

Rotting Part 1

Good evening.

A lot does rot. Rotting can occur in many ways in many different categories, in many different endeavors of human existence.

Rotting is undesirable. It's something good going bad or something already bad getting worse. Something could rot to the point where it's totally irredeemable, and you want to avoid that. Anytime you rot, you go to the direction of being irredeemable.

It's very sad when one becomes delinquent. Whether one enters delinquency when one's an adult or when one's a child. Usually, delinquency stems from illegal activity.

Many parents have a big fear their children will end up to be delinquents. Some parents view their children's doings as reflections on themselves [like psychologists say].

Thus, if their children are delinquent, “then they feel as if they have failed as parents” [like parents say]. In some cases, indeed, parents are to blame. In other cases, No matter what the parents could have done, it would have mattered [like criminologists say].

Some people are born with temperaments that generally lead to delinquency [like criminologists say]. Sometimes people want to blame society [like motivators say].

Others say it's the individual's fault because the individual has free will [like religious people say]. Sometimes delinquency is something that is objectively bad, other times it's just something that happens to be

illegal [like sociologists say]. Sometimes people become violent at a young age.

Other times people, like me, will operate a ham radio without a license in adolescence. I did that. "Yes, opponents of mine, you have something." I operated a ham radio without a license. A couple ham radio operators tracked me down and had a talk with my parents and I about it. My dad got the one man to reluctantly agree "this was better than me doing drugs." This is something I look back at and don't see what was so bad about it. In fact, I'm proud I did that. It had guts. I took a stand of civil disobedience. In fact, I look back and wish I would have been bolder.

Other times I look back and think I made a mistake. I believe in bringing it all to the open. We've all made our mistakes. So it's

better to deal with them in the open. One mistake I made led me to a juvenile detention home. I wasn't so much bad as stupid in that situation.

My best friend and I went to the state fair in South Dakota one year. I believe it was 93. The plan was for us to call my mother after the fair was over. The calling my mother part didn't work out. We called, we called, we called. Got no response. We were calling at the store Lewis Drugs.

It eventually got so late that the store closed. I didn't know what to do. It was not wise, but I stayed in the store. My best friend at the time had the sense to leave the store. The manager came after me and I freaked so I darted away and then he called the cops. The cop he called happened to be a big prick. He was the type who didn't take

anything from anyone. He even said, “He's been a cop for years. He's seen it all.” He even lied on the report. He arrested me and took me to this juvenile detention home.

He charged me with burglary. That was not my intention, but that's what he charged me with. It was a bad decision to be sure, but it wasn't burglary.

That juvenile detention center, although not an absolute lockdown facility, sucked. It was like a halfway house. It was a residential setting. And fortunately, I was only there for a weekend. You even had to count while going to the bathroom. That is very unpleasant to have to do.

On Monday I was released to my mother. Eventually I was charged with not burglary,

as that was not a valid charge in this case, but instead something about remaining on property, surreptitiously. It was basically trespassing. But just worded it a little differently.

Ultimately, all I had to perform was 10 hours of community service, and that was it.

A lot of people like to say, “let them rot in jail.” A lot of people hate criminals. There's a Bible verse: “For all that has sinned come short of the glory of God.” [Romans 3:23]