

About the Author; Summary [D. E. Bourque, © 2019 (Born Oct 10, 1950)]

At first growing up as a child, we lived in an upstairs apartment. I only remember a few things from there, such as a peddle tractor for Christmas that I didn't care for, what I thought was a mouse in the wall, (which I learned later, dad was trying to fish a wire up for a wall switch), two young girls lived downstairs, a hurricane going straight through, so you actually witness the eye of the storm, with trees down both directions and the roof of a restaurant setting on the main road, (that was hurricane Carrol). Then we moved just next door, my folks rented the whole property. To a little kid, this was wide open.

It was a two story with a barn style roof, a porch out front and two nice fir trees flanking each side. It sat on a half-acre with the deeper part going down back towards the woods where dad grew one of the best gardens I had ever seen him achieve. There was a well in the middle of the property, which they used for the garden. The cement block garage was at the end of the driveway that ran up and past the left side of the house where he would tune up his Pontiac. (He rarely called it his 'Car'). I remember it having a pyramid type roof, which struck me as odd. Behind the garage was an abandoned but cleaned out chicken coup my brother and I used as a play house.

One day I remember digging up a depression in the ground next to the garage with my three-year-old brother and four-year-old Donald from next door and discovered some elongated gold pieces. I held a few in my hand as my dad asked what we were doing. I said "Look daddy, we found buried treasure!" He turned *green* when he realized I was holding old rifle cartridges and he tried to convince me I should put them somewhere safe. Then I pulled them to my chest and said, "But they're mine!" That's when he turned *purple*.

The house had dark beige cedar shingle siding and the trim was stained a reddish brown. The side entrance door was green. As you went in, the kitchen table and chairs were to the left. Table had a dotted Formica top and a chrome ribbed edge around it. The chairs were red vinyl covered foam to wooden seats mounted to chrome steel leg and back frame. Two of those my brother and I totally ruined with pork chop bones. (Never leave your kids unattended with potentially sharp objects). The house had stained woodwork everywhere. A staircase that went upstairs to three bedrooms and a bath. It was gorgeous. I learned later the large grill in the middle of the house, (to which we lost a few small toys through the openings), was a downdraft to a monster of a furnace down in the cellar. It looked like an upside-down spider with leg pipes

spreading out all around to the edges of the house under the floor. The cellar walls were built of cut granite. I still remember that house's layout.

How many do you know have parents growing a food out of the dirt, a working well on the property, that rain is not a bad thing, next door had Honey Beehives, flowers everywhere, house made of all the materials you can see around you, a sense that life from the ground to the sky is all linked together, a winter blizzard that knocks out the power so your grandfather has to come and bring you back to their place in the city, dad fixed his own car and once I learned engines were made by people, I was hooked. This all transpired in two years! Mind you, this is all from my memory, mostly from age five. (*There is more!*)

But then we moved to Westford Mass and all was changed. We didn't know he was building his own house of his own design. He was very intelligent for his 8th grade level, a proud man working as a carpenter foreman. But now there was Public and Sunday school!! You want to talk about your life being torn up like you were in a hurricane. I took things for granted and because of my insecurity, I did not know how to play with others and was picked on often. With a Christian teaching, I'm supposed to take it, and found the human characterization among some of the students a real strain. My folks were OK till I was twelve. Later my dad became hard on us, (because as we learned much later on), of a church sermon that scared the life out of him when he was about nine, (something about evil things he had either been told, or witnessed himself), and felt there was a curse hanging over him. A devout Christian he was, but determined to conquer his dilemma!

Dad used to voice his hypocrisies about the church's order of things, as his way of presenting their faults as well. But it didn't stop there. He just had to have a comment about everyone. And that became double for us. As he saw it, what he was able to do with limited education, expected more from us. As his drinking got worse, so did his call-down speeches. Understanding anything, was far from my grasp. To say the least, I was very naive. The most important things to me were love, understanding and knowledge. I didn't know till later I had ADD as well, which didn't help!!

I learned a good deal about the 'great depression', which both my parents and grandparents lived through. My Mom's family felt that in Everett Mass. Luckily, my grandfather's workplace was at the Quincy Shipyards, though was originally in commercial ship building, was later building war ships. So fortunately, he still had a steady paycheck, maybe a little smaller. My dad's family on the

other hand, was living in the southern poorer section of Nova Scotia. There were no jobs and all had to make due. There was a lot of bartering, from handyman to produce. However, he and his family did have a farm, were resourceful and figured how to keep things going or do things to make a few bucks just for the bare essentials. You want to talk about seeing survival from both ends of the picture, in the same house.

I did get to see his true past way of living for myself. He used to take us back to the homestead every three years. The last time I saw it the way it was then, was the summer of 1963. They were still pulling water from the well by hand, washing the dishes in a basin warmed by water over the Kitchen wood stove, which was also used for cooking and heat in the winter. Used water was thrown out the back door opposite the outhouse. I tried to fantasize what it would be like living that way in the winter. His definition of poor now had a new realized meaning for me. I was twelve at the time. It's amazing what you can comprehend when you take that level of perspective and push it back a couple of millennia, where they were only working on about 20% of what we take for granted as normal. You don't think so; just try wrestling with the Middle ages mind frame.

Both also lived during the second world war. My Mom worked switchboard, but dad was deferred, because the physical exam doctor knew of my father's family predicament and that he and his older brother were helping to support his folks and six other siblings, (one of which was dealing with Tuberculosis). He had one of the only three cars around in the Sluice Point vicinity. He sometimes acted as a taxi, so others could get to town. He collected 'gas rations' from others who couldn't keep their cars running.

His father was not able to pull in a sustainable income from the farm, so he took jobs as a fishing hand on board one of the many two mast fishing schooners on a couple of their runs. That job was not easy, working both as a fishing hand as well as a deck hand, with hard stories of its own. Sometimes that included black magic. Witchcraft also had a prevalence in small villages back then. (Remember, we're talking about those who are living among the meeker levels of life). Dad worked a while at a cotton mill and later got a civilian carpentry job at a new military 'ground breaking' air and naval base during WW II, for a year at Goose Bay Harbor in Newfoundland. He pocketed that money and later, bought his citizenship to the US.

I had an uncle who served in the trenches of France and a co-worker who flew a coastal defense seaplane the Albatross and a B-24 bomber in the Pacific. A later co-worker whose father was a paratrooper, (trained much like a Navy Seal) and a friend at my wife's workplace who was a private in the duck-boats involved in the landing at Normandy, were both on the infamous D-Day morning before daybreak. I also found it important to know how the war started and the propaganda process built around it. It was a lot of material to process. But that's just it, it wasn't processing, it was just floating around.

At twelve I *almost* drowned. That was a revival of just realizing I was given another chance at life!! I fell in love in school, but didn't go well due to my low self-esteem. I took to the show 'Twelve O'clock High' and the B-17 bombers, which were demonstrating part of the war I'd only heard about. I studied that plane and its capabilities, along with others like it over half my lifetime. Those story episodes were a *beginning* to just the basics of the war effort. I continued to delve into real accountings a great deal more off and on, for over forty years.

When I received my Confirmation in April of 64 as a soldier of Christ, I made a promise to God that someday I'm going to find out what this is all about, because I barely knew anything conclusive about what to believe or how. Not long after, my dad's and his partner's business venture got stolen out from under by their other two business caretakers, his drinking got worse, his unsatisfied speeches got longer and he eventually had to sell the house he built for a song to get out from under his debts. In summer of 67, we moved to New Hampshire to start over. Again, another new chance at life. I found the folks in NH very friendly.

A year later, my best friend to this day, helped me find freedom. Farther on, I got my first car, graduated and after a blowout with my dad, I left home and got out from his grips for good, but still flying on a wing and a prayer, because my insights were still inconclusive. Some saw through that and had fun with my innocents. I began learning production and machine repair.

Three years later, my wife to be came in the picture. *It's still the best thing that ever happened to me.* (Another new start in life). We became soul mates in a short time. She enjoyed my love, sincerity, nonjudgmental, my knowledge base and my calm. I enjoyed her love, her sincerity, her standing, her fairness and her hard-learned observations about small town *politics* and *propaganda*. My dad used to gripe about issues back home becoming his reason for leaving. I

often thought it was merely a character trait of his. Now my own loving wife could verify that type of setting.

I fell in love with Earth science and nature and recognized them as God's backyard. But I also felt a connection to the Heavenly Father ever since I was ten years old. I didn't realize it at first, a lot of those weird dreams, strange signs, images of places in my dreams, to which I thought that's all they were, only to find myself standing in those very exact spots maybe three weeks, three months or even three years later. I've had prophecies three times in my life, pertaining only to me, or something I would witness. I did not expect all those signs, dreams and biblical insights to ad up together all at once, as it did in 2003, with the second shuttle disaster, which turned out to be my fourth. (That article can be found in one of my publications THE GOD PRESENCE under the subtitle, Prophecy or Coincidence?)

I've been involved with research in many subjects most of my life, beginning at eleven. It was my way of educating myself you might say, on things I liked, such as engines (from the thirties types to today, including steam, internal combustion, (auto and aircraft, piston to jet). Air craft was a big draw to me, any size, especially those of WW II and its history from the air war viewpoint. I've rebuilt six engines, one being a motorcycle. I also study solar or alternative energy and have been involved with some ideas of my own.

I worked with *industrial* sewing and stitching machines from 1970 to 1985, (studied 48 different models and their *many* mechanical movements); Kollman's *aircraft* Altitude units, (build, calibrate [mech and elect] and test 17 different models), from 1979 to 2000 and studied them. They had a full operating machine shop covering *everything*. (It was fun building and troubleshooting units the size of a thermos bottle that costs as much as a new car.) Some elite individuals there, whom I will always *cherish*, helped revive my self-esteem.

You'll be surprised how much you learn about similarities vs no comparison, well-built vs so-so and copycats. I started getting into human nature in my mid-twenties and was *saving* strong Quotable Quotes and Points to Ponder from Reader's Digest for a twenty-year span. The two books Wisdom and Sirach of the Old Testament were enlightening. I later began writing some of my own wisdoms and put them together in a publication called LIGHT LINES AND LIFE LINES. My site '**Biblical Spotlight**' found on Twitter, also has a file called 'Base Line Quotes and Ponderings' among a collection of Other Works on bottom of, About the Author.

However, many of us have the misfortune of falling into a pit in our lives. It doesn't matter how we got there or why, but it usually changes us. In my case, it was a matter of what I think needs to be done, not about me, but those around me. In other words, it was time to take a stand. That came in handy when my wife lost her dad in a bad accident, her Mom still recovering in the hospital for ten days and being eight months pregnant herself, she had to handle her own father's funeral. I gave her all the support I could, especially from family members trying to tell her what to do. I had a dream prophesy come true when his hearse pulled into the parking lot.

However, seventeen months prior in 79, I felt a need to get closer to Jesus, so I took to the four Gospels in the Bible, but ended up with *more* questions than when I started!! I was seeing why some of my questions were getting mixed answers. Something's wrong! There's plenty of evidence displaying there was a real Jesus, but it appears to be cluttered. With a little work, could we get it more refined? For example, there are four Gospel writers telling their story of the *same* individual. If they could be shuffled in together and mutually aligned as one continuous story layout, might the undertaking reveal a clearer presentation of our redeemer?

Now I had something new to explore. Though, one of my vices is searching for validation before *closing* the issue, this venture was *huge*. Most would say "Why bother or meddle with something we've been warned against?" We *are* talking about a choice that could possibly condemn me forever. But to back away from a chance at *possibly* finding closure, I would become my own betrayer. I prayed for the Heavenly Father to help me on this one, for I hadn't heard of this approach ever done solo before.

First rule; I had to sway from any personal feelings on this project. That having been said, my past knowledge, (or anyone else's on this), could not be contemplated, because it encourages favoritism and would negate any hope of an un-biased result. If something fresh is to come out of this, it had to be completely off the grid. On the other hand, if this does turn out to be nothing more than propaganda, the trash can was right next to my desk.

Well, as you can see, forty years later, the mission survived and rose to levels most of us don't see. We've been taught to accept *everything*, (including finds they were already aware of, but unable or unwilling to impress upon), so nothing changes. The intent was not to rewrite the gospels, but merely try an

experiment that just may *uncover* something. After the undertaking finally settled down, the power of Jesus' teachings revealed his *astonishing* breadth of *wisdom* and *truth* in almost any direction or distance.

Many of us do not comprehend the significance of those references to the Old Testament. We are aware of his love and compassion, but this quest also discovered the **why**!! That part of the drive in his deliveries were more important than realized or understood. The exceptional level of his focus, wisdom, depth and dedication this exposé has discovered, is definitely a must read, particularly to those who are also looking for a clearer presentation of Jesus' *commitment*!!

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