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An Open Letter To A Friend, Jeff Rense...

From: **Jim Mortellaro** <Jsmortell@aol.com>
Date: Thu, 27 May 1999 21:42:35 EDT
Fwd Date: Fri, 28 May 1999 17:47:10 -0400
Subject: An Open Letter To A Friend, Jeff Rense...

An Open Letter To A Friend Jeff Rense... Journalist, By Anyone's Definition

Hi Jeff. I would like to tell you a story. The story relates to some of the nonsense I've read on UpDates by people who should know better and to the furor over the recently published Protocols ... which have not been researched significantly enough (in my personal opinion) by these folks to have produced the reactions I've read there.

Those who have not researched the material sufficiently include me. And so I am dropping a project or two and taking on the study. I need to understand it better because the subject of the Jewish "myths" have fascinated me as much as Nazism. I've read everything I was able to get my hands on about this time period in our history, and especially love the writings of William Shirer, whose recent passing was a loss to our world.

When I have completed my research, I will post nothing about it. But when and if the subject should rear it's ugly head yet again, I shall be educated to the point of being able to verbalize an opinion and responsible enough to voice it appropriately. But first, I wish to tell you a true story about a little boy and his aunt. The little boy was me.

I was raised as a Christian, and in 1946 I was three years old. I had already suffered through at least one or possibly two abductions by little "doctors" who took me to a "hospital" in the sky over my house. They took me there in an "ambulance" which was parked outside the house. I had never been in, nor had I ever seen, an ambulance. Neither had I ever been to a hospital. But that's another story.

I remember a beautiful spring day in 1946. I remember standing up in the upstairs kitchen sink, naked as a plucked bluejay, being bathed by my aunt "Ree". Actually she was my aunt Mary, but I could not then pronounce "Mary." Ergo, "Ree!"

She was bathing me as I was standing in that sink, looking out into our back yard. The sun was bright and the sky was blue.

The fruit trees in our back yard were sprouting gorgeous flowers and the cherry tree (nearest to me) looked like it was going to be one hell of a sweet early fall. Grandma was gonna make some great jam and even greater Italian cookies with all that good stuff. I vividly remember all of those thoughts running through my brain. I also remember aunt Ree telling me that the reason I was being washed and readied was to meet my aunt Olga. I had no idea who aunt Olga was. In fact, I was a very confused little boy. "How can I have an aunt I have never seen before, aunt Ree?" I could not compute having any relative whom I had not met. I knew every one of my aunts, uncles and other relatives, as we were an extended family. Our house was my dad's, but Grandma lived with us, and grandpa, and at least one or two aunts and an uncle at one time or another. My grandma was the matriarch of the family. But a positively loving one. And nobody cooked like my grandma. And nobody grew stuff like my grandpa, or made wine, brandy and even Creme de Menthe ... nobody. Grandma lived to 99 1/2 years. And very one of those years she loved me and everyone with whom she came into contact. Grandma was given to us so that we would have a perfect example of what love really is, selfless. It requires nothing in return. It just keeps on giving.

I asked aunt Ree often why it was that I had never met my aunt. The answer was that my uncle, in the CIC (precursor to the CIA) served in Germany and met Olga there. They fell in love and married. And now, aunt Olga was coming home to live here with all of us. Cool. But I didn't even know my uncle Mike, who married her, because he spent the first three years of my life overseas fighting a war.

And that was another thing. Whenever someone talked about "the war", I immediately thought of a bunch of guys running out into the street and engaging in fist fighting... that was my impression of war. Boy was I a little fountain of knowledge, eh?

Anyway, my aunt Olga, as I later learned, was a very class act. She was a beautiful and slim woman who stood regally, as if she were royalty. And I do not mean that in a negative way. It was the way she impressed everyone.

She was a loving, kind and gentle lady, who belonged in another world. Even then I sensed that. She was generous to a fault, but never talked about her experiences during the war. She was also Jewish. Her name was "Schartz" and she and her large family, large and close, like ours, lived in Romania, in Budapest. She even taught me a little of the lingo... I can still say "Do you love me or do you NOT love me," in Romanian. She spoke fluent German, Hungarian, Romanian, Italian and a few other languages I cannot recall. And I heard her speak every one of them at one time or another.

But I never heard her say one word in German.

As I grew older I understood what happened to her and her family. They were, as I said, a large, closely knit family of high rank in their country. They were well situated, financially, well educated and very close as a family. There were about 93 of them before the war started.

I was raised in the Christian faith, as a good Catholic. But I was also exposed to Jewish traditions as a result of my aunt's culture. I even had my own yarmulke ... two as I recall, one white and the other black. I attended many of the holidays and holydays and even assisted in the sader. I loved my aunt. I still do. She's just a very special lady. And because of her traditions and ours, we shared all of our holidays together. It was an opportunity for me to learn other cultures. And I loved it. I got to eat like a hungry little predator for Christmas and Chanukah ... and many more special times. I began to understand her religion, her faith and her culture as very few Christians have the opportunity of doing. I appreciated everything I learned because I began early on, to realize that other people had traditions just as important to them as mine were to me. What a lesson to learn at such a young age. And to this day I bristle whenever I hear the "D" word. I hate that word. The word is "diversity."

I once worked for a company with an extremely diverse employee base. Largely female, largely doctors (physicians) and largely

minorities at the working level. Three tiers of people. Because of this diversity, the company hired a consultant to give classes and training in "diversity." I had to attend because I was consulting there on another matter. And anyone working there had to attend. Well, I made my opinions known loud and clear.

"There is no such thing as diversity. We are all the same!" And I really believe that. I grew up with kids who were black (then they were "Negroes") and never knew they were any different from anybody else. The first time I realized that my best friend in the whole world was a Negro was at grammar school graduation, when I saw my best friend's dad in his postal worker's uniform, black as the ace of spades. Just as black as my buddy. But it never dawned on me that he, my buddy, was black. Just never came to mind. And why the hell should it?

And if that son of a bitch bigot kid had not called my friend a "nigger", I would not even have realized that he and his dad were Negroes.

And that is another story.

The real point of this tome is that my aunt Olga and my uncle Leslie came here from several very exotically named places in Europe. And thanks to the German Nazis, they were the only ones who survived. The places had names like "Dachow, Bergen Belson and Trablinka." And that large, wonderful family of Schwartz's was two ... down from near one hundred.

When that bigoted little Irish kid called my best buddy in the whole world a "nigger", it dawned on me right then and there that not only was my best friend black, but so was my aunt Olga, at least in name. Schwartz means black. They were Sephardic. And they were of Latin origins. Even the language they spoke was a Latin language.

And that guy, my best buddy in the whole world, was my best man. I loved him as if, no, probably more than if he had been my brother. We are godparents to his kids. They are grown up now. They are good young people too. And my best man, he's dead. Shot on a street corner in New York State, the capital, in fact. And he was shot by a perpetrator who called him "nigger" as he shot my best friend, my best man, in the head. My best friend was a cop. I was there. I was a member of the NY State Police Auxiliary and in training in Albany. I went out on a small drug bust. It was supposed to be a cake walk, or they never would have brought me along. Richie died in my arms looking up at me. The last thing he heard was that "N" word, as the shot rang out, that's what the perp called him. "Nigger ... you fucking Nigger...!" And it was over in a flash, literally.

I have a stake in this subject. And I refuse to let it go. Just like that shirt I was wearing the day Richie was killed, his blood all over it. Rosie washed it for me but the stains are still there. I am glad about that. Every so often I take it out and hold it. I only do that when I am in need of a catharsis, when I need to cry like a little kid... I need that at least once a year. Does me a lotta good.

Nigger, Jew, Wop... whatever. Diversity sucks. Especially when you come to understand that there is no such thing. We are all pretty much the same. Especially when we bleed. And also, when we weep. Same color both times.

How much blood and tears must we shed before some of us come to realize that it's quite enough? Not enough I guess.

I just did the wash for my wife, who is disabled. I put my shirt in there, the one I was wearing that time, in Albany ... the one with all the blood. I washed it for the tenth time in a year. The stains still won't come out. But God, I love that shirt. Because it reminds me how much I hate that "D" word. And that "N" word. And all the other words which hurt and sting worse than a bullet in the face. And I still cry like a little lost kid every time I hold it next to me. But those tears are tears of shame, shame for those of us who can't understand that we are all exactly alike, in all the ways which count. When I hold grandma's knitted sweater, the one she made for me before she died, I weep also. But those tears are tears of love and joy, and the loss of her physical presence. Interesting though,

both kinds of tears are the same color, taste and texture.
Fascinating isn't it?

And that bloody shirt reminds me how much I must endure in this life. Like my aunt who cannot utter a word in German. Like my uncle Leslie, her brother, who to this day, has never said one word about the camps, or Olga, who has never said ONE WORD about the Germans, what they did to her and her family. And then I think about the guy who killed my best friend in the whole world. And how he just HAD to call my Richie a nigger while pulling the trigger.

One never did anything to the other to cause Richie's curse.
One never did anything to the other to cause Olga's curse ...
but I am sure that when she was brought to the camps and raped repeatedly because she was beautiful, the officer uttered the word "Jewess" in German. Maybe as he emptied his seminal vesicles. Maybe.

Maybe not. But all of those pompous assholes who spout their venom with impunity, likely never witnessed what Olga did, never experienced what Richie did ... never bothered to understand someone else's culture and appreciate not diversity, but it's non-existence. Maybe. Maybe not. But next time you criticize a man for exposing a truth, remember the camps, remember that cop who died on a streetcorner, and remember all those who have died for absolutely NOTHING worse than being themselves. Nothing! Then maybe, just maybe, your venom will take on a more palpable tone, one which accepts fact and rejects the fiction, one which commands the respect of anyone reading it, not merely the respect of those who agree with you. Maybe.

Maybe not.

Dr. James S. Mortellaro, Ph.D.

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