Saved from the Fire

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Saved from the Fire is a memoir of survival, faith, invention, and lifelong struggle. Born in 1946, the author begins with the defining event of his infancy: being rescued by a fireman from a burning house. He comes to see that moment as the start of a spiritual battle over his life.

As a boy, he questioned religion and searched for proof of God. A photograph he believed captured an angel became the miracle that changed his life, leading him away from business ambition and into service at an orphanage for abandoned children. From there, his path led through martial arts, invention, and eventually a much larger fight: challenging the oil industry.

He recounts doubling the mileage of a police car in 1979 using water, alcohol, and engine adjustments, and describes the political resistance, threats, betrayals, and suspicious deaths that followed. His vision expanded beyond fuel to agriculture, housing, and global reform through sweet sorghum and alternative energy.

Throughout, he interprets his life through the lens of spiritual warfare, condemning greed, corruption, and passive religion. The book ends as both testimony and warning: a call to action, repentance, and a different path for humanity before destruction overtakes it.

The Fire at the Beginning

I was born in 1946, and before I was old enough to understand anything about this world, death had already come looking for me. As a baby, I was in a house that caught fire. The flames rose, the danger closed in, and my life could have ended before it ever truly began. But it did not end there. A fireman saved me from a second-story window.

That moment stands at the beginning of everything for me.

Some people look back on childhood for comfort. I look back and see a warning, a rescue, and a pattern. From the very start, I believe there was a battle over my life. I have said it plainly: Satan tried to burn me. That is how I understand the meaning of that fire and the fact that I survived it. I was not just a baby in a burning house. I was a life pulled out of destruction.

That early rescue never left me. It became more than a family story. It became the lens through which I understood the rest of my life. The struggle did not begin later, when I was grown, when I faced powerful enemies, or when I entered spiritual battles. It began there, in smoke and fire, with a second-story window and a man who carried me out alive.

Out of that understanding came a song I made called “The Devil’s on My Tail.” That song is not just music to me. It is my testimony in a few hard lines. It says:

Devil’s on my tail, angel’s on my side. All my life, devil’s been after my soul. All my life, devil’s been after my soul. Now the end is near, the battle’s here. But thank God the angels Are on my side, yes, I’m going to win this battle, win this battle, win this battle ‘cause God Almighty is on my side.

Those words carry the meaning of my life as I have lived it. “All my life, devil’s been after my soul” is not poetry for its own sake. It is the truth as I have experienced it. The fire was the first sign. The rescue was the first answer. Ever since then, I have understood my life as survival, spiritual battle, and destiny all tied together.

If I was saved from that fire as a baby, then my life was not random. If I was pulled from that window, then I was preserved for something. That belief stayed with me and grew stronger over time. It gave me a sense that the battle around my life was real, and that it was not only physical. There was always something deeper at work.

So my story does not begin in peace. It begins in fire. It begins with danger before memory, rescue before understanding, and a meaning that only became clearer as the years went on. Almost from the first breath, I was in a fight. A fireman pulled me from a second-story window, and I have carried that moment ever since as proof that my life was spared in the middle of destruction.

That is where this memoir begins: with the fire, the rescue, and the conviction that from the very start, the battle was already on.

Questioning God and Searching for Truth

Early Doubts

If the fire marked the beginning of the battle, then my questions about God marked the beginning of my search.

Religion was not something distant in my family. It stood close to me, embodied in people I knew. My father's brother was a priest, and my father's sister was a nun. That was rare, and it meant that faith was not just an idea floating in the background of childhood. It had weight. It had form. It had sacrifice attached to it.

And that sacrifice troubled me early.

By the age of twelve, I was already questioning God and questioning religion. I could not easily accept why a man would give up having a wife all his life, or why a woman would give up having a husband all her life. That was not a small question to me. It cut straight into the cost of religious devotion. I was not satisfied with easy answers or holy appearances. I wanted to know what was true, and whether the demands made in God's name really led to truth.

Looking Beyond Religion

So I looked wider.

I studied different religions, and what I saw did not comfort me. What struck me was that basically every religion suffered from bigotry. They all thought they were right. They all claimed certainty. That did not draw me in. It pushed me into deeper searching. I was not looking for a system that simply declared itself correct. I was looking for something real, something that could stand beyond pride, beyond institutions, beyond people defending their own camp.

That is why I was drawn to Gideon.

What moved me was not ceremony. It was boldness. Gideon asked God directly for a sign. He did not settle for secondhand assurance. He wanted a miracle that would make it obvious that there was an almighty supreme God. That struck me with force. Here was a man who did not hide behind tradition. He asked, and he expected an answer clear enough to recognize.

The story stayed with me because it matched the hunger I already had. I did not want borrowed belief. I did not want to accept something just because others repeated it. I wanted to know. Gideon's example showed me a way of approaching God that was direct, fearless, and personal. If God was real, then God could answer. If truth was real, then truth did not need to hide behind religious bigotry.

That conviction would lead me to make my own request for a sign, and that request would change the course of my life.

The Miracle That Changed My Life

Asking for a Sign

Gideon's example did not stay in my mind as a Bible story alone. I took it as a challenge.

If there was truly an almighty God, then I believed I could ask for a sign directly. I did not want religion handed to me by institutions, arguments, or traditions. I wanted something unmistakable. Something supernatural. Something I would know was real.

So I asked for it in my own way—with a camera.

At that time, I was a sales manager for a photography company. I understood photography well enough to know how images could be manipulated. I knew about special effects. I knew how a person could superimpose negatives and create something that looked ghostly or angelic. That knowledge mattered, because whatever happened next would have to stand against my own professional understanding.

The Photograph

I took a picture and made a direct request: show me a miracle that I would know was a miracle.

Then came the moment that changed everything.

When I took the picture, I saw what appeared to be an angel in it, like a ghost in the photograph. To others, there would always have been an easy explanation available. Anyone who knew my background could have said I had the skill to fake such an image. They would have known I worked in photography. They would have known I understood visual tricks. They could have dismissed it.

But only I knew what had happened.

Only I knew that, for me, it was not a trick. It was not a staged effect. It was not some darkroom deception. I knew it as a miracle. I knew it as supernatural. And once I knew that, my life could not go back to being ordinary.

That photograph became a dividing line in my life. Before it, I was moving along the path of ordinary ambition. After it, I was not the same man. I did not just gain a religious opinion. I experienced what I believed was a direct answer. That answer shattered the old direction of my life.

From that day on, my life changed. I left behind the path I had been on and turned toward something entirely different. The miracle did not make me more comfortable. It made me more certain. It forced a decision. If God had answered me in a way I recognized, then I could not pretend otherwise and go on chasing a normal career as if nothing had happened.

That was the turning point. Not a theory. Not a sermon. A sign I had asked for, and a sign I believed I received. It was the moment when my search stopped being abstract and became personal, immediate, and irreversible.

Leaving Success Behind to Serve Abandoned Children

A Different Calling

After that miracle, I did not keep walking in the same direction. I left my job as a young sales manager for a photography company and stepped into a completely different life. I became, as I saw it, a missionary of sorts for abandoned children in an orphanage.

That was not a small change. It was a break with ordinary ambition. I had been on one road, and after what I believed God had shown me, I turned onto another. I did not just talk about faith. I moved.

Life at the Orphanage

The orphanage was not a place of comfort or ease. It was hard work from morning to night. There were thirty children and thirty-three cows on the farm. We milked the cows by hand at five in the morning and again at five at night. We picked up hay and handled the harvest. This was not symbolic service. It was physical, daily labor, the kind that tests whether a person means what he says.

The orphanage survived on donations, and at one point the money ran out. That was the kind of pressure that strips away pretense. Need was real. The future was uncertain. The founders—a woman I regarded as an angel and her husband—asked the children to pray.

Then came another moment I have never forgotten.

Lightning came out of the sky and struck the old barn, not the new one. We did not need the old barn anymore. The insurance money from that strike covered the orphanage's expenses for a year.

I saw that as another miracle.

To some, it may sound like coincidence. To me, it was one more sign that the battle in my life was never merely material. Here again was need, prayer, and an answer that arrived with shocking force. Not the new barn. The old barn. And the result was enough support to sustain the orphanage for a full year.

That period changed me deeply. It took me away from the world of sales and placed me among abandoned children, hard labor, and what I believed were acts of divine intervention. It taught me that faith was not meant to sit still in a church pew while the world suffered. Faith had to work. Faith had to sweat. Faith had to stand beside the abandoned and trust God in the middle of real need.

Leaving my job was not a loss in my eyes. It was a calling. I walked away from one kind of success and into another kind of truth. In the orphanage, among cows, children, hay, exhaustion, and prayer, I saw that my life was being redirected for something larger than comfort.

From Fighter to Inventor

Entering the Martial Arts World

The battle did not stay in the orphanage. By my mid-twenties, it had taken on another form.

I opened a martial arts karate school, and I did not enter that world empty-handed. I had a new patent issued for protective and scoring equipment—helmets, vests, and target pads with built-in bullseye explosive airbags of different strengths. In ten seconds, the equipment could score speed, power, and focus. I was not interested in fantasy. I wanted something measurable, something that could show what a strike really did.

That invention brought me into contact with well-known figures in martial arts. I scored many famous people, including the world heavyweight karate champion in 1975. I also associated with people like Chuck Norris and other major martial arts names while trying to sell my protective and scoring equipment. For a time, I was moving in that world of fighters, champions, demonstrations, and promotion.

What I Learned About Power

But what I found there was not glory. I found what I now call bullies.

That mattered, because it sharpened something in me. I had already seen that life was a battle. In martial arts, I saw another version of it—ego, force, intimidation, and people trying to dominate. I was not just building equipment. I was learning the character of the arena I had stepped into.

I rejected the worship of punches and kicks as if they were the highest form of combat. To me, much of it was caveman fighting dressed up as greatness. People admired heroes and legends, but I did not believe spectacle was the same thing as survival. I believed practical fighting was something else entirely. That conviction set me apart from the mythology surrounding martial arts, even while I was working inside that world.

Looking back, I see that period as more than a chapter about karate. It was preparation. I went from dealing with physical fighters and so-called tough guys to understanding that there were larger enemies ahead. The martial arts world taught me about conflict, invention, performance, and bullying—but it also showed me its limits.

I was learning how to fight, how to build, how to measure impact, and how to stand in hostile territory. I did not know yet how much I would need those lessons. But the road was already turning. I would not remain in the world of physical combat for long. A far greater battle was waiting.

My Philosophy of Combat and Strength

Beyond Spectacle

Even while I was inside the martial arts world, I never surrendered my mind to its mythology.

I had seen too much, and I believed too strongly in what actually mattered when a real fight came. People glorified punches, kicks, famous names, and polished images. They treated martial arts heroes as if they were untouchable legends. I did not see it that way. To me, much of that was spectacle. Much of it was performance. I said plainly that punches and kicks were like caveman fighting, no matter how much the world wanted to romanticize them.

My view was harsher, more practical, and far less flattering to the martial arts image. Survival was what mattered. Not style. Not applause. Not hero worship.

Real Strength

That is why I spoke so bluntly about combat. I believed that no matter how tough, big, or strong a person might be, the reality of a fight could be reduced in an instant. As I saw it, a machine-gun finger thrust to the eyes could stop the illusion of invincibility very quickly. Ten fingers against two eyeballs—that was my way of cutting through fantasy and getting down to brutal reality. I said I had proved that many times. Whether people liked hearing it or not, I was not interested in selling them a dream. I was interested in what worked.

That philosophy separated me from the worship of martial arts celebrities. I did not bow to the cult of image. I did not believe fame made a fighter wise, and I did not believe tradition automatically made a method true. I looked at combat through the lens of effectiveness. If something failed in the face of real danger, then all the admiration in the world could not save it.

Eventually I came to understand that physical combat was not the highest battle of my life. It was training. It was preparation. It taught me how bullies operate, how force tries to dominate, how people hide behind reputation, and how truth is often buried under performance. Those lessons would matter later, when the enemies I faced were no longer standing in a dojo or behind a public image of toughness.

The deeper lesson was this: strength is not spectacle. Strength is not posing. Strength is not the worship of violence. Real strength is what survives, what sees clearly, and what stands its ground when the battle becomes bigger than the body.

And mine was about to become much bigger.

Taking on the Oil Dragons

A New Enemy

After the martial arts world, my fight changed scale completely.

I went from fighting physical bullies to fighting what I came to see as the greatest bully of all: the oil industry. That was not a small step. It was a leap from one kind of enemy to another—from men who tried to dominate with force and ego to a power I believed was the most powerful industry in the world.

In karate, the opponent stood in front of you. In the energy battle, the opponent was vast, protected, and woven into the machinery of modern life. This was no longer about a tough guy in a ring or a bully in a room. This was about an industry with global reach, enormous influence, and the power to shape what people believe, what governments do, and what solutions are allowed to live or die.

Why I Called Them Dragons

I did not see that struggle as merely technical. I never believed it was only about engines, fuel mixtures, or mechanical adjustments. To me, it was moral, spiritual, and global. It was a battle against greed and corruption dressed up as progress and necessity.

That is why I call them oil dragons.

A dragon is not just powerful. It devours. It hoards. It rules through fear. That was how I understood the forces I was up against. By then I had already come to believe that if God was not on your side, you could forget about fighting the oil industry. That was how serious the battle looked to me. This was not a contest a man won by cleverness alone. It required conviction, endurance, and the willingness to stand against something far bigger than yourself.

I also came to a hard judgment about religion in the middle of that fight. I believed many so-called Christians did not dare confront the oil dragons. They prayed, but they did not act. They spoke of faith, but not of works. To me, that was not enough. If evil was operating in the real world through greed, corruption, and destruction, then faith had to meet it there. Otherwise it was only words.

This new battle became the true proving ground of my life. I had already fought in the physical world. I had already dealt with bullies face to face. But now I was stepping into a conflict where the weapons were influence, money, intimidation, and control. The enemy was no longer flesh and muscle. It was a system. A machine. A power structure.

And I believed that behind it stood something darker than business alone.

The 1979 Breakthrough

Doubling the Mileage

In 1979, the fight stopped being theory and became proof.

That was the year I doubled the mileage on an official police car in Hollywood, Florida. I did it with water, a little alcohol, and a mean lean adjustment. For me, this was not some wild fantasy or back-room claim. It was a real demonstration on a real police car, and it put me on national news.

That moment mattered because it showed, in plain sight, that fuel economy could be radically improved.

I was no longer speaking only in warnings, convictions, or ideas. I had something visible. Something testable. Something that broke through the wall of disbelief. If an official police car could deliver double the mileage under those conditions, then the public had every reason to ask the question that powerful interests never wanted asked: if this can be done, why is it not being done?

Proof and Consequence

The breakthrough was not just mechanical. It was political the moment it happened. It challenged the accepted limits. It threatened the habits, profits, and control built around conventional fuel. A man can say many things and be ignored. But when he demonstrates a result that people can see, the atmosphere changes. Suddenly the issue is no longer opinion. It is evidence.

And evidence is dangerous when it threatens an empire.

My method, as I described it, used water, a little alcohol, and a mean lean adjustment. That combination was enough to prove that the standard story about what was possible with fuel economy was not the whole truth. The significance was enormous. If mileage could be doubled, then waste was not inevitable. Dependence was not inevitable. The public had been living inside a system that could be challenged.

That is why the national news appearance was so important. It meant the breakthrough did not remain hidden in a garage or buried in private conversation. It stepped into public view. For one moment, the wall cracked. For one moment, the possibility that things could be done differently reached beyond me and into the wider world.

I understood what that meant. Once such a demonstration had been made, the battle would intensify. Proving something is often more dangerous than merely believing it. Belief can be dismissed. Proof has to be buried, attacked, or controlled.

Still, 1979 stands as a line in my life that cannot be erased. I doubled the mileage on an official police car in Hollywood, Florida. I did it with water, a little alcohol, and a mean lean adjustment. The country heard about it. And with that, the struggle against the oil dragons entered a new stage.

The Technology Behind the Fight

What I Learned

What I did in 1979 did not come out of nowhere. There was knowledge behind it, and there were engineers behind that knowledge.

As I fought to prove that fuel economy could be radically improved, I learned from engineers, including men connected to Rolls-Royce and to wartime engine systems. They understood something the modern world had not forgotten by accident: during World War II, water and alcohol injection had already been used in aircraft development. Planes like the Mustang P-51 and the Thunderbolt used those principles to get more power.

That history mattered to me because it proved the idea was not fantasy. The science already existed. The issue was not whether water and alcohol could affect engine performance. The issue was how those principles were being used—and how they could be used differently.

Power Versus Economy

There are two choices when you inject water and alcohol into an engine. One is power. That is the side race cars had used for a long time. The other is economy. To get economy, the engine has to be adjusted mean lean. That was the path I took. I was not chasing speed for spectacle. I was applying known principles in a different way to automobiles in order to increase mileage.

That is what made my approach different from the way others handled alcohol fuel. I believed the oil industry and others pushed manipulated ethanol blends that were designed to fail in the public mind. The small 10 percent ethanol blend, as I saw it, was not the real answer. It created problems and made alcohol look bad. My approach was not that. My approach was Aquaol—using water, alcohol, and engine adjustment in a way aimed at true efficiency.

So the fight was never just about invention. It was also about recovering buried knowledge and applying it honestly. I was not claiming magic. I was saying that principles known in wartime aviation could be adapted for automobiles, not merely for power, but for economy. That was the technological heart of the battle—and it was exactly why the battle became so dangerous.

Political Resistance and Industry Manipulation

The Promise of Progress

Once the technology was proven, the resistance around it became impossible for me to ignore.

The fight moved beyond engines and demonstrations and into politics, influence, and what I believed was deliberate manipulation. Miami Congressman Dante Fissel helped trigger an anti-trust investigation on my behalf, and in 1980 President Jimmy Carter signed the Alcohol Energy Security Act. On the surface, that should have marked progress. It should have opened the door to a serious national shift.

But I did not see it that way for long.

Dilution and Disappearance

I came to believe that the oil industry moved quickly to bend that act into something weak and misleading. Instead of embracing what I believed was a workable solution, they pushed a small 10 percent ethanol blend with no inhibitors. In my view, that was not an honest effort to make alcohol fuel succeed. It was a setup for failure. Alcohol dries engine components like seals, and by using that kind of blend without addressing those problems, they made the fuel look bad and gave critics ammunition.

That was the pattern I kept seeing: take something with real promise, distort it, then point to the distortion as proof that it does not work.

My own approach, Aquaol, was never given that kind of fair treatment. I said there had even been a USDA study showing Aquaol was far more efficient than Gasol—800 percent more efficient, as I described it—but that study disappeared. To me, that disappearance was not a minor bureaucratic mystery. It was one more sign that a workable answer was being buried.

That was the heartbreak of this stage of the battle. The problem was not simply that powerful people disagreed with me. It was that I watched what I believed was a real solution get smothered under manipulation, half-measures, and institutional dishonesty. A law was signed, an investigation was triggered, and yet the deeper machinery of power remained in place.

That is how I came to see political resistance in America: not always as open rejection, but as corruption by dilution. Take the truth, weaken it, misapply it, and then bury the evidence.

I was not watching a fair contest of ideas. I was watching a system protect itself.

Threats, Fear, and Personal Cost

Intimidation Begins

After the police car demonstration, the battle turned personal.

Up to that point, I had already learned that challenging the oil industry was not like dealing with ordinary opposition. But after I doubled the mileage and the story reached national news, the response crossed into intimidation. I was threatened. The door of the house would be left open. The door of the car would be left open. These were not accidents to me. I understood them as messages.

And the messages grew darker.

The Cost at Home

My wife was threatened too. I was told they would cut her to pieces, Godfather style. That kind of warning strips away any illusion that you are only involved in a technical dispute. At that point, it was no longer just about fuel, engines, or public policy. It was about fear. It was about making a man understand that if he kept pushing, the cost could reach into his home and into the life of the person beside him.

That is when the true weight of the fight became unmistakable. I was not confronting a disagreement. I was confronting power willing to intimidate.

For me, that was one of the clearest lessons of the entire struggle: when you challenge interests that are deeply entrenched, you do not simply face criticism. You face pressure designed to make you back down. You are meant to feel watched, meant to feel vulnerable, meant to understand that the danger is not abstract.

I did understand it.

I realized then how dangerous it was to challenge powerful interests, especially an industry I already believed was among the strongest in the world. The threats were not theoretical. They entered daily life. They touched my family. They made it clear that this battle could demand far more than reputation or career. It could demand peace of mind. It could demand safety. It could demand a price from the people I loved.

In that fear, I turned to the United Nations, hoping there might be some protection there, some place where truth and danger would be taken seriously. But I found no protection. Nothing meaningful was done.

That failure deepened my conviction. If even an international body would not act, then the reach of the forces I was fighting was broader than most people wanted to admit. I had already come to believe that big oil controlled energy policy. Now I was forced to confront the possibility that the same kind of power could silence or neutralize help even on a global stage.

So this chapter of my life was not only about invention or resistance. It was about cost.

Suspicious Deaths and Betrayals

Deaths That Stayed With Me

The threats did not remain in the realm of warnings. In my life, they were followed by deaths that I could never look at casually.

After our 1991 victory against electric cars with the International Inventors Foundation, my brother died in California under what I regarded as suspicious circumstances. No autopsy was performed. That fact alone left a wound that never closed cleanly. When death comes near a battle already surrounded by intimidation, unanswered questions do not fade away. They deepen.

Later, in the Bahamas, I saw another loss that struck the same nerve. The Minister of Housing had supported the vision I was trying to advance there, especially the possibilities tied to sweet sorghum and what it could mean for fuel, housing materials, paper, wood, and food. He later died suspiciously as well.

The Shadow of Betrayal

These were not, in my mind, isolated tragedies floating free of context. They happened inside a larger war—a war over energy, money, power, and the future. By then I had already seen threats, manipulation, buried studies, political distortion, and intimidation aimed at my family. So when people close to these struggles died under troubling circumstances, I did not have the luxury of pretending the pattern meant nothing.

That is one of the hardest truths I carried from those years: powerful interests do not only destroy ideas. They destroy people.

And betrayal was never far behind. Again and again, I found myself dealing with men of influence, institutions of authority, and promises of help that either collapsed, turned rotten, or revealed corruption underneath. The deeper I went into this fight, the more I saw how greed poisoned loyalty, truth, and conscience. It was not only inventions that were sabotaged. Trust itself was sabotaged.

That is why this part of my story cannot be told as a simple tale of innovation meeting resistance. It became darker than that. It became a story in which human lives seemed to be caught in the machinery of power. My brother's death. The minister's death. The absence of answers. The shadow of betrayal hanging over every alliance.

By then, I no longer believed I was merely confronting bad policy or stubborn industries. I believed I was facing a system so corrupted by money and control that it could crush not only solutions, but the people connected to them.

The Bahamas, Sweet Sorghum, and a Bigger Vision

More Than Fuel

The fight did not stop with engines. It widened into agriculture, housing, food, and the possibility of a different kind of future.

In the Bahamas, I tried to persuade people to grow sweet sorghum. I did not see it as just another crop. I saw it as a complete solution. Inside that one vision was alcohol fuel, food, wood, pulp, paper, and even housing material. To me, sweet sorghum was not a side issue in the energy battle. It was a way of breaking dependence at the root and replacing scarcity thinking with abundance.

That was the scale of what I was trying to show.

A System, Not a Single Idea

The value of the crop, as I understood it, went far beyond fuel. From the sucrose inside it, you could produce alcohol. From its byproducts, you could get wood. From that wood, you could make pulp or paper, or even build houses. And above all that, there was food from the flower top. It was not a narrow invention. It was a system. A bigger vision. One crop reaching into multiple human needs at once.

That vision found support, at least for a time, in the Bahamas. The Minister of Housing backed the idea. That mattered to me, because it meant someone in public life could see what I saw—that this was not merely about tinkering with fuel, but about creating a broader answer for society.

But support was never enough by itself.

The minister brought me to Templeton, a giant in the financial world, and I hoped real help might come from that meeting. It did not. Templeton refused to help me. As I saw it, he was involved with major oil industry people, and once again I found myself staring at the same wall: financial power aligning itself with oil interests instead of with a solution that could benefit ordinary people.

That refusal said a great deal to me. It showed that even when the vision expanded beyond fuel into food, housing, paper, and raw materials, the same forces still closed ranks. The issue was never only whether something could work. The issue was who benefited if it did.

So the Bahamas became another proving ground in my life. It was a place where I tried to move beyond a single demonstration and into a larger model for how people could live, build, and fuel their world differently. Sweet sorghum represented that larger possibility. It was practical, wide-reaching, and, to me, full of promise.

But once again, I saw how quickly promise could run into power.

Corruption at the Highest Levels

Promises from Powerful Men

If the Bahamas showed me how financial power could block a vision, what came next showed me something even worse: corruption was not sitting at the edges of the system. It was sitting near the top.

After Templeton refused to help, I was brought to Robert Anderson, the secretary treasurer of America, the man who signed the money. That was no small introduction. When you are taken to someone at that level, you think perhaps the wall is finally about to crack. You think maybe the truth has reached a place where action can happen.

Robert Anderson told me we were going to get help manufacturing in Thailand, and that Taiwan was over. That mattered because Taiwan had already been a disaster for me. There, 5,000 units were defective, and those defective units hurt and killed my business. Damage on that scale is not a minor setback. It can wipe out momentum, credibility, and years of effort in one blow. I had already been fighting powerful resistance, and now my own business had been badly wounded through failed manufacturing.

So when Anderson spoke of helping, it sounded like a lifeline.

The Rot Beneath Respectability

But in my life, too many lifelines turned out to be tied to corruption.

Later, I learned that Robert Anderson went to jail for corruption and money laundering in banks in the Caribbean. That revelation did not come to me as an isolated scandal. It fit the pattern I had been seeing for years. Again and again, the people with access, influence, and money were compromised. Again and again, the higher I climbed in search of help, the more rot I found.

That was one of the most devastating lessons of my journey: greed had infected every level of power.

It was not just the oil companies. It was not just politicians. It was not just businessmen protecting their interests. The disease ran through the whole structure. Men who appeared respectable, powerful, and capable of changing history were often serving something else entirely. Money. Self-interest. Corruption. The mark I had come to call dollar, dollar, dollar.

By then, I could no longer pretend that these were unfortunate exceptions. To me, they were evidence of a system deeply poisoned from within. Taiwan had damaged my business through 5,000 defective units. Then a man at the highest level promised help, only for his own corruption to be exposed later. That is not a story of simple bad luck. It is a story of what happens when greed governs power.

I was not dealing with a few bad actors scattered here and there. I was confronting a culture in which money had become its own religion, and corruption its natural fruit. The people who should have helped build something useful were too often entangled in the very forces destroying it.

At the United Nations and the Climate Battle

Entering the Global Arena

By 1994, my fight had reached the United Nations itself.

I attended the first climate change convention there, carrying not just an opinion, but a technology and a lifetime of battle behind it. By then I had already seen demonstrations, threats, manipulation, vanished studies, and the crushing weight of powerful interests. So I did not arrive at the UN with innocence. I arrived knowing that truth does not automatically win just because it enters an official room.

What happened there only confirmed that.

Discrediting the Alternative

At that convention, the United States tried to discredit my technology by claiming it caused corrosion. I knew that charge was not the whole truth. I relied on Society of Automotive Engineers test papers that stood in contradiction to that accusation. Those papers mattered to me because they represented technical evidence, not political theater. I was not speaking from fantasy. I was pointing to engineering knowledge and documented testing.

The issue, as I saw it, was never simply whether water and alcohol systems could affect engines. That had already been known. The issue was whether institutions would allow honest evidence to stand when it threatened entrenched interests. At the UN, I saw how quickly official voices could move to protect the old order by attacking the credibility of a workable alternative.

That was the deeper shock of the climate battle for me. You would think a global forum gathered around climate concerns would welcome serious solutions, or at least examine them fairly. Instead, I saw what I had seen elsewhere: institutions shielding power instead of serving truth.

By then, climate was no longer an abstract subject. The stakes were already moral and global in my mind. If the world was heading toward scorching heat, environmental destruction, and the consequences of greed, then burying or discrediting workable alternatives was not just dishonest. It was dangerous. It meant that the very bodies claiming to address the crisis could become guardians of the system causing it.

My time at the United Nations did not restore my faith in official authority. It sharpened my judgment. I came away believing that even at the highest international level, entrenched interests were being protected behind the language of policy and expertise.

Dubai and the Silencing of My Voice

The Microphone Cut

If the United Nations taught me that official institutions could protect entrenched interests, Dubai drove that lesson in like a blade.

In 2009, I spoke at the first oil alternative energy conference in Dubai. On paper, that should have been the kind of place where new ideas could be heard—especially ideas aimed at breaking the world's dependence on oil. But what happened to me there told a different story. They cut my microphone.

That moment was small in one sense and enormous in another. A microphone is just a device. But when your voice is cut off at a conference supposedly devoted to alternatives, the meaning is impossible to miss. To me, it was proof that even global forums were controlled. The stage was there, the subject was there, the crisis was there—but the freedom to speak plainly was not.

What Silence Revealed

I did not interpret that as an accident or a technical inconvenience. I took it as part of the same pattern I had been living through for years: demonstrations buried, evidence challenged, threats delivered, institutions refusing protection, and now a public silencing in a place that claimed to be discussing alternatives to oil.

That deepened something in me that had already been growing for a long time.

My conviction was no longer only political. It was spiritual as well.

I had come to believe that this battle was not just about fuel systems, conferences, or policy debates. It was about hypocrisy, power, and the forces that keep truth from being heard when too much money is at stake. Dubai did not weaken that belief. It strengthened it. When they cut my microphone, they did not make me think the fight was over. They made me think the fight was even more revealing than before.

I said they did not cut off my head. They cut off my microphone. But the message, as I understood it, was still clear: there are places in this world where even the discussion of alternatives is allowed only within limits set by power.

Producing Signs and Warnings

A Calling to Demonstrate

Long before I spoke at global conferences or fought public battles over fuel, another conviction had already taken hold in me: I was not only meant to argue. I was meant to produce.

That calling grew out of the miracles I believed I had seen. After the photograph that changed my life, and after the lightning strike at the orphanage that sustained the children for a year, I came to feel that I had a responsibility to demonstrate the supernatural God, not just talk about Him. I did not want faith reduced to slogans, rituals, or passive belief. I wanted signs. I wanted warnings. I wanted people to see that there was more at work in this world than material explanations and comfortable religion.

That is how production became part of my mission.

Media as Message

In 1995, in Montreal, I created what I described as the world's first three-dimension virtual reality horse race. That was not a random entertainment project in my mind. It belonged to the same larger current that had been moving through my life for years. I was using media and production to create experiences that could capture attention and point beyond the ordinary.

From there, I brought the concept to the Kentucky Derby in the United States for the Fourth of July. Again, this was not something I saw as separate from the deeper purpose of my life. By then I understood these productions as part of a larger mission—a way of reaching people, showing them something striking, and preparing the ground for even bigger truths.

Because for me, the goal was never just novelty. It was revelation.

Those productions stood in continuity with everything that had come before: the fire I survived as a baby, the sign I asked from God, the miracles I believed I witnessed, the battles I fought in public life, and the warnings I carried about greed, corruption, and spiritual blindness. I was not producing for spectacle alone. I was producing because I believed people needed to be awakened.

And that awakening, in my mind, was leading toward something even greater.

From that point on, I knew I would produce the Book of Revelation. That was where the signs and warnings were ultimately pointing. Not toward entertainment for its own sake, but toward a final unveiling of what I believed was happening in the world: a struggle between truth and corruption, between God and the powers of greed, between warning and destruction.

The Book of Revelation and the Mark of the Beast

A Living Warning

All of that led me toward one determination that would not let go of me: I knew I would produce the Book of Revelation.

I did not come to that lightly. By then, I had lived through fire, miracles, abandoned children, invention, threats, corruption, silencing, and what I believed were repeated signs that the battle in this world is not only political or economic, but spiritual. So when I looked at Revelation, I did not see an ancient mystery locked in the past. I saw a living warning.

And at the center of that warning stood what I came to believe about the mark of the beast.

Dollar, Dollar, Dollar

Most people point to 666. I do not. I came to believe that this had been manipulated, and that the true mark of the beast is something far more visible, far more universal, and far more worshiped in plain sight: dollar, dollar, dollar.

That was not a slogan to me. It was a conclusion drawn from what I had seen with my own life. Again and again, I watched money corrupt what should have been honest. I watched workable solutions buried. I watched powerful men refuse to help. I watched greed infect business, politics, energy, and public institutions. Everywhere I turned, the same force kept appearing—not truth, not justice, not service, but money ruling conscience.

That is why I came to believe scripture itself had been manipulated by the rich. In my view, the people with power have always had reason to soften, redirect, or disguise the deepest accusations against themselves. If the real mark is greed enthroned—money as master, money as idol, money as the thing men serve above humanity—then of course the rich would not want that stated too plainly.

And I did not need theory alone to support that belief. I looked around at the modern world and saw evidence everywhere.

The richest people and the biggest companies did not strike me as examples of generosity toward the very people who made them rich. I pointed to figures like Elon Musk for that reason. Customers buy the products. Customers create the wealth. Yet the profits are not shared with those customers. The companies rise, the fortunes grow, the stock values soar, and still the pattern remains the same: accumulation at the top, no sharing below. To me, that was not just business. It was evidence of selfishness and greed hardened into a system.

And it was not limited to one man or one company. I saw it as a global disease. The more money people had, the more they seemed possessed by it. That was why "dollar, dollar, dollar" struck me as more truthful than a number people could debate while ignoring the greed right in front of them. The beast, as I understood it, was not hiding. It was operating through wealth worship in broad daylight.

That belief became part of the larger mission I carried. If I was going to produce the Book of Revelation, then I was not going to treat it as a dead religious artifact. I was going to treat it as a warning to this age. A warning about what happens when money becomes god, when greed becomes normal, and when corruption is rewarded instead of condemned.

Faith, Works, and My Judgment on Modern Religion

Dead Faith

By the time I had lived through miracles, battles, threats, and public resistance, I had come to a hard conclusion about modern religion: too many people speak of faith, but do not move when evil stands in front of them.

I do not say that gently, because I have not lived a gentle life. I have seen too much. I have seen abandoned children needing help, and I went to work. I have seen what I believed were miracles, and I changed my life because of them. I have seen corruption, intimidation, and the crushing power of greed, and I did not come away believing that prayer alone was enough.

The verse that stayed with me was simple and severe: prayer and faith without works is dead.

That was not just a line to quote. It became a law in my thinking. I believed many Christians had a form of godliness, but denied the power of it. They prayed, but would not confront. They spoke of salvation, but would not enter the battle. They wanted comfort, not courage. They wanted religion without risk.

Faith That Moves

I judged that harshly because I believed the world did not need more passive believers. It needed people willing to act.

To me, walking on water was not as easy as praying. Anybody can say words. Anybody can ask God for help while staying safely on the shore. But if faith is real, then it must step into danger, into labor, into conflict, into sacrifice. Otherwise it becomes a costume—holy on the outside, empty in the middle.

That is why I called many of them lazy Christians. They figured they were saved by prayers alone, with no works. I could not accept that. Not after the life I had lived. Not after leaving my job to help abandoned children. Not after standing against what I believed were oil dragons. Not after seeing how greed and corruption were devouring the world while so many religious people stayed quiet.

My life taught me that faith must confront evil in the real world or it becomes meaningless talk.

That does not mean I believed works replaced faith. It means I believed true faith had to produce works. It had to show itself. It had to stand up when something wicked was happening. If a person says he believes in God but will not lift a hand against destruction, corruption, or cruelty, then what kind of faith is that? To me, it is dead faith. Decorative faith. Cowardly faith.

So my judgment on modern religion became severe because the times themselves were severe. I did not see a world that could be healed by polite religion and passive prayer. I saw a world burning under greed, denial, and spiritual decay. In such a world, faith had to become action or it was nothing.

That conviction ran through everything I did. It was there when I left ordinary ambition behind. It was there when I worked in the orphanage. It was there when I fought to prove another fuel path was possible. It was there when I kept speaking after threats and silencing. I understood my own life as evidence that belief must move its feet.

For me, that is the dividing line. Not who talks the most about God. Not who appears religious. But who acts when the battle is real.

A Final Warning to the World

The Crisis as I See It

After everything I have lived through, everything I have seen, everything I have fought, I do not end with a soft conclusion. I end with a warning.

To me, the great crisis of this age is not made of separate pieces. Oil, greed, climate destruction, corruption, and spiritual decay are all tied together. They feed each other. They protect each other. And together they are driving mankind toward judgment.

I have spoken about this in the strongest terms because I believe the signs are already here. The Bible says mankind shall be scorched by the sun, and in my lifetime that no longer sounds distant or symbolic. I pointed to the deaths in Saudi Arabia, where people died in scorching heat while praying. I pointed to California burning to ashes. These things, to me, are not random headlines to be forgotten by next week. They are warnings. They are evidence that the world is moving deeper into the consequences of its own greed and blindness.

And still, powerful people deny what is happening.

I condemned that denial because I saw it as more than ignorance. When leaders keep saying “drill, baby, drill” and dismiss global warming as a hoax, I do not hear courage. I hear recklessness. I hear the voice of a world so addicted to profit and power that it would rather burn than repent. That is the madness I have spent my life fighting.

Warning and Remedy

My mission, as I have said it plainly, is to convert the world to burn GAZ AQUAHOL instead of gasoline. That is not a slogan I throw out casually. It is the practical side of the warning. I have never believed that faith means only predicting disaster. Faith must also point toward reform. If destruction is real, then so is the responsibility to change course.

That has been the pattern of my whole life: warning and remedy, battle and testimony, danger and the insistence that another path exists.

So this is where I leave my story. Not with comfort, but with truth as I have come to know it. The battle between destruction and redemption is real. I have spent my life fighting it—in fire, in faith, in invention, in conflict, in public struggle, and in warning. From the day I was pulled out of that burning house, I have believed my life was spared for a reason.

This is that reason as I understand it: to fight, to testify, and to call people to repent and reform before greed finishes what it has started.

The world can keep serving oil, money, and denial if it chooses. But it should not say it was never warned.

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