

My American Patriot - A Tribute

Jacobus Kotze



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By Jacobus Kotze

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There are three things that amaze me—
no, four things that I don't understand:
how an eagle glides through the sky,
how a snake slithers on a rock,
how a ship navigates the ocean,
how a man loves a woman.

Proverbs 30 v 18 -19

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Extract from K's free eBook [*The Circle of Life*](#)

Extract from K's free eBook [*The Egg Breakers - Counter Terrorism in Sub Saharan Africa*](#)

Chapter 1

Beyond Sadness

Many of you reading here would know about my American Patriot who featured in every book and article I published. You may also have heard she passed away, age 41, on 21 May 2014. It is a day which will always live in my mind as a day of sadness. She was not well the last year but I never expected her organs to fail and her sister to ask me how we felt about switching the life support off.

I never intended to write this tribute...I always believed the husband would die first and wait for his wife as is the usual way things work on earth. This is not easy to write and you may ask why besides the natural desire to pay tribute to a very special woman? I received many letters from you, my readers, from across the world in support during the last two weeks. I did not expect that and I most certainly did not realise she became so important to so many with her views in our books. I have no words to thank you for your support, letters and the love you showed towards us. Usually I am not an emotional man but I assure you I have a few tears now typing this. Thank you...I hope to do the same for you one day.

Many readers asked me not to stop writing now that my inspiration and soul mate is in Heaven. At the same time they also asked me to write something about her as a tribute and so you are reading this tribute here. However, it is impossible to describe her adequately in words alone. To know her kindness and great heart was something else and I can tell you, she was as special as I say she was in our books. She was one of a kind.

I am not an author by profession and the books I wrote sort of wrote themselves. There is first the idea and then your fingers itch until you put word to paper - it is not something I have much control over so I may yet write more books. Shrug, they are downloading by the thousands every month and seem to be helping a lot of people. Some love them and a few hate them. As always I apologise upfront for grammar mistakes or anything else which may cause offence - none of my books are politically correct but straight to the point as I

see it and I am not always right. As Lord Coke once said "I may be wrong, in fact I frequently am wrong, but I am never in doubt!"

My American Patriot kick started the books by telling me to stop talking about it and doing it. She was like that - a go-getter and not a whiner. I remember well that day in July 2012 when I sat down to write my first book, [Mean Streets - Life in the Apartheid Police](#). Just came back from a disastrous meeting with my old university (known as a college to Americans). I wanted to introduce a new subject called "Forensic Law" which is something I invented in 1998 whilst trying to defend our then president, Mr Nelson Mandela's face from copyright abuse. I quickly realised that the law simply had no practical answers. Yes the academic answers were easy but impractical. It simply could not be done without wasting tens of thousands of dollars. It was then when I asked the legal forensic question "What can the practising attorney or advocate do to protect the victims of crime of other civil law injustice?" It turned the legal system on its head for usually lawyers act for the perpetrators of crime. They still do.

The law is neutral - you would have read me saying that in all my law related books. This means it can be used or abused to your advantage. A sample would be family violence...the law is quite strict on preventing it but if you, the victim, do not use the law to protect yourself against the abuse, it stays neutral and cannot help you. You must implement your rights. It takes an active deed which makes it the same as every miracle in the Bible.

** I believe that all miracles took place because it was asked for - it did not just fall from the sky. People actively prayed for it to happen. God wants to be asked.*

Anyway, I arrived for the meeting and noted that the learned professor either did not read my pitch (send to him a week before) or more generously, could not remember what he read. In my world and in business including the legal realm outside the academic ivory towers, that is a massive insult to the presenter. I am known to have walked out of such meetings in disgust but kept on explaining it being my Alma Mater so to speak. However, when the hour was up the good professor duly left for another meeting / lunch or whatever he had to do. I knew then they simply could not understand what I was talking about

which admittedly was far outside the norm. Hence I decided to write them off and will never in my life have anything to do with that institution again.

As it turns out - this was to your gain - for I also decided that the average Joe needs to be educated in the principles of law without the need for law school. After all it is not rocket science and easy enough once you get the basics. Thereafter it was easy to write on the subject but I started with [Mean Streets - Life in the Apartheid Police](#) - simply because I felt I had unfinished business and writing about it would cure me. Or so my American Patriot said and since she was known as Mrs Always Right I wrote that book over the next six weeks. Thereafter I just kept on going and the downloads kept increasing up to a point where I don't count anymore but it is thousands a month. I am grateful.

All my books have two central themes - **first** is my faith always comes out in them somewhere and somehow. This is not by accident for I am a believer and so was my American Patriot. I started to read my Bible in English when I realised I could not pray in English having done all previous Bible studies in Afrikaans. The names are not the same - for instance what you know as *James* we know as *Jacobus*. *Acts* would be *Handelinge* and so I can carry on but note the contents are the same. Nevertheless, as head of my house hold, I needed to be able to speak in English on this subject as my American Patriot absolutely loved getting into serious debate about faith and many other subjects.

I can tell you I sweated blood for she was super smart. She got a 4 average in that American test they do at school and her degree was obtained summa cum lauda. Me? Nah I am average - never failed but never at cum lauda level either. Luckily I like super smart women...they are no threat to me as I know what and who I am. Above and beyond that we all know the improved specie has an unfair advantage being able to do two or more things at the same time - men cannot. We are not wired to such things and if clever enough will point that out on a regular basis. It creates immediate sympathy, and shows honesty and humility. Respect is everything in any relationship.

Secondly my books are designed to help people. Many who cannot afford lawyers use my books to protect themselves against evil which includes lawyers and criminals known as banksters. Some of the books on [security issues](#) have

saved lives and even the cookbook has helped the widowers to eat again. I am not materialistic in any way and usually don't care much about money - if a client cannot pay I may well still assist as far as possible or advise him to read one of my books. I am convinced you have a higher purpose in life than just chasing fees. That can sometimes bite you.

The following pages were especially hard to write. It shows the turn of events which lead to that day of sadness. It is not done to create any unwarranted sympathy but as a lesson in life for I wish to spare you my anguish.

I also decided that even after death I will honour my American Patriot in my life and my books. So once again I thank her for her love and patience and haircut which caused the books to be written. She will always be smarter than me and live in my heart.

Lastly, I thank Jacs for her editing of this work and also the cover design. May God bless you as set out in Psalm 20.

Thank you for reading here,

K

Chapter 2

The Decision

I looked at my screen with disbelief...my sister-in-law (a splendid human being) just emailed me that she needs to know my feelings on euthanasia or in simple terms, switching the life support machines off. And she was talking of Melissa when she asked. I knew of course she was in ICU. It was one of those days. My mom here in South Africa also suffered a mild stroke and I had to rush her to ICU on the same day. So the two women most important in my life in ICU and my wife in Orlando FL, a place I cannot go to by law. What do you do K?

What about an emergency visa to be with my wife during her last hours? No, it was delayed before for reasons which the American Government will not reveal except to say I was seen with some undesirable characters in the past. That was even before I met Melissa and they had good reason to feel sceptical so I do not blame them one inch. Besides, Melissa is not a normal citizen...she held a high security clearance for the work she did with the Navy's flight simulators which made anyone near to her an object of interest to her security detail. I worked in the shadows on counter-terrorism for my own people for years which meant I was indeed seen with some undesirables. The question is what was I doing with them but that is unimportant now - fact is no visa for K and I understand that. I really do and attach no blame to them for delaying it (same as refusing). It is the way the cookie crumbles some times.

The influx of illegal immigrants into any country is something which bothers me. It really should never be allowed and it is under no circumstances the intention of elected lawmakers to enable laws which would not be enforced by the police / authorities on a political whim for future votes. That is plain crazy and beyond my abilities to comprehend. And I am not alone in this...because of my books I have many American readers who all failed to explain how an *illegal alien* can possibly become an "*undocumented American*" with all the rights which comes with such an honour. It just does not make any sense to me even if I am then banned also - I take that as a man with no complaints.

Changing the rules I don't get. That is long hair liberal nonsense for it will destroy your legal system from within. It also undermines the veterans who enforce the law and give the wrong idea to the immigrants who now think you are soft on it. In addition then you allow those in who blow up your country and have evil intent. How is this possible? DO you not understand what America means to the rest of the world? It is a fact, rightly or wrongly, that you are held by higher standards than the Third World where I live. And I guarantee you, we don't turn our illegal aliens into undocumented citizens - we deport them before our citizens murder them in what it is known as xenophobia - the logical outcome of such meddling in laws designed to protect the citizen.

In fact Melissa and I had only two annoying tribulations with her country or tribe as we Africans call it. **First** was to explain why I am white if from Africa. That caused many remarks, some hurtful but mostly in good jest. Especially amongst children who were wondering why I am so white. :) In fact there are a few million of us in South Africa. Many of us left but many stayed having been here for 300 years now and nowhere else to go. Note also that Melissa never saw colour - she was no racist and had many African Americans as friends. So do I, we got past all that decades ago for many automatically assumed a man with my background would be racist.

Secondly, and I am afraid this fell squarely on her shoulders, to explain I am not a green card seeker and no, I genuinely love her and we are soul mates and I am not abusing her heart. It is also fact that she found me which clearly shows I had no intention of running any green card scam. Is anyway ridiculous if you think about it...I am a bald, middle-aged overweight guy. The usual green card scammers are blond, female, young and from Eastern Europe and *just happen* to love the older American the met on the internet. Yeah sure, it happens here as well. Since I changed my status on facebook to widower I suddenly have invitations from scantily clad young women. Repulsive to me actually.

But once again there is no blame from my side for these green card scams are known to have happened before and no doubt will happen again. Nevertheless, I made an oath to myself that I will never apply for a green card if at all possible and the fact is I never did. Partly because of the above we decided to start our

life in Africa but fate intervened three times and she could not leave her shores. Hence I got Jen's email.

As a legal man I know all about the laws of euthanasia. Hell I even wrote a booklet called [About your last Will & Testament](#) on it. I dealt with it also in my fourth book [The Circle of Life](#). But this is Melissa, my American Patriot and soul mate we are talking about! It is not an abstract legal question - she will die if I consent and I don't want her dead. We have a life ahead of us. Honey, what do you want me to do? Please Baby, live! God, please help us!

I did not realise she was that serious - people go to ICU and if young enough usually come out again and Melissa is a strong girl. Yes I am jealous of my rights as husband to her too. Not even God who I know will look after her better than me should get her right now - I want to keep her for me. Yet you pray and trust God to do what is His will but still no-one seriously expect death to be His will. What must I do Honey? I need you here, alive and the mother of our children if God so blesses us. Please live! This just cannot be happening.

I replied to Jen and asked her to ensure that this would be final option according to the medical experts. I prayed for her to be wise and strong before taking such a decision and she was. I asked her to read the following to Melissa before she made that decision:

"My dearest wife, I was asked if we should switch the machines off and let you go to God with dignity. I agreed to that so help me God. I made this decision because I want you to have peace and I assure you, we will meet in Heaven. Wait for me my love for I am on my way when God decides it is time for me to join you. I thank you for all you did for me, for your love and patience and hair cut you gave me. I will never forget and though this is not what I wanted nor I believe you wanted it is the way it turned out. I am not angry yet though it will come in the years ahead and I will survive my broken heart because I have our precious memories. I love you beyond words and will always do so - there will never be another Melissa & American Patriot. Your husband and soul mate, K"

And yes I cried typing it; in fact I will always cry reading the above. My life as I know it came to an end that morning and part of me died. Yet I know this was

the right decision - we spoke about it and that was her instructions to me. As her husband and soul it was my duty to fulfil her wishes. I do not regret the above email but I sure regret the circumstances surrounding it.

The lesson learned from this is unpretentious and obvious. Read my booklet on death and talk to your better half about it. Find out what to do before you are confronted with the unknown and have to wonder about your decision. This is something you cannot evade forever for death comes to all of us. You must be prepared.

Life is precious and a gift from God - you are not here without reason. Nor are you less special than others because of a lack of education or a lack of resources or perhaps abuse you suffered previously. You are unique but it is for you to act that out - passiveness is not good enough. You have to get involved in any way you care to do. This includes things like voting for the government you desire. Helping in your community and by your very actions show what you are in life and that what shows better be worthy.

It is a very simple test to see the morality / worthiness of a man...just look at fruits surrounding his life. Is he standing up when a woman enters the room? Does he talk with respect and love of his wife and family? Is he trusted in business or known by his actions to be crooked? Does he believe in God or any other higher purpose? Does he show mercy when asked for? Is he someone you want to be associated with? If not, get rid of him.

We had only two rules in our relationship:

1) Never do something which will hurt the other and (2) do what you want to be done to you by the other. And that was our secret in a few words. Love is never complicated. Even the poets will tell you it finds its own way like water down a slope. You cannot force it and you cannot hurry it along. But it needs to be cherished all the time and yes; the perfect relationship is possible when two souls meet. It is very easy then and loving Melissa was the easiest thing I ever did in my life.

Chapter 3

The End

Well it may be the earthly end for I will not believe that death has any power over a believer. I know in my heart this is not the end. When I met Melissa she was an atheist. She would not believe in God because of things which had happened in her past. As an engineer she wanted logic to be applied to faith but faith is not logical. It is faith - a leap into something which you cannot see or understand until you see it. Unless you got it you won't get it either. You have to become a child again, to be reborn in fact.

We spoke about this aspect for many hours and she became a believer again as she used to be one long ago. She died one too - in her thousands of emails to me she often mentioned she found God and was excited about it. She always said God, America, and then you K and I accepted that position with much pride. Shows to me her priorities were completely sorted out for I did not call her my American Patriot without reason - she was one and a credit to her country for being one.

Still she held bravely on for another three days and I sent her constant messages...on her Skype, on her Gmail and on her Gtalk account and many times directly to her soul. I also prayed non-stop trying to bargain with God to no avail as it turned out - He simply held all the cards. Jen was kind enough to read the one below to her just before the transition to a better place came:

"You will probably never read here Melissa. The end for your body is near for it is not responding and the outlook is as bleak as it can be. I and many others prayed for a miracle but up to now it was denied to us...I don't know why Honey. Perhaps God needs you more than I do. Perhaps he takes the prettiest flowers for his garden first. Know that I will forever be yours and no one will ever replace you in my heart. Know that I will never forget our good times and always honour you as my wife, soul mate and American Patriot. This is not the road we wanted but it seems is the road we will walk. I have no words for my grief and know I am not blaming you at all - this is life. Sometimes it sucks and sometimes it is good. You were always my dreams come true, from the first

email and first time I saw you live and the first time I held you in my arms - it was beyond special. I thank you for that and want you to know I will be good and you will be in a place where I will find you one day and we will be one again and be happy. I love you and will one day put flowers on your headstone no matter how long it takes me to get there. I am yours now and forever. Your husband and soul mate, K"

And later on

"My wife, you passed on and is with Jesus now. I am shattered and broken with grief but will survive to honour you further. Know I will find you in Heaven one day. I thank you for your love and affection. Know I will always keep you in my heart. Muah, K"

Chapter 4

Survival Course

How do you survive the death of your soul mate? I am not sure because I am still in the survival phase but I think with the grace of God and nothing else. The prayers of your friends and readers somehow carry you through such times but it is not easy. Let no-one tells you different for this takes time and you need to take the time. Don't rush it and ride the waves of anguish - it gets better but anything can trigger them - a song, a smell or a picture or even a memory.

My faith was under severe pressure for I wanted to blame God. He was an easy target - after all I prayed and believed Melissa would be able to live without her organs. So did many others including my mom who is a very committed believer. (She is ok now, no lasting damage from the stroke, praise the Lord.) I had visions of prayers reaching out from Africa and from America to God regarding Melissa. Everyone prayed including all her friends and loved ones that side.

** On this point you only need to read the facebook comments to realise America is still a nation of faith. No matter what the long haired liberal websites say - go and speak to the man on the street and get wized up. Everyone used God and prayer as a solution and all of them meant every word. This is not by chance or co-incidence at all - it is by choice and reflects well on you as a nation.*

But despite our best efforts God took her home anyway. Why? I wanted to shout at God WHY? Did you not LISTEN to my prayers? Were you per chance hiding behind a cloud as you sometimes did with the Israelites from the Old Testament? What about my life now without Melissa whom you took away from me! A widower at 46...this is not what I wanted Lord! You must be JOKING, give her back to me and I will love and cherish her like before! This sucks Lord!

I carried on like this for a short while but soon realised there is a few rules to follow if you want to get through tragedy and fighting with God is not one of them. You will not win such a fight and like King David you should run towards the Lord and not satan. SO I came to the conclusions below:

1) Do not blame God and accept what happened. You are not clever enough to get the big picture and what is done is done. In this case it was better for Melissa to go to Heaven where she is safe and without pain. No person can live without working organs and have what is called "life" and that is the way it is. It was her time to go home and He can recall whoever He created when he pleases to do so. She was here and mine only by His grace and that is the way it is. Rather be grateful for the time you had and keep the positive memories for there were not a single bad one - we never argued. Not once.

2) Do not think your life will ever be the same for it will not be. But you now have to live according to God's grace for it is not the end of you two. If you want to see her again you better get to Heaven where she is waiting for you. Hence it is not the end - there is much hope and all because of a man who died alone on a cross 2000 years ago. I say again, this is not the end of us because we believe Jesus overcame death by being resurrected on the third day. We know that souls cannot die and will meet again. This also means you need to live in such a way that you do get to Heaven after death. You cannot but live as a true believer and take a chance on this.

Now imagine if you don't believe in God and this is really the end for you. No life after death because it makes no sense to you now. No Heaven either because then there must be hell and you don't believe in that sort of thing. No meeting again for there is no life after death - your soul just disappeared to where? The stars or you become a plant perhaps? Not receiving a new body for that is all nonsense too despite what God said about it for you don' believe there is a God - you were just sort of made and born and now you die. You have no hope in fact and are doomed.

I pity atheists for their strong belief in nothing but human existence. Note I am not going to enter into useless discussions with you if you are an atheist about this aspect. It is your problem and I am not going to try to convert you so don't bother contacting me. I found that there is truly none as blind as those who do not want to see. I do however pray you find your own way for you have no idea what troubles lie ahead and you may need God in the future.

3) Do not hide the departed - she was part of your life and that is it. Deleting all memories, pictures and emails is only suppressing your anguish. You need to keep her alive without being obsessive about it meaning that she cannot be replaced but life goes on. Time waits for no man says the clever people and it is true. I will not delete a single picture, memory or email of us.

4) Understand that your wife would want you to carry on as normally as possible. It is not betrayal to do so and bound to happen anyway. Time heals they say but I really don't expect to find love like that again and it will take a long time and a very understanding woman to be with me (if ever). At this stage I obviously have no such desires.

Finally, Melissa once sent me a poem which I want to share with you:

"If you are lost, I will search for you

If you leave, I will wait for you

If someone tries to take you away, I will fight for you

If someone asks me what a beautiful life is, I would lay my head on your shoulder and say, this"

I can also safely add, *"If I am gone to Heaven, carry on my love!"* That I will do to her honour and her tribe. It is written.

Chapter 5

The Funeral

I will not attend the funeral as I have no visa to do so as explained in the beginning. However I say again I do not blame anyone for this. It is the law and the law must be followed or you will have chaos. You may take for granted I will in the future arrive with flowers and some African sand to put on her headstone (an African tradition). This I believe is possible in the long run and will happen in due course and that is all what will happen for I lost nothing there without Melissa. For now I asked Melissa's sister Jen to read the following at the funeral:

"Eulogy for Melissa,

Most of you listening here don't know me and none of you ever met me in real life but I know some of you through Melissa. Because of immigration rules which must be respected I cannot be with you today. Therefore Jen agreed to read my short eulogy to Melissa which is only about a 1400 words but it could have been a 100 000 as there is so much to say about such a wonderful and extraordinary woman.

As background, Melissa came to South Africa on holiday in February 2012 and we fell completely in love as only soul mates can do. Though only legally betrothed to Melissa I most certainly think and speak of Melissa as my "wife" and she referred to me as her "African American husband." Of course I am not American and though African, I am of the white race so it was a private joke between us. It has to be said that soul mates simply don't care about citizenship, race or anything else besides the other half of their souls. This is what makes it so special. We were married in the eyes of the Lord.

We planned a formal wedding in FL in the near future but it was our intention to start a new life in South Africa. Melissa loved the African continent almost as much as she loved America and I showed her the animals and the bush which she enjoyed very much. We were meant to be but unfortunately for us, destiny intervened:

Melissa, you came into my life at a time when I really needed my soul mate to be with me and I cried out for you...I was not looking for a relationship with an American woman for obvious reasons. Of course I know now that soul mates will always hunt for each other and never be happy unless they are together and you somehow found me thousands of miles away in Africa. I will never forget your first email or the first time I saw you or held you in my arms or the time when talked for three days and three nights without pause. I was the happiest man under the sun and I still am for knowing you. Your mere presence healed me of all that was wrong in my life and I became me again.

In my professional life I routinely walked with presidents and a prince once but nothing I do in the future, no matter who I represent, or how many books I write, or what honours I achieve will be worth more than you saying "K, I love you!" It will always be the proudest moment in my life.

You unselfishly taught me to love in ways which I never would have believed possible and loving you was as simple and natural as breathing to me. We never argued - we just loved each other unconditionally no matter what the circumstances or the ocean between us. I have never known and never will know such love again nor do I have the desire to love anyone except you...the rest is simply not you.

I will always honour you in my heart, my life and my books. Up to now, because of your security clearance and my own background in the shadows, I referred to you as "my American Patriot" in my books which are read by thousands every month. None of these books would have been written if you did not inspire me to do so. In each one of them I thanked you and asked readers to donate to any American Veterans Society of their choice - this was to honour you and it will continue indefinitely as long as my books are read.

Regarding our books - I can tell you that not a week goes past without you receiving complimentary letters from readers who read about you. Rest assured my love; I will answer each letter according to your sacred beliefs for I have yet to meet someone who cared more about her great nation than you did. It is for that very reason that I called you "my American Patriot" and you were indeed an American Patriot who put God, America and then everyone else as it should be.

You did not take kindly to non-patriots or anyone who dared to attack your country which is also the way it should be amongst free citizens. In this I supported you in life and I do so now. Your people are my people.

Your life confirmed to me so much about your country which is good and pure. For us non-citizens it is hard to explain what America means to the rest of the world...America is the shining beacon we look up to for leadership and inspiration. You were an exceptional specimen of the best qualities of your nation and it showed everywhere you went. When I think of you I think of love and respect for others. Your kindness, great heart, wonderful sense of humour, honour, beauty, loyalty and superb brain will always be part of my memories of you.

I had no disinclination to introduce you to my friends and you made me proud. You were all my dreams come true and every single one told me how lucky I was to have you in my life. I once proved in one of my books that historically, the love of an American woman is worth more than an Empire. You are worth every tear I cried after your passing away and I have no regrets whatsoever about us. Let there be no doubt that all my memories of you are sacred to me and will always be. You were only good and had no maliciousness in you.

I attach no burden to you for the cruel circumstances which led to today and neither does God. Life happens and I am sorry I could not do more for you. Believe me my love; I tried to move mountains to get you to me where you would have been safe from all evil. For any disappointment to you on my part I am deeply sorry and beg your forgiveness.

Your last email to me was full of love as was the additional thousands of emails which I saved to read again in the future. Though a large part of my soul died with you I know you want me to carry on and I will do my best to do so no matter how crushed I am today and in the future. I will live up to your expectations my love. You have my word on that and our word is sacred to each other.

I must now let you go my soul and entrust you to our Heavenly Father. I ask you to wait for me - I am coming and we will be one again in a place of beauty

where there is no strife, no separation, no illness, no death and only love beyond all understanding. That is very much what our relationship was in life and we will have it again...this time forever and two weeks...nothing will separate us again. Our loss is God's gain but I miss you so much. Rest in peace my American Patriot...you will always be alive in my heart.

For your family and friends who are filled with anguish - don't be angry with God how our prayers for Melissa to live turned out - no-one wanted a living Melissa more than I. However, God knows best and His ways are not our ways - you have to accept this tragedy and remember it is not the final act and we will get the answers in due course. This is no time for guilt but for acceptance and a new beginning. Take comfort that your life has been changed by this tragic event and will never be the same again but you are able to select the change - it can be for the better and not necessarily for the worst. Make your choice today as we have seen that life is a gift not to be wasted - it cannot be taken for granted.

I thank you all for coming to this day of sadness and leave you with a poem by Goethe which Melissa and I shared:

He who never ate his bread in tears,

Who never through the mournful night

Sat weeping on his bed with fears—

He knows not, God, your might!

Thank you & God bless

K"

Chapter 6

En brera - Hebrew for "no alternative"

As I write here I do not know when the funeral will take place as we are still busy with obtaining funds to do so. She passed away at a time when the policies / insurance lapsed because she lost her job the year before and could not find another. As such most of her belongings were sold to cover living expenses. Despite my degrees and books I am not a wealthy man at this stage of my life. I gave hundreds of dollars but I have no more to give right now which will cover the costs of such a funeral. Then again, it needs to be finalised. It breaks my heart to delay it because of a lack of funding and I now turn to you, my readers, for assistance.

If you wish to contribute to her funeral then please go to [Melissa's GoFundMe account](#) which was created for this purpose only. The fund is managed by her sister [Jennifer Crawford](#) and I assure you that the money will be used for one purpose only which is a decent Christian burial for a decent woman. It is not open ended either, once the target is reached the account closes.

** It is also possible that by the time you read here (long after June 2014) the funeral will be done and gone and the GoFundMe account closed. In that case - as I ask in all my books, please donate in her memory to any American Veterans Organisation of your choice. Whilst alive she donated a lot in time and money to them and other charities.*

God bless,

K

About the Author:

K is a 46 year old legal & risk management professional with more than 20 years' legal & management experience in South & West African jurisdictions. He obtained his B Iuris & LLB in 1997 from the University of the Orange Free State (Bloemfontein, South Africa) and was an admitted attorney in the High Court of

South Africa between 1998 and 2006 after which he worked as legal advisor & risk manager for various companies in South Africa and Nigeria. Before that he was a member of the South African Police for six years where he was awarded the SA Police Medal for Combating Terrorism twice.

K is the founder of JKLS Africa, an exclusive legal consultancy specialising in legal risk reduction in African jurisdictions based in South Africa and a frequent speaker on legal forensics on Voice of America.

K also wrote six books on counter terrorism, law and other articles on business and faith. His favourite pastime is Military History and particularly the American Civil War which he finds much less boring than law.

Connect with the Author online

Email K at: meanstreets45@gmail.com

JKLS Africa: <http://www.jklsafrica.com/about.html>

Extract from K's book [Mean Streets - Life in the Apartheid Police](#)

On Religion

The SAP had no sense of humour with regard to religion, and was in fact held it in very high repute. Religion is not the same thing as faith in my eyes. Faith is personal. Religion is the outward worship of a god and therefore of no value to anyone without faith. The Chaplains were all commissioned officers (and thus not to be trusted and to be avoided at all costs), and there were many jokes about them.

Every time we went on border duty we were presented with a pocket Bible with the Police Star on its cover, and a nice message from someone important on the inside. They were stored in a box next to the Chaplain. I collected six of them through the years though almost all are lost. They came in differing colours and languages and included the New Testament and Psalms only.

There was a rumour that one of these pocket Bibles actually stopped a bullet during a contact (shootout/fire fight) in Rhodesia. I doubt that because I tested the rumour by firing clean through one with an AK47...much to my disgust. We never had bullet proof vests by the way—those came after my time. Still, I diligently carried my issued Bible with me. Just in case you understand! Survival is a terrible concept.

Once, being obnoxious according to the perplexed Chaplain, I asked why the issued Bible repeated itself in the first four books of the New Testament and would it not be better just to choose one gospel and get done with? It was not as if you needed more than one statement on the same subject because the Apostles were fairly reliable witnesses and would not any of the gospels do? And then add something practical, like Proverbs perhaps? He had no answer, and just shook his head and muttered to himself under his breath about the obnoxiousness of Flying Squad members. Obviously I was ahead of my time because it made a lot of sense to me. It still does.

I remember a friend being ordered into the Chaplains' office because he was concerned about his heavy drinking. He asked: "*Son, I understand that you have a drinking problem?*" My friend answered in all righteousness. "*Yes Chaplain, I do not earn enough money to support it.*" Yeah, he was sent to the wine school immediately and we only saw him a few months later, sober, upset, and divorced, since his wife thought that he'd become too boring now that he was sober, (true). He had died the next year while on border duty, and she had promptly married another policeman. When he died in a car accident while chasing criminals, no one would even look at her after that. For obvious reasons she was now regarded as the angel of death, to be avoided even though she was wealthy from all of the insurance money. At least the kids were left well off.

A coloured policeman, while enduring a heavy mortar stonking on the border was overheard praying: "God come down and help me before I am compelled by the f terrorists to come up and meet Jesus before my f time! And come down Yourself and f help me. Please do not f send Your Child for what we have here is a man-sized problem in case He hasn't noticed." I heard that same prayer

rumour being attributed to the Army's Cape Coloured Regiment, so it might have happened elsewhere.

There was no such thing in the Police regulations regarding an atheist. Every cadet had to belong to some recognised church denomination, or he would be made to choose one on the spot. One really had no choice in the matter! Believe or don't, but you *will* attend church and look like you are enjoying it too. Every day began with a prayer at the parade ground regardless of where you were stationed or what you believed in. As a sergeant on the border I would always read from Proverbs something like "*Enjoy the life which God has given you with the woman you love,*" etc. I knew of course there were no white women on the border except for a few very old ladies of the *Southern Cross*, and a few military types who we steered clear of since not only did they have fearsome reputations, but as commissioned officers they outranked us. We also knew or suspected they would not want to be appropriated by SAP COIN. Black women were not regarded as women in those days. Any white Policeman caught having ideas or notions with regard to that would be in immediate trouble. Thus the impossibility that any of my men could ever follow that proverb was the very reason why I read it. No one got my joke though, which is perhaps for the best. As luck would have it I have the type of personality which finds great amusement in my own jokes...for days on end. That cheered me up for weeks. It still does.

** The Southern Cross was a charity who supplied much needed comforts from home to the troops and policemen on the Borders during the war. It ranged from soccer balls to swimming pools. It was greatly appreciated and the old ladies always treated with considerable respect.*

I respectfully asked a SAP COIN instructor during a scramble up and down some mountain (Boleo probably) whether he believed in the Bible, particularly Proverbs 28:1, which reads: "Only the wicked shall flee *without* being chased." Are we, the SAP then as wicked as the commies we were supposed to chase now and then? That really showed his lack of humour and I had to appear before the Chaplain to confess my sins. He told me to read the next part of the verse which showed me he missed the point but they were serious people at the best of

times. Also told me to leave my f long haired liberal notions at home and stop bother God with cr-p.

Made me a much fitter policeman that comment did! The instructor took great delight in me running in front of his vehicle for what seemed like hours so that I could feel chased so to speak! I suppose I must have felt wicked for the entire six months during basics for we ran everywhere. A cadet walking around better be already close to death and be certified on light duty or he will be soon after being spotted by the instructors loafing around and they had eyes like a hawk. Uncanny sometimes how they knew everything and saw everything too! It only occurred to me as I type here that they probably had a few impimpi's (informers) inside our ranks. Man, we would have kicked them fatherly to the hospital if we knew of their existence. I was still green in those days so the thought never came up for serious discussion.

Every Sunday morning we went to church. That was compulsory. We had no choice in the matter. I believe that cost the church many men afterwards. Religion is like love in my opinion. It cannot be forced, but what do I know? We would assemble on the main parade ground, have roll call and then march a couple of miles to the church which was a magnificent building. There we would be left in peace for the duration of the service only. It was always amazing to me how it was possible that we were ill-treated all the way to and from church. How could one not see the double standard in that kind of behaviour?

While I hardly ever go to church these days, I always carefully gaze around before stepping out of any church just in case the vampires are back in business. I just can't help myself and it does not matter on what continent or country I am. Something which amuses my American Patriot to no end!

Our Sergeant would take careful note of any cadet snoozing during the service (we were tired and the services were boring in the extreme) and sort them out afterwards. If unlucky, it all depended on the Sergeants mood, the rest of the platoon would be punished for "being f disgraceful and inviting the f wrath of God not only on himself, but also on his beloved sergeant f unfairly too since he is f known far and wide to be a God f fearing man. All of which he, sergeant van der Merwe by the grace of General Johan Coetzee blah blah blah, will correct and

we can thank him later for his fatherly interest in our souls.” Whether we thanked him I will leave for your imagination. Survival is a serious matter, but in an indirect way we had the culprit to thank.

Group punishment is standard in any military and I do not whine about it. It is supposed to create a sense of team spirit, but I can tell you it did not always work out that way. The only sense of belonging felt by some of the sinners was the longing for their mothers afterwards as we made sure that they understood their wickedness in making their fellow innocent cadets suffer on Sunday afternoons since God had ordained the seventh day as a day of rest, a command which had now been broken with their communist tendencies of sleeping in church. More importantly we did our laundry on Sunday afternoons so the culprit’s snoozing interfered with our laundry, which is not an acceptable behaviour between civilised men! Perhaps that had been the idea after all. To be sure, they never slept again in church. They should be grateful for the life lesson.

Then one day a Chaplain proved to me that they actually had a sense of humour when he explained that “Adam was originally a black man who got such a fright when God caught him stealing apples from God’s garden that he turned white from shock and fear. After all, when you get a fright you don’t turn black in the face...but white! It is a well-known medical fact.” I chuckled respectfully, but took bets in my mind on how long he would last saying such things, which the Nationalists would surely regard as sacrilege. He may have been correct according to the latest genetic research for all I know. Perhaps he was also ahead of his time.

On a more thoughtful note, I once had a major fallout with the Chaplains. Some years later I got fed-up with the Chaplains meddling with my operations while I was on border duty. Right at the time when I had wanted to follow some spoor, they wanted to talk to my platoon. From their point of view, it had been a great opportunity to fly in a nice Police helicopter to talk to us. For me it was like: “I have a job to do here which has no Biblical application, so please p off! I have terrorists to f kill if you don’t mind!” Because they were representatives of God Almighty, I could of course not speak my mind, and they had flatly (very brave I

say) ignored my evil eyes to p off too. So I'd had to interrupt them by asking: "What is the reward for faith Chaplain?" Their answer was "To go to heaven sergeant, and eternal life." I replied, quite reasonably I thought, "Chaplain, what should I do in heaven? By the time I arrive, God would have sentenced all of the criminals and terrorists to life in hell. He therefore would have no need for my skills! Who should I arrest or kill there? There can be no job or satisfaction for me in heaven, Chaplain. Do you wish for me to endure a thousand years year of extreme boredom while I wait for the convicted criminals and terrorists to escape from hell so that we can kill them again once and for all at Armageddon? Why not just kill them now properly and get done? I think the system in heaven is ineffective and the known intelligence is poorly utilized. This is not SAP COIN's way of doing business!"

They looked at me as if I was mad as I continued: "While you contemplate an answer let me share a couple poems with you since I love poetry, and I need an explanation from educated men such as yourselves. The first one is by a Roman citizen named Horace, but made famous by and Englishman named Wilfred Owen in 1917 and goes like this:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

mors et fugacem persequitur virum

nec parcit inbellis iuventae

poplitibus timidove tergo.

And while you are still contemplating, let me recite poem number two by Leo Marks, a SOE officer (Special Operations Executive) during the Second World War written as one-time code for SOE Agent Violet Szasbo, who would later die in a Nazi concentration camp. But note, Chaplain, the poem was not originally written for her, but for his fiancée, who also died before her time:

The life that I have

The life that I have

Is all that I have

And the life that I have

Is yours.

The love that I have

Of the life that I have

Is yours and yours and yours.

A sleep I shall have

A rest I shall have

Yet death will be but a pause.

For the peace of my years

In the long green grass

Will be yours and yours and yours.

"I see that you have not replied yet Chaplain, so let me recite the last poem written only a few years ago in 1979 by Rhodesian Army Medic, Staff Sergeant Chas Lotter."

Appeal

Don't mind my hands

Padre

They shake like this

When I am in the base

I dream of death

Padre

Scream in the dark

To chase the nightmares away

I drink

Padre

To keep my memories

At bay

I am nineteen Padre

Why do I feel

So old and worn?

Why can't it be

Like the books?

Padre

For God's sake answer me"

Needless to say I had no answer that day nor since, and now I don't give a you-know-what if you saw the movie. The Chaplains left me in an undignified silent manner, muttering to themselves and shaking their wise heads while looking at me as if I were the unbalanced one. They were still climbing into the chopper when we started our Casspirs and set out to hunt for terrorists to kill. They had

delayed me for more than an hour with their uncalled for visit and the spoor went cold because of it. I still blame them for robbing us of our kills. This was really not the SAP COIN way!

My comments must have caused a stir amongst them. My commanding officer looked at me rather strangely a few days later and asked if I wanted some to take some leave as the Chaplains recommended strongly recommended it, and said that they were praying for my lost soul. They also send me a book of poems by a well-known Afrikaner poet I disliked intensely. I threw it away the next day, (the only book I have ever thrown away in my life). You would have noted perhaps that none of the poets above were Afrikaners, though there are excellent ones. I declined the home leave. It was too late for me since there was nothing for me at home except loneliness and nightmares. I was already middle-aged at 22, and had turned into something that would make satan happy. The end justifies the means, and we will fight fire with fire. What is another life? Kill them all, and let God sort them out. I did not make the laws and only long haired liberals think too much!

In the College we had a designated prayer time, and we would all dutifully sit at our desks reading the Bible before going to bed, or we were supposed to anyway. The Rooinekke and I played chess, which they usually won by cheating well within the rules. I would have also had I first thought of having two extra queens in the set—it took me a while to figure that one out, but as you know I am not too bright at the best of times. Quite often my exes tell me as much, and now with all of the criticism of my books so do foreigners. That's fine. I have known for a long time that I am not that smart, which makes me smarter than most others who unfortunately still have that lesson to learn.

Seriously though, the Chaplains did marvellous work and tried their best under difficult circumstances, since both sides apparently believed in the same God. Their problem was (my opinion), and I might be wrong since I do not dispute their good intentions, is that they acted first and foremost as commissioned officers of the Apartheid State, and secondly as the representatives of God.

*A senior officer told me after reading the Afrikaans version of this book that they reminded him of the Russian Commissars we despised as a method of

indoctrination back then. One must decide for oneself – I have no comment and hold no resentment against them either.

We always searched the personal paraphernalia of dead terrorists for intelligence and would almost always find a Bible amongst their few earthly goods. That made me wonder how God could know which side was righteous, since both were requesting His support and promising good behaviour for eternal life. It troubled me greatly, but when a man decides to take up an AK47 and attack the country of his birth he should not be surprised when the police come after him. And the Police were not going to invite him to church or a nice debate, but would first have a fatherly talk with him at the end of a barrel. They would have found a Bible on my body too you know.

The Chaplains once explained to me: "Commies and terrorists were undoubtedly using the Bible as a one-time code and as they could not read nor write." Yeah, sure Chaplain! We found letters in neat handwriting too. Life should not be so serious Chaplain. God also said that we should enjoy our lives even if they come to nothing. We are all His children, just below the Angels in the food chain, black and white. We are made in his likeness even if some of us are more sunburned than others!

Before we leave this subject I want to say that I don't dislike Chaplains and I apologise if some of the above has offended you. I am a Believer, and I thank God for everything in life for I am not very strong. Man should be grateful for his experiences—both good and bad. That is how you are tested in your faith! When earthly things push you beyond the ordinary and you begin to question, the answer, my friend, is always in your past where you have failed God's tests. Seek forgiveness and fix what you can, and be glad you are still worthy of being tested.

Extract from K's free eBook [The Circle of Life](#)

It is rather nice to ask your better half for her hand in marriage and is known as being engaged or betrothal if she agrees. Should she refuse it is known collectively as *the great escape or the day you embarrassed yourself* (joke).

Seriously, you cannot claim any compensation because a woman refused to marry you. And whilst you may plan the big question to the last detail the law is not as bothered with it as much as you may expect. In law it is simply an understanding between two people to get married in the future and live as man and wife in the fullest sense of the word together under one roof facing life as one.

You don't need her parents' permission unless she is a minor and if I may say so you better not ask me unless you want see if you can outrun my shotgun pellets. Wait until she is of age and able to make her own decisions. If you then ask the parents you do so out of respect only and not because the law tells you to do so. Discuss this with your fiancée to be for I find many modern women do not take kindly to the idea of being given away as an item.

There is nothing to say you need to be on your knees or have a ring ready. That is just a custom but it may be cheaper to buy the ring yourself rather than let her choose it (joking). Nothing in law says you as the man must buy the ring anyway. She can also if you happen to be broke.

The engagement does not need to be in writing though it sometimes is and known as an engagement letter. Not very original that is. Some have an engagement agreement which is a full contract but note an engagement contract is not the same as an antenuptial agreement which we will deal with later. It only states that the parties wish to marry in the future and deal with property issues. It cannot be enforced which is why it is seldom used and you cannot have penalty clauses in this type of contract like for instance stating if you don't marry me by next week Wednesday you pay me 100 dollars a day penalty.

That would be against the morals of the public at large. All in all such a contract is rather useless.

Keep in mind that when I say man I also mean woman and these days same sex marriages are allowed in many parts of the world including South Africa but not under the Marriage Act. That is done under the Civil Union Act as the Marriage Act does not recognise a marriage as anything else between man and woman.

Consequently with the Civil Union Act gays and lesbians can also be legally married. Not all consider homosexuals to be animals as one African dictator put it so inelegantly recently. For myself I believe in marriage between man and woman only but I do not discriminate or judge. Their problems in life should be between them and God and I suspect my opinion is of no relevance. Whatever their sexual orientation they stay humans and quite nice people also. Don't mix religion with law. It is wrong to treat some different than others without good reason.

I read that during colonial times in North America betrothal was seen as a trial marriage which would or could if you wish only go forward to marriage if a child is conceived. Honestly I am not sure about the reason for this attitude and not at all what I expected from a country as puritanical as America. It is not my idea of American public morals which I learned by reading Westerns up to the age of nine and then switched to history proper. I think that even in today's enlighten Society, this would be frowned upon.

I suspect in some countries deflowering a virgin in a trial marriage may be a crime if not a delict. Most certainly, in recent years, we had a case where a fellow married a virgin whilst knowing he is still married to another woman and he was hammered in both the civil and criminal courts. The law does not take kindly to such behaviour as it is presumed in law that a woman's virginity is a serious matter (as it is and should be) for once broken it stays broken even if physically repaired.

It is also well-known in law that a woman with children is a lesser "catch" than one who is a virgin but I expect that this will be challenged under the equality laws. The amounts given as compensation differ drastically between the two when it comes to seduction awards.

Not sure it should be on the law books anymore.

The legal consequences of being engaged

The effect of being engaged is to marry at some stage in the future with the person you are engaged to. Besides that there is not any other legal effect which binds you to celibacy or anything in that nature. In law all woman not married is

presumed to live a celibate life anyway. Since this comes from the Romans with their well published orgies I find it ironic. Note please that being engaged does not take away a woman's right of refusal to have sex. You have no automatic right to act like a beast.

Nor do you share your estate yet and you have no special rights to his. If he dies without you in his will you will inherit nothing. Thus I always recommend changing your will and policies the moment that you become engaged.

The problems arise when you break that promise to marriage without good reason. At least you cannot be forced in law to marry anyway which was the way it was up to 1838 in England. As you can imagine that led to a lot of abuse!

The legal formalities to become engaged

It is important to note that you must be sane to become engaged. Many points out that this is indeed a contradiction of terms but let us not be nasty. I believe in marriage and love and so should you. Being with your soul mate is the ultimate high and best of all, free and forever and two weeks.

Obviously someone who is drunk or in a coma cannot enter into a legal contract. Nor can someone who is feeble-minded for obvious and fair reasons. Also persons within the prohibited degrees of relationship may not marry each other which are blood family in simple terms like brother and sister or father and daughter. As a general rule we prohibit the direct line of ascendants to marry each other and thus they cannot be engaged either.

Being of the right age is dealt with more under marriage where it differs from country to country but most are fixed at about 15 years of age for the female. In South Africa, if you are less than 15 years old and female or 18 years and male you will need the consent of the Minister of Home Affairs to marry AND your parents. In fact, under 18 (the maturity age) means your parents must always agree and if they refuse you may approach the High Court who acts as the father of all minors for permission.

I assure you though that our courts are conservative and unless you can prove that it is in your best interests or your parents unreasonable (read very

unreasonable) this will not be given willy nilly. In case you carry on regardless the marriage may be dissolved afterwards but we will speak about that under divorce later on.

So what happens when a minor promises to marry when she is of age to do so and when she comes of age she refuses? In law all promises to marry made by minors are voidable at the option of the minor meaning she can decide if she wants to go forward with the marriage or not. Weirdly enough a minor may sue on such a promise but may not be sued. She may even make a new promise to someone else and that is the way it will be.

Being pregnant is no reason in law or otherwise to get married but it was not always like this and in some cultures that would be enough reason for a marriage. It was a practical problem for under Roman law an illegitimate child could not inherit nor be entitled to his father's name. This meant wars in the old days as the kings' illegitimate offspring decided to take fight for their inheritance as happened often in history causing civil wars and worse. These people were called "bastards" and at one stage were seen as that even if the parents married afterwards. Under equality of the law I am glad to say this is something of the past in most countries. Unfortunately the child and his mom may still be treated like something akin to satan by the community.

We tend to throw stones quite quickly and it is very wrong.

You simply cannot in law be engaged to more than one woman at the same time or whilst you are already married. This will be in all countries which do not support bigamous relationships. In effect the second marriage or engagement is void under law but then the universal law of partnership comes in and we will look at that in some detail. It is the same as where you live together. It has far reaching effects on your estate and is known as the common law wife principle.

Why it is so important to understand what is meant with an engagement to be married?

Let me explain that getting engaged to marry is a contract in law but oddly enough it cannot be enforced if one party wants to walk away from it. Being forced to marry against your will would be against the good morals of the nation.

It can never be. Thus some law professors refer to it as "semi-binding." To marry legally both parties must be willing and able. There is nothing wrong with such a system and an example how neutral the law is.

As said there is no prescribed way in law in how to ask a woman to marry you but for long haired liberals it may involve two weeks of nonstop begging. Candle light dinners and being on your knees also help I suppose and through the ages many traditions arose around betrothal which are not in the law books as such meaning it is not required in law to fulfil before the legal effects of an engagement comes into being.

Let me explain.

A ring may be given to the woman (usually is) who wears it on her left hand fourth finger which is seen as the reserve for a wedding ring. It does not matter if it is gold or silver or even rope but the intention does. In law, if a woman accepts a ring and wear it in public on her left hand fourth finger it is very strong evidence that she agreed to be married in the future to the person who gave her the ring. If she then refuses the fiancé may claim damages from her and usually she must return the ring and that is called breach of promise or just breach. Nor does the law care if the ring has diamonds or emeralds in it. As you can see it has only evidential value on what the parties decided on.

Fascinatingly, that specific ring finger is used because our Roman forefathers believed it contained the "vein of love" which goes straight to a womans heart. Before them the ancient Egyptian physicians believed that the same finger has a nerve to her heart. And apparently our Western way of exchanging rings started in again in 1477 when Maximilian the First gave Mary of Burgundy a diamond ring symbolising their relationship. She died at the age of 25 when she fell of her horse or the horse on her. It is tragic but I understand he married again quite soon after that.

The left hand ring finger is not the tradition in continental Europe where the right hand is seen as the place for the ring. I suppose all arteries go to the heart anyway if you want to be unromantic. I could not find anything on what happens when the woman does not have a ring finger because of accident or defect.

In other countries (Argentine apparently) a serious relationship is celebrated with a silver ring, then a gold one at the engagement and finally a diamond ring at the actual wedding.

In Nordic countries I understand that both men and women wear an engagement ring and in Brazil they switch from right hand to left hand at the wedding. Some have a separate engagement ring and wedding ring later but really it is all symbolic. None of this is of interest for the law. It is only interested in what the intention of the parties was.

That is the question and bottom-line is that you don't even need a ring to be engaged to marry. When you ask and she agrees and the two of you are legally able to marry then you are engaged. It does not give you any real rights though as with marital rights which we will look at later. For instance a medical man would be quite within his rights to refuse to discuss any medical condition relating to your fiancé to you. If I may be brutally frank, you are not family yet.

I could not find anything in law stating that a woman is not allowed to ask a man to marry her and it can happen anytime. Not only on 29 February as is tradition in our part of the world. My research also tells me that refusal from the man meant he had to buy her twelve pairs of gloves to hide her empty (of a ring) finger or a new dress. She may choose.

She cannot sue you for refusing to marry her but we did have a thought-provoking case in Apartheid South Africa where a black man proposed to a white woman. The law in those days was not neutral and it was a crime for different race groups to have intercourse or to marry. In truth it was impossible under law to do such things. He was arrested for *crimen injuria* I think (criminal defamation) but I believe he was found innocent.

You must understand the Apartheid laws were not based on anything but farming principles and the Bible. You can read about it in my book [*Mean Streets - Life in the Apartheid Police*](#). The argument was that the animals on a farm don't mix with each other so why should humans? There is no way in this world that that system can be defended. It was a crime against humanity and an example of what happens when an artificial imbalance is created.

If you lose your ring it does not mean you stop being engaged. You can only legally stop being engaged if you break the engagement or with death of one or both of the partners at the same time which is called commorientes in law. We always presume the man, being bigger and stronger, took longer to die than the wife. With death the engagement stops automatically. You cannot marry a dead person because of the lack of consensus for one. Nor can you marry anything which is not human.

It is not possible to stop an engagement by doing nothing even though in our customary law the husband may refuse to eat his wife's food and that may be seen as divorce. The point is the law being neutral wants to make logical deductions on your behaviour. There must be no room for doubts on your intentions. You have to show what you mean in a practical way.

The same is true in reverse. If a woman takes her ring off and throws it at her fiancé it is very strong evidence that she does not wish to carry on with the engagement and the subsequent marriage. Clearly she may also just give it back or send it to him by mail or messenger. No need for unpleasantness.

Returning gifts is also strong evidence that the marriage is off. Not making any arrangements for the wedding may be indicative but note that there is no time limit on engagements before tying the knot so to speak. It may be a few hours or decades. The law simply does not prescribe a time but the dirty looks from your future mother in law may indicate that the time is near.

This was not always the case because under Roman law a widow could not legally be married within one year of her husband's death (did not need to be actually dead - if captured as a prisoner of war he was considered dead). This was to ensure that any children to be born be borne within that year so that no arguments could follow afterwards on whose children it were. This is not the case today. A widow can marry when she pleases though of course the community may frown on a hasty marriage the law does not prevent that at all. Clearly a widower could also marry whenever he could find a new wife.

As always with law no coercion is allowed. I remember a case in the 19th century where a woman was rescued by a sailor after being shipwrecked. Before

he would allow her into his boat she had to agree to marry him which she did. This was not seen (correctly) as binding on her and he failed in his bid for damages when she told him afterwards to take a hike. He probably went to Australia and it caused quite a scandal.

Legal effects of breach of promise

When an engagement is broken off without good reason the lawyers refers to it as breach of promise and the "guilty" party may be sued for damages by the "innocent" party under delict. It used to be women suing men but these days you just don't know and it does not matter anyway. If the party is aggrieved she has rights and justice must be seen.

A good reason in law to break off an engagement would be insanity, intoxication, force, intimidation, mistake, fraud and misrepresentation and the discovery of impotence, sterility, alcoholism or serious criminality on the part of the other side. This is not a closed list but what courts accepted previously as a good reason or defense meaning if the sued party can show that the above was the reason why she broke the engagement she would almost always be the victor in court. All of the above is excellent defenses against breach.

The reverse is also true. Where a party commits breach of promise for any reason besides the above (and what the court thinks is good enough) he will pay dearly for his actions. Marriage is a serious thing in law and not to be taken lightly.

We briefly spoke of deflowering a virgin and where one party seduced the other (usually the female but not always) under promise of marriage, she can claim damages for seduction as well as for breach of promise. Obviously this will only be where a pattern emerges or the defendant (usually the man) bragged to his friends about his "victory" and never was serious about marriage and only used the engagement as a way to get her into bed. Bragging may cost you enough to learn how to act like a gentleman next time. Certain matters should stay private unless you are a little boy needing attention. They usually get spanked in public by their moms and really are nothing to be proud off.

It can even happen where a woman is married and her husband sues the new guy but obviously that is something else called adultery. It really should not be a crime or on the law books but it is and the sentences for it harsh in Muslim countries where flogging in public (100 lashes) and or stoning to death is the norm. Again this is what happens when religion and the law is mixed.

It must be understood also that you cannot be forced into a marriage just because you had a sexual relationship with someone. In law it is presumed that a married woman cannot be a virgin but note that there is absolutely no rule in law in this country to say that a marriage must be consummated before it becomes legal or that the wife must be a virgin when it is.

I know it is different in other countries and especially it was a big deal in Germanic Law. Reminds me of a joke we had many years ago that one particular wild girl was almost still a virgin as she only had the army and police on her. Yeah well, is not really funny. I admit. It sounds better in Afrikaans.

As with any private law case the action must be taken within three years or the claim will prescribe. Once prescribed there is nothing in law which can resurrect it. It is the end of the road.

So what happens with the gifts between the parties?

Well, it can become quite complex but it is usually dealt with in three different categories.

The first is the so called tokens of earnestness from the giver. This will include the engagement ring and must be returned to him. If not he may sue successfully in most cases for the value or the ring. The reason is simple and found in the Roman law dictum of *cessante ratione legis cessat ipsa lex* which means when the reason for the law ceases, the law itself ceases. There is no more marriage thus no more ring. The best case to illustrate this point was where a child died and the mom still demanded the maintenance money for him even though he is now deceased. The court refused.

Obviously the parties may decide to keep the ring and it is always a good idea to settle this without the need of the court getting involved. As I always say in my

books you have a 50/50 chance of winning in court despite the cr-p your lawyer may be telling you. Once in court you either win or you lose and those odds are way too bad for me to take a bet on. I just don't know what will happen in court. The witness may have an off day or even your advocate. It is almost never a good idea not to settle. There are no guarantees in court but a lot in settlement because you control it.

Extract from K's free eBook [The Egg Breakers - Counter Terrorism in Sub Saharan Africa](#)

On Embassy security I wish to point out it is indeed necessary and attacks do happen and we all know of the unfortunate Libyan incident and others before that. So yes it must be taken seriously. My concern is the lack of access to what is known as a "walk in" source. In other words a guy who has information you need but cannot get it to you. Yes there is the websites and telephone hotlines but please remember that the typical terrorist lives amongst simple folk who may not have access to such means of communication. Thus he cannot warn you and his only other option is to approach his own security organs which do what? It gives you second hand information you cannot verify and the edge of the local boys over you. You lose both ways and most often the source will simply shrug and walk away.

It also creates a bad impression, one of fear, to hide all the time inside the Embassy walls. I often hear you being ridiculed because of it and it is said the terrorist explains it as simple cowardness combined with the stigma of the social elite enemies of the people you mix with all the time. It is not doing your credibility any good.

Your carrot in aid money is a wasted resource

The carrot you use is always *aid money* in whatever form or shape for we are talking collectively and not of any specific fund. It includes the well-known NGO's that follow soon afterwards and undoubtedly are full of honourable long haired liberals (and others) trying to make a difference. Hence we have every NGO racket and scam known to man operating here with your tax payer money for

most do not really have private funding. If they did there would be no need for pressure groups in Washington and no fancy offices either. It is always amazing to me to see how the volunteer workers are abused into miserable conditions whilst the fat cats sit in their luxury offices at home. Worst is they don't even realise why we smirk about it.

Research for a previous book showed me that 90% of the money is used for administrative purposes. Being long haired liberals I doubt if they would anyway be willing to give you information on terrorism. Normally for such people their own country's safety is much less important than to be seen to be a goody two shoes. I pray I am wrong in my observation.

Money creates resentment

Money never plays a major role in source gathering operations as some think. Most defectors or informants have other motives far beyond money though we cannot deny that money can buy whatever else you need. The informant should be rewarded financially but you know that if money is his first consideration then you have a bad source that may lie to you to get more money. Worse is he may take money from the other side also having already proved he has a price.

Flashing money attracts attention and annoys the rest of the players who simply don't have your budgets and resent it. They will sell you the wrong information for they know you cannot possibly cross check what you get and they know you will pay handsomely as the stories of bags full of cash reached us. We know it is happening and happened. You are not doing yourself any favours with this attitude of "*look what I can buy.*" Money to a source is a reward. Not a way of buying a soul. Arrogance will bite you.

Why your aid money is working against you

You are undermining your own counter-insurgency doctrines. The whole doctrine of counter-insurgency (which encompasses counter-terrorism) is based on two non-debatable legs which are so important that without both you will lose the war and it would be better for you to then withdraw to where you came from.

The first leg is **non-corrupt leadership** for the people by the people. The theory is that the Military can buy time (unfortunate word choice) for the fat politicians to sort their nonsense out so that the Military may withdraw. In other words, to govern in such a way that the terrorist will receive no further support for his cause or his cause disappears all together. Obviously so will he. Being a minority without a cause open for betrayal which is what you want. This actually happened with the so called "*Weatherman Movement*" in your own country so in practise this is indeed possible but only if the government you support is genuinely legit. But you don't usually support legitimate governments. Historically you supported corrupt government in Africa and still do which sends all kinds of wrong messages.

We think of Mobutu Sese Seko in Zaire (now called the Congo again). We think of Idi Amin in Uganda. We think of almost every other country in Africa with a military president or one with despotic notions which you supported for reasons we fail to understand. At the same time you failed to support Biafra and before than Katanga both of which was pro-democratic and Western orientated with no Apartheid or anything negative. What message do you think that send to us? That you simply don't care? Or that you don't practise what you preach? Or that you are incompetent?

Make your choice for we believe all of those reasons. What else can we think? At least with the communists we knew what they want. Same with the Muslim radicals! We know what they expect from us and what their version of paradise is. With you we have no idea for you speak something and do something else when push comes to shove. We don't understand you.

You will not be able to show me one country with an Al Qaeda problem in Africa which has non-corrupt leadership for the people by the people which is what you say you want to see. I say there is not one and still the West pumps billions of aid dollars to them for what reason? I really fail to understand why you would want to do business with people on governmental level who are open to bribery (another word for aid money). Surely they are not the type of people you wish to be associated with? Remember you are quick to say we associate with terrorists. Well my dear reader, why should we not say then you associates

yourself with corrupt governments and thus make yourself part of the problem and not the solution? Do you not understand how that damages your reputation and create disrespect amongst ordinary folk towards you? The folks who have the knowledge you so desperately need.

Then again then you would not know this for you listen to your ambassadors (all long hair liberals) who get their information from where? Their counterparts in the local government! And if not from them then from the receivers of the aid! Do you really think these sources will tell you the truth and then have to work for a living instead of taking you for a ride? Perchance they may be benefiting from your kindness and as such have an excellent reason to tell you what you want to hear so that the money taps are kept open. After all they were playing you since the 1960s and it is sort of a way of life by now.

Business as usual as we call it with much bitterness.

Let us test what I say in real life. At that wonderfully incompetent organisation called the United Nations, did these countries support you? Or did they uniformly condemned you and paid lip service to your request in the form of information to save your citizens lives? I think we know the answer to that one for we regularly change channels when we see the bizarre attacks on you with boring consistency. And you just sit there taking it which tells us Africans you may not be as strong as you would like us to believe you are. Either that or your manhood is corroded and you cannot be respected. Both of which does not make you a winner in our eyes. Then why should we make ourselves vulnerable to your cause?

How many of the begging third world nations supported your war on terrorism the way Mr Blair and the UK did. A country which suffered much abuse and terrorist attacks because of their support and loyalty towards you, a former colony, through the years and will do so for the foreseeable future! Clever people say that a man's actions speak louder than his words and it is true. Anything which is not deeds is academic cr-p. Let us not close our eyes for the sake of political correctness when it comes to your survival.

Are you that naive to believe the money and aid is not (mostly) stolen and that third world aid is nothing but a scam? How much more evidence do you need before you realise you are taken for fools and worse. As I said in one of my other books (*Your Worst Enemy*) show me the infrastructure which your aid built in the last 60 years? There is nothing except swollen accounts in Swiss (or other) banks and worse I think in many cases the aid is used against your own Armed Forces and citizens.

I know how violently we in the Armed Forces turned on the super pop group *ABBA* (my favourite) when we heard a rumour that some of our terrorists were found with food donated by them. We reacted even worse when we found out that probably the best album in the 1980s, *U2's The Joshua Tree*, donated the South African royalties to our enemies and banned the album immediately. Of course both these groups supported freedom fighters from their viewpoint and no-one is denying that Apartheid was indeed a crime against humanity or their right to do so. I am merely using this as an example on how aid can end up in a place with which your constituency may not agree with. Also the time honoured point that one man's terrorist is another's hero.

Now the big question which you don't seem to understand. What message does it send to a nation, not the fat politicians, when you blindly pump money into the select few only and then keep on increasing it? Think about this for that is the root cause of your lack of sources on ground level even though you may not want to hear it and you want to believe you are doing good. Africans support a winner and a hand wringing fool who is easily parted with his money for decades is really not seen as a winner but an idiot to be abused. They laugh at you as being weak and nothing but an *ATM* (the actual name Nigerians refers to Ex-Pats - *automatic teller machine*). The saying is "*well if you want to give me money I will take as much as possible.*" Who can blame anyone for such an attitude?

This is one argument you cannot win for if you know or suspect you aid money is stolen or let us be nice and say abused then why do you not rectify the situation as any honourable man will do? Your lack of action in this regard means two things to us. **One**, you are too scared or corrupt yourself to stop it and **two**; you shrug and say "*well different standards apply in Africa and it is the way it is.*"

The second answer is designed to cause resentment to us for it shows racism and moral cowardness and a serious failure of leadership on your part. We are waiting for the day that you will say "*yes we are as strong as we look and you will not take us for fools any longer.*" Such a view will be greatly respected for Africans respect a strong man. Always did and always will. I say in my book *Tricks of Trade - Memories of a Rogue Lawyer* do not relax your standards in Africa for there is no need to do so. Yes we have our poor which are very poor indeed but we also have lawyers, doctors, universities and infrastructure which in some fields are better than yours. For example our human rights culture is much more advanced than yours in terms of labour laws and equality for the sexes as we recognise same sex marriages in law.

On this subject we also had sceptical views on homosexuals as a security risk and then realised that the only reason why they were a security risk was because of the social stigma attached to it making them vulnerable to blackmail. The stigma (in law anyway) disappeared when the law was adapted to stop the discrimination. And you know what, the world did not stop turning and nothing much happened except a few jokes on why they also got divorced which I am not putting in writing. Seems like the prophets of doom were once again wrong in their predictions and (gulp) the long haired liberal's right! Religion has no place in law and it is a matter of time before the rest of Africa follows our lead.

In most African countries the death penalty is scrapped from the law books and the list goes on and on. Medically the first heart transplant ever was done in South Africa in 1969 already and you inherited our landmine technology to save your soldiers and aid workers. On other military equipment our G5 howitzers is still the world leader and it would be silly to believe its extended range is only 59km. That is for the export versions.

Technology wise we used frequency hopping radios in the 1970s already and our locally adapted Kfirs (Cheetah) outflowed the much vaunted F15 Strike Eagle on exercises. There are many more samples but let us not get side-tracked. Hear what I say to you for I speak from experience as cross-jurisdictional expert when it comes to standards in Africa. The moment you pay a bribe (relaxing your standards) you opened yourself to continuous blackmail in the future. We

Africans respect a man who says no way and stick to his principles and I guarantee you at some stage your reputation will be such that you will be respected and the pressure will stop. Give in once and we will take the whole arm never mind your hand. We see that as weakness to exploit.

Why do you arm your friend's enemies?

I often say in my books that Africans respect grey hair above all. With that comes loyalty. So it puzzles us beyond belief when you start giving sophisticated weapons to countries against the wishes of your oldest friends.

As an example (and I don't particularly dislike the Egyptians one way or another) you recently gave Egypt aid in the form of F16 fighters and I suppose training how to fight with it. I read that Abram's tanks (almost as good as the Leopard 2) are part of this process and hundreds of millions of dollars in aid. In this case you cannot even say "*well they bought it and it kept American jobs*" for it is given for free as far as I understand. The Egyptians are not paying one dollar for it but the American tax payer who is already under pressure (don't dare to deny the obvious) is paying for another nation's military. How nice is that now?

** I know and understand the Carter era declarations on this point.*

Every night we see on the news grey haired men with concerned faces speaking in serious tones about your record levels of debt (made to save us whilst being the world's policeman) and we worry that you crash again as you did in 1929 and 2008 for that will bring us down with you. We pray for your leaders and rejoiced when a black man became president. And then you just carry on to give billions away including sophisticated weapons to a nation who is a sworn enemy of your only true ally in that region called Israel.

How is that possible that you cannot understand you need to survive for us to survive? You have that responsibility on you for when you sneeze the rest of us get bronchitis. Take your money and heal your own citizens we say. It is understandable and no reasonable man will condemn you for such wise action. The common African Joe doesn't see your money anyway. It makes no difference to us but it does anger us to see you being taken for fools. We looked

up to you once as the Land of the Free and now we wonder if you are the land of the fools? Intellectually we understand that your intentions are good and honourable. That cannot be denied as is not denied. Aid is occasionally needed and much appreciated but aid given willy-nilly without regard to the return on investment is irrational and is pro-longing your war on terrorism. You cannot afford to do business as usual anymore.

Verily, I don't understand politics and am glad I am a simple fellow for I would hate to try to explain this line of thinking which proved disastrous right from the beginning when President Roosevelt decided to trust Stalin and expecting nothing in return as a sign of good faith during the Second World War. Yeah, we know how that one turned out and I am not belittling Mr Roosevelt before you get upset for I admire all U.S. Presidents as being very exceptional men. Regarding Mr Roosevelt there is much evidence that he woke up to the nature of the beast in the end and even more suspicion of a communist spy inside his personal advisors who may have influenced him in the beginning. He was also a very ill man at that stage. I wish however that the Russian Historians will at least acknowledge that America's contribution to the war effort did play a major role in their victory over Nazi-Germany. It is a grave injustice to ignore it.

I ask myself. What is the worst what can happen when you get this aspect of abused aid under control? When you say "*right guys, from now on no money unless...*" Experience at very high level in African governments tells me you will have them begging you for money which places you in a very strong position to bargain to the best return on investment possible. I would say that would lead to a very agreeable treaty (for once) to your electorate and will change the face of Africa for the aid will be used where most needed for everyone involved including you in times of emergency.

I say again, there is nothing which angers the common African more than corruption for the few chosen ones. You can easily become a hero by cutting out the NGO's and government interference and doing it yourself.

Did this happen before? Yes, who do you think build and operated the Panama Channel for the benefit of all mankind? A fat NGO from Washington DC? The Panama government perchance? No Sir, it was the U.S. Military who has a

reputation to get things done properly when allowed to do so. They got stuck in and the world benefited then and they benefit now. Then you decided for whatever reason to relinquish your control in 1979 (only physically done 20 years later).

End of extracts