

PREFACE, FOREWORD, FOREWARNINGS, AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

What you are reading here is not a novel. It involves a bit of chronicling of some eventful memories. It is a personal memoir but one that has been shared with several critiquing others; it is an extended memoir because it includes events chronicled by relevant others. It is fictional only in the sense that everyone's life participates in surreal interpretations.

Where there's a need to protect others I have fictionalized names by placing them in quotations. That method is also meant to protect the author from litigation where the law might consider real an interpretation sufficiently worded to be obviously true. Names in quotes are to be read as accidental if coincidentally associated with personages within the time-space environment of my account. For added security some real names are hidden behind quotation marks and found in textboxes in quotation marks to define certain photos. Only those few photos or facsimiles are conjured. These *few* are not real photos but images intuited by or conjured up by my son Richard. He can draw pictures that look like photos; therefore any similarity with actual persons should be considered accidental and not providential (though it might be both). In the edition made for public distribution—either on my Website, CD, or in bound book form—additional care has been taken to avoid using names that might invite identity theft. Mothers' maiden names, sibling names, etc. might be veiled, for conceivably even hospital and court records can be hacked.

Further protection of others and the book's defense can be made by the intent and understanding displayed by my other works available on the World Wide Internet www.karljaspersapplied.net. Every individual has a history that should be understood more than exploited. Conclusive judgment, i.e., being harshly judgmental about any person, should be avoided.

While many begin parenting their elderly parents, I began parenting my father when I was 18 year old. I've come to realize this parenting role more since reading—and with approval exploiting in some meaningful way—my cousin's book about parenting my father's sister during the last few years of her life. My approach is that the parent-part of my role simply unfolded due to circumstances. By that I mean there is no superior level of development in my life as though by some necessary natural law I had jumped from a simple to more complex level. My role was not due to being the first or the last (known) child, but due in essential part to what others in some vital way made possible by stepping aside or by promoting the role in some other fashion—intentionally or unwittingly (planned or by fate or chance). My other cousin has also written a memoir relative to the depression years and I have also referenced it; though both first cousins' books have tended to verify much of my memory, I took advantage of their written episodes to provide nutritional meat to enhance the meaning of certain real events. In effect some of the risks of my interpretation have been shared and brought into balance.

The approach assumes no known origin that sparked off a process in which I got caught up in and in which I fitted into as a cog of memorial worth in some rotating divinely adjusting sphere on a roll. Presumed materialistic origins do not restrain this individualistic memoir, and no spiritualization avoids the reality of reason's limits.

The reader should be vigilant. Be alert to vigilante sidwinder views on the part of the author and even in the reader. Be on the lookout for camouflaged vigilante regicidal assassins, killer-thoughts of open-ended thinking, assassins that are committed to protecting a presumptuous certainty about an individual's (or humankind's) origin.

It should be acknowledged that my children have contributed in some equal way to this memoir. I'll mention them according to birth dates. Melody has contributed with maturity in understanding by an informed reading and by involving a dear friend and attorney that cannot be mentioned due to privacy and discretionary matters. Michele's contributions have always been greater than can be mentioned with adequacy, including her spouse's assistance without which this work would have been very difficult. Jack's critiquing and shared adventures along with his wife's assistance cannot be emphasized in detail, and young Ashton has been a motivating factor. Richard's contributions are woven into the text, and his reviews have been helpful and largely due to the balancing that his wife and son, Danny, have brought to his and my life. Others' children deserve no less mention, but the honor due them is limited by the controversial nature of the book and its unknown results.

The aid provided by Sheila, my wife, has been invaluable. She has been an unlimited source of encouragement while also serving as a wholly engaged constructive critic. If my writings are clear to her, I am satisfied with that level of appeal and that willingness to tap the potential resources of human understanding.

Much is owed to my siblings, living and dead. That debt includes my brother Raymond's wife who has contributed in probably unintentional ways to this work. She chronicled family history and made family albums' photos available for the family, which I made use of it in this book. Richard, however, had scanned the albums prior to the distributed editions.

First cousins have contributed but should in no way be considered responsible for anything unpleasant regarding my work. Patricia and her husband assisted from afar by providing current photos—appreciation is enhanced by the awareness of the drama of Pat's life that was almost cut short by drowning—as revealed in Phyllis' memoirs (book). She wrote about life during the depression years, which I have used. Her book, reviews, and encouragement have been so very helpful. Oleta's linguistic assistance has been very helpful, but she should not be blamed for my failure to follow some advice. Her encouragement has been also greatly appreciated especially due to the risk she—and all—has taken by associating with a rebel author. Another first cousin, Darla, has helped whenever asked. We had lost contact for nearly a half-century. The renewal of rapport unpredictably has resulted in using her invaluable proofreading skills.

An unnamed reviewer sample—A Cambridge graduate (BA, MA, PhD) found this mistake: “Physic's uncertainty principle” and corrected “Physics' uncertainty principle”.

Finally, there are photos of individuals I'd like to have included —some are lost due to taking great care to preserve them but they are somewhere yet to be found. Because of the controversial nature of the book some omissions should be taken as precautionary and not deliberate disregardfulness. Perhaps future editions might justify revisions and more photos—some of individuals and some about events.

THE COVER-ART AS METAPHOR

My son Richard did the cover art. My metaphoric use of it should be made clear.

The artwork is a reconstruction of the Cleveland Lighthouse built on a hill around 1870. It was damaged by a nearby fire and subsequently dismantled around 1900. Richard used the Photoshop program—the best photo manipulation software available. He says, “The walkways, the entire tower, house trimming and steps to the porch were created using the Photoshop program. Using portions of brick from the keeper’s house, I was able to manipulate the lighting, texture, and the perspectives for the tower. There was nothing I could salvage for the stone base of the tower or the lower trim, so that was drawn using Photoshop’s tools.” In this reconstruction he used photogenic materials from three major references; the Braddock Point lighthouse in New York which received the Cleveland’s lantern room and lens, the Southeast Block Island Lighthouse, Rhode Island, and an archived historic photo of the Cleveland Lighthouse.

The land that he depicts the Cleveland light sat on was composed from photos taken of local scenes around Charleston and Coos Bay, Oregon—those scenes that best fit his imagination of how the completed Cleveland Lights and its immediate natural and pruned world might have appeared. He writes, “I imagined myself standing inside at the corner of the stone retaining wall with iron fencing and taking a picture of the newly built lighthouse on a steep hill by the river’s entrance. The fall season represents the unfortunate doom of the lighthouse.”

This depiction of the Cleveland lighthouse could not be the Cleveland lighthouse that inspired the hymn that begins:

Brightly beams our Father’s mercy,
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping,
Of the lights along the shore.

But the artwork and science still fits the meaningfulness of the hymn and even more so when other features of the depicted Cleveland lighthouse are considered. The house was a duplex mirroring each other’s plans, designed for more than one keeper, and a second house added to house even more keepers. It suggests for the imagination that in that house were multiple mansions...

Saving Lilia’s Cry is a reconstruction from fractured materials and fragile relationships cemented together with a longer lasting transcending traditional faith. That’s the perpetual faith that once descended and now descends upon us. It’s the faith as seen by those who have an eye to see it, an ear to hear it, and in perpetuity a voice to propagate the old good news.

As it might be a challenge to discern where the cover-art is a real representation or no less real aggregation, the reader is challenged to discern if, where, when, how, and why my memoir pulsates polemically between and beyond humankind’s fictional and non-fictional predicament.