you cry. The first time that I ever saw you cry was at my Bar Mitzvah. It was after the afternoon party in the evening. You were drunk and you cried and told me how great I was and how great the Bar Mitzvah was and how much you loved me. Then you went to your bedroom and slept until late that night. I don’t think I saw you again until Sunday morning.

I don’t remember ever seeing you cry in front of me ever again after that.

You had forbidden my grandmother, her daughter my aunt, and her kids my cousins to come to visit us nor to even speak with us since I was 8 years old until I was 14 years old.

But your business partner Mort, may Hashem bless his soul, arranged everything so that my grandmother came to California, stayed with him and his wife at their house, and he brought her to my Bar Mitzvah at the synagogue. **But you did NOT let her attend my Bar Mitzvah party** which followed right after the ceremony.

You will say it wasn't you, it was my stepmom. It was you. The choice was ultimately **YOURS.**

After you divorced Joy, you told Debbie and I that we could go into your bedroom and bathroom anytime if you weren't home, and into your closet.

You had a filing cabinet in your closet.

And you had a shoebox on the top shoe shelf of your closet.

You told us that we could go anywhere that we wanted to in your bedroom, except to look into that shoebox. Your filing cabinet you locked.

So you told us, "Those are old pictures of daddy's. Those are daddy's private pictures. You guys can do anything you want in here when I am not home, but do not go through that shoebox of my pictures. Ok?"

We both said "Ok". I didn't think anything of it. I had seen a few pictures from there of Grandpa Sam when he was younger and stuff like that that you had showed me before. I didn't care, and most of all, you had asked me to respect your privacy, so I almost completely forgot about that shoebox of your private stuff.

What's interesting about it looking back now, is, if you really didn't want us to go through it, so why not lock it in your filing cabinet? Maybe the filing cabinet was too full of all of those documents and things which legally show all of your illegal activities, including who you paid to go and murder my mother when she was recovering in a hospital, your expungments, your marriages to Peggy and to my mom, and other secrets which until today most people don't know about you (search for "expungment" at the very beginning of the letter, "Bowman", and "acidic" for longer descriptions of those things in this letter).

Those were all of the things which your CIA-trained wife advised you once she was dating you, "Marshal, you better give those things to your attorney, Bill Ritner. You never know when your kids might go crazy and break into the filing cabinet when you are away for a few days. If Debbie already went into your shoebox after you told her specifically not to, there's no tellin' what else she might do."

Anyways, I was about 16 when you first talked about your shoebox. For over 2 years while I was still living at home I never once looked into that box. Once or twice you wanted to show me a few photos from there of you and of your parents and of Auntie Edie. So you asked me to bring you the box and you looked through it privately and showed me what you wanted me to see. It was clear that there were photos in there that you didn't want me to see. I did not give it any thought.

But Debbie, Ms. Control Freak, must have wondered what was in that box for years.

So, in my second year at college, after some months, Debbie decided, during one of her lonely nights in your house while you fucked around with creepy ass bitchface dogfaced atheist loser narcissistic fuckhead at HER house (search for “bulimia” in this document for more description about this) and left your 16 and 17-year old daughter home alone several nights every week, she decided to start looking through your photos.

So a couple of months later she told me that she had looked through all of them, and had subsequently started asking you questions about them.

I wonder how that went. Were you angry that she had violated your trust? Or had you been hoping that we would violate your trust and look through them?

She told me that she had FORCED you to answer questions that she had, and maybe had had for a long time, about our mother. She told me on the phone when I was at college, “I went through the photos in dad’s shoebox. There are so many photos in there of mom and of her family and of us. I’ve been making him tell me about mom and what happened with her”.

It was back during the time when I had still believed all of the brainwashing that you had told me about my mom that you had forced onto me for years before: that she was crazy, that her parents were crazy, that her brothers were crazy and that they were violent, and that her and her parents wanted us dead, and that she had tried to kill me and Debbie (search for “suffocate” and “unconscious” to see the greatest lies you have ever told).

So I didn’t want to know any more about her or her family. I didn’t understand why Debbie had spent her time to do that. I could not understand why she had violated your trust. I could not understand why she was pressuring you to tell her about our mom and everything that happened. I started to think that she had too much time on her hands in that lonely house by herself, and she was just looking for contentious stuff to bring up with you in order to get her anger out at you. (Both of those things were true. And look what great things for me and for her came out of it. And look at how it has made your life so much more difficult. Halleluyah).

I was thinking just like you had taught me to. As much as I hate her now, I thank Gd that she did do that. And you got what you deserved for leaving her alone every day. She did have time on her hands and she was correctly pissed at you. You will never wake up until MAYBE your last moments to realize that Gd’s will will ALWAYS be fulfilled.

LINK.

This will be EXACTLY you. You will regret what an asshole you have been only in your last moments, laid up in a bed, asking for a cigarette, and talking about how you cheated on Peggy, cheated on my mother multiple times, and cheated on Joy multiple times. And how you treated your children like shit. And you will ask me for forgiveness through someone else. And I will NEVER answer you. I will DEFINITELY not come to see you. NO way, hosay. When I hear from somewhere

that you have left, I will only look up, put my arms to the sky, and say, like everyone else you know will, "Thank you, Gd. Thank you" for relieving this world of such a monster.

Why did you keep these "secrets" from us for 17 and 19 years? What is the purpose of not telling your children about their mother and her family? What was the reason that you could not show us pictures of her and her family? Why did you not tell us the truth about our mother for all of our lives? WHY, WHEN I FINALLY STARTED ASKING YOU QUESTIONS ABOUT MY MOTHER AND HER FAMILY, **DID YOU NOT TALK TO ME ABOUT IT, BUT INSTEAD SENT ME TO YOUR ATTORNEY,**

WHOSE SON VIOLATED AND RAPED YOUR 16-YEAR OLD DAUGHTER

??

(search for "Brian Ritner" in this document for a longer description of that),

HAVE YOU NOTICED AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON, OR do you blind yourself to yet another one of Gd's trying to wake up so that you can fulfill your idolatrous vision of having a "successful marriage for once in my life"?

Believe me, there is NOBODY who has known you since before 1989 who thinks that your current "marriage" is anything close to "successful". And there are many people who have met you since then who also don't think that your current sham of a "marriage" is successful.

The interesting phenomenon is that as you get worse, your wife gets better. Have you ever noticed that????? Have you ever thought about that?? I know you very, very well. And I am POSITIVE that you have thought about that many times. But now you are trapped until the day you kick the bucket. Halleluyah!! Praise Gd!!!!!!

When you first met, it was such an introverted and nervous, socially incompetent entity. You were gregarious and friendly with almost everyone. Everyone loved you at your real estate office. You had friends and dates and you were funny and outgoing.

Within a year or two, you were so much less sure of yourself. You started the downward spiral into what you are now. I saw my strong, confident, sure of himself, outgoing, funny, giving, kind, helpful dad slowly becoming less sure of himself, more introverted, less social, less funny, less giving to people, less helpful to people, more selfish, and weaker in who he was.

But **IT** got more social, more outgoing, and was more liked by people in your office, except for smart Harley who as a REAL MAN could see from a thousand miles away that

IT was something to stay far away from. IT got happier and more extroverted (search for "Harley" in this document for a longer description of that).

Your decline happened steadily but still relatively slowly, until you followed IT'S dream of living like a hermit in the middle of nowhere with horses. From the moment that you moved to central California, your downhill progression deeply intensified. You became instantly depressed for almost a year. You told me yourself that you were lonely and depressed for a whole year after moving to there. Then it suggested to you to go and volunteer your time at places so that you would be around people.

Who would not get depressed and unhappy, living isolated from almost everything that they had known for most of their lives, further away from their children than they had ever been, in a Gd-forsaken place where they knew nobody, and they were not working for the first time in their lives since they were 17, and having to be around A CERTIFIABLE DEMON 24/7 WHO DID EVERYTHING IT'S WAY?????

Just being around IT 24/7 would be enough to destroy most regular people.

And things only got worse for you. Eye problems not long afterwards, a **TOTALLY** random event causing you to almost die in the middle of nowhere on your horse, back problems, more eye problems, almost dying from a rare disease mostly exclusive to that Gd-forsaken central California area, more eye problems, more back problems, more eye problems (search for "meteorite" for longer descriptions of all of those).

GREAT CHOICE MARSHAL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BRILLIANT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You gave up everything to live with a DEMON in the middle of nowhere so you could ride horses all day.

All the while it got even more and more successful and happy, and was more gregarious and outgoing than it had ever been before.

Now you can't ride horses, you have problems seeing, you can't even drive yourself around sometimes, and what do you have left?

LIVING WITH A DEMON 24/7 IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

And IT is doing great! Almost NO significant health problems, lots of "friends", and it has successfully controlled not just you, but it has control over your ENTIRE family. Debbie has become its covert slave (even Debbie is not totally aware of this). Your whole family kowtows to it all the time. On YOUR birthday, YOUR sister sent you a Happy BDay message, and she HAD TO include a message to your wife on YOUR BDay message, so as to not hurt its narcissistic delicate feelings which are a result of its HUMUNGOUS ego which are a result of its low, low self-esteem.

I remember that Auntie always used to tell me when I was in my late teens and early 20s, "Make sure that you include Lee in EVERYTHING you do. You don't gotta like her, but make sure that you include her. She's got some screws loose that one, but that's your father's problem not yours. If you don't include her in everything that you say and do with your father, you're gonna get it. She will give it to him, and then he will give it right back to you, kid". I gotta hand it to your sister, she knows people well (search for "vegas" in this document for a great example of how she was right). Unlike Edie, I don't play games like that.

LINK

[Aunties BDay message where she HAS to include Sharon Lee or risk getting the cold shoulder from both of them or getting excommunicated. She can't even say Happy BDay to him alone on his BDay.](#)

As you get worse, it gets MUCH, MUCH better. IT IS **FEEDING OFF OF YOUR HOLY JEWISH SPIRITUAL ENERGY YOU FUCKING IDIOT!!!!!!!!!!!!** I HAVE BEEN TELLING YOU THIS FOR YEARS.

WILL YOU WAKE UP FIRST OR WILL YOU DIE FIRST?????

The Torah explains to us that this is what happens when a Jew marries a non-Jew. The non-Jew sucks the holy energy out of the Jew. Both parties are aware of what's going on, either consciously or at least their souls always understand. Both are engaging in it for unholy reasons. At some level, the Jew knows that the non-Jew wants its holy energy, so for the Jew the non-Jew is like an easy prize, not so much hard work to keep the non-Jew around. The non-Jew knows that the Jew has self-esteem issues, and that the Jew thinks that it is dependent on the non-Jew's "love". It's another form of codependency.

BECAUSE you never grew up, because you idolized your father and his SINFUL ways, BECAUSE you followed after him by marrying someone just for their money, BECAUSE you married someone who in exchange for their money, you would do ANYTHING that they asked you to do, so you burdened yourself with such a selfish and narcissistic "wife" who is killing you every second.

You outdid your father. You chose a million times worse non-Jew than your father did.

Nice one, Marshal.

Nice one.

Good job.

IDIOT.

Your daughter has followed your example of exacting revenge on people who do not follow her directions through strongarm tactics, like hacking their accounts (multiple types), getting them fired from their jobs, harassing them at their house and outside, harassing them on their phones, affecting their social relationships and more. Of course she has someone do these things to others. Congratulations, Marshal Pissass. You did it in training one of your kids to be Jewish mafia, just like you have been since you were a child, in the violent Jewish gangs on the streets of South Side Chicago.

Except that so far, she has engaged in so many, many ways to hurt people, but she hasn't killed anyone yet. It seems. She follows in your wife's footsteps because, hey, that's her daddy's wife, and obviously daddy in some way always gives her the green light to commit these murders, so, hey, daddy must be right.

It doesn't matter what Gd Almighty says is ok or not. If daddy says it's ok, then it must be ok. "I am still 8 and 12 and 15 years old, in my mind".

"My daddy says, 'I'm always right. I only make 1 mistake a year'. So it must be ok whatever he sends his errand boy wife to do".

Daddy is my Gd.

Gd Almighty – he is #2 to my daddy.

Daddy is Gd.

Oh wait. Nanner is #2.

Gd is #3.

Wait. Kim is #3.

Gd is #4.

Doesn't matter. Gd is in there somewhere at least! I am already doing better than daddy's wife the atheist!

Hmpgh.

Yeh. I'm doing good, see?

When I was 20 years old in our kitchen one day when I was home from a school break, you and I started arguing. I had had enough of your bullshit. We were both on both sides of the center island. You were preparing a roast beef sandwich. Our arguing got to a point where it was clear that we were both thinking about hitting the other one. Debbie jumped

up from the kitchen table and said, “Stop it! Stop it!” and got in between us and told us to stop it.

Great father. So much for telling me when I was 14 years old that you would never hit me again (search for "fireplace" in this document for a longer description of that). It was clear in your eyes that day that you were considering it.

I remember when I was 14 years old, a few months after you had divorced my stepmom, during the summer I had gone with you to your store in Glendale to spend the day with you there.

I have never forgotten being in the back room/your office with you and I was playing with the goldstamp machine. You told me to practice on it so that I could start doing it to help you and the workers out when you guys got busy. You were opening mail at your desk.

You opened a piece of mail and read it. I have always remembered you getting up from your desk, holding a piece of paper, walking over to me, and hugging me and kissing me.

Then you said, “I am now a millionaire. You see this paper? This means that your daddy is a millionaire. I did it. I reached my goal, Gd blessed! Your daddy is a millionaire. Always wanted to be a millionaire. I did it, Al my pal, I did it”.

The paper was a letter from your accountant, Don Sinclair.

He was your accountant for decades.

He must have known as much about your finances from the time that I was an 8-year old kid until he died as anyone on the planet, even more so than your “wife”.

He also died at an early age (search for “sinclair” in this letter for a longer description of that). He died during the years that the IRS was auditing you. They audited you twice over just a few years.

He died while you were married to the “Oh yeh, oh yeh, the CIA tried to recruit me” 4th wife of yours, Sharon Ashworth (search for “the CIA tried to recruit me” in this letter for Sharon’s background)..

Interesting.

I remember you telling me at various points of my life that your only goal in life since being a kid (probably from being around your mom’s millionaire brothers (whom you never talked to again after they sinfully followed your mother’s ultra-sinful advice and did NOT loan you money) and from wanting to be sure that your childhood feelings of unworthiness and fear from parental abuse wouldn’t surface again, which money in

reality does not cure) was to be a millionaire (search for "loan you money" in this document for a longer description of that)

Interesting goal.

In reflecting on that, I have realized that your level of happiness has only gone down since that day. Year by year, you have sunk lower and lower. You have seemed like less of a person, and in reality you have been, because you have lost more and more of your soul every year. For a few years you were just losing it by yourself, fairly slowly. You failed the real estate licensing exam at least twice (maybe 3 times) before you passed it, and you fumbled around at your new real estate office. I remember you coming home from work and complaining to us that you couldn't figure out how to use the "Gd-blessed copy machine" for weeks. You spent a lot of your day in your boss Jim Keith's office, schmoozing with him, probably so that he would like you and not fire your incompetent ass. MANY times when I would go by your office after school to say hi or something you were in his office. I remember that you didn't look very happy. I had this feeling that you were trying to be like "One of the guys" with him. When you were around your good friend and co-worker Harley Rubin, who was one of your many casualties after Sharon Fuckface was in your life a couple of years later, you were different. You were comfortable.

Your sister is not a millionaire. She has never remarried. She has stayed contentedly single since her 2nd marriage. She has never let, as far as I have seen and heard, ANYBODY ever come between her and her kids. NOBODY has ever told her what to do with her life since her 2nd marriage.

Your sister has kept all of her promises that she made to herself, to her kids, and to me and I am sure to others 40 and probably more years ago.

She lives in the same small apartment that she has lived in for at least 40 years, and I think it has been more like half of a century.

That apartment is the size of one of your bathrooms probably. At best it is the size of one the smaller rooms in your house.

She always drove a very cheap car.

She has no horses. She has no motorcycles. She doesn't go out for venison or filet mignon dinners twice a week. She doesn't go out to eat hardly at all.

YET SHE HAS SEEMED TO ME SINCE I CAN REMEMBER AS A SMALL CHILD, A MUCH MORE STABLE, CONTENT, TRULY HAPPY, AND SATISFIED HUMAN BEING THAN YOU HAVE EVER BEEN.

And she has never been a millionaire.

And ever since you achieved that, you have gone downhill. Was it not all that you had dreamed that it would be? Or, did you achieve your lifelong goal and....then what? You were lost without a purpose anymore? This is the problem with Western ideas of achieving a material goal as a life objective **just for the sake of achieving it**. Once you attain it, then it usually doesn't seem so great anymore after a while. Then, some people rush to find another goal quickly, and then work to achieve that. And then another, until it becomes an addiction, and they become a workaholic or worse.

Every goal in life is blessed only if it serves Gd. Unfortunately, when you read that, you hear all of the xian banter that you have heard all of your life in America which is similar to that, and you think its crazy stuff, because, yes, much of what THEY evangelicals and others are saying and using phrases like that for is crazy. But I am saying it from a place of holiness (maybe some of the xian people who are saying that are holy also sometimes, bezrH, but there is so much of the other stuff that it becomes hard to discern between the two, so we naturally just spit all of it out. I know, because I spent a third of my life in that).

But it is the only truth. No goal is blessed, and no goal means anything, even to the one achieving it, if it is not serving our purposes which Gd gave to us before we were born, which is serving Gd. A goal to be a billionaire can be a blessed goal if it is a goal which serves our purposes in our lives that Gd gave to us before we were born, whatever that might be. But just to do something for the sake of, I don't know, telling others that we did it, showing others that we can do it, or whatever, in and of itself will leave us feeling empty afterwards.

I am not knocking you achieving your childhood dream, at all. KOL HAKAVOD! Mazal tov. I say that with complete sincerity. For someone to achieve their lifelong goal is something that they can be proud of. It had to happen at the expense of at least one innocent life, your children's mother. You also wanted custody of us so that we would be great tax breaks for you as your dependents.

When I was growing up you continually told me about how you were involved with gangs in Chicago. You said that your gang was mostly a Jewish gang and that you guys always got into gang fights with black guys.

You told me about how you had gang fights with the black gangs, you taught me how to fight, and when to fight. You talked about how some guys had knives.

You told me stories about how in the Air Force some guys tried to fight you and beat you up because you were Jewish.

You said that you had left Chicago to get away from all of that so that you could be successful. You had said, "If I had stayed there I would have ended up like all of those other guys in those gangs".

But in 1987 we went to meet your **childhood friend Howard Udolf** who had also been in these Jewish gangs with you.

Howard knew all of your childhood and teenage history. He knew all of your deep, dark secrets that you don't want people to know. Anyone whom you had killed or murdered in Chicago he knew about. He for sure knew about your arrest for Grand Theft Auto when you were 18. He knew about the record being expunged, and he knew about you having to leave Illinois as a condition of that. He knew that that was why you joined the military.

He also died at a very young age.

He died only a few years after we had met him.

You had a girlfriend named Sharon Lee Ashworth at the time that he died.

He had left that life behind and had become a fairly successful person in his career, and he had a family and nice kids.

And he still lived in Chicago.

If he could do that, why couldn't you?

Is the real reason that you left Chicago is because you were forced to leave after you were convicted of stealing a car ? And your uncles bribed the right people in order to get your record expunged on the condition that you left the state for a period of time and never lived there again? And so you dropped out of high school and joined the military as an easy way to get out of the state quickly?

The conviction records still exist. They require a higher level of clearance to access than just a regular background check (search for "expunged" in this document for a longer description of that).

And you can volunteer at a sheriff's department as a convicted felon????? I guess you can if it was expunged. Or if they don't know about it.

All of my life you have continually put down your father, your mother, and your sister as all being crazy. You showed me how they all lived lives with little money, and you were living life with a lot of money (Joy's mom's money mostly, until you started making money years later in your business). And you were inferring that because they lived at a much lower standard of living than you did, that that was evidence of how they were crazy and you were not.

When I asked you over and over whenever you told that story, "Why is it that your entire family is crazy (according to you) but you are not?", you always replied, "Because I was smart enough to get the hell out of Chicago. That was what saved me. I joined the military to get me out of Chicago. Otherwise I would have ended up like them".

Hm.

So your best friend Howard Udolf, who died a few years after I met him, stayed in Chicago and he built a life that he was happy about in Chicago.

But your argument for why you are ok and your parents and sister are crazy is because you left Illinois?? Your given reason for leaving Illinois is so that you wouldn't end up like Howard Udolf?

He seems to have ended up quite well.

Until he suddenly died a few years after I met him.

You had a girlfriend named Sharon Lee Ashworth then.

And you really THINK that 17 years of mental, emotional and physical abuse by your parents can be erased just by moving to another state? You really think that you can become wealthier than your family members just by moving to another state?

You really think that years of being involved in gang violence and fights could just be erased and that you would not “end up like all of those other guys” just by moving to another state?

No, the real reason you left was because you did not have a choice.

“Lyin’ gets you nowhere except into trouble”. You told me that all of the time when I was growing up, even when I hadn’t lied, but you just assumed I had, and I remember thinking, “Why does he always think that I lied even when I didn’t?”

Because you just saw in me yourself, even when I hadn’t lied (search for “whatever you repeatedly see in others” in this document for a longer description of that).

“Lyin’ gets you nowhere except into trouble”. Too bad for you that you never took your own advice.

Additionally, you always told me that my mom’s family was crazy. After you divorced Joy, you said that Joy was crazy. Whenever I asked you why you stopped dating a woman, you said that that woman was crazy. Except Kookwha, because we knew her story too well, and we knew that she wasn’t crazy (see “drove down to your office” for a longer description of that).

EVERYONE in your life was crazy to you. I wonder why you would choose to be married to and to date so many “crazy” people.

**YOUR “BUDDY”, THE SHERIFF OF YOUR COUNTY, is
being and has been investigated multiple times for many
incidents, including by the FBI for the death of
Andrew Holland, A JEWISH MAN**

You have volunteered for the sheriffs department, a department that has been and is being investigated by the FBI for the murder of a Jewish man, by unlawfully detaining him in a detaining chair **NAKED** for an entire weekend. He died from such brutal, evil conditions.

They are also under other investigations, and have had MULTIPLE deaths, complaints and investigations over the years that he has been in charge. So far, at least one of his employees have been (in August 2024) convicted and sent to federal prison.

You volunteer for them and you have for years and you say that you love it, to ride your horse like a cowboy with your gun and holster, patrolling the beach. You volunteer for the sheriff at meetings and in events that they have. You have had guns since before I was born, and you went shooting outside and in shooting ranges all the time.

You have talked him up to me over and over and over in the years since you moved to that Gd-forsaken area that you now live in.

Here is an article about that office.

“On January 20, 2017, San Luis Obispo County Jail officers took Andrew from his solitary confinement cell, and strapped him naked to a restraint chair. They would not let him stand 46 hours. Not even to use the toilet. Less than 45 minutes after jail staff released him from the chair, Andrew was dead”.

It was all over your local news and national news as well!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THIS IS SOMEONE WHOM YOU CALL A “GOOD FRIEND”??

No wonder.

You are a murderer. You married a multiple-times murderer, who tried to murder your own father.

You like murderers because you are a murderer.

YOU ARE A FUCKING LOSER OF A HUMAN BEING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

UPDATED LINK.

[News articles and videos showing multiple fatalities and a FEDERAL conviction of a SLO law enforcement officer, all within the past 2 months to 10 years, in San Luis Obispo County, where Marshal Klein has been volunteering for 14 years.](#)

You and Debbie masquerade around as if you are the best of pals, the best of friends. In reality though, you are not a good father to her either. And she does not honor you as well as it seems she does.

In 2009, she told me how you are so cold (search for “Well, you know, Dad, how he is so cold and distant” in this document for a longer description of that).

In 2011, she told me that you guys don’t talk so much and don’t visit with each other so much.

In 2012, I told her how she should start spending more time with you physically and should talk to you more.

In 2012, she told me how your wife “is a nothing. She is a nothing. Just be glad that he has someone to keep him company and take care of him so that we do not have to”.

She stopped talking badly about you after 2012, because that was when you came to visit me, and following in the footsteps (as she has done all her life until today, following in the footsteps of you, your wife, Nan, Joy and Kim) of your demonic “wife”, she started to become jealous of us getting closer again. So she changed her game and started to be nicer to you and to see you more and talk to you more (as I had suggested to her).

LINK TO RECORDING OF ME TELLING DEBBIE TO SEE HIM MORE

LINK TO THE 3 THINGS ABOVE. including that "he has someone to take care of him".

But nothing has really changed fundamentally between you two.

She still can’t stand being around your wife. She still is rarely around your wife.

She touts herself to everyone for years as a “kind of” religious woman. But she has stayed in your non-mezuzah house (because your wife won’t let you put it up and you acquiesce to whatever your wife tells you, even **BLASPHEMING GD AND VIOLATING HIS COMMANDMENTS IN THE PROCESS**) (search for "my wife told me that if I put up a mezuzah" in this document for a longer description of that) many, many times without you having a mezuzah; she goes out to eat with you all the time at non-kosher restaurants, she parades around in front of you in slutty outfits, and she does not cover her hair. She does not go to Israel, she does not keep Shabbat, and she FOR SURE does engage in massive idolatry, putting what her FATHER thinks about her way above what Gd wants her to do, just so that she can stay in good with you.

Why does she want to stay in so good with you? Because she is afraid that if she does the things that her soul really wants her to do, then she might lose your love, your emotional support, and your time. And if that happens, then she will have to explain to her daughters, especially the oldest one, why putting Gd first before her father's approval of how she leads her life is the most important thing to do. She doesn't know if she would be able to handle the possible criticism and disapproval of her daughter(s) if she did the holy thing, which is to do all of those things to be a truly Gd-aweing, religious woman.

Because she fears that if she did all of those things, then you might not approve, and in your family's way for generations (like your parents were to you, especially your mother was to you after you married a non-Jewish woman in your first marriage), you might then withhold your attention and your "love" for her, in an attempt to get her to change back and become less religious. You would try to manipulate her into being less religious by withholding your affection and engagement of her to a certain extent.

Exactly like you have been doing to me. You think I didn't know it?????

Its a classic play of a small amount of non-religious families when one person becomes religious. The others try to manipulate the newly religious one to chas veshalom not be religious by withholding their love. The truth though is that there was never any real love there in the first place, so the religious person has nothing to lose, and is better off to realize this and leave those false relationships behind anyways. You think that great rabbis don't already know about this and are prepared to counsel those of us who come from shitty families if and when such shitheads try to pull such manipulation, such blasphemous manipulation?

Gd always deals with everyone according to their actions. Baruch Hashem.

And so you think that is a good relationship with Debbie, that she is afraid that you will do to her what you have been doing to me for years?

Good relationship?

No.

But it is MARSHAL'S type of relationship. Its built on control and manipulation.

I remember the last argument that you had with my mother in front of me. I remember what she said about you. Someone who knows you very well had to help me as an adult to put into context what I remembered hearing. But I understood it ever since then. She knew how evil you are.

I think that she scared the shit out of you.

And you know that Debbie feels dependent on your approval of her because she has to show to everyone that her parent is a better grandparent to her kids than her husband's parents are. In EVERY communication that she has said or sent to me about Jeff's parents, she has only told me about how weird they are. She has told me that she **can't stand being around his mother alone.** She used to feel soooo stressed about going to Florida to visit them, because "his mom, Peggy Berg, drives me crazyyyyyyyyy". She has told me about how you are SUCH a great grandparent to her kids. So she needs to keep up the competition **that she has obviously created** against her husband that **her** parent is the better grandparent.

RECORDING OF DEBBIE SAYING SHE DOESNT LIKE BEING AROUND JEFFS PARENTS.

HER SAYING HIS MOM DRIVES HER CRAZY.

She also likes to keep up the fake image to her friends and family that her relationship with her dad is so good. She thinks it validates her to other people, like that she must be ok if she is in communication with her dad, and if she can continually post pictures of them together, even if she blasphemes Gd chas veshalom and dresses like a total slut in front of her own father.

So you know that she feels dependent on your approval. And you use that to your benefit to manipulate her to not go too far out of bounds. You want her to not be too successful in life (lest you look bad to other people), not be too religious (lest you feel like you want to be more religious, which would create great friction in your house with your atheist narcissistic demon), not be too religious (lest it might strain your relationship with her because you could not also become religious like her, which means that she could not eat at your house from anything that was cooked there, and she could not sleep there because you don't have the confidence anymore to behave like a man and to tell your antisemitic wife to go and fuck herself if she doesn't want you to have a mezuzah on your door).

Good relationship?

Hardly.

And you want to look good to your friends and family, that you have communication with at least one of your children.

The funny thing is that people know the truth. They all know that if a child hates the parent, 99% of the time it is because the parent is an ASSHOLE.

I mean, it takes a LOT for a child to hate a parent so much. It took me all of these years to finally decide that I FUCKING hate you. People RARELY blame the child (even if they say it to appease the parent who is their "friend" or family). In their own thoughts and when they talk to people they trust, they always say that there must be something wrong with the parent if their child despises the parent so much.

No matter how much of a smear job the parent and his other child do. People ALWAYS know the truth.

You have let down both of your children and all of your grandchildren.

Nice work, Marshal.

Good one.

In 2019, I was talking one night with your cousin Jeff. We were having a regular conversation as we had had for years on and off. You called me on the other line. I was talking to Jeff on a landline, and you called my mobile phone.

I told Jeff, "Hey, my dad is calling me on the other line. Hold on just a second". He said, "Ok". With Jeff being able to still hear me, I answered your call on the speakerphone. I said, "Hi, Dad. How are you doing?" You said "Fine, are you busy now?" I said, "I'm on the other line, can I call you back when I get off of it?" You said, "Sure". I said, "Dad, guess who I'm talking to?" You said, "Who?". I said, "Your cousin, Jeff. Do you want to say hi?"

Then your phone call suddenly ended.

RECORDING OF PHONE CALL.

I guess you....didn't want to talk to Jeff.

I wonder why. Hm.

How embarrassing for me to get back on the phone with Jeff after he had heard that. When I called you back, I said, "You didn't want to talk to Jeff?" You said, "No not really not right now. How's the weather in Israel?"

About 10 years before that his daughter had been Bat Mitzvahed. He invited you and your wife to come. Of course your MAMASH antisemitic wife would never go to a Jewish event, so you drove 10 hours by yourself to go. You stayed in a hotel I think?

You went to the Bat Mitzvah. When you were there Jeff and his wife and kids treated you very nice and tried to make you feel welcome. But they couldn't sit next to you and hold your hand throughout the whole event. So, when the party got rolling and you felt alone, you just got into your car and drove back 10 hours.

I wonder why you felt alone. Maybe,

A. You had not been such a great relative, not proactively keeping in touch with them over the years. Jeff made more attempts to be in touch with you by phone and to visit you when he was in your area than you ever did.

And, Dad, the money excuse doesn't fly with him. He had all the money that he ever needed. He is one of the few people that you CANNOT say that he wanted to be in touch with you just because of your money. He never needed it and he never wanted it.

He just valued family and wanted to get to know his first cousin better later in his life.

He holily did NOT want to repeat the sins of his father and of his uncle, your dad, of not being close with each other later in their lives.

But you did very little on your own to sustain the relationship with him or with your other two cousins. You let your sister be in touch with them instead.

B. They had plenty of other guests, family and friends, who were there who HAD cultivated relationships with them over the years, and they wanted to spend time with them also.

If you had been the Marshal Klein of the 1980s, you would have enjoyed your time there, either just by yourself enjoying the party, and staying a few days after in order to spend time with your cousin, or you could have met and conversed with others at the party, like your other 2 cousins who were there and their kids.

Instead you left in a huffy because you weren't being catered to by people whom you had mostly ignored for years. They were not upset with you, they just had other people to be with. But you had spent the last 20+ years adopting the personality of a HUGE narcissist whom YOU chose to marry, who would never "put up with" herself not being the center of attention in every moment in every social situation.

IT is definitely also a covert antisemite. Somewhere in there you know that that is true.

So, for 10 years you remained angry at your cousin Jeff, because he did not hold your hand during the whole Bar Mitzvah party. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Pathetic.

Real man.

So you closed the phone as soon as I said I was on the other phone with him.

Just like you threw our rabbi of 15 years who Bar Mitzvahed your children under the bus because your bullshit dogfuck narcissistic antisemite wife had a tissy because he would not lose his job in order to marry you both (search for "Conservative Movement" in this document for a longer description of that).

Thank Gd.

You have been ignoring me again since January 2024 just like you did in 2023.

Since January 2024 I have sent you numerous emails trying to set up times to speak with you as well as other emails trying to communicate with you.

[See emails in this thread from January 2024.](#)

The only communication that I have had from you was when I called YOU on the only night in HISTORY when a country was attacked with more projectiles than any other night in history. You didn't call me to see if I was physically and emotionally ok. You answered my call but most of the conversations were the same old shit from you (search for "projectiles" in this document for a longer description of that),

Otherwise you have been ignoring me since January 2024, a repeat of your behavior in 2023, when you ignored me from January to October 2023, except for 3 one-liner emails.

These are all of my nice, cordial Jan-Sept 2023 emails to Marshal. He only replied one time during that entire time. I invited him to speak with me and to communicate with me several times. I wished him "Happy Fathers Day" and even reminded him of my birthday. HE DID NOT EVEN SEND ME A HAPPY BIRTHDAY WISH. There is also my 2023 Birthday Card to my niece Elyse/Rachel, who has probably never even seen it because Debbie is a psycho, trying to repeat the sins of her father of keeping her kids away from some of our family all of our childhood, just like she repeats the sins of her grandmother in convincing my family NOT to help me when I need it, like my grandmother told her brothers to not help my father when he needed it. AWFUL THING TO DO.

You must not be very happy with your marriage because since I can remember you have always been looking for other women and at other women.

When you came to visit me in Israel in 2012, you told me that you were still looking for Peggy Bowman, your first wife, online. You said that you had used Facebook and the internet to find her. You said you tried calling a few numbers but none worked. I told you that I would start looking for you. I looked on the internet for a while and then called you to tell you that I could not find her. I was going to email you but I didn't want your wife to see such an email from me. A few weeks later I looked again and found some info and gave it to you. You never commented on it so I assumed that either your wife found my research I had given to you or she was around whenever we talked so you didn't want to talk about it.

RECORDING/EMAIL WITH PEGGYS INFO I FOUND.

The day you left Israel I arranged a special surprise for you. You had a very early morning flight. And you had complained about how sitting for so long on the flight to Israel was so uncomfortable for you, and you were sore, etc. You had said a few times that you weren't looking forward to the return flights (2 connections!), for the same reason.

One connection was in Germany – you despised it the most because of the feeling you got from being in that place – you said you would never even land there ever again – good perception – and let's not forget that your wife and her brother loved their time when they were stationed there in the military (?) or whatever covert training she really had.

So I thought of a way to help you. I had a friend at the time who was a professional masseuse. She was about 31 years old, very cute, very nice lady. Our relationship was always only as friends.

I came over to your apartment that night at the time that you told me to, to pick you up to go out to dinner together. I told you that we would delay our plans to go out to dinner by one hour because I had a surprise for you. A few minutes later my friend showed up with her massage bed and all of her stuff. I met her downstairs and helped her to carry the bed upstairs. It was such a pleasure to walk in with her and to surprise you. I was happy to see how happy you were with my gift. She gave you an hour-long massage.

When I showed up an hour later, you told me that it was great and that you had just gotten out of the shower and you were getting dressed. You told me that she did a great job but that she “....didn't want to give me a Happy Ending”. I asked you what did that mean. You explained to me that it means that the girl “jacks you off at the end of the massage”. I laughed but was a bit uncomfortable.

We went out to eat on your 7th day in Israel (who comes to Israel from America for 7 days??), and you left. I was sad and asked you about coming back that May or for Rosh Hashanah, two times when the weather is usually warm but not hot, plenty of sunshine and longer days for traveling around. (search for “bryce” in this document to see how that turned out).

The day after you left I met her to pay her. I apologized for you asking her that. She told me it's ok, that sometimes men ask for that. She said that she would prefer not to give you a massage again though.

I was mostly surprised by that because I had thought that you were happily married, otherwise why would you be married?

Then I remembered how you bought your wife a male stripper for her birthday in 1996/7. You “surprised” her and her girlfriends by having him come over to your house during

her birthday party. I remember that the next time that Debbie and I were at your house, you told us about it, and well, your wife told us **of course** MUCH more than we wanted to know. Disgusting. WHO TF buys a male stripper for their wife on her birthday???? Disgusting. Did you think that you weren't enough for her?

In 2012, Debbie told me how your wife “is a nothing. She is a nothing. Just be glad that he has someone to keep him company and take care of him so that we do not have to”.

I could not believe my ears about the 3rd sentence. (The first two she taught me something, and she was right).

Great daughter.

RECORDING OF THAT CALL FROM CLOUD

In the 1980s you told me soooo many times, “I ain’t never gonna get married again. Broads they just want to take your money. They just want to take you to the cleaners. I ain’t never gettin’ married again. It’s just me and my kids from here on out!”

However, your own sister knew better. Whenever we would see Auntie Edie in CA or at her place when I was a teenager she said repeatedly to me during those years, “Your father will remarry. Your dad CANNOT be alone”. She said that over and over for years. And I always laughed and said to her, “Auntie that's not true. Daddy says that he will NEVER remarry” (because you said that about twice a week to us for years: “I ain't marrying never again. No broad is ever gonna tell Marshal Klein what to do again”). She replied, “Your daddy will remarry. I guarantee it. I know your father. He cannot be alone. Watch.”

She got that one right too, didn't she?

LINK

[When I saw this movie in the theatres it reminded me of you soooooooooo much. And I decided after this that I wanted to be sure that with Gd's help I would never be like that. I dove into understanding the reasons for why some people do not like to be alone, and then I subsequently understood what I could do in my own life to be comfortable with being alone. This was not the first time that I had researched this idea, but I engaged the study of this much more after seeing this movie.](#)

In that clip Jerry (Tom Cruise) arrives to a surprise BDay party given to him by his co-workers and his friends. A few days earlier, he had written a memo to everyone in the super big Sports Agency where he was working that the company should focus less on profits and more on its relationships with its clients. The guy who says, “We still on for lunch tomorrow?” asked Jerry to lunch to fire him. Every co-worker at the party knew he

was going to be fired the next day. This video that his co-worker “friends” made for him was to humiliate him at his own BDay party. But the pissed off ex-girlfriends in the movie were being sincere in what they thought about Jerry.

Like you said so many times to me after your divorce when topics like my stepmom or similar topics to this movie clip came up, “A woman scorned” (search for “a woman scorned” in this letter to read about that).

You “can’t be alone” because like David Page, when you are alone, your emotional issues rise to the surface, and you can’t handle those feelings. Someone who has dealt with their emotional issues is truly comfortable to be alone, anytime, anywhere. I’m surprised that in 36 years your “psychologist” wife hasn’t taught you that and worked with you to help you to be like that.

Oh yeh. I forgot. It was never really a practicing psychologist. And oh yeh, I forgot.

It also cannot be alone. (despite its constant reminders to me for the 10 years that I semi-regularly saw it, that “I am an independent woman”).

You ain’t an independent nothin’. And you definitely ain’t no woman/human.

When you visited me here in 2012, I had a very good friend at that time here in Israel. You told me 3 times while you were here and twice when you got back to CA how nice he was to you.

And he was very, very nice to you. And he had known for 5 years all of the stories about you. And he was still very very nice to you.

One day we met him at a café for a little while. The three of us talked together for an hour or so. We had a good time talking about everything and looking at the beautiful Israeli women and talking about them.

After some time I had to go to work. I told you that I would meet you in about an hour or so after I finished with my client. You didn’t know how to get back to your car. I started to explain it to you. Then my friend said, “Marshal, I will show you how to get to your car.” That was TOTALLY out of the way for him. He was supposed to go home north, and your car was directly west of us. He walked you for 10-15 minutes west to your car to be sure that you got back there ok. He went 20-25 minutes out of his way to be sure you got back to your car.

You told me later that during the walk that he had acted like a tour guide for you, telling you about things in the town as you walked.

You told me later that day, "That guy is really nice. That guy was really nice to me. He took great care of me. You got yourself a great friend there".

We met him a second time also for a short time. You could not stop telling me during your trip and after you returned how much you thought about him being such a great person.

After you left I told him what you had said about him. He laughed and was grateful for your appreciation of him taking care of you, but for him that was normal.

I asked him though a few days later, "Why did you take such good care of my dad? Why were you so nice to him, after everything that you know about him?" He told me that, "Al he is your father. I don't like how he treats you or the way that he has not been a good father to you. But he is your father. Of course I will take care of him. He is your father".

THAT, Marshal Klein is how good holy people treat each other.

In 2020 you disowned me. For what????? Seriously you fuckhead?? For what? Because I told you and Debbie that Gd could punish you for sinning?????

R U OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND YOU ASSFUCK????????????????????

You disown your son, your child, your first-born because he told you that Gd could punish you for sinning?????

YOU ARE SUUUUUUUUCH A FAILURE OF A HUMAN BEING.

LINK.

[The letter that I sent them in October 2020 asking them both to really help me, and asking Debbie to at least help me as much as my dad had pledged to help me \(half of my expenses for 6 months\) after Corona destroyed tourism in Israel.](#)

LINK.

[The message where Marshal Klein disowned me because he said that in the October 2020 letter that I had said that Gd would "do terrible things" to specific people.](#)

That is not written ANYWHERE in the letter. Marshal has never had the patience to read a 4-page letter in only 1 day. DEBORAH told him what she wanted him to think that it said. He had told her, "I don't have the patience to read all of that. Read it and tell me what it says". So, because she blamed me for her daughter getting diabetes 2 months before (um, what did I have to do with that....Deborah, you fucking kook), she used the opportunity to seek revenge on me, like she hurt my old "friends" a few months ago because she suspected someone but she didn't know who of ratting on her evilness to me. Anyways, why would he care? He doesn't "believe in that stuff".

LINK.

My civil response to his message above.

But your ultra-shameful and totally sinful response, the 2nd one above right here, no matter what I had really said, reflects your 1950s gangster-type mentality. It reflects your meathead mentality. “You ah said summin’ about mah girl, so I’m a gonna punch yah lights out”.

What kind of Neanderthal still thinks and writes/talks likes that? Oh yeh, Neanderthals. No, that is giving too much credit to you. You are more like an Australopithecus.

I mean, what does that solve? It makes you feel tough? It makes you feel like a man that you are “protecting” your woman/family member/whomever ?? “You said uhdad, so now I’m a gonna do a summin to you.”

Or was it just good for you to write to me, because it strengthened your illusion of a relationship with Debbie?

I am so surprised that your wife let you write something soooooooo low-brow to me. Didn’t she know that it would get out and make you look like the meathead that you are, the 1950s Chicago gangster that you actually, really are?

And then it makes her look bad too, which is her penultimate fear, of her looking stupid or ignorant to others. That’s why she told you many years ago to hide your human calculator gift that Gd gave you, because she was afraid others would think that you are autistic (maybe you are, so what??), and then....um....I guess that they would then think that she was less of....something.....because she was with you.....maybe she was also autistic.....or bipolar, or passive-aggressive, or clinically depressed with HFD, or narcissistic.

I’m surprised that she allowed you to write and send me such a primitive, meatheaded thing which shows everyone your Neanderthal mentality and your gangster past.

“Jou uh said summin bad about my girl/relative/pal/favorite food/favorite dive on Main St. If you ah say dat again I’m a gonna mess you up”.

The worst thing is that I didn’t say anything about anyone. I said what Gd might do.

You are a fucking primitive airhead. You are a fucking dummy.

Honestly.

You are a total fucking dummy.

What is your problem with me being a religious Jew and keeping His commandments?
WHY IN THE WORLD DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT? DO YOU
HAVE ANNNNNNNNNY FUCKING IDEA how big of a sin you have incurred by
being like that?? That's why Debbie has not become fully religious, why she doesn't
cover her hair, why she never pushed you to put a mezuzah on your house, why she never
gave you tefillin or tzitzit until I told her to, and why she dresses like an absolute
WHORE and SLUT even in front of you!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Because she is too afraid to upset daddy who would disapprove of her becoming religious
like he disapproves of me because then he would feel "left out" and like the FUCKING
SHMUCK THAT HE IS because his children would be religious while he was married to
an atheist goy who threatens him with idolatry if he EVEN PUTS A MEZUZAH UP ON
HIS HOUSE.

About mezuzah, he says what I told him two weeks later he said, and he told me that
I am always changing stories. He says I have a better memory than he does. Debbie
does not put a mezuzah up when she stays in his house. Aunties mezuzahs. He gave
everything, including his and my mother's ketubah, all photos and documents of
her, all of to Debbie. He did not make copies nor send copies to me. I am nice and he
is rough and abrasive. He doesn't say "I love you" after I do at the end.

YOU ARE SOOOOOOOO FUCKING LOST.

Do you know how many Jewish parents would make a deal with Hashem to give up years
of their life if their child would become religious because she or he LOVED Gd so much
that they wanted to devote their entire life to Him, and to turn around the sinful ways of
his/her parents and grandparents who abandoned the religious way of life which their
ancestors for 3600 years had kept???????????

DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH OF A TOTAL DUMMY YOU ARE??????????????????

A TOTAL. FUCKING. DUMMY.

What kind of a father, except for a pussy ass dickhead evil fuckheaded father plays with
his child's food money that he promised him like you did???

After Israel was invaded and I asked you to help me with \$5000 to get me through the
next several months until the economy got back to normal, you promised \$1000 for food,
then played with me for 3 months, asking me more and more detailed little shit stupid ass
questions while you held for ransom the food money that you had promised
me!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU FUCKING ASSFUCK ASSFUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LINK.

I told him that a good friend of mine wrote me that he is unstable after she had read his emails and had also read that he had yelled to me, "You are not in control! I am!" Another friend from Poland had also realized that he was running me around and not wanting to send me the money.

LINK.

Here is the friend's email.

WTF YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE?????!!

I know you think this, because so many idolatrous people told you this, "I shouldn't have even promised him money, then I wouldn't have had that problem".

You are SUUUUUUCH A FUCKING DIPSHIT!!!!!!!!!!.

YOU ARE A 5-YEAR OLD CHILD IN AN ADULT'S BODY.

Why not take responsibility for your actions??

YOU HAVE BEEN TALKING LIKE THAT EVER SINCE I WAS A KID. If you did something, like bring me on a fishing trip, and then when I caught a fish you said that we would keep it and bring it home to cook it, and I said, "I thought we were going to throw them back like we always have before", and then you said no, we are keeping these, and I was sad about it, then instead of taking responsibility for YOU not **telling me before I agreed to go on the trip that we would KEEP these fish for the first time in my life**, you would just say, "Ohhhh, see, I made a mistake. I planned a great fishing trip for us and now you are sad because I said that we are going to keep the fish [because our neighbor came this time and he said that these fish are good to eat and he will clean them], so you see, I should have never planned a nice fishing trip for us, just father and son [and neighbor and his son], and I should have just come alone, and left you at home with your mother and sister."

Instead of owning up to the fact that you hadn't told me beforehand what it would be like, that it would be different than all of our previous fishing trips!!!!!!

And then telling the neighbor, "Hey, Al doesn't want us to keep the fish, so we're going to be throwing them back today. I forgot to tell him how it would be, so today we will throw them back".

Instead, you made it out to be **MY FAULT** that **YOU NEGLECTED** to tell me, with, "You see, I shouldn't have planned such a nice day together, father and son [*and um.... neighbors*] out for a day of fishing. No more fishing days, ok, Al?"

WHAT A FUCKING DICK YOU HAVE BEEN SOMETIMES.

Real men take responsibility for their actions. They don't put the blame on someone else because THEY fucked up.

But you are not a man. You are a pussy. You are a mouse. You are a male who has let every woman that I have seen you know all of my life walk ALL over you. My stepmom, Debbie, your mother, your sister, and of course, most of all, your current wife. You are **NOT** a man. You are a nothing.

YOU SHOULD HAVE PROMISED ME THE \$5000 THAT I ASKED FOR FROM YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You have the money, I needed food money, I was living in Israel after it had been invaded and you were supposedly relieved that I was ok. YOU FUCKING DUMBASS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If you had heard chas veshalom that anything had happened to me, you would have promised Gd that you would give me anything that I needed FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE if He would just make sure that I was ok.

There was no work here for weeks. Most of us were afraid to go out. I asked you for \$5000 to get me through this tough time. AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF YOU BEING THE MOST ASSHOLE PARENT ON BOTH SIDES OF MY FAMILY, YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID, "I love you, my son. I'm sending you \$20,000 take care of yourself and I love you".

That's what so many parents on my mother's side of my family would have done.

Instead you promised \$1000 in an email that was written by a hating, pathetic, little man.

LINK

[HIS PROMISE TO SEND ME \\$1000 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR. BUT HE DID NOT DO IT FOR 3 MONTHS, AND ONLY DID IT AFTER A LOT OF HARASSING ME AND PLAYING GAMES WITH ME.](#)

YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And then after promising it **UNCONDITIONALLY**, you didn't even send it for 3 more months!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! You told me it was money for food!!!!!!!!!!!!!! So how did you think that I would eat for 3 months ?????????????????????????????????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I depended on that money after you said you would send it.

I HATE YOU WITH EVERY OUNCE OF HATE THAT I HAVE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I FUCKING HATE YOU!!

My greatest joy comes when I sit back and I think how much you have suffered at the hands of your wife for the last 36 years. It gives me suuuuuuuuch a great big smile to think about how much you suffer.

Your wife has become my champion.

How could you keep promised food money from me?? How?????

Just for your petty little stupid ass questions?? What a bunch of bullshit. You never intended to send the money in the first place. That's why you have not been in touch with me ever since the moment that you sent it. Because you are soooooooooo mad that you "lost". You are mad that you were "forced" to send the money that you had promised.

YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING COWARD. YOU ARE SUCH A FUCKING PUSSY.

LINK

HIS PROMISE TO SEND ME \$1000 FOR FOOD WHEN ISRAEL WAS AT WAR. BUT HE DID NOT DO IT FOR 3 MONTHS, AND ONLY DID IT AFTER A LOT OF HARASSING ME AND PLAYING GAMES WITH ME.

You will NEVER set foot in Israel ever again.

Ohhhhhh, little man Marshal can't take what he dishes out. Ohhhhhh.

In 2020, like the PREMIUM ASSHOLE that you are, you wrote to me "Goodbye" after you disowned me.

In January 2024, after waiting 3 months for you to send the money for food that you unconditionally promised to send, I told you to send the money and stop FUCKING AROUND (your quote that you said to me and Debbie numerous times when we were kids – nice way to talk to your small children you fucking uncivilized pigggggg!!!!!!)

You didn't send the money, you just gave me another condition.

So my goy friend who was writing for me on Shabbat wrote a message similar to what I told him to write. **HE THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH A FUCKING LOOOOOSER!!!!!! HE COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT YOU WERE A FATHER!!!!!!!!!!!!**

At the end of the message that he wrote, he wrote "Bye". When I asked him later why he wrote that, he told me that it was because he was signing off the message, like saying

“later” or “goodnight”. He said that he really wanted to say to you “GO AND FUCK YOURSELF” but he just finished the message with a simple “Bye”.

When you and I talked about a week later, you said to me, “and you wrote me ‘Bye’ in your email”. Ohhhhhhhhhhhh.

Marshal.

Did your twittle feelings get twurt?

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh,

We hadn’t talked in over a year (because you had neither answered my calls nor called me back nor called me yourself) and this is what you chose to talk about?? That there was a “Bye” in one of my emails to you?????

Yet you only sent me 3 one-liner emails from January to October 2023 as your ENTIRE communication with me during that time.

And in 2020, like the PREMIUM ASSHOLE that you are, you wrote to me “Goodbye” after you disowned me.

Ohhhhhhhhhh.

What a little fucking pussycat you are. What a little fucking little boy marshal is.

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

You can tell YOUR SON “Goodbye”? But when he might say “Bye” to you it is one of your biggest concerns to tell him about????

What a pathetic loser you are.

LINK.

RECORDING. He makes a big deal about me writing "Bye" to him in a recent email, after he had written "Good-bye" to me in 2020 when he had disowned me.

LINK.

HIS MESSAGE TO ME SAYING "Good-Bye"

Since I was 18 years old you have given me the following amounts of money.

1. Money to pay for **HALF** of my university expenses for the first 3.5 years of my undergraduate education (search for "Dad, I no longer want your financial support" in this document for a longer description of that).

2. You paid my rent for 3 months after I graduated.
3. \$142 for a motorcycle repair during my long trip because I had less than that amount with me at that time towards the end of the trip. I said I would pay you back, and offered to when we met a couple of months later, with the cash in my hand, and you told me to put the money away and to keep it.
4. Some occasional gifts for Chanukahs and birthdays sometimes until 1998.
5. You sent me \$500 in Summer 2014 after I had had asked you numerous times to help me after there had been a war here which destroyed the huge summer tourist season that my business depended on. You sent it to me only **AFTER** my mother's family, whom I had known for less than half of my life, had sent me money to help me. Your \$500 was not more than any **ONE** of them had sent me, except for one of them.
6. You paid for **1 year of my living expenses, after I had moved to Israel**, by paying off that equivalent of loans which I had taken out for those expenses, 8 years after I took out the loans.
7. \$8500 to help me after Corona caused the tourist industry in Israel to collapse, and I was developing a new business. You abruptly cut that off with just a few weeks' notice to me after your total and COMPLETE vengeful, idiot "daughter" who was blaming me for her child's recent illness (why????????), even though she may have likely caused it herself, being the penultimate idiot she is, by dragging my nieces across a continent that was in the middle of a pandemic to her SICK in-laws' house whom she couldn't stand to be around, as she had told me repeatedly for 10 years prior, told you that I was purposefully not trying to build my business, and like the **PENULTIMATE idiot** that you are, you believed her and stopped helping me. (This amount was included in earlier drafts a few paragraphs below here with a description about it, but I realized later that it would confuse your puny mind, so I just added it to the list).
8. 80% of my inheritance. As described in your own writing (search for "photo of the whatsapp message in this letter"), you sent me 80% of what you told me at that time was my total inheritance.

That's it.

THAT'S. IT.

Since I was 21 years old, with the exceptions of 2-8 above, I have paid all of my own expenses. I have been working since I was 13 years old (starting as a Bar Mitzvah tutor at the synagogue), and then at other jobs **simultaneously with the Bar Mitzvah tutor job** from 16 years old - as an academic tutor for younger high school students, in a dry

cleaners, then as a waiter for years. Then, after moving to university, I worked in a few on-campus jobs, and as a Hebrew school teacher, as a waiter, in retail, in auto parts delivery, and as a paid actor. After graduation, I joined a traveling circus, and after that I worked 4 jobs simultaneously in the Caribbean, fulfilling my college dream of living the “Cocktail” life that I saw in that movie, after I had arrived there smack in the middle of hurricane season and was told by EVERYONE on the island to “go back to the mainland and come back here in a few months” because it was the lowest time of the year for the tourist business. I hit the pavement on a little island and had 4 jobs within 1 week, including 2 whose owners had told me to “come back in a few months” the week before. My new friends on the island, people who had come from the mainland also, were amazed. I worked through biology graduate school as a TA and as a GA in labs, and then in professional teaching jobs, then teaching in Israel, then running my own businesses. **I have been working since I was 13 years old with only a few breaks**, including for 2 years after you had divorced my stepmom (who had been dutifully shuttling me to the synagogue so that I could teach there for money) and you did not drive me to the synagogue for that tutoring job because you were working and you **CUT HER OFF FROM US KIDS** (search for “begging her to contact us” in this letter to see how you pushed my stepmom away from me), and also during the early and mid-90s during my education, **otherwise continuously, until now.**

Yet you, inspired by your mamash evil daughter and wife, have pushed a narrative to people the last few years that I have **ALWAYS** asked you for money all of my life. **LIES LIES AND MORE LIES.**

PROVE IT. PROVE IT YOU SON OF A BITCH AND YOU FUCKING EVIL, PERENNIALY FAT, UGLY CUNT DEBORAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PROVE IT!!!!!! SHOW ME AND EVERYONE ELSE WHOM YOU HAVE LIED TO ABOUT THIS FOR YEARS, MY REQUESTS BY EMAIL OR MESSAGE OR IN CALLS FOR MONEY OUTSIDE OF WHAT I JUST DESCRIBED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PROVE IT YOU PATHOLOGICAL, EVIL FUCKING LIARS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU BOTH CANNOT. YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO. BECAUSE THERE IS NOT ANY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I FUCKING HATE YOU BOTH MORE THAN YOU CAN EITHER IMAGINE.

I FUCKING HATE YOU BOTH MORE THAN YOU CAN EITHER IMAGINE.

YOU FUCKING LIARS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU ARE BOTH DEATH!!

I have worked harder and in more diverse jobs and in more diverse locations than you EVER have.

I have worked in different states and in different countries. I never saw you start your own business ALL on your own in a foreign country dealing with constantly fluctuating multiple currencies in a tourist industry in a country with constant security threats from its neighbors. I ran 3 businesses in Israel AND I was an actor and an English teacher.

I worked 16 hours a day, 6 days a week in summertime with my Vacation Apartments business. I worked 10-12 hours a day, 6 days a week in wintertime in that business.

You have NEVER worked so many hours in your life per day except for Decembers when you had your luggage business (maybe 12 hours a day for 4 weeks every year for 8 years?).

And from 2020, after Corona destroyed tourism in Israel, including my 10-year long tourist business, I had asked you and Debfuck to help me. It was like pulling fucking teeth. I explained to you both how INCREDIBLY HARD it is to make a decent living in Israel. I outlined so much for you, including how Israel has the highest gap between rich and poor in the industrialized world, beating out America around 2015. I explained to you and showed you how the wages here do not keep up with the living expenses here. I told you how most of the population is in tremendous debt. I asked you to support me for a while so that I could build a profitable online business, and live a life where I didn't have to go into millions of shekels of debt as MANY people I know do in Israel. Deborah, the fucking imbecile that she is, although like many American Jews, and non-Jews, and like me before I moved here, thinks its all fucking roses here. If it's so great, so why doesn't she live here? Why don't other American Jews live here?

Same excuses. My family and job are here. I don't know the language. I know the system here. BULLSHIT. Its fear pure fear of doing something unknown.

Yet you fucking asshole, you have had PLENTY of Israeli friends for decades. Cocos used to work for you as a young man, and then he followed you like so many others into real estate. He is an old man now, and he STILL lives in America. I know that you asked him why he NEVER went back to live in Israel. He was born here. He knows the system, he knows the language, his family is here, and he can easily get jobs and work here. Why has he stayed in America for decades? You know why you liar. FOR THE SAME REASON THAT THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF ISRAELIS MOVE TO AMERICA. It is much, much easier to make a living there. It is easier to live there, materially, by far. Why do thousands of Israelis go to America every year and work there

illegally, trying to marry an American? BECAUSE THE WAY OF LIFE AND COST OF LIVING IS EASIER AND LOWER, AND THE WAGES ARE WAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY HIGHER.

For the awesome Israelis I've met who have done that and then come back here, they ALL tell me that. But they are the REAL ISRAELIS, the REAL JEWS. They come back here, even though it's materially wayyyyyy more challenging, because this is their home, this JEWS' home. And only ONE of them whom I met a few months ago is religious. The rest are Conservative or secular Jews. BUT THIS IS THEIR HOME. THEY, those Israelis, are the REAL men and women of Israel. May Gd bless them.

So you have known for decades how materially hard it is for me to be here, and instead of championing me for being dedicated to sticking it out here, and supporting me, and saying, "Yes, I'll do a great mitzvah and unconditionally keep you going until you get your business going again as an interested parent" (like so many of my mom's cousins do and did for their kids), and being proud of me that I have wayyyyyyyyyy wayyyyyyyyyy more chutzpah and strength and dedication to Israel than Cocos- ehheheh-, you told me, "Go get 2 jobs" (which people do and it STILL doesn't pay their bills). And you have known for decades, firsthand, from the weak Israelis who stay in America all their lives, how hard it is here. Cocos looked like total and complete shit when I saw him here. Total shit. Fat. He had a bunch of physical problems he told me. I remembered an energetic, funny, cool, moving guy, with zest and enthusiasm. Yeh, because then he wasn't so removed from Israel. And it wasn't just age. I could hardly recognize him. I've met PLENTY like him when I was renting vacation apartments. He was one of the better ones. NONE of the companies liked renting to these guys.

And your father was a much, much better father than you are. After all the crimes you committed on the streets of Chicago with your gangs, and then after getting convicted of Grand Theft Auto, and then after being made to enlist in the military to get you out of Illinois, you still went to Grandpa Sam for advice on which branch of the military to join. And he engagingly counseled you. And he helped you. He didn't judge you. You were his son. He acted like a father and counseled you. You little, little, little, little shithead.

LINK.

[The letter that I sent to you explaining in explicit detail how you did NOT give me all of my inheritance as you claim to have.](#)

PHOTO OF THE WHATSAPP MESSAGE

You told me that in the same message that you sent to me when you disowned me, which was after I had sent you and my sister a letter pleading for your economic help 6 months after corona, after you had suddenly cut me off with a month's notice.

Why did you suddenly cut me off from your economic support? Because you are a fucking total fucking gullible idiot.

Because you were supporting me as I was building my Youtube channel, a dream that I had had for years and was getting better at every day b”H.

Then I made a few videos for the upcoming Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur featuring Streisand and Neil Diamond singing religious songs about those days.

Then I sent them to you and many other members of my family including evil Debbie whose child had just gotten diabetes a few weeks before and like the fucking kook and mentally and emotionally distressed fuckhead that she is, she blamed me for that.

So she erroneously told you that I was just fooling around, making videos which had no chance of being monetized because they were copyrighted.

At that point a REAL MAN would have come to ask me, “Hey Al, can you make money from copyrighted videos”? To which I would have told you, “No, people cannot”.

Then you might have told me, “Your fucked-in-the-head sister who was so abused by her narcissistic father and her jealous stepmother has been “telling on you”, “talking lashon hara about you to me. She tells me that you are just fooling around and not really interested in making money because you make copyrighted videos”.

And I would have replied, “Thanks for asking me about that Dad. Your evil, totally evil, unholy, slutty, ugly, fat, obese daughter who has been a head case since we were children (see my letter about Debbie for details) has nothing better to do in her life than to blame me for her daughter’s (whom she has never allowed me to speak to) illness and soooooo evilllly wants to hurt me for that that she told you something that AS USUAL she knows NOTHING about”.

I would have explained to you that the purpose of making some copyrighted videos is that it can more easily bring viewers to new channels. They watch the video of someone whom they know like Neil Diamond, and then they might watch one of the channel’s other advertised **monetized** videos, and/or subscribe to the channel, and/or share that video and other **monetized** videos with others.

It’s called marketing strategy, something that that fucking lazy evil bitch who has accomplished almost NOTHING in its life knows NOTHING about.

And you are SUCH A FUCKING MORON AND IDIOT that you believe everything that comes out of that disturbed and evil entity’s mouth just because she has control of a millionaire’s money.

Why?? Because MONEY IS YOUR DEITY. YOU WORSHIP MONEY OVER GD.

So you just heard those evil words from its mouth, and you believed it, and then you suddenly stopped supporting your son without even asking him about that?????

YOU FUCKING MAJOR STUPID IDIOT
ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HOW DID EVERYTHING START 36 YEARS AGO??????

It all started with your evil narcissistic disturbed troubled psychotic wife.

Of course it all started with you choosing her over all of the dozen or so wonderful, normal, healthy, warm, motherly, caring, beautiful, attractive, active, **HAPPY** women whom you dated for the 3-4 years before you met that beast.

But we have already discussed how you are also so evil narcissistic disturbed troubled and psychotic. So I guess that explains your choice.

The problem then is that weak-minded people with low emunah succumb to her influence, like your daughter has.

Debbie is terrified of being physically and emotionally abandoned by you. You did a great job of trying to influence both of us to be that way since we were kids.

So Debbie will go along with ANYTHING that you do just to stay on your good side.

If you had married a man who was a total psycho also she would have accepted you and him, and your lifestyle just to stay in touch with you and just to be able to tell all of her friends how she is so close to her daddy.

So in order to be close to a fucking monster like you, she has to be like you. So she has absorbed your demonic personality and your wife's ultra-demonic personality in order to be like you and to stay close to you. Debbie is a **very** attached person. She has a LOT of difficulty letting go of attachments. So she will do anything just to stay in contact with you.

So she perpetuates your evilness herself, and your wife's evilness herself. Good job.

Your wife is so jealous of anyone ever getting close to you because she is afraid that they will "take you away from her".

Your wife is afraid that everyone else will show you what a NOTHING that your wife is.

And you feel dependent on her now because you have all of these health problems. Grandpa Sam did the same thing. He became physically dependent on Minnette to take care of him. Of course, if you hadn't moved to the middle of nowhere where you are

depressed all the time then you would not have had all of these problems in the first place, and you would not have been so isolated from everyone to the point that you were dependent now on one person to take care of you all the time and to drive you everywhere when you need to go somewhere and you are sick, etc.

How TF could you marry goyim????????????????????

WTF is wrong with you????????????????????????????????

WTF IS WRONG WITH YOU
??
?????

YOU FUCKING IDOLATROUS SON OF A BITCH!!

YOUR FIRST WIFE WAS GOY. NAN HATED YOU MARRYING HER.

YOUR 4TH CURRENT WIFE IS GOY.

**YOU ONLY MARRIED MY MOTHER AND JOY (WHO CONVERTED TO JUDAISM)
BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER WOULD NOT APPROVE OF YOUR WIVES
OTHERWISE IF THEY WERE NOT JEWISH.**

YOU MARRIED JEWISH WOMEN ONLY TO PLEASE YOUR MOTHER.

BARUCH HASHEM. I OWE MY LIFE TO GRANDMA RUTH.

How can you marry goyim????????? You violate a commandment from Gd. Jews are NOT allowed to marry goyim.

You fucking son of a fucking bitch.

In November 1992 I decided to transfer universities. You did your best to talk me out of it.

You did not support me transferring in any way whatsoever. And it was none of your business. I was paying for my education 100% as well as all of my expenses by then as I had been since April 1992.

I transferred. And within 3 weeks of being at the new university, because I loved school again so much, like I had as a kid, I decided to go to graduate school.

Before that, I had never dreamed of studying anymore after I received my undergraduate degree.

I received great grades and received a much better education at this smaller university than I **EVER** would have received at a school of 20,000 students, most of whom cared more about getting drunk and orgies than they did about seriously studying because they loved what they studied.

From there I went on to graduate school. I earned masters degrees and was teaching at CSU by the time that I was 30 years old. I was one of the youngest professional instructors at the campus, and the youngest instructor in the Biological Sciences Department. And I flourished as an instructor, receiving excellent evaluations from students and peers.

I taught at other various colleges simultaneously, made a great living for myself, and had great experiences while teaching university and college for 7 years baruch Hashem.

Perhaps **NONE** of that would have happened if I had listened to you.

You didn't want me to be happy. You didn't want me to enjoy my education.

You only wanted me to finish.

You only wanted me to have a degree, and finish, so that you could stop paying for me to study. And when you weren't paying for me to study, you wanted me to finish because you thought, as many did back then, that an undergraduate degree would allow me to make big bucks and be your safety net when you got older.

I and many others have a veeeeeeeeery interesting question for you.

In public records there is a "Marshall Alan Klein. DOB JUNE 1, 1943. Chicago, IL. DOD 2007." (See below for the full record).

That's the way that "Marshall" is usually spelled. That spelling is **6 times more common** than "Marshal". According to your sister, your grandmother had a cousin named "Marshall" in Hungary and that is why you were named that.

It makes sense that your parents would have given you the spelling of "Marshall" as it was 1) your relative's name, and that 2) "Marshall" is a 6 times more frequent spelling of that name than "Marshal" is.

But you claim to be "Marshal Dennis Klein. DOB May 30, 1943."

Your birthdate is different too, **but only by 2 days.**

In 2019 I was trying to figure out your Hebrew birthday, so I needed to know what time you were born. I asked you to check your birth certificate a few times. You stonewalled me on that for a few weeks, finally erupting into your characteristic angry tirade when someone pushes you on a truth which you want concealed (I remember since I was a small boy you doing that to me), and you said, to a totally innocent inquiry, "AND WHY IS IT IMPORTANT TO YOU WHICH DAY MY HEBREW BIRTHDAY IS ON!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I remember thinking "Why is he getting so upset about that? WTF??"

It all made sense to me a while ago. You are not really who you say you are. You have changed your identity. I wonder why you would do that. To hide your criminal conviction for Grand Theft Auto, the records of which still exist? To hide other things you've done in your life, like when you were in your young 20s and late 20s?

When I asked you in 2019 how you got your names, you referred me to ask your sister.

Weird. VEEERRRRY similar to how you referred me to talk to your attorney when I started asking too many questions (for you) about my mother, your marriage to her, her death, her family, and about you (search for "go and call bill ritner" in this document for a longer description of that).

But I am so glad that you did. That was my first definitive "red flag" that something was not kosher with everything. I thought for a while, "Why TF would he send me to his attorney???? Why can't he answer those questions himself??" Good job, Sharon.

And you went 75 years not knowing why you were named??

Your sister Edie, whom you had sent me to, to ask her how you got your names, because at 75 years old, you clearly wrote to me that "I don't know who I'm named after", wrote me in an email, "Marshall was a cousin of [my grandma's in Hungary]. Dennis was just a name that my mom liked".

Weird. Orthodox Jews, and even kids of orthodox Jews, **rarely** name their kids random, gentile names that they just "like". Names are almost always Jewish and are connected to ancestors or to the Tanach. **"Alan" is a quite common name for Jews.**

And "Date of Death"?????? Is the person who is reading this actually some imposter?

You claim to be "Marshal Dennis Klein. DOB May 30, 1943."

Have you been trying to hide from someone or something your whole life?

You "died" not long after I moved to Israel for good? I wonder why that timing would be like that.

Here is the information about the "Marshall Alan Klein" whom you were before you made a new identity. It was a good idea on your part, and whomever helped you with this (your uncles?) to keep the information similar.

So that means that your sister (and therefore her adult kids also) and your parents have known all along, haven't they? Interesting.

Social Security Applications and Claims Index, 1936-2007

Name: Marshall Alan Klein [Marshall A Klein] [Marshall Klein]

Gender: Male

Race: White

Birth Date: 1 Jun 1943

Birth Place: Chicago, Illinois

Death Date: 4 Jan 2007

SSN: 32236XXXX (I omitted the last 4 numbers).

Notes:

Sep 1959: Name listed as MARSHALL ALAN KLEIN;

20 Apr 1999: Name listed as MARSHALL A KLEIN;

09 Jan 2007: Name listed as MARSHALL KLEIN

20 Apr 1999: You shortened your name almost **exactly 3 months** after I had stopped talking to you (search for "You loved Las Vegas" in this letter for a longer description of that), which was the first time that I had ever **completely** stopped communicating with you, and it was after I had been to law school.

Were you afraid that I might start doing some digging on you?

It would have been much, much smarter, and much, much easier just to call me and to explain what a TOTAL DICK you had been after the Las Vegas trip and apologize to me and had good relations with me. But, "smartness" has never been your strong suit, has it been? And drama and "being James Bond" has always been more important to you than peace and serenity, hasn't it? (search for "probably cheated" and "think that you are James Bond" in this letter for a longer description of that). And your wife, who surely told you what to do then as IT has always done, and you listened to it as you have ALWAYS done, is also stupid like you (search for "circles around Sharon" in this letter to read about Sharon's intellectual level) and also LOVES to play James Bond like you do (search for "the CIA tried to recruit me" in this letter for Sharon's background).

Interestingly, the man whom you supposedly have hated all of your life (even though you made a point to talk to him at an event a few years ago, to which he was quickly polite and then rebuffed you – at least he has integrity, unlike you. You will kiss your

daughter's ass left and fucking right until the day you die, because she is your money security blanket – at least Jerry doesn't do that – he has always been himself – which is a man who **HATES YOUR FUCKING GUTS BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT YOU MURDERED HIS SISTER AND HIS MOTHER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**), ever since you knew him when I was 2 years old or so, my mother's brother, also loves James Bond and the CIA (yes I know the character works for the BSS). He even applied to the CIA for a job!

Its amazing how much you have in common with my mother's brothers, like you had in common with her; and yet you have talked to me for my lifetime about how you hated all 3 of them. So, if they are soooooo much like you - well, by the reflexive theorem, then you **MUST** hate yourself. Yep. There we go. Gd's gift to humanity of logic helps us to understand better the world around us, thank Gd.

LINK

[Jerry telling me about how much he loves James Bond. He says that James Bond was his mentor. Jerry applied for a job to be like him.](#)

Marshal and Sharon, two truly paranoid, drama-addicted, stupid, loves to believe that they are in control, self-aggrandizing narcissists. What better combination to have in life? What better way to bring MORE drama onto your lives? Try to control, instead of just being a person, and being honest with yourself and with others.

That would be wayyyyy too hard for you two, and also for your “daughter”. It's easier for you both to play 60s spy movie stars, and to make life “exciting”, and “dangerous”, because that thrill takes energy and time and distracts you both from your feelings of inadequacy, unworthiness, and depression, and distracts you from facing your inner demons with faith and courage, and overcoming them so that you could lead truly peaceful lives, and so that you could both have TRULY close and truly meaningful relationships with your children.

09 Jan 2007: You shortened your name again, not long at all after I had finished immigrating to Israel, and days after you had “died”. Did you think that now it was a good time to “kill off” your former self because you thought that I would not be watching that record anymore, and it was a good time to finally get rid of that pesky middle name “Alan” to further remove anybody's current or future suspicion? ?

Your current SSN also has similarities to your original number, doesn't it? **“36” is right in the middle of both of them.**

VERY similar names, similar birthdates, similar SSN numbers, similar locations. The guy that your uncles hired to do this work did a nice job. He should have, for what they paid him.

There is a very brief obit and a short family tree online. Both of those could have easily been manufactured. Otherwise there is nothing else about such a supposed person. No photos or other information. No records in databases.

And, in Edie's email to me about how you got your names, she responded to me only after several days (but her subsequent email responses to me in the same thread were the same day or the next day). And you had even asked in a recording a few days later, which is in this letter, "Did she respond to you yet?" (search for "2.2019" to hear you ask me whether or not she had responded to my question yet. She responded the day after that. Obviously you had told her, "Tell him some good story and get it over with. I want him to feel good towards me so that he will be blessing me. I just got Valley Fever").

She had needed to find time to call you and ask you, "What do you want me to tell him? Why don't you answer him? You have been lying to him all of your life. What's the problem to lie to him again? I am the one who has been telling him the truth all of his life about everything that YOU have lied to him about" (search for "honey, I hate to break it to you" in this letter to see when your sister told me the truth about where MY name came from, and dispelled the lie that you had told me since I was 7 years old). You want to lie to him, then YOU lie to him. Don't bring me into it". But a little bit of coaxing from CIA-trained Sharon, and a bit of, oh yeh, yours and Debbie's and Sharon's always go-to when nothing else works, MONEYYYYYYYYY, and Auntie Edie was off to the races.

But you can tell that she was annoyed. She responded so. fucking. weirdly.

That is, when compared to normal people who aren't trying to hide something. Kind of like my mom's family was, from the time that I reconnected with them. They were not just answering my questions readily, but they were supplying supplemental information in those answers, and also just plainly telling me information that I hadn't even asked about. Exactly like Edie had done whenever I was visiting at her house as a teenager, when she was 2000 miles away from you.

She replied, "Why so important ??????????"

1) Like, "Why do you want to know how your father got his names? I mean, after all, he is your father".

What an insidious question from anybody to ask your son, and especially from your sister. I mean, unless she had something to hide and was annoyed that I was "pressing her" about it. I wasn't "pressing her", you were. If you hadn't pressed her to tell me the answers, after you had called me to tell me that you were critically ill, because you wanted me to feel good towards you and to bless you because you were sick with a potentially very dangerous illness, I'm quite sure that that email would have gone into the bin of the hundreds of other emailed questions and responses and statements which I sent to her over 15 years. She would have again, so sinfully, ignored me. If she can ignore me

about my grandmother's yartzeit, she can ignore me about my "silly" question about your names.

2) Not just 1 question mark, but many. In other words, "Why TF are you pressing this issue (I wasn't, I sent that one email and then YOU asked me twice after that to know if she had answered me), such that that your father is forcing me to make up some story and to lie to you, which I would rather not do, but now I have to do, so, Albert, why so important ??????????"

You had sent me to Edie for the EXACT. SAME. REASON. that you had sent me to Bill Ritner to ask about my mother, about 28 years before.

You had something to hide.

That way, when Edie lied to me about the origin of your names, then if I ever found out that "Dennis" was not your real birth name, then I could **not** say that you had lied to me.

She didn't want to lie to me for you on such a legalistic thing. But you bought her to do it, so that you could claim later, if I ever found out the truth, that you had not participated in also deceiving your child the way that you had deceived the entire world about your real name and real history.

And really, Edie did not lie to me, did she? Nan **DID** suggest you to change your name to the TOTALLY gay name "Dennis", after it was "suggested" to Nan by her brothers who funded this name change for you after your arrest, conviction and their bribed expungement of your record for Grand Theft Auto, that you change your name. I guess it's true what Edie said. Nan "liked" that name.

Deborah, Bill Ritner, Sharon, Edie, Jeremy, David Page. And more. Many more. All of the people whom you have used to cover up your tracks in life. All of them were paid for their work, one way or another.

You are an IMPOSTER. You are a FRAUD.

LINK

[Email to and from Auntie Edie, showing her made-up response, and her strange question to her nephew, and her multiple question marks indicating her annoyance that I would ask such a thing, and her 4-day delay in responding to the question that she did not want to answer, followed by her many quick responses to my subsequent messages.](#)

Have you EVER recorded our conversations??

Because where you live, you need the other party's consent to record a conversation with them.

And you have NEVER asked me for my consent to record me in ANY conversation that we have EVER had.

So if you have recorded our conversations EVER, then you are guilty of a misdemeanor or a felony in the State of California.

You can join your best buddy David Page in being convicted of a felony. He committed felony perjury in 1973.

I recorded him telling me about 4 years ago, for the 5th or 6th time, that he had committed felony perjury on the witness stand, during the custody hearings which you forced on my mother and her family in order to ensure that your two children would not be turned against you by hearing the truth about your EVIL FUCKING ASSHOLE PERSON for years from my mother's family WHO HATED YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

My grandparents are turning in their graves at the way that their little dweeby pathetic pisshole fucking loser fuck son has become buddy buddy with you because he is afraid of you and because he wants to placate his ultra-rich niece in case he ever needs her money someday.

Judges HATE perjurers, because that crime decreases the integrity of their courtrooms. They HATE it because it lowers people's faith in the American legal system. They HATE it.

"This is a grave offense, not to be taken lightly, as it carries the weight of a \$10,000 fine and a potential four-year sentence in state prison upon conviction." "The very bedrock of the criminal justice system is the truthfulness of statements or testimony in court. This fundamental principle is precisely why making false statements under oath or perjury is considered a felony in California, a fact that cannot be overstated". "Perjury is a serious offense in California". <https://www.cronisraelsandstark.com/perjury-penal-code-118>

What if it's just a little, tiny lie? Is that still perjury?

In most cases, yes. Any false statement intentionally made by a person while under oath could be considered perjury. It doesn't matter if the false statement is material to the issue.

For something to be perjury, a prosecutor has to prove that the person *knowingly* and *intentionally* made a false statement. <https://www.reichellaw.com/criminal-defense/perjury-false-statements/>

Easy peasy. David has admitted it to me so many times. He fully and completely knew what he was doing.

“In the State of California, making statements under oath is taken very seriously—typically because, in many cases, the integrity of justice being served depends on the truthfulness of the statement.

Therefore, perjury is a serious felony in California as defined by Penal Code 118 PC. If you give testimony under oath and deliberately say something false, prosecutors may charge you with perjury if they have reason to believe that you made the false statement willfully”. <https://www.egattorneys.com/perjury-defenses-penal-code-118>

Besides just this intentional, self-admitted to perjury, as I have written in this letter and said to numerous people over the years, including members of our family, David Page is the biggest liar whom I have ever known.

Its no surprise that he would even lie so easily even while under oath, even during the time that the 20,800,000 citizens of the state of California were paying for that courtroom’s time, and were expecting him to uphold the oath which he had just taken to tell the truth, so that they could continue to have faith in their legal system.

He caused me \$22 worth of damages in 2021 and has not said a word about it. His integrity is 0.

Why did he do that? What a small, small, small, small, pissass of a male person. Because I had sent him a factually correct email in 2021 about how American government works, but he didn’t like that, because like his cohorts, he wanted the world to work as he, the little spoiled brat that he is and that they are, he wants the world to work HIS way, not the way that the laws say it will work.

So in his little temper tantrum, he went and stopped the check that he had sent me for \$200, and didn’t tell me that he had done that, and he let me go through the time and expense to mail the check back to America for deposit, only to receive a \$22 bounced check charge and a message from the bank that the check was not good.

After I emailed him about it, he responded with another one of his 100 million song-and-dance stories about what had happened. Anyways, I said, “OK, can you mail me a new check then please?”

He has never responded to that email, nor ever sent the check, nor ever sent a second check which he had previously promised to send a few months before. I have not heard from that failure of a human being, that lying bastard, ever since.

CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE THAT??????

**I MEAN, CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE
THAT??????**

All because he didn't like my explaining to him how American government works, and my describing my point of view of the current political situation! Can you believe that? Fuck over your nephew, the son of your dead sister, the sister who saved your ultra-pitiful, pathetic life when you subtly tried to kill your clinically depressed self by drinking a whole bottle of scotch in one afternoon and ended up in the hospital for days after she went to your house to check on you, just because your insolent pathetic ass hadn't been answering the phone for a while. Why Gd Almighty made all of that happen the way that He did I do not understand, because it seems that my mother would likely still be here if she hadn't saved your pathetic life, because the whole family would have become closer, and valued their lives more after your death. And even you will admit that my mother was an infinitely better human being than you are, and dozens of other people who knew you both of you would also. So why? Why take my mother, such a holy, caring woman who had a small enough ego to always make fun of herself, to sing in public despite being off-key, to not let your insolent, crybaby, spoiled brat antics affect her mostly always upbeat, expressive, positive manner from her two children whom she loved more than anything except Gd Himself, and instead leave evil, pathetic, liar, criminal, perjurer, dickfuck you who has an ego bigger than anyone I know because my grandmother spoiled you rotten always, on this earth. Because you only make this earth a worse place. My mother was making this world a better place since she was a child, intentionally trying to make others feel better if they were down, and intentionally trying to brighten people's days. You are just a curse on this world. You are just a stain of black on this world. Your spoiled brat self, thinking that you are so righteous because you almost blindly espouse values which you think that my mother would espouse today. Be your own self. GROW. UP.

A few friends suggested that I sue him in small claims court for both amounts, since I have it in writing. And also sue him for the \$22 fee I incurred because of him. Wouldn't that be great for him to have on his record when he gets charged for felony perjury? Bounced check to his own nephew. Failure to follow through on 2 written promises to pay.

Looking good, pipsqueak. Looking good, tweeby dickwad dickheaded spineless little fuck. It's a good thing that I did meet other members of my mother's family. If I only had David Page's example to base my opinion of them on, I would never know that he is a TOTAL outlier. Its not surprising that I have heard from several of our cousins that David still refuses to admit that his own father did some not-so-good things when David was a boy. They have asked him about those things, which everyone except David accepts what really happened, and he has given an alternate version of reality, like the little child that he has ALWAYS been. They still metaphorically shake their heads at how he sticks his head in the sand, the most recent time that I discussed that with them.

EXACTLY, EXACTLY how Deborah refuses to openly admit all of your egregious sins to others. So, she repeats them. David refuses to admit how his father was a huge liar about something that he did. So he continues lying. Deborah refuses to admit how you systematically have "eliminated" people from your life whom you were afraid of, either

by force, or with money, so Deborah repeats those sins of your, by hurting people from her life whom she is afraid of, either by force, or with money.

That's the thing about truth. When people try to run from the truth, when people support and perpetuate lies, especially when that support and perpetuation becomes systemic and an integral part of their personalities, then they become the lies. They do the very lies that they are perpetuating. It happens unconsciously.

The truth matters. The truth is life. For anyone who doesn't want to permanently, like for eternity, lose their souls, the truth must be told by them, and admitted by them, and seen by them. Always.

For that reason alone I will be 100% absolutely sure that my nieces will know the whole truth about you and about Deborah. I guarantee it, if it will be Gd's will. There will be never again any further perpetuation of the generational curse that has been on your family for several generations now. The buck stops here. It has gone from before Harry to him, then to his sons, and then to their kids. And then to their kids. It will stop here. There will be no more Kleins. My children will not be Kleins. I will not remain a Klein. Teddy's kids aren't Jewish; they are not Kleins anymore. They are not spiritually part of the Klein lineage. The Klein name stops here. The Klein generational curse ends here. My nieces will know the truth about you, and about their mother, so that with Gd's help they will not repeat those awful, awful, awful, awful sins of you both. Truth is life and truth is power. A lifetime spent hiding in psychological shadows like David Page, you and Deborah have chosen to do with your pitiful, pathetic lives is not the way for people, and especially for Jews, to behave. The way of being weak-minded, weak-hearted, weak of spirit and weak of soul, of REPEATEDLY choosing darkness over light, and of REPEATEDLY choosing evil over good, of choosing to spend lives in worthless, mindless pursuits of ego, ends now. IT ENDS HERE.

Continued from the paragraph above:

So in his little temper tantrum about hearing the facts about how American government works and about my views on the situation in the government at that time, he went and stopped the check that he had sent me for \$200, and didn't tell me that he had done that, and he let me go through the time and expense to mail the check back to America for deposit, only to receive a \$22 bounced check charge and a message from the bank that the check was not good.

Then you went and pulled something extremely similar last fall (search for "\$1000" in this letter for more information about that).

In California, all statutes of limitations start at discovery. I love California.

So the clock has not even started ticking yet for you two self-admitted, felon criminals. You could still bed up with him in the same cell. How does that sound? Mmmmmm. Cozy up with your little pissass friend.

Lets not forget your multiple other criminal deeds, several of which you have boasted yourself about to me for decades, which have also yet to be “discovered”.

Your wife would be so happy. She would finally get the whole place to herself.

Oh wait. She has stuff on her also. Hm. Well, I hope someone might come by at least to feed the horses. Oh, maybe her sister and her 2 nieces could come to stay there.

Have you ever recorded our conversations, Marshal?

You wrote me this email very recently chas veshalom.

SEE EMAIL LINK BELOW AT THE END OF THIS SECTION.

‘I’ve been hearing about the Youtube thing for years.....’

Yes, and you fucking idiot?????????

For how many years did Grandpa Sam, Grandma Ruth, Edie, your friends, your first wife Peggy Bowman “**HEAR ABOUT**” you trying to start your own luggage business??

For how many years did my mom and her father, who financed you, “**HEAR ABOUT**” you trying to develop your business?

For how many years did Mort Lewis, your truly angel business partner who gave you money after money to develop your business as a silent partner, “**HEAR ABOUT**” you trying to develop your business?

It took you YEARS to get your luggage business off the ground. **You had tried to make it successful for over 9 years!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

The **ONLY** reason that it was ever successful is because **you had Joy’s mother bankrolling you and your family’s expenses**. The only reason that that happened was Gd’s will, because you had 2 children to support.

You owe Gd everything that you have. And you owe **US**, the 2 children whom you never ever wanted, everything that you have. It was because you had 2 children to take care of that Gd blessed you to have the money from Joy’s mother so that you could make money in your business.

BECAUSE WE WERE YOUR CHILDREN, JOY MARRIED YOU, AND RECEIVED HER MOTHER’S SHITLOAD OF MONEY TO SUPPORT OUR FAMILY.

BECAUSE ME AND DEBBIE EXISTED, YOU ARE RICH NOW.

Without us, Joy would not have married you. She didn't want to birth any more kids, and you had had a vasectomy. And her mom plied you guys with money for our family because you both had 2 kids to take care of.

**YOU, MARSHALL ALAN KLEIN, HAVE
EVERYTHING THAT YOU HAVE TODAY
BECAUSE ME AND DEBBIE WERE YOUR
CHILDREN.**

**WE DON'T OWE YOU EVERYTHING, A
NARRATIVE THAT YOU HAVE SUBTLY
PUSHED TO US SINCE WE WERE
CHILDREN.**

**YOU OWE US EVERYTHING, YOU FUCKING
DIPSHIT.**

Gd blessed you with money so that you would take care of us. Without us, you might still be the struggling shoe salesman working for someone.

You USED us to get Joy's mother's money for all of the years that you were married to Joy.

After 9 years, you had made enough of your own money (or so you thought – dipshit) so you dumped Joy 1-2-3.

**MY MOTHER IS DEAD IN LARGE PART
BECAUSE YOU STOLE US AWAY FROM HER
SO THAT YOU COULD GET JOY'S
MOTHER'S MONEY !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

And yet you have treated us like TOTAL SHIT. YOU HAVE TREATED YOUR GRANDCHILDREN AS TOTAL SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And you know it. Behind all the smiles and photos is a man who is a terrrrrrrible example for his grandchildren, a man who marries a goy, who abandons his oldest child and only son, a man who lets himself be controlled by a mindless idiot, a man who chooses to be with a mindless idiot, a man who is a poor example to them of a real man.

You ain't no "self-made man" as Grandpa Sam used to always tell me. **WHAT A CROCK OF SHIT!!**

SECONDLY, when you started your time as a real estate agent, it again took you **YEARS** to establish yourself and start making any real money. And you only did so because you partnered with a narcissistic controller (your current "wife") who knew that she had you. You wanted to make money and have a successful career, and she knew that you were now under her control. **And that is the only way that it (she) wanted it.** That's why it was single for so long before you. No other "man" was willing to sell his and his children's souls just to be taught how to be successful in Conejo Valley real estate.

Money is your deity chas veshalom. You have put money above what Gd wants ever since you were a teenager. Because you thought that it was your way out of feeling depressed, unworthy, angry, dejected, and miserable, all of the feelings that you had as a child as a result of parental abuse, and in NO WAY WHATSOEVER connected to material things like money.

Also, your mom's brothers made sure that if your family needed extra money above Grandpa Sam's salary, then you had it. You just didn't want to be dependent on anyone for their money, because you saw all of your life how they had controlled Ruth Klein with their money. They had made her marriage a disaster because of their money.

The problem was NOT them or their money.

The problem was Ruth Klein.

Ruth loved Sam very much. She should have. Sam was a great man back then. He was kind, warm, affectionate, funny, loving and would have taken care of her and his kids much better than he did, if it wasn't for weak Ruth, repeating AGAIN the comfortable situation of her childhood, of being subservient to her brothers, of being last in a family of 6 because she was the only girl. It sucked, but like you and soooo many other people, she was comfortable with it. So in her adult life she ALLOWED herself to be controlled again by them, even to the point of letting it destroy her marriage and to abuse her children. They disliked Sam and in return for their money, Ruth had to listen to their complaining about Sam all of the time, and she had to badger him all the time.

Wouldn't you have rather lived with less money, and had love in your house between the 4 of you?

I would have rather had that situation in my life.

From above: Money is your deity chas veshalom. You have put money above what Gd wants ever since you were a teenager. Because you thought that it was your way out of feeling depressed, unworthy, angry, dejected, and miserable, all of the feelings that you had as a child as a result of parental abuse, and in NO WAY WHATSOEVER connected to material things like money.

Yet look at what Gd has done to you.

The last 36 years you have been depressed, unworthy, angry, dejected, and miserable. Who would not be if they were married to such a monster as it is?

AND you failed the real estate exam at least 2 times before you finally passed it.

It took you at least 4 years to even start to be successful in real estate.

I have been working at my business **WITHOUT being a whore to a woman** who either has money (like my mom through her father; like my stepmom through her mom) or has experience in the field that I want to learn (like your current “wife”).

I have been working at my businesses without having a silent partner (like you had in Mort), nor **from being a whore to marry a financier’s daughter (MY MOM)** in order that the financier will support me in my building of my business (search for “**help you with money**” in this letter for a longer description of that).

LINK.

EMAIL FROM DAVID PAGE SAYING THAT MY FATHER GOT MONEY FROM MY MOM’S FATHER TO START HIS BUSINESS. Her brother David Page has told me this several times over the past 30 years. Several people with firsthand knowledge have told me that and written to me that multiple times over the previous decades. David himself has told me several times ever since the first year that I knew him again. My grandfather offered the money to my father if he would marry my mother, whom he had been dating, and who loved him very much.

AND YOU HAVE THE FUCKING CHUTZPAH TO SAY THAT TO ME??????

YOU ARE SUCH A HUGE FAILURE IN LIFE. WHERE DO YOU GET THE CHUTZPAH TO SAY THAT TO ANYONE????????????????????

‘I’ve been hearing about the Youtube thing for years.....’ Dec 28 2023. See link.

LINK

To him criticizing my business, after it took him AT LEAST 3 times to “pass” (bribed?) a real estate licensing exam, and several more years to start making a decent living from that, which only happened because Sharon Ashworth showed him how to make money in real estate, since she had been working already in that

office at it for years. It was conditional though on many things, like his unswerving loyalty to her, which included him leaving my 16-year old sister home alone almost every night because she demanded that he be at her house. From this Debbie developed bulimia (search for "bulimia" for more descriptions elsewhere in the document) and other emotional and psychological conditions which she still has to this day.

And after you had tried for NINE (9) years to make a luggage business, and you had failed at it multiple times. It only started to be successful because your household expenses (rent, then mortgage, food, clothes, etc.) was all covered by Joy's ultra-rich mom. You could just focus on your business.

You told me that for your first store in Lancaster (which my grandfather gave you money for to start in exchange for you marrying my mother), the business was failing for such a long time that, "Every day I thought about just grabbing all the cash that was in the register and leaving the store and never coming back" (which would have included breaking the lease agreement).

When I asked you why you didn't do that, you replied, "Because the business was all that I had in life". Hm. All? My mom? Me? Debbie?

You eventually told the mall owner that you wanted to get out of the lease asap. Sometime afterwards, while you were losing money EVERY day, the mall owner told you that he found someone to take over the lease. You told me that you cleaned out the store in 3 days.

Your restarted luggage business only started being profitable when you married my stepmom, because then her ultra-rich mother started supporting our family. These facts are all described elsewhere in this document as well.

One reason why I have decided to send this to you now is because of our conversation in April 2024, the only time that we have talked since DECEMBER 2022, because of YOU, except for an 8-minute talk in January 2024, the recording of which is below.

LINK.

1.2024. Marshal Klein BELLOWING at his son, as he always has, "YOU ARE NOT IN CONTROL. I AM IN CONTROL!!!!" and "WE WILL DO IT MY WAY!!!!"

I called you while Israel was being shot at by 300 drones and missiles.

**THE FIRST TIME IN WORLD HISTORY THAT ANY
COUNTRY WAS SHOT AT BY 300 PROJECTILES IN
SUCH A SHORT AMOUNT OF
TIME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

You fucking assfuck!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I called you to talk. You of course as always had not called me whenever Israel had been under attack EVER since I have been here.

(search for “missiles” in this document for a longer description of that).

You just went and started telling me numerous headlines you were reading on Fox News as I listened.

Finally you shut the fuck up.

I said, “Do you want to hear what’s going on here?????????”

You said, “Yeh”.

So I told you about how I had heard numerous explosions in the sky and how there were sirens all over.

You hardly heard me. As soon as I finished talking you said thanks for telling me then spent the next 10 minutes reading to me more headlines. You were idiotically reading SOMEONE headlines about what was going on IN THE EXACT PLACE THAT THAT PERSON WAS.

~~~~~

Instead of asking me, “How do you feel? How are you doing? What is it like being there?” and similar questions.

FUCKING NARCISSIST. THAT'S the definition of a narcissist.

JUST LIKE THE BALL-AND-CHAIN LOSER WHO WAS SITTING NEXT TO YOU.  
She has ALWAYS been the exact same way. Talking about herself and talking and  
talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking  
and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking  
and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking  
and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking  
and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking

and not caring one bit about what the other person has to say.

I know her. The first thing she said to you when she read this is, “You see? You shouldn’t have answered the phone. You see? “

That is called NARCISSISTIC PERSONALITY DISORDER. You are never wrong. Always deflect and show how its the other person's fault.

No.

You should have

1) Called me IMMEDIATELY to see how I was doing being in the capital of a nation that was being attacked with 300 projectiles. Your sister Edie would have been on the horn to any of her 3 kids or to her grandkids the moment that she heard about it, if any of them were here. She would have felt their pain and wanted to stay on the phone with them until everything was over (who knew when that might be?). Bedtime? F that. Dinner? FT. ANYTHING ????? F. T. She would have stayed with them until 6 am her time if need be, because she loves them and they are THE most important thing in the world to her. SHE is a parent. YOU are a loser.

2) AT LEAST done #1 (asked me how I was) when I called you, if you hadn't called me first.

## **THAT IS THE FUCKING LESSON YOU FUCKING BRAINWASHED IDIOT.**

And that is EXACTLY what you would have done (#1) before you met this FUCKING CREEP.

I finally said, "I only have 20 more minutes left on this phone plan here. Do you want to call me back, or I'll call you back later if something happens?"

Of course you cheapass fuckhead of a parent chose the 2<sup>nd</sup> option.

As we were concluding the call it suddenly closed. You closed the phone on me without saying goodbye or waiting for me to say it.

## **WTF IS WRONG WITH YOUR FUCKING BRAIN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

I called you back a couple hours later. It was around 18:00 your time.

You said, "What's up? What did you call for?"

I said, "Do I need a reason to call you?"

**You fucking asshole of a parent!!!!!!!!!!!!**



You said, “No but that’s what we discussed, right?”

[illegible]

So I told you some things that I wanted to say. I told you that I had called Debbie and Auntie and Jeremy. You told me that you called Debbie after I called you and she answered on Shabbat and you told her that I was ok.

Then you said that it was time for you to eat your dinner (that your bullshit wife prepared for you and set a specific time for you to eat each night so that you both didn't fall too much into depression – keeping strict eating and sleeping and doing things schedules is known as a prescribed way to fight depression). Exactly like your dad and his wife when they got old – eat dinner at the same time every day.

Then I said, “If I call you back then answer me because it means that it will be important. So answer me if I call you”.

You said ok and, “I go to bed at 20:30”.

**LINK.**

## The first call.

The conversation was mostly you telling me your headlines. The rest was me telling you what was happening around me factually. When I told you that I heard the explosions in the sky above my head, you said, “Gotcha”. You had NO compassion or feeling for me whatsoever. It was just talk about the facts. In 1988, you would have asked me how I was feeling, and you would have asked me what the safety situation was for me personally, you would have advised me what you thought was the best way for me to handle the situation personally; YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN A FATHER !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Something that you forgot when you married A FUCKING MAN-HATING, SELFISH BITCH who never had children. No, that’s what I used to think. The truth is that this is who you have ALWAYS been, you just covered it up really well when I was a kid so that I would grow up “normally” so I could be a rich doctor and support you, and you amplified the bullshit routine when I was a teenager, so that I wouldn’t choose to go and live with Joy, and then you would have to pay her child support, and then you would be all alone, waaaaa waaaaa. When I asked you if you had a way to call Israel, you didn’t answer me the first time, you just kept reading headlines, and then you said, “That’s it, Al, I cant keep up with them”. Um, had I asked you to read them at all, ever ????????? NO!! You sounded like your idiot wife talks EXACTLY right there. I didn’t need to be read headlines of what was happening RIGHT where I was. Ok, the news you first told me was intersecting and new to me. But I didn’t need to hear every single Fox News banner that was coming across your screen. I called you because I didn’t know what would happen to you, to me or to the world that night. I called to talk to my father, not to a news outlet. What if that had been our last conversation? That’s sounds unreal now, but if you go back to the news headlines the few days before that and the night of that, you will see that there was serious concern that a global thermonuclear war might erupt that night. What if it had, and even if you survived, what if you then had 0 way to contact me???? How would you

have felt, thinking that your last talk with me was about Fox News headlines???? Well, I know you would not have cared. But I cared, until the next day, and the next few days, when you did not even ONCE call or message or email me again to see how I was !!!!! Now I do not care. If anything like that ever happens again, you and your entire family, minus perhaps 1 person, will be several less things for me to think about doing in such a situation. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE. You see, I learned well from you. But unlike you, I don't care because I understand that you never cared. You just never cared to begin with.

The message that you talked about which you had sent me the week before was a 5 word birthday message. It was the FIRST birthday message that you had sent to me since 2020 (4 years). It arrived LATE. It arrived at 330 AM Israel time, the day AFTER my birthday, on Shabbat. It was a 5 word message. You sent it to my phone as a text message. I didn't have a way to write international text messages on my low rate phone plan. It was the first text message that I have received from you in YEARS. We had been sending emails from October to January (when you stopped responding to me). Why didn't you send it as an email? Or both ways? Weird. You sent it when it was already the day after my birthday in Israel.

At least I know the truth now in my soul. As hard as the truth is sometimes, the reward for accepting hard truths is always peace. I now feel peace that I understand that you never wanted me, and you only were good to me when I was a child because you felt guilty about killing my mother, and leaving me and Debbie motherless, and because you wanted us to grow up to be your source for economic support if you needed it 30, 40, 50, 60 years later.

There is peace in the truth.

## **The Truth is Life.**

Gd tells us that in His Torah. You would never understand about it. Gd's Torah is soooooooooo beautiful. It will take you years to understand this.

The Truth is Life.

Lies and deception are death.

You bring death everywhere you go and to everyone that you touch.

Be'ezrat Hashem, I bring Life.

**Link.**

**Second call about an hour later.**

These conversations showed me that EVEN when your son is sitting in the CAPITAL of the ONLY country in the world in world history that has ever been **targeted by 300 PROJECTILES at the same time you still found**

1. Your dinner

2. Your bedtime

3. Telling me YOUR information (soooooooooo much like your bullshit psychotic narcissistic egotistical wife – she has always, as this letter shows, always talked all the time about her and hardly ever cared what anyone else said – you NEVER used to be like that). Actually, now that I think about it more.....you DID used to be like that, just not as blatantly as she is,

4. Not listening fully to me or to my information and seeming to hardly care about knowing what I was going through,

to be more important to you than seeing how I was doing personally, how I was feeling, what I might have been thinking, and anything else about me.

I can sum up all of those things in 1 word.

And it is EXACTLY who you have ALWAYS been.

**NARCISSIST.**

AND OF COURSE YOU HAVE NOT CALLED ME NOR TEXTED ME THIS WEEK (this was written the week afterwards) TO SEE HOW I AM. AND I TOLD YOU WHEN WE TALKED THAT I ONLY SEE MY EMAILS WHEN I OPEN THE COMPUTER.

So that was the last conversation that we have ever had. And you have not emailed nor called since then to see how I am, including a few weeks ago when Jerusalem was again under attack. **25 FUCKING EXPLOSIONS IN A ROW RIGHT ABOVE MY HEAD!!!!!!!**

**YOU DID NOT GIVE A FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

That one word sums up this ENTIRE letter.

**NARCISSIST.**

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**YOU ARE A FUCKING MORON.**

**I HATE YOUR FUCKING GUTS YOU FUCKING  
ASSHOLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Here you say that “We will never be friends again” because I wrote to you and Debbie to pull your idiotic heads out of the sewer and realize that Gd punishes those who sin????????????????????????????????

Haven’t you gotten the memo over the last 6 years with all of your sicknesses and injuries and health problems???????? As they say in Israel, “EEDDEOT”.

**LINK.**

**[The letter that I sent to them asking for their urgently needed help.](#)**

**LINK. [Here is the recording where he tells me. "We will never be friends again".](#)**

He blasphemes Gd Almighty, a very great sin, by saying that "The rabbis in Israel instilled that shit into you". That sh-- is written in the Torah numerous times. I don't need any rabbi to show it to me. I just need to read the books. And nobody instills anything into me. You are thinking of your pathetic self, for whom your narcissistic wife, your evil daughter, your controlling sister and others "instill" everything of who you are today into you. You are just like your father in that way. Pathetic excuse for a human being.

**FOR THAT?????**

As I said to you in the recording of the conversation above, it’s so nice to see that you take me soooooooooo seriously when I teach you that Gd punishes and He rewards (even though its written dozens of times in His Torah, over and over and over and over).

**I only told you what is in His Torah, and you disowned your son for  
that???????????**

**You told me that “We will never be friends again”?**

**I BLESS YOU THAT GD WILL GIVE YOU  
EXTREEEEEEEEEME SUFFERING LIKE YOU HAVE  
NEVER KNOWN.**

**EXTREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEME.**

Maybe that will clean your filthy evil disgusting soul. If you even have anything left of it by now. I am not so sure.

WHAT KIND OF A FUCKING MORON IDIOT ARE YOU????????????????????

YOU ARE A FUCKING IDIOT, LIVING YOUR STUPID FUCKING LIFE IN SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM BECAUSE YOU ARE TOO AFRAID TO LIVE BY YOURSELF, TO BE BY YOURSELF, AND THAT YOU WOULD HAVE ENOUGH MONEY BY YOURSELF.

YOU ARE SOOOOOOOOOO FUCKING PATHETIC.

I NEVER WANT TO BE LIKE YOU. EVER.

YOUR FATHER WAS A BETTER PARENT AND GRANDPARENT THAN YOU ARE.

YOUR MOTHER WAS A BETTER PARENT AND GRANDPARENT THAN YOU ARE.

YOUR SISTER IS A BETTER PARENT THAN YOU ARE.

**LINK.**

**October 2013. Your sister tells me that her mid-50s year old daughter recently moved back in with her into HER own ultra-small apartment, which was/is the size of ONE of your smaller guest bedrooms.**

**You have a 4100 sq. ft. house. At the time that I had asked you to move back in with you for 1-2 years, you had had a 3500 sq. ft. house. I told her that she is a wayyy better parent than you are. She believes me ("I believe it") that you would not let me move back in with you when I was 24 years old for 1-2 years. She is sure that it was your "wife" who looks and "thinks" like Beavis who didn't want me to move back in with you. She says that you would never tell me that it was Beavis. She says that you are "Old enough to be on his own BY NOW". Then we had a fun conversation with her funny sassiness.**

Edie has to remember that you will never be "Old enough to be on his own". You cannot be alone. Just like David Page. 2 peas in a pod. Felons (Felony Perjury and Grand Theft Auto). Liars to the nth degree. Lazy fucks. TAKERS, TAKERS, TAKERS, TAKERS. Narcissists. Clinically depressed (HFD) since they were teenagers and never admitting it nor doing anything about it, except abusing others, including their own children. David, the little "man" that he is, forced his 16-year old son to lie to me (child abuse) on the phone about that they were in the middle of the Mojave Desert (and thus could not bring my wallet back to me) when in reality they were a 5-minute drive away from me in Las Vegas in 1999. He makes up a reason why he did that. NEWSFLASH YOU TOTAL NARCISSIST: It doesn't matter if you did it even because the Messiah was about to

reveal himself – it was STILL a lie, and you STILL forced your 16-year old son to lie to someone for you.

Narcissists. Both of you are total narcissists. Publicly shitting on/disparaging others, **including their own SISTERS (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DAVID YOU FUCKING LITTLE DICKFUCK – YOU LITTLE SHITFUCK – YOU TALKING SHIT ABOUT MY MOTHER’S EMOTIONAL STATE WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN CLINICALLY DEPRESSED SINCE YOU WERE A TEENAGER????????? Renee Franco told me that David told her in 2020 that** “The truth about me (David) is that I have been depressed ever since the day that Kathy died (when he was 20), and only now [this year] am I starting to feel some happiness again” – dipshit, you have been clinically depressed AT LEAST since you drank a whole bottle of whiskey by yourself in an hour when you were home alone and would have died if my mother hadn’t saved you pathetic, arrogant, worthless life) **and their parents** (both David and Marshal) in order to distract others from their own fucked-in-the-headedness. Did I say narcissists?

2 peas in a pod. Maybe soon to be 2 bed buddies in a jail cell.

Edie told me repeatedly when you were in your 40s that you cannot be alone. As her voice indicates on the recording above, I guess she vainly hoped that by your 70s you would have outgrown that. NO. SUCH. LUCK.

She has beat Marshal Klein hands-down on so many things, including that one. She has been “Old enough to be on her own” since she was in her 30s. She has to remember its marshal we are talking about. A smoker from childhood to at least the 2010s, marijuana and cigarettes. A workaholic. A child beater. A CHILD BEATER OF A 6-YEAR OLD GIRL!! A convicted felon. Upon his own repeated self-admission, he has committed 3 other felonies (Forced Entry on a woman one-half of his size and her children; Breaking and Entering; and Burglary).

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**You could have handled your life soooooooo much better with just 1 little difference, and had suuuuch an easier life. How you probably cheated on my mom and my stepmom.**

You separated from my mother not long after Debbie was born.

When you decided that you wanted a divorce, you could have told my mom that:

“No hard feelings, it just isn’t what I want anymore. You raise the kids, its better that they stay with their mother (like 90% of kids do after a divorce, it makes sense). I would like to see them at times, I will discuss with you when I want to see them, and we will

arrange it, ok? Sometimes for an afternoon, or weekend, or week maybe. Maybe I won't have time to see them for weeks, I don't know. But when I want to see them, I'll call you and we can arrange a time that's good for everyone, including the kids? Ok?"

I'm sure she would have agreed.

Then you both or she could have gone to my grandpa and told him. Then you could have come to talk with him. "Al, Mort and I would like you to continue to fund our business until we get it going. How would you like to be a 10% silent partner with us (or 20%, whatever)? It would really help us out". He wanted the best for the father of his grandson, and I am sure that he would have agreed to that.

You could have gone to focus on building your business full-time, without any negative energy from neither my mom nor her mother, who knew that you were cheating on my mother when you were far away in Lancaster.

You told me yourself a few times that my grandma, "Used to accuse me of cheating on your mother when I was at work later when I was working at the store in Lancaster".

I wonder why.

You were unhappy in your marriage, you were far away, you have whored around with women since you were a teenager (ANOTHER addiction of yours – casual sex, something which people use to distract themselves from dealing with their own issues), why would you stop whoring around just because you were married?? Peggy was also suspicious of you cheating on her. You have cheated on EVERY SINGLE one of your wives except maybe for Beavis – because the risk was too great for you, and it knew you, and it knew that you could do that, so it successfully stopped you.

You cheated on Joy FOR SURE.

8 years that she didn't give you sex?? And you stayed faithful to her? You? The only person in this universe who would believe that might be a 3-year old.

We first met Kookwha when you drove the 3 of us to LA to meet her for dinner and a movie. The movie was Indiana Jones (the sequel to Raiders). It came out in May. This was the opening weekend. Joy started moving out in April. You were veeeeerrrry comfortable with Kookwha that night. You hadn't just been dating her for a month. Maybe 6 months, at least?

You met her the EXACT same way that you had met Joy. They both worked for you first. Kookwha recently had divorced her husband who had cheated on her (good woman with integrity), her kids were in high school, and she wanted something to do during the day. She got a job in your store. You two started dating. Same story as Joy.

So if my grandmother with her excellent intuition thought that you were cheating + me knowing you + your history whoring around with women + your need to distract yourself from your painful childhood feelings that have tried to show themselves for 63 years now, I would choose “Yes” if asked whether or not I thought that you cheated on my mom.

So if you had separated nicely from my mom and her family, then you would not have had that negative energy anymore from my grandma, ever. Nor from my grandpa nor from my mom. You could have forgotten us. You would have still had my grandpa’s money. You could have had the world by the tail. NO custody battles, NO messy divorce, NO lifelong guilt feelings over my mother’s death, no Jerry and David abusing you in a parking garage with weapons and intent to kill you, NO looking over your shoulder for the next 20 years. Just peace and ability to focus on your business and to date whomever you wanted to and to marry or not, have kids or not. You could have avoided the vasectomy and everything. No abuse of me and Debbie. No Debbie developing bulimia. No me developing the issues that I had to deal with.

But no. Marshal has to FUCK UP EVERYTHING THAT HIS EVIL DEMONIC self touches. EVERYTHING. He has to poison everything which interacts with him.

You made a mess of what could have been one of the best things in your life. Money for your business, 2 kids which you didn’t have to take care of, no alimony or child support. Her dad had enough money to take care of us all without child support or alimony from you. That’s what he ended up doing anyways as it was.

So why would you fuck up something that was so easy so badly??

Easy answer. You wanted custody of us, so that you could groom us to serve you for 18 years, and then we would become your mid-life, later life and retirement safety net if you ever needed it.

And you met a guy along the way named Bill Ritner who had fucked over his ex-wife by stealing his children away from her. He used his playbook to help you steal your children away from your wife, which devastated her. YOU SOB. YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT.

The best thing that you can do with whatever time is left of your worthless life is to never lay whatever is left of your pitiful, PIECE OF SHIT worthless eyes on me again.

Gd has been punishing you for 36 years.

HALLELUYAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I love every minute that you suffer at the hands of that demon. LOVE. IT. Her and I have something in common. We both HATE you. Along with your sister, nephew, nieces, daughter, your old “friends” whom you threw under the bus for your money and for your



protection from prosecution of your many, many crimes, and for your wife (the second two were ultimately also just for your money – it has ALL been about money for you – **you would even have me killed to protect your pathetic “lifestyle”**), and so, so, so, so many other people. Well, really, everyone who really matters.

You have been wanting, ever since I was 20 years old and started REALLY asking you questions about my mother, off and on, me to hurt myself. And Debbie and you both have silently and not so silently thought about how great it would be if I just left this Earth.

So far, neither one of you has wanted to do it yourselves, including giving the Beavis the “OK” to do it. But if I ran out of money and couldn’t pay rent and died on the street, or in a mountain, well say la vie. If I hurt myself, that would be the BEST for you both. Debbie, you SADISTIC evil entity, you have prayed that I would hurt myself. You have copied Marshall in EVERYTHING he has done, including doing everything that you can to influence me to hurt myself. You have purposefully isolated many of my relatives from me, you have discouraged my friends, after getting their numbers from hacking my phone, from being in contact with me, you have spread SO MUCH disinformation about me to so many people so that people would not help me when I needed it.

You liar. You are not trying to “teach me” anything. You could NOT teach me ANYTHING. You tell people that I have to learn to take care of myself, blah blah. If it wasn’t for your marriage, you would still be a poor pathetic, unsuccessful, this or that, real estate appraiser or whatever, or a JNF employee, or whatever. Shortly after you got married, I was talking with two people who had known you for some time. They told me, “Yep, she got what she always wanted – a rich husband. Debbie always was and always will be a gold-digger”. I was so naïve back then and had been out of touch with you for so long that I actually thought that you had married for love.

Debbie has tried to engineer my demise for years. She is repeating another one of your sins, how you engineered my mother’s demise for years. She is repeating your sin of engineering my mother’s demise, and she is doing it to me. Amazing, huh? Most people would not believe it. But it is as true as that the sun will rise tomorrow.

Then she thinks that she would be able to say, “See, see everyone, Al had a lot of problems. You see? I am ok, Marshall is ok, his whole family is ok, but Al, well, he has problems. It is so sad what happened. But he didn’t take care of his mental illness. There was nothing I could do for him”. Yet in my mother’s family, my mother’s first cousin Renee Franco, has mental illness. She has been and is being completely financially supported by her brothers. Another cousin is in a similar situation, being supported by their family. And another one, and another one. And debbie has a bijillion times more money than any of the family who are supporting these cousins. So, if debbie is so sure that I have mental illness, why doesn’t she follow suit of the other relatives in my mother’s family who take care of their siblings, children and parents??

Debbie?? What do you have to say for yourself, you lying fuck???????? My mother's relatives take care of those in the family who have "mental illness". Why don't you take care of me? You have wayyyyy more capability than they do.

Because you WANT me to perish. You WANT me to go away. Why? Because all of your man-hating anger that you have at Marshall, for similar reasons that I hate him, you redirect towards me because its easier for you. To you, I am expendable, and he is not, for reasons including how your children would treat you if you said the things to him which you have wanted to say, which are wayyyyyyy worse than mine. You HATE him because he allowed Joy to physically and emotionally abuse you wayyyyyyy worse than she ever did to me. You hate him for leaving you home alone with a woman who beat your ass with a hairbrush several times a week, and who gave you the "Silent Treatment" all the time. I remember into your early twenties you were still complaining about Joy's "silent treatment", even though she hadn't mothered us for almost 10 years.

Yet you inflict the "silent treatment" onto me ALL the time. I wonder who else you inflict it onto. You are just like my pitiful father, inflicting the abuse that you received as a child onto others, instead of confronting and engaging your issues and fixing them. You "take the easy way out" just like he always has. You are soooooo lazy like him. You have had soooooooo many problems with your daughters because you are an emotional wreck. Relatives have told me for years that you have problems with your kids. Auntie Edie told me in 2018 that you had emotional problems, because they all had heard about how badly you had treated me for years, ignoring my messages, emails and calls ever since shortly after you got closer with my father ion 2013 at MY suggestion. You are such a stealer.

I PUSHED you for 3.5 years to meet our uncles. You finally met them. Then you pushed me away and started telling all of the relatives bad things about me, trying to turn them all against me.

I PUSHED you to get closer to my father in 2012, after he returned from Israel. Then you got close to him, and then you did EVERYTHING you could to exclude me more and more from any relationship with you or him.

I proposed the idea that my father's family have a Zoom meeting for my grandmother's yartzeit. You discouraged everyone from doing it with me. Then, the next year, you took my idea and every year since then you have made a Zoom meeting with my father's family for my grandmother's yartzeit.

????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????

Are you a fucking narcissist? Yes, of course you are.

Are you a fucking psycho???????????????????????????????? Yes, of course you are.

**AND MARSHAL AND DEBBIE – BE SURE TO READ THIS.**

I WILL BE SURE, 100% SURE, that if it is Gd' will, then Rachel and Rivka, my nieces, will learn EVERY SINGLE thing about how evil you both are, from this letter and more.

I am sure that Debbie has given them some song-and-dance about why she is not in contact with me. Just like you told us, "Your uncles are dangerous".

Debbie, you are such a fucking idiot that you have to repeat EVERY single mistake and sin that my father did with us with your children??????? CHILD ABUSE. You are knowingly lying to your children. **YOU ARE A FUCKING CUNT.**

My father kept you away from your uncles, so now you have to keep your children away from their uncle?????? **WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU**  
**????????????????**

I promise you, from the bottom of my soul, that Rachel and Rivka will know EVERYTHING about how badly you both treated me all of these years.

Unlike you two, who copy all of Nan's and my father's sins, I copy my relatives righteous deeds. I will be like Auntie Edie, times 10,000, telling the truth to my nieces about you two failures of human beings.

By the time that you read this, it will have been already sent out to almost a hundred people, many of whom despise you both. They HATE people like you who treat others the way that you have treated me. THEY HATE PEOPLE LIKE YOU.

Why do you think that you sister told me so much TRUTHS about you over the decades? Because she covertly hates your fucking guts. She hates you for keeping us from her for 7 years during your 3<sup>rd</sup> marriage and not letting her come and visit. She was telling me too many truths about you right in front of you, wasn't she?

When I was 7 years old, Auntie Edie had already started spouting off truths about you to me. THAT was the **REAL** reason why you stopped her and Nan from visiting and/or TALKING to us anymore, wasn't it? I mean, if it was just Joy being annoyed with them, which was part of it also, then why not let us at least **talk** to them by phone for those 7 years?? Talking to them shouldn't have bothered Joy; she just didn't want them, and especially Edie, to be over criticizing her and telling her how to be with us and telling her how to run her house. Easy peasy. You were afraid that Edie might spontaneously spout off some truths about you and I might start to see you for who you really are more. A pathetic loser.

She hates you for throwing her under the bus a 2<sup>nd</sup> time when you married your 4<sup>th</sup> wife.

Why do you think that EVERYONE who has told me soooooo much shit about you over the last 4 decades has done so? BECAUSE THEY

**FUCKING. HATE. YOU.**

They are either afraid of you or want your money or both. Everyone is just waiting for you to just DIE.

CAN YOU JUST FUCKING DIE PLEASE????????????????????????????????????????

PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

---

Have you ever recorded any of our conversations you fucking convicted felon ???  
(search for “expunged” in this letter for a longer description of that).

Because where you live it is a **FELONY OR MISDEMEANOR** to record someone without their consent.

And we both know full well that you have NEVER asked me for my consent to record our conversations.

You better be sure you ain’t EVER recorded any of our conversations you fucking blowhard!!!!!!!

I guess if your sheriff slavers who love you being their slave for free all of the time knew that you had been convicted of GRAND THEFT AUTO in Chicago and that you had admitted several times to the other felonies described in the section above, and that you have illegally recorded conversations in California, they might go looking to see what other crimes you have committed.

Wouldn’t they?

That’s why you got friendly with that crooked fucking sheriff. So that he would “protect” you if the shit ever hit the fan for you with you being exposed for your criminal activities. After your corrupt, criminal, woman-hating protector Bill Ritner bit the dust from smoking his lungs into oblivion his whole life (YAYYYYYYYYYY - THANK YOU, GD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!) and drinking his liver away with 6 hard drinks every day (2 after work with you or another “buddy”, 2 at the hotel with his daily whore, and then 2 more at home), you were on pins and needles for years about who would protect you if your heinous crimes in 1974 and afterwards ever got exposed. You found your new “protector” in SLO.

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You told me some years ago that your decades-long protector Bill Ritner kicked the bucket (search for “scotch and water” in this document for a longer description of how Bill Ritner had a personal agenda to ruin women and to protect men, and how he stole his

own children away from their mother years before he helped Marshal Klein to do the same thing).

He was the one who ran interference for all of your crimes before Sharon Ashworth came along. Then Sharon became your right-hand man.

You told me that shortly before he died, Sharon went to go and see him in Palm Springs. You said he had moved to there in a last-ditch effort to keep his lungs clean as long as he could. I said, "Did you go and see him before he died?". You said, "No, [Beavis] went. I couldn't stand to go and see him like that".

Let me get this straight. A friend of yours for over 4 decades, who protected you from so many things, who did so many legal and illegal things to help you, who had agreed to become your kids' guardian if you died, – you couldn't go and see him days before he kicked the bucket because it was hard for you?????

**BULL. SHIT.**

Sharon drove 3 hours just to see **YOUR** friend before he died?????

NO.

Dogface went to get the final report from him on several of your lifetime transgressions, where they stood, what else did Marshal need to know about, etc.

She also went to pick up the documents that he still had about you and all of your transgressions and interactions. You sent your right-hand man to get your stuff so that you could always claim that you had never seen such documents and that you had never known about such things that he had about you. To this day they are in Sharon's "possession", so that you can claim that you didn't know about them if that need ever comes up.

You wanted to get those documents away from Bill Ritner while Bill Ritner still had a say about what happened to them.

You don't have and have never had real friends ever since Howard Udolf. And we know what happened to him after he met your children (search for "udolf in this letter).

You just have used and still use everyone, including your children. You use your current wife. You use your sister and her kids. You use your grandkids to stay close with Debbie so that your money safety net will always be there.

The beautiful thing is that they all use you also (except the grandkids, because well they are kids).

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Along with hearing since I was 7 years old about how everyone in your social life, except Joy, me and Debbie (and then after your divorce, “except me and Debbie”) was “paranoid”, “a piece of work”, “gotta lotta hang-ups”, “crazy”, etc., you also always used to say, “I don’t want to be **USED** (with emphasis on the word “USED”). Nobody is gonna **USE** me. I don’t wanna be **USED**”. Along with the other accusations, I always thought it was weird that you always said that.

(search for those terms in quotes above in this letter for longer descriptions of those events).

Psych 101. Whatever someone repeatedly says about others, especially over years, especially including relatives and friends and even strangers, is true about the one who is saying that.

Psych 102. Whatever immaterial thing that someone is repeatedly afraid of others doing to them, then that is what that person is doing to others. This is sometimes true for material things also, like physical abuse.

So you have always been paranoid EXTREMELY TRUE, a piece of work VERY TRUE, gotta lotta hang-ups TRUE, crazy VERY, VERY TRUE, and using people ALL OF YOUR WRETCHED, UNHAPPY LIFE **THE MOST TRUE ONE**.

Your own sister who has known you longer than anyone alive, has said that you have been unhappy in your life since you were 18 years old in the link below.

**LINK. October 2013. Your sister, your only sibling, tells me that she lost touch with her Uncles Al and Arnie and their families because she didn’t have much in common with them because they are “rich people’s kids”. Her other mother’s brother Uncle Lenny’s family also is not in touch with her. She says that you also moved away from Illinois and thus her family “and left us” and tried to make your life away from Illinois.**

**She says that “We DO know, it wasn’t.”, that your whole life has not been happy for you even after you moved away from Illinois.**

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## **VERY IMPORTANT. BE SURE TO READ THIS.**

I know that in your lifelong, perpetual narcissism you will think and tell others that I have written you this letter for some reason which you tell yourself to make yourself feel better about yourself. Whatever you tell yourself, it is not true.

I am NOT writing this letter to you for any of the following reasons.

**1. I am NOT trying some weird attempt to save you.**

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I am NOT trying to “wake you up” or to change you by showing you what an asshole you are. **YOU ARE BEYOND SAVING.**

From the time that we become self-aware, around 12 or 13 years old, until our last seconds on earth, we all are fighting one “battle”. **Our entire life is about the choices we make, and how those choices further “fix” our soul that it can eventually, with His help, become as holy, pure and whole as it can possibly be.**

We all are made up of 2 entities. One of those is our soul that He gives us before we are born. The other one is our own yetzer hara.

The yetzer hara is Gd’s servant. It is employed by Gd Almighty. Before it can do ANYTHING, it needs Gd’s permission to do it.

EVERY choice we make from around 13 years old is either us listening to our soul, which is ALWAYS telling us what Gd wants us to do, for our own good, so that our soul will become more holy and closer to Him, OR listening to our yetzer hara, who is ALWAYS testing us to see if we will indeed listen to our holy soul, given to us by Gd Almighty. [Here is a great link about that. It starts out talking about a NASA astronaut.](#)

We can always know what He wants very easily – by looking in His Torah. He tells very clearly what to do, and what not to do. Goyim have 30 rules or commandments to live by (most know them as the 7 Noahide Laws but there are in reality 30 of them), and Jews have 613 of them. Each one tells us what TO DO or what NOT TO DO. If we do what our soul wants us to do, we will be always be following His commandments, He will bless us for that, and in most situations, we will have peaceful, joyous lives with His help,

If we listen to what the yetzer hara, Gd’s tester of us, wants us to do, we will sin, and our soul will become stained. He usually gives us time to make teshuvah for those sins, so that we can clean our souls. If we do not make teshuvah for those sins by the time that He determines is up, then he makes us suffer, because that will clean our souls. If He cannot clean our soul with suffering while we are alive, then He makes us die, and then we go to Gehinnom, because Gehinnom is the ultimate soul cleaner. There is unlimited time there, unlike the maximum 120 years of a human lifetime, and anything is possible there, as it is in the spiritual universe, where things can occur which are outside of the natural rules that Gd set up for this material universe.

Someone who was a chain smoker all of their life and abused the beautiful body that Gd gave them as a cowardly outlet for their childhood pain, and died of some lung complication, instead of confronting their pain with emunah (“faith”, or in Western terms’ loose understanding of emunah: true bravery, true strength, true confidence) may have their soul be sent to Gehinnom to have the following life, which seems every bit if not more real to them than the life that they lived on Earth: He might be FORCED to smoke 10 cigarettes at once by his attending angels, non-stop, until he repeats his illness

and all of the physical and emotional pain associated with it. He would “die” again. Then he would “wake up” again, and repeat the whole day all over, every day, for 340 years.

They would feel so much pain in their soul, and want it to end, and it seemingly never would. When it finally ended, in what they perceived to be 340 REAL years, they would appreciate their body that they had, or at least that part of it, like they never had before, and in their next life, if they were blessed to have one, they would appreciate that sooooo much more, and not know why they did, although they may have some “feeling” about it.

THAT is what Gehinnom can be like. And there is NO way to escape.

You, Marshal are beyond saving anymore. In your familial narcissisms, I have heard you and your niece say things like, “I’ll know what to do at that time” or “Nan will know what to do” when she is asked why did she sinfully FOLLOW my ultra-sinful aunt to sign papers that she would have her body BURNT to ashes, like millions of Jewish bodies were burnt against their will in the Shoah, and in Spain in 1492, and in France on Valentines Day, and in Rome and in Jerusalem, and throughout Jewish history. Edie KNEW that it was against Jewish law. She KNEW that she was further engaging in pagan rituals. And she KNEW that she was seducing her own mother, whom she resented so much that she told my cousins, “Marshal and I will NOT be paying extra money for her to have a live-in nurse instead of sending her to a nursing home because she was a bad mother to us and abused us as children”. Edie is gonna get it big time (like she used to threaten Jerry right in front of us), BIG BIG time when she leaves here. And thanks to her, nobody who can do anything about it will do anything about it. Including me. I will only RELISH in her soul’s indescribable suffering.

You wont “know what to say” because there is nothing to “say”. THE BUCK STOPS RIGHT HERE, on Earth. There is no way to lie or to swindle your way at the Heavenly Court. I know that your penultimate narcissistic mind cannot comprehend that. But that’s the way it is. You WILL be put into your place. Repeatedly.

## **BARUCH HASHEM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

When you were a teenager, before you murdered on the streets of Chicago, there was still a chance of saving you, or better of you saving yourself. Before you did your air Force things, there was still a chance. Before you murdered my mother, there was still a chance. You could have been saved, at least partially, until recently. That’s why I kept trying to save you almost my whole life, because despite my bad feelings towards you of certain things, I felt that that was what Gd wanted me to do.

I don’t need to do that anymore. You are beyond saving. You have chosen to go the way of the yetzer hara too many times on too many huge things. You truly are a lost cause.

If your son cannot save you, nobody can. You are truly lost.

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I am NOT writing this letter to save you. You are beyond saving. You are truly evil and bad.

## 2. THAT I WANT YOU TO GET A DIVORCE.

I DO NOT want you to get a divorce. I LOOOOOOOVE that you suffer in your marriage. I LOOOOOOOVE that you have been suffering in your marriage. I love it!! I realized not too long ago that He has been making you suffer for 36 years because of your selfish, narcissistic choices that you made starting 36 years ago, and for all of the people like me whom you have thrown away for the past 36 years, and for all of the terrible things that you did to people before that. I LOVE IT!!!!

I know that you could NEVER survive anymore by yourself. You would wither away and die within a short period of time, having to look at yourself all day, every day. You would be like a scared animal, alone and not knowing what to do with himself. For this reason alone you pray that you will die before your demon wife does. You do NOT want to be left alone. Now you have isolated yourself geographically and on a ranch hours away from anyone who you know matters AT ALL.

So I know that you will never get a divorce. More than any time in your life, you will not divorce your current demon. You know that you have nothing to do and nowhere to go. You have burned all of your bridges with people in your life and NOBODY wants you anymore. You have fucked over people who still had some compassion for you, and nobody sincerely trusts you anymore that you truly love them (which you never have, because you DO NOT KNOW WHAT LOVE IS, which is true of narcissists. You only know CONTROL.

All you want is that you will die before Sharon so that you will not be left alone. When I tell my kids EVERYTHING about you, it will such a pathetic ending to such a pathetic story of their grandfather, a man who wanted to die before his wife did so that he would not be left alone. A SHELL OF A "MAN". A LOSER.

I looooooooooove you being married. I LOOOOOOOOOVE seeing you suffer and become more decrepit every day. I love seeing how Hashem is punishing you. You deserve every minute of it.

In the 1990s and 2000s you were audited for your taxes. Two times in less than 20 years. That's a lot for most people. You must have had some pretty questionable finances.

**Those were the years when your accountant for 30 years, Don Sinclair died.** That was during the time when you were married to Sharon. (search for "sinclair" in this letter for a longer description of that).

Debbie, the genius that she is, Ms. I Have Almost No Material Accomplishments in My Life, told you that I had reported you. You found out sometime later that I was not involved in any way.

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I am not weak like you. I am not a controller like you are. I don't need to go around doing revenge to people. I have something that you have NEVER had. It is called emunah.

I know that He will always reward and punish everyone according to what they deserve. The best thing that I can do is to let Him do His work, and I do mine. He is infinitely better at His work than I can ever be.

I love what He has done. I only fairly recently realized how He has been punishing you soooooo well, of course. And I LOOOOOOOOOOOVE it.

Do not get a divorce. Stay married. Stay suffering. It will lessen even if by a little bit your suffering Gehinnom. It will only help a little bit because the suffering that you have now is so small compared to what Gehinnom can be like for you. It seems like Gd has given up on you for teshuvah.

He has waited 36 long years, and He accounted for your sins from before that along with the good and the bad that you did for me and Debbie in our childhood and teenage years, even though the good was mostly selfishly motivated. He rewards us and punishes us overwhelmingly based on our ACTIONS. Our thoughts are rarely judged by Him. So it doesn't really matter WHY we do things. To do them with love gets a better reward. But doing "good deeds", doing the commandments, is what really matters to Him. And doing them to the best of our effectiveness matters the most. A billionaire nonchalantly telling his secretary to give \$100,000 tzedakah to some organization she chooses which looks good to others and which he has never even heard of will earn MUCH less merit from Gd than someone who struggles to find \$10 to give to their uncle who is studying Torah all the time and needs that \$10 just to buy food to survive or to pay his rent. The one who struggles to give the \$10 will receive untold more blessings than the billionaire. If the billionaire gave \$1 million to a fund and told his assistant to employ a group of workers (paying them from a separate fund from the \$1 million) to spend time finding people in need, like walking the holy streets of Jerusalem, where there are so many needy people (the modern country of Israel is not the utopia that ignorant, pompous idiot head-in-the-sand because it makes them feel better because they have never lived here to know the truth Jews like Debbie think that it is) and individually giving them each \$10,000 or whatever he could to help them, THEN he could earn as much blessings as the woman who gave the \$10 to her needy, Gd-loving, Gd-fearing cousin.

That's why you had so many blessings in the late 70s until 1988 or so. Since 1988, your suffering has only increased. It started when you started treating Debbie and I like shit, throwing us under the bus for your new demonic "date" and then "girlfriend". (search for "18<sup>th</sup> birthday", "uranus" and "bulimia" all separately for longer descriptions of those topics). IT has only magnified as you have treated us both worse and worse, recently favoring Debbie and giving her more of whatever she emotionally needed because she is a money pot for you if you ever need it, and so that you and Dogface don't have to come up with an answer when your "friends" and relatives ask you, why aren't either of your kids too close with you", as it was for you until 2013, when you started cozying up to Debbie so that you could get good Facebook pics up and can tell your friends that you are

close with 1 of your kids, and that the other one “has gotta a lotta hang-ups” while your wife shakes its head and tells the other friends how Al has “lost it” and has a lot of issues, so he turned religious, and “Those rabbis just brainwashed that guy”.

AND YOUR INSOLENT, WEAK, BLASPHEMOUS, GD-HATING (like you) DAUGHTER has taken the evil path which you offered to her which I myself specifically avoided decades ago, and has thrown her brother under the bus in order to have good Facebook pics with her ugly-ass, soulless, shell-of-a-person father, and to not have to tell her kids the truth about you when they ask why you are not so close with grandpa (search for “would be friends” for a longer description of how I turned down the yetzer hara’s evil offer which would have isolated Debbie from the rest of the 3 of us as the only one who was “against” my father and his evil desire to be paired with his current wife).

When I was 7 you told us that “Grandma Ruth, Auntie Edie and your cousins in Chicago will not be coming to California anymore to visit us. They will not call you anymore, and you will not call them anymore”. “Why not?” “That’s just what your mother and I decided. So when I give you permission, you guys will still be able to write them letters. And they will write you letters. But we will not talk to them anymore nor see them anymore. And its not just you guys. I wont talk to them anymore, and your mother will not talk to them anymore either”.

Of course, you clandestinely maintained contact with them by phone from your stores during the day, unbeknownst to my stepmom.

After your divorce from my stepmom you told us that, “Joy didn’t like Edie and my mother always telling her how to run her house. So, since Nan’s last visit to us at that time, Joy told me that she never wants them to visit us again”. I said, but what about you, didn’t you tell her that you wanted them to visit us anyways?” You said, “Al, I had to keep my marriage together. Whatever your mother wanted, I did it for her. I did whatever I could to keep my marriage together”. Today I think it was 50% bullshit, if not more. You liked being able to tell your mom and sister what to do. It felt like a bit of revenge on them to do something to them, especially to your mother, whom you hated the most, which you KNEW would be hurtful to them.

Interestingly, you told me years later that my actual mother had ALSO disliked Edie. Edie had also told my mom what to do and how to run her house. It looks like Joy was not the problem. It looks like my mom was not the problem.

Edie was the problem.

Mixed in with her psychotic need to control, she probably also derived a certain amount of evil, passive-aggressive pleasure from antagonizing your wives, because she knew that it would cause you to have problems with them later. And she probably assumed, “I’m family. He has kids now. What’s he gonna do, prohibit me from visiting his kids?? Ha!! What will he tell his kids? He ain’t gonna neva keep me or mother from visiting those kids of his. I can wreak whatever havoc that I want to”.

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Edie didn't know that she wasn't dealing with someone who would do anything for her kids. She REALLY would do anything for her kids. She was dealing with a selfish psychopathic narcissist (much worse than she was) who would even throw his own family under the bus to keep his marriage "stable". I have seen you do it with my own eyes: with Joy to me and my sister (search for "red and contorted" in this letter for a longer description of that) and to your own mother and to your own sister, and with pigface to me, Debbie, Edie, your mother, your father, Harley Rubin, your rabbi, Howard Udolf, Don Sinclair, Mort Lewis your business partner, and to dozens of other people.

**3. I DO NOT WANT YOUR MONEY.** You will send this letter right away to Debbie, who will undoubtedly forward it to a bunch of other people (lashon hara for both of you) before she even reads it.

You will tell those people, "Al is just writing this because he wants me to pay him money for his good grades (search for "tens of thousands" to hear your made-up offer), and for his lifetime Star Wars collection, which I allowed, as the eternal pussy that I have always been, my demon Beavis look-alike and intellectual capacity-like "wife" to throw away without asking you to come and take them (search for "Star Wars" in this letter for a longer description of that).

I see that my overall calculated undergraduate GPA is less than a 3.5, so don't worry, Marshal. This lie that you made up about "I said I would pay you back if you had a 3.5 GPA" will not come back to FUCK YOU economically.

My Star Wars collection you DO owe me money for. But I 99.99999999% know that you will never pay it. I don't worry about that. I learned and saw after moving to Israel, years and years before I ever considered becoming religious, that whatever is rightfully owed to someone, Gd will ALWAYS eventually take from that person and give to the owed one. It might go through many hands before it gets to its destination, but it will get there.

I am NOT writing this letter to get \$12,000 from you for my Star wars collection. I **DO NOT** want your money.

I am NOT writing this letter to try and get you to get a divorce. I **DO NOT** want you to get a divorce. I LOVE seeing you suffering and painfully, slowly dying. Like my mother painfully and slowly died over years from your bullying, harassment, physical abuse, and emotional abuse of her, and the final straw. I LOVE SEEING YOU SUFFFFFFFFEEEEERRRRRRRRR!!!!!! LEE, SHOW ME MORE OF HIS SUFFERING !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**LINK.**

**This is exactly how I think of you, from the beginning of this clip until the song starts. I do not and will not, I GUARANTEE YOU bezrH, have any thoughts that he has AFTER the song starts. This was Hollywood in the late 90s. It sold more tickets this way.**

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I **am NOT** writing this letter to try in some weird way that you have concocted in your narcissistic mind to “save you”. Those days ended when you let your wife illegally trespass into our therapy sessions (search for “shaken” in this letter for a longer description of that). They were further cemented as having ended after your let your “wife” try to murder my grandfather (search for “she insisted that he take that medication” in this letter for a longer description of that).

I **DO NOT** want to save you.

You are SUUUUUUCH a narcissist to have these thoughts after reading this. You don’t even look at yourself after reading all of this.

And I **KNOW** that those will be your **EXACT** thoughts when you read this.

Maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe, you will understand why I wrote this letter to you in your last few minutes. The reason is amazingly simple.

## **I FUCKING HATE YOUR FUCKING EVIL, DASTARDLY SELF.**

**I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT.** Even if probably doesn’t matter to you since I have NEVER meant anything to you, except until about 12 years ago when your relationship dramatically improved with your incredibly wealthy daughter, at MY URGING (search for “time zone” in this letter to see how your relationship dramatically improved for the first time in 24 years after Debbie took my suggestion to do things to be closer to you, after which she and you shut me out even more), and you realized that you didn’t need me anymore, and probably never would need me.

People with NPD rarely, if ever, realize what a narcissist and a monster that they have been their whole adult and the latter part of their teenage lives until the very end, and some of them not even then. I am 99.99% sure that that will be you (the “not even then” group, which includes almost all narcissists). And it will be your daughter, and your sister, and your niece, and of course without any doubt, your Beavis live-in man.

## **I FUCKING HATE YOUR FUCKING EVIL, DASTARDLY SELF.**

I know you won’t get that now. You and your Beavis will make up a bunch of other reasons besides the 3 which I just nullified above, so that you don’t have to understand that I FUCKING. HATE. YOU.

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And I want to tell you that, for me not for you, before you die (PLEEEASE GD), so that I can leave you behind me in my life FOREVER.

You and your ultra-sinful, evil, ultra-satanic daughter (she works for the s\*\*t\*\*n, even if she MIGHT not know it) have lazily and cowardly counted on a vow that I told you that I made with Gd years ago. You both have interacted with me the way that you did (LIKE THE 2 FUCKING ANIMALS THAT YOU BOTH ARE), idiotically counting on that vow.

You told each other, “We can do whatever we want. We can treat him however we want to, and he will always have to stay in contact with us”.

Do you know how sinful that is?? To try to use someone’s vow for your own advantage????? No, you do not know. Because you “don’t believe in that stuff”.

I have been released from that vow. And if I ever have to fulfill it again, I can do so by sending you a “Hi this is Al saying hi” email or something like that from time to time.

And that is what I want to do. **NOTHING** if I can preferably.

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**You have lied to me for my entire LIFE about that I was unconscious when you “arrived to the hospital”.**

**YOU HAVE NEVER EVER IN YOUR WRETCHED, WASTED, EVIL FUCKING LIFE EVER SEEN ME UNCONSCIOUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Look at the court documents. They clearly say that **when the officers arrived to my mother’s house** (which she had previously kicked your disgusting, evil, narcissistic, pathetic POS ass out of) **I was conscious. When I arrived to the hospital, the doctor examined me and I was conscious.**

SO WHEN THE FUCK WAS I UNCONSCIOUS YOU LYING PIECE OF FUCKING GARBAGE????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????

Its just a story you made up to exaggerate the true story, in your lifelong attempt to show others that you are not a psychopathic lying narcissistic evil pathetic FUCK (WHICH YOU ABSOLUTELY ARE AND 1000X WORSE), and to try to show that others have problems, and that you are ok. WHICH IS THE BIGGEST LIE OF YOUR PATHETIC LIFE.

You wanted to make my mother look bad, so that you could get custody of us, and because in your 1950s, outdated, gangster mentality you thought that if you could show to your father, mother, sister and everyone else how bad she was, then you could look better to them.

You forgot that most people are smarter than you. Their first questions, whether they asked you directly or not, would be, "Then why did he marry her and stay with her for 3 years and have 2 kids with her? What is wrong with him?". Of course, that opens another dozens of cans of worms, doesn't it, Marshal?

LINK.

[My father has been lying for 50 years. He said that I was unconscious \(see the recording below\). I was NEVER unconscious. Legal facts showing that my mother NEVER should have been charged in the first place. A description of all of the facts of that day.](#)

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LINK.

[2022. My father with foul language. He insists again that I was a year younger than I was when my mother died. How can he forget how old his children were when their mother was murdered by him???????? He can't admit that he is mentally ill. HE SAYS THAT THE JUSTICE SYSTEM IS "ABSOLUTELY" PRETTY MESSED UP. HE SAYS THAT I WAS UNCONSCIOUS. When I dispute him, he closed the phone on me. I called back and he did not answer me. I left some voice messages.](#)

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I never ever ever ever want to be like you !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ever!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You are such a pathetic loser.

You have made your way in life by using people.

You never ever could make it on your own.

You are Amalek you fucking asshole!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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