

A Young West "By God" Virginia Native

As a West Virginian, my personal story is not solely held with me; it is held with my family's history and pride. Both of my parents were born in West Virginia but were raised in two completely different environments. My mother was born in 1955 on the 15th of July in Huntington, West Virginia, and was given the name Cindy Gail Barnes. She was the oldest of three children and was raised by a stoic and hard-working woman named Sonia Louise Straughter Barnes. My mother's father was a musician, who abandoned the family when her brothers and she were very young, which forced my Grandmother into constantly working multiple jobs simultaneously to support her family. Even though my mother's father completely removed himself from her life, she was still strongly drawn to music and continuously pursued singing in local big bands and guilds whenever she had the opportunity.

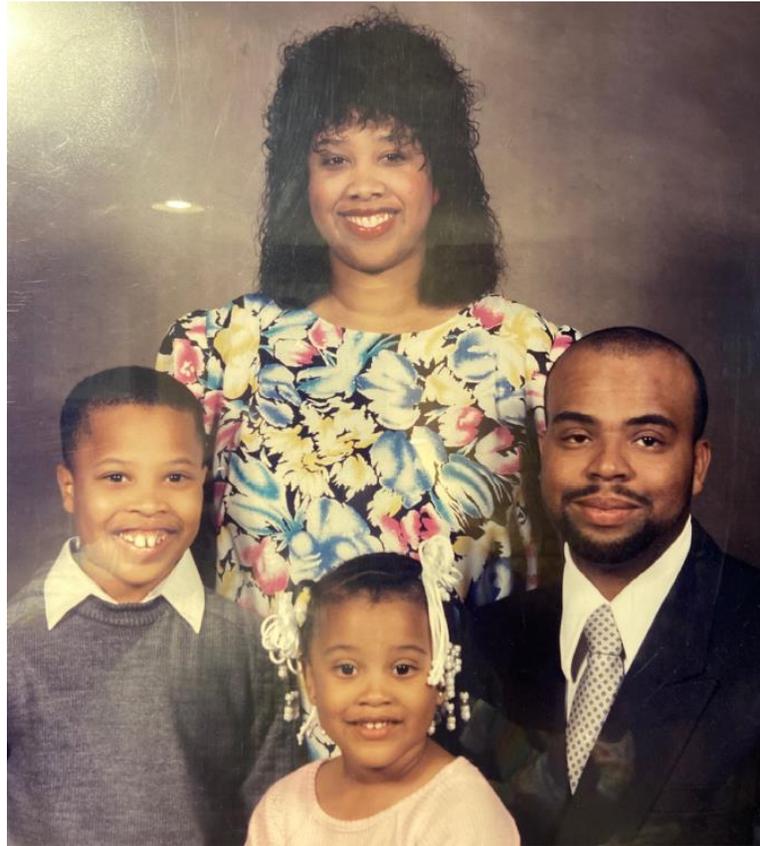
My father was born in 1951 on the 4th of November in Mallory, West Virginia. He was the 3rd oldest of 9 siblings and was raised on a small hollow farm by a hard-working coal miner named Robert Moss and a strong and spirited woman named Lenora Westbrook Moss. My grandfather served in the US ARMY during WWII where he was injured and received a Purple Heart. When my father was born he was named Samuel Pierre Moss, and if you are asking yourself how in the heck did a black man from West Virginia get the name Pierre; your inquiry is a valid one because you are just one of many who has asked that same question. If I did not know the background story of how my father received his name, it would seem bizarre to me as well, because there is not a single person named Pierre who is a born West Virginia native that I know of.

When my grandfather served in the ARMY during WWII; he was stationed in France. It was here where he befriended a Frenchman named Samuel Pierre who was killed during the war, and it was here where my grandfather was shot and received his purple heart. When my grandfather returned home, he worked in the coal mining industry; which was one of the few industries that were open to people of color at that time. When my grandmother gave birth to my father, they both decided to name him in memory of my grandfather's good friend who died during the devastating war.

Both of my parents eventually moved to Charleston, West Virginia, which is located in the Kanawha Valley; where they were introduced to each other through one of my aunts who worked with my mother. A couple of years later they tied the knot and moved on the West Side of Charleston; where I was born on the 5th of October in 1981. At its height during the middle to late 20th century, the Kanawha Valley was known as the World's Chemical Valley. During these times the region was an unbearably polluted wasteland. Numerous times as a child I would hear the stories of how visitors would often become ill from the mix of chemicals roaming freely in our valley air produced by the numerous chemical plants. From my personal experience, the smell was similar to a mild combination of rotten eggs and day-old fish, but I never thought it was bad enough to ever make one sick or truly affect one's health.

Charleston was a town of chemical plant workers that would have more than likely been coal miners if the chemical industry were non-existent. There were so many chemical plants, both my parents were employed by two completely separate plants in the Saint Albans and Nitro areas of the valley. Though both of my parents had respectable careers, their occupations in no way defined who they were. In her free time, my mother would regularly perform in local big bands and guild plays. It was not uncommon as a child to hear my mother belting out notes and verses around the house to countless songs from plays like Dream Girls, Annie, and Little House of Horrors. She would regularly bring my sister, Lashawna, and me to her rehearsals while we would do our homework as she would perfect her routines. My father, on the other hand, was an amazing athlete and scholar; as he was a great high

school football, baseball, and basketball player who received a football scholarship to Kanawha Valley's local historically black college, West Virginia State College.



Without both of my parents in my life, I know I would not have become the man I am today. My parents would constantly emphasize the importance of obtaining a good education and placing one-hundred percent of effort into whatever I would do. But most importantly, they introduced and supported the foundations in my faith by regularly taking me to church twice a week as a child. Even though I spent a good amount of time attending Church, I never developed the gift to quote multiple Bible verses from memory. In addition, I always lacked the confidence to be a leader in the church as well; but the one thing that has always been constant in my life is knowing that God was always present. Even as a child, I always felt that It was more important to have faith in God than knowing all the details held within the Bible.

One of my greatest qualities, which was more than likely passed down to me from my mother, is my ability to be a fantastically creative dreamer. My mother would always come up with countless random ideas and solutions to common everyday problems that she always wanted to patent, but never had the funds, time, or focus to pursue them wholeheartedly. This inherited quality to be an exceptional dreamer in a structured society has at times also been one of my encumbrances as well; at many times making it hard to fit in with most that can easily conform. Even so, as a child, my father instilled in me an ethos that all complicated problems could be solved if enough focus and effort were placed on overcoming them. In a nutshell, I truly believe that anything that is known can be eventually understood. I know that God has always known this quality about me, and knew that he would be able to harness my passion for knowledge and use it for progressive change.

As a child, I was often awkward, soft-spoken, and reserved upon initial interactions with my peers; especially with girls. But once I would warm up to certain peers, it would be near to impossible to hold me back from talking too much. In fact, I probably came off as overly energetic and jovial in my social interactions with those I was close enough to consider as my true friends. The times I had to speak up in small groups settings, I would usually go through an internal struggle and panic; questioning what specific words I should gather to avoid conveying my thoughts inappropriately which would most often result in projecting myself in a half-spoken or silent manner in most encounters with five or more people. The main reason for my hesitation to publicly speak then and now is because I have always had a fear of being wrong publicly in any given situation.

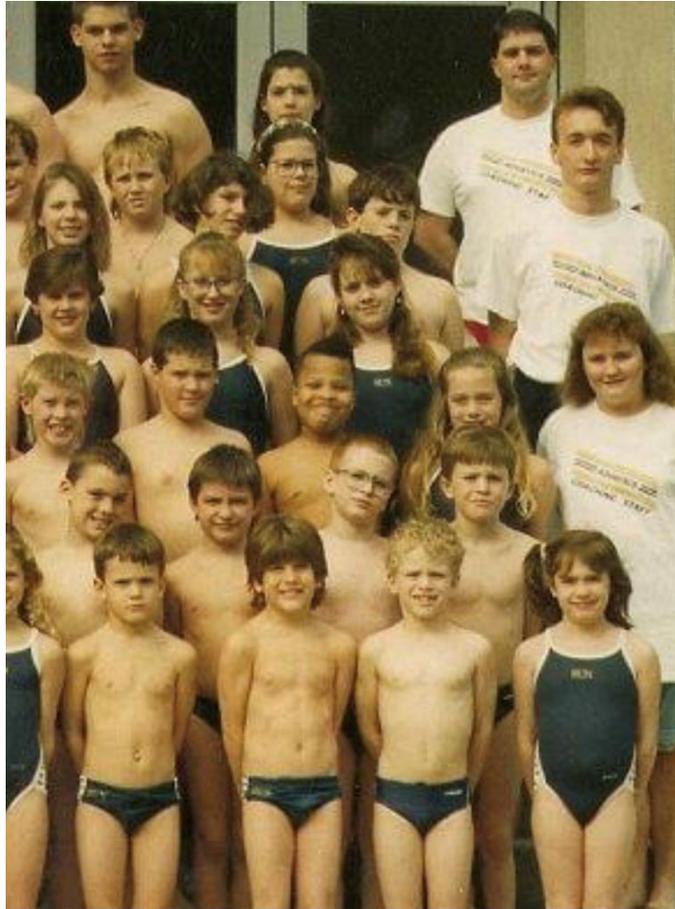
My parents always knew I was a little more awkward than most, and to counter my natural tendencies to be socially inept they always made sure that I was active in sports while being focused on my scholastics. From an early age, I took an interest in swimming, football, and baseball; but swimming was the first sport that I excelled in as a child. My mother and father grew up in an age of segregation where they were banned from swimming in public pools; so my Father learned to swim in the creek that was behind my Grandparents' home in Mallory, West Virginia, while my Mother never learned to swim. My Mother's inability to swim was the reason that she insisted on my Sister and me taking swim lessons. When she was a child, children of color could not swim in the public pools and for this reason, my mother never learned how to swim and almost drowned when she was young. Because of this fear, she never wanted to ever lose us to something preventable as an inability to swim. So, at the age of six, my mother placed my sister and I into swimming lessons.

After a few practices, I was able to obtain the fundamentals well enough to swim in a City open meet where I finished 17th place for my age group. Even though I did not rank highly in that meet, I enjoyed the competition. So, following the meet I asked my parents if I could continue to swim; which meant that I would have to try out for the competitive team. Before trying out for the swim club, my father made it clear that if I was going to pursue the sport of swimming I would at all times have to place one-hundred percent effort in being the best swimmer I could be. Once I agreed to my father's terms, my parents allowed me to try out for the team. After a quick overview from one of the swim club's coaches, they allowed me to join the team.

On top of training countless hours with the swim team, my father had constructed a strenuous workout routine for me to follow in my free time that would give me an advantage over my other competitors within the state. As time progressed, I became faster and more technically sound and was able to be more competitive within my age group. After a couple of years, I became proficient enough as a swimmer to become West Virginia's first black state champion swimmer at the age of 9 and continued to perform highly throughout the state until the age of 13.

To this day, competitive swimming is the only sport that I participated in where I would get nervous enough to almost vomit before every race. I think what made swimming so nerve-racking is that even if you were the best swimmer at the meet, you may still lose to yourself; because the sport of swimming is all about time.

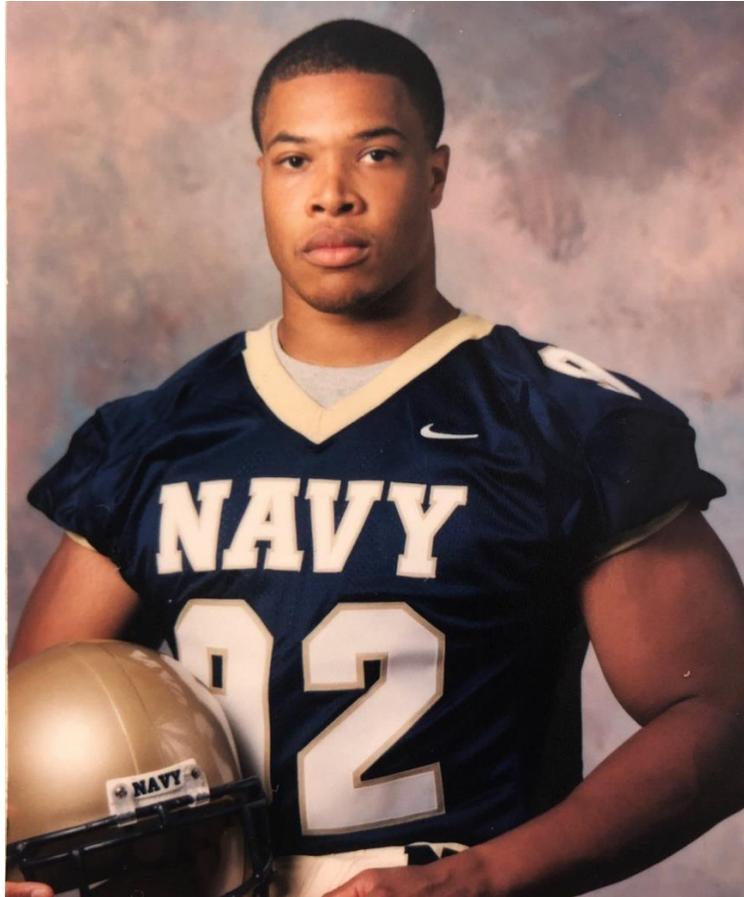
My sister swam as well, and we were the only black competitive swimmers in the state of West Virginia during the early 90s. At swim meets, usually during or after one of my events, my mother and father would often get asked by one or more of the other parents, "Which kid is your?" Politely my Dad would always point me out when this question was asked, but he would often joke about wanting to point out one of the redheaded kids to see what awkward reaction an inquiring parent may project. Both of my parents continually kept a good facetious sense of humor about life, which I believe matriculated down to me.



At the age of 13 years old, after going back and forth in the pool for six years; I began to become disinterested in competitive swimming and eventually quit the sport at the age of 14 years old. It was at this age that my father took notice and encouraged me to pursue something that I would put my full efforts into. So, I fully took on my Father's number one rule of placing maximum effort into whatever I would pursue; and transferred my efforts from swimming into playing football as an offensive and defensive lineman.

At the beginning of 8th grade, I was a 135-pound ex-swimmer that was trying to transform himself into a football lineman. Even though I was relatively small for a lineman at that time, I made up for it with heart, effort, and hard work. Eventually, over time with my work ethic along with my ability to continually eat massive amounts of food; I was able to put on about thirty-five pounds of mass every year. By the end of my junior year of high school, I was a 5 foot 10 inch, 270-pound varsity football player who was looking to hopefully obtain a football scholarship since my parents did not have any cash reserves to pay for my college expenses. If not for God guiding my father to a random newspaper article about the United States Naval Academy (USNA) in Annapolis, Maryland; we would have never reached out to the USNA football organization to register in attending their football camp the summer before my senior year of high school. I also attended the Virginia Tech (VT) and West Virginia University (WVU) football camps that summer as well. Both the VT and WVU camps occurred before the USNA camp, and upon the conclusion of attending the first two camps, I received the same offer from each. They offered me to be an invited walk-on for their teams, which is just a glorified way to say that you can be on a college team's practice squad, without receiving any financial aid; basically, they wanted me to be a free practice dummy.

Even though I outperformed some of the recruited players who were getting scholarships at the VT and WVU camps, it was very evident why they would not offer me any type of scholarship once I stood beside the recruited players. Every single recruited lineman was at least 6 foot 3 inches; more than 5 inches taller than I was at that time. So, when I went to the USNA for the final camp; I was expecting to fall short again at receiving the chance to play Division I football. To my surprise, upon the conclusion of the camp, they were very interested in having me attend the USNA and play football. Attending the USNA football camp resulted in obtaining a recruited position at the Naval Academy Preparatory School (NAPS) in Newport, Rhode Island; that was the pathway that led me to be accepted into the prestigious USNA in the summer of 2001.



Keeping an Open Mind Through Science Fiction

Besides academics and sports, one of the greatest interests that my Father introduced me to was my fascination with Science Fiction (Sci-Fi) movies and television. As a kid growing up in the 80s and 90s, there were so many great movies like Aliens, Predator, Dune, RoboCop, The Terminator, Independence Day, Flash Gordon, and the list goes on; that influenced my developing brain to attempt grasping an almost infinite concept of imagination. But out of all of the Sci-Fi movies and shows that my Dad introduced me to, the franchise that influenced me the most was Star Trek. My Dad grew up watching Star Trek in the 60s and was determined to introduce me to a piece of his childhood when Star Trek was rebooted as a series of movies in the 80s.

My father was a huge admirer of the fictional characters Captin James T. Kirk and Mr. Spock, but I believe Captain Kirk was his favorite character; mainly because Kirk would show up, kick-ass, and get the girl. I was more of a Spock fan personally. I loved the fact that he was half-human and taught himself to fully embrace the way of being Vulcan and allowing logic and knowledge to be his sole guiding principles for decision making. Spock was possibly the most influential person on the USS Enterprise and he was not the captain. I truly believe I was more drawn to his character because I was, for the most part, a little socially awkward, and his inability to fully understand the social norms of humans was intriguing to me.

As time progressed into the 90s, no major advancements in space travel or alternative energy developed. Since no one in the real world could measure up to the advancements that I observed in Sci-Fi; I naturally fell into the fondness of being a fan of Star Trek; The Next Generation (TNG). When I started watching TNG, I started to understand how my dad felt about the original series. But the character from TNG that influenced me the most was Zefram Cochrane from the Star Trek movie First Contact. In the fictional world of Star Trek, Cochrane was the first man to develop an engine that could allow humans to travel faster than the speed of light, which is called warp speed. But the most fascinating thing to me about Cochrane is that he was portrayed as emotional and insecure. He was anything but genius, he was the pure definition of being a flawed human, and he was still able to change the world through being bold and innovative. Most of the main characters in TNG had stoicism about themselves, which was not who I nor Cochrane was. Even though Cochrane was a fictional character, I knew if I could choose who I wanted to be in life, it would to be a great inventor like him. Some may find it bizarre to find some inspiration in this type of fiction; but to those I say, fiction is just an extension of the imagination that can eventually turn into something creative enough to produce something tangible. If all invention originates from imagination as well, then a fiction inspiration can be just as powerful as a physical one.

Even though I had the fictional character, Zefram Cochrane, as a mentor; I always knew that my father was my greatest and true influence in developing my love for the sciences. My father was not an engineer or physicist, but he was the one who introduced me to my first true scientific fascination when he presented the idea for me to build a simple electromagnet for a science fair. I had no idea what an electromagnet was at the time when he suggested it, but he helped me build the simple device in our home shortly afterward out of a 6 Volt battery, a couple of wires, and a nail. I was instantly fascinated with how metal objects could be manipulated by a force that seemed to be completely invisible, and ever since then I have been captivated with the idea of antigravity and levitation; which is one of the most common feats performed routinely in the science fiction shows and movies I would regularly watch. It was no wonder by the time I entered NAPS, due to the influences of my parents, that I developed into a socially aloof dreamer with high self-esteem.

Unknowingly Managing and Living with ADHD

Quite often God uses his faithful followers' presumed weaknesses as the source of true strength in fulfilling his will. For example, Moses was a stutterer and he was possibly the greatest leader of the Hebrew people that ever lived. Another example is that the Apostles Peter and John were ordinary men of no education who amazed those who listened to their flawlessly delivered words of knowledge. 2 Corinthians 12:9 states "My grace is sufficient for you, for My power is perfected in weakness." Therefore I will boast all the more gladly in my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ may rest on me." Society generally casts a negative stigma on those who are diagnosed with Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD) or Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD), as people who have an inability to concentrate enough to be scholarly or focused. In actuality, from my personal experience, if an effective

natural coping mechanism for ADHD can be found then the possibility to obtain extended periods of hyperfocus is possible. In most cases, these coping mechanisms are finding the very narrow band of activities that intrigues your interest enough to stay with it for long periods or finding a natural stimulant that enhances your ability to focus. For me, the activity that intrigues me the most is listening to podcasts on physics. After listening to a podcast on physics, I can sit for hours focusing on the mechanics of what I have just learned from the podcast with some music. For me, music is the natural stimulant that allows me to be in a state of hyperfocus for long periods, and I unexpectedly and unknowingly used it to combat the ADHD triggers that I was unaware of for the longest time.

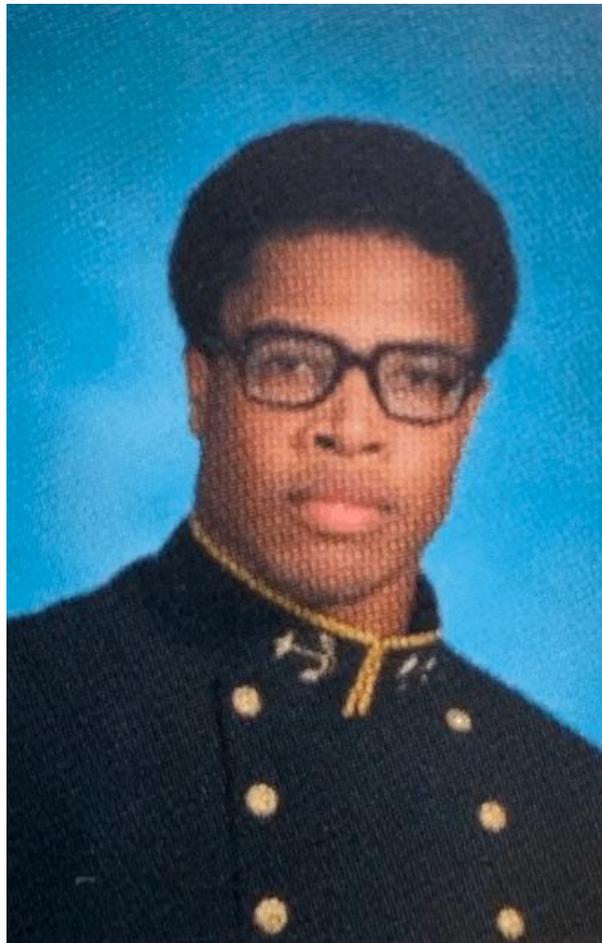
Growing up during the 80s in Charleston, West Virginia, I do not recall knowing anyone who was diagnosed with ADHD. To my memory, I don't think that I even heard about the disorder until the late 90s. So, it would not have ever occurred to me that I could have possibly had the disorder until a friend of mine, who is a psychiatrist, asked me if I had ADHD when I was 28 years old. I initially thought she was joking. So, she expressed all of the triggers that I share with a typical person who struggles with significant ADHD. The only thing that she was baffled with was that I never had a history of struggling academically. Shortly after our conversation, I reflected upon our conversation and pondered on if I possibly have ADHD, then why have I never really struggled scholastically throughout my adolescence and have been able to manage my grades during college. After a few hours of thinking about this, I realized that there was only one time in my life where I uncontrollably failed scholastically. I almost failed out of the Naval Academy Preparatory School (NAPS), and realizing why I almost failed allowed me to understand how I was able to control my ADHD for so long.

NAPS was divided into trimesters, instead of semesters; and during the first trimester, students were not allowed to listen to music at all during our mandatory study times which is contrary to how I have studied since I can remember. During these mandatory study times, we had to stay in our rooms with the doors open. We had three quiet hours of study time in our schedule from 7 pm to 10 pm, Monday through Friday; so we could focus on our scholastics and be academically successful. Though we had this time set aside to learn, I could not focus on any of my scholastics during this three hours study period and I did not have the slightest reason why. It was during this first trimester that I obtained a horrible 0.6 GPA. I could not concentrate even if my life depended upon it. After the first trimester, I was put on academic probation, but thankfully music was allowed during the second and third trimesters. My following trimester grades immediately turned around to higher than a 3.00 GPA for the final remaining semesters, and I was able to graduate NAPS with a GPA greater than the required accumulated 2.0 GPA to move on to attend the United States Naval Academy (USNA). The natural control for my ADHD was music, which I must have organically figured out during my youth. I do not specifically remember how I gravitated to always studying to music as a child, which was an unknown coping mechanism for my ADHA, but I am pretty sure I picked it up from all of the music my mother and father would continuously play while guiding me in my afterschool studies. I vividly remember having music on as I studied since my early grade school, and only being able to sit down for long periods to study when music was on. Specifically, with math, which I exceeding excelled at, the right type of music would allow me to enter extended stages of hyperfocus.

Prior to entering the USNA, I wanted to major in aerospace engineering; but sadly after the first few months, I realized that pursuing this major with my limited time and mental capacity while playing football would have been an almost impossible goal. Football alone was a six-hour daily distraction from scholastic studies and the extra classes that the academy required packed each semester with at least 20 credits. So, I chose to be an economics major, which made school life more manageable by allowing me to play football while increasing my chances to graduate.

During my years at the USNA, I would conduct all of my studying for school during the late-night hours between 1 am and 6 am. Even though I was unaware of my ADHD during my time at the academy, I knew myself well enough to place myself in the right study environment to keep focused. When my roommate would go to sleep is the time when I would start to study; because I always knew how easily distracted I was. I would usually sleep for an hour or two then wake up in the middle of the night when the halls were quiet. Once up I would start the routine of drinking a caffeinated beverage, putting on my headphones, shuffling through some songs for motivation, and get to work studying. Even though I didn't know I had ADHD at the time; I knew myself well enough to gravitate my study habits away from my negative tendencies where I would be distracted.

On this study routine, I did not make stellar grades. The study routine allowed me to survive college academically. I knew all I needed was a 2.00 GPA every semester to avoid any type of academic probation. So, my GPA was an exact 2.00 every semester for the first 6 semesters. I didn't make above or below a 2.00 GPA until my senior year in college when I started to make higher grades with less effort due to the reduced mandatory scholastic and football requirements imposed upon my schedule.



One of the gifts that God blessed me with was the ability to know and manage my mental and physical limits. This gift is what has allowed me to mitigate my lifestyle well enough to operate efficiently enough in society with ADHD. When reflecting upon my senior year in high school, I vividly remember one of the main reasons that I wanted to attend the USNA was because of the self-realization

that I was very easily distracted; and the more I learned about the USNA, the more I realized that it may be one of the only few collegiate institutions in the nation that had enough controls with fewer distractions to allow me the chance to adequately concentrate on football and scholastics sufficiently enough to graduate. After observing some of the older honor students flunking out of some of the larger 4-year universities, like WVU; I knew that mitigating possible distractions in college was something that I needed to take very seriously, because if flunking out could happen to the other honor students then it could easily happen to me as well.

To some, attending an institution with more controls may seem like a more difficult place to thrive, as I have heard from many of my classmates who have made countless general statements of the USNA being a difficult place to graduate from. For a person who operates and functions as I do; I would have to claim the contrary. For me, the USNA was relatively easier to graduate from than any other four-year university. What many of my colleagues fail to realize is that being required to wear a uniform, weekly mandatory workouts, marching weekly, and not being able to leave campus during the weekdays are minor stressors in comparison to the complications of most universities. Most college students have to worry about tuition, income, finances, laundry, food, shelter, paying for books, picking out clothes daily, and being bombarded with the daily late-night distractions of drinking, drugs, partying, and girls. With that being said, I am pretty sure I could not have sufficiently functioned in any other college environment well enough to graduate with my severe case of ADHD.

Receiving God's Devine Message During my Military Service

Ever since I was a child I have always been extremely awkward and nervous around girls. For the most part, I was much like Rajesh from the show, Big Bang Theory, when it came to socializing with women. The only time that I was ever relaxed and comfortable enough to talk to women was when I had enough drinks to reduce my anxieties to open up, and it is for this reason that I only enjoyed meeting women in a bar setting. Due to my social anxieties with women, it should be no surprise that I never had a girlfriend before entering my last semester of college.

I vividly remember my mother asking me as a young boy, "What kind of girl do you see yourself marrying?" I must admit that it seems like an odd question to ask a young child now that I am much older, but I clearly remember the answer I gave her. I told her, "One day I am going to marry the daughter of a pastor." In the spring of 2005, just weeks before my graduation I met my gorgeous future wife, Joycelyn, while randomly bar hopping with my friends at the University of Maryland (U of M). If you were wondering if I was drunk the first night we met; all I have to say is that it was quarter drink night at the bar Lobo's that night. It was at this time in college, without football obligations, that I could finally have some personal time to feel somewhat like a normal college student and have some time to pursue obtaining a girlfriend. It was God's perfect timing that I found my wife at the time that I did before graduating, as she was visiting U of M just for an evening from Perth Amboy, New Jersey with some of her friends. We had an instant and unbreakable connection that led to an almost three-year long-distance relationship that led to marriage in 2008; and yes, she is the daughter of a reverend.

Upon graduating in the spring of 2005; I reported to a Ticonderoga class cruiser stationed out of Norfolk, Virginia as a commissioned officer. I was a Surface Warfare Officer (SWO) at the rank of ensign. If I were to sum up and describe the essence of the SWO community in one sentence, I would describe it as being one of the most sleep-deprived and self-mutilating communities in the military, that is mainly filled with warrior imitators that have failed to come to the realization that they are merely over supervised ship drivers that will not be given the leash to allow for true leadership. I will say from my experience that being a SWO is one of the rare jobs that can be just as exceedingly stressful while at the

same time extremely boring; by placing immense pressure on events that are in nature routine and normal.

The most frustrating part of being a SWO, was that it seemed as if a large part of the community took pride thriving on its self adopted norms of avoiding atonements for mistakes and placing merit on subjective measurements of being tough like functioning on little to no sleep instead of being physically fit. To perpetuate good SWO leadership values, my wardroom would regularly have meetings about the subject. These meetings for the most part comprised of watching old naval movies. The most annoying oversight about SWO leadership training in my wardroom was that the CO and XO, who were not black, continually failed to realize their movies of choice were not very relevant to the leadership struggles of today's U.S. Navy, and that the U.S. NAVY's history of racial inequality was clearly displayed in these movies but never addressed. For the most part, the CO would choose leadership movies like "The Caine Mutiny" and "Master and Commander", where there was little to no black representation; and if there were a black person or two in these movies, they were merely a servant to the officers. So, myself and the few black people that were a part of the wardroom would be subjected to mandatory unrelatable movies on supposed good leadership constantly. I mainly bring up this trivial example of leadership training to bring to light how the seed of disconnected SWO leadership has plagued the community's ability to logically empathize and grow into a healthier community; that perpetuated mine and many others who struggle with this community.

I noticed during my time as a SWO that the disconnect in leadership and prideful complexes of the SWOs would often create discord and huge divides between them and the entitled. Not all, but the majority of SWOs would constantly carry an arrogant false sense of superiority over the usually grounded and more experienced enlisted under their management. This false sense of superiority would often result in costly time-consuming inefficiencies. I believe most of these self-inflicted wounds are due to a never-ending pursuit of glory and higher rank, by placing unnecessary strain on the crew in an attempt for greater accolades that could result in personal promotion. The best example of this is the general structure of SWO progress reports, called Fitness Reports. These reports are filled out by each SWO; listing that officer's accomplishments for the year. Sadly it has become customary for each officer to tout the accomplishments performed by his or her enlisted as if they performed the duties themselves; instead of simply measuring an officer's effectiveness based upon the performance of their division, department, or ship.

Due to the SWO community's inability to embrace empathy towards others, many of the self-inflicting traditions would often perpetuate even after being addressed on a wide scale throughout the fleet. The community's failure to provide official and direct guidance on some of the most basic of problems in the fleet would allow for many issues to fester; mainly because COs competing for higher rank would often overstress a ship's crew in an effort to stand out by obtaining more ship achievements. The best example of this is the SWO mindset that officers that sleep are not working hard enough. One Executive Officer seriously critiqued an officer's performance and workload by stating, "I know she is not working hard because she does not look tired enough". It is this SWO mindset, that would routinely allow for major ship operations and exercises to be executed with ship driving teams that may have only averaged 2 to 3 hours of sleep each day for extended periods. With this SWO mindset, it is no wonder that the past 15 years are littered with service member and civilian deaths due to mishaps and collisions that could have been easily averted. Needless to say, my personality and thought process placed me as an outcast in this community. So, after three years of being a sleep-deprived and miserable SWO; I was blessed with an opportunity to laterally transfer into the Supply Corps community.

The Supply Corp is the branch of the U.S. NAVY that conducts the business of planning, managing, and executing the logistical requirements needed to keep the U.S. NAVY fleet deployment ready at all times. Shortly after transferring to this community, in the beginning of 2008, I moved to Athens, Georgia for Supply Corps Officer Basic Qualification Course (BQC). Attending Supply School was an amazing experience, mainly because the school was placed in a location that was hundreds of miles away from the influence of SWOs, which allowed for a very productive educational environment. It was here where God conveyed the essence of what may be the greatest invention in the history of mankind.

Upon arriving in Athens, Georgia I realized that the Supply Corp was a very different culture than the one I left. The Supply Corps was a collective group of team players and problem solvers that for the most part routinely practiced the basic concepts of support and mentorship amongst each other. Unlike the volatile SWO environment I came from, this one encouraged and valued the ideals of being creative and innovative. I believe that this community valued these ideas because it was routine to be creative and collaborative to find ways to support the NAVY logistically from anywhere in the world.

It was possibly the assistance of the mentally nurturing environment that the Supply Corps encouraged that catalyzed my free-thinking and ambition to pursue a new method of sustainable energy or a way to create an antigravity effect. At this time I was 27 years old and I still had the somewhat child-like optimism that I could develop something world-changing as long as I could concentrate, focus, and put forth the effort needed. It may have been this child-like optimism along with my faith; that God choose to contact me during one of my countless brainstorming sessions. None of my brainstorming sessions ever resulted in any outcomes before, but on one beautiful spring afternoon in 2008; I found myself in the BQC computer lab in another brainstorming session. It was during this session that I prayed to God and asked for his help. I asked him to bless me with the wisdom and knowledge to develop something that could advance mankind scientifically by leaps and bounds. I focused and prayed upon this request for a few minutes before a clear voice said, "Rotate a magnet that is in the shape of a sphere inside of another magnet that is also in the shape of a sphere." The word was so profound, but I had no idea what it meant. The conveyed message made such an impression upon me that I started to spend most of my free time trying to fully understand what he conveyed.

After leaving the Supply Corps Officer Basic Qualification Course (BQC) in August of 2008; I served the next four years at two different sea commands where I failed to focus and make any progress towards any development on the words God conveyed to me. It was not until the beginning of 2013 while at my first supply shore command at the Expeditionary Training Group (ETG) in Little Creek, Virginia; that I attempted to put together an initial concept based on the words God conveyed to me more than 5 years ago.

After minimal effort in revisiting the basics of learning physics, I mustered up enough courage to submit the initial concept to the U.S. NAVY. The concept was called the Mass Accelerating Generator (MAG). The MAG was designed exactly how it was described to me. The concept literally had a spherically shaped magnet inside of another spherically shaped magnet shell. To rotate the inside magnet, both the inside magnet and outer shell magnets were wrapped by a conductive wire. The general concept was to rotate the inner spherical magnet through induction but place a Direct Current (DC) current through the shell's wire to induce a rotation upon the inner spherical magnet. The general idea was to use the law that mass increases as it travels closer to the speed of light and to somehow transfer this gain of mass into surpassing energy, but the needed rotational speed to achieve this is impossible with the energy transfer losses. Needless to say, the U.S. NAVY declined on picking up the MAG concept.

The original MAG concept was designed without placing any true effort in learning any of the basic laws of physics; which, no surprise, turns out to be the biggest problem when trying to submit a new method of energy that should be based mainly upon the laws of physics. I failed to do one of the most basic acts to receive God's true blessing, I failed to fully follow in faith and sacrifice for his blessing. I needed to sacrifice time and effort to start understanding what he conveyed, but due to my stubbornness to sacrifice I failed to develop my original concept logically.

Even though this first concept was a blunder, I know that God observed my minimal effort as a small sacrifice and continued to bless me for it. He saw that I had full faith in him and that my spirit could handle rejection and failure without quitting. I knew if there were any flaws in the original concept, that it was not with what he told me, but with my interpretation; and my small sacrifice was enough for him to continue showing mercy and favor in me by continuing to guide me towards the truth behind what he shared with me years ago. He knows me better than I know myself, and he knew that he would have to forcefully prod me to the truth if I were to ever have a chance at discovering it.

Proverbs 22:15 states, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." As a child of God, I am extremely foolish in many ways and I was not organized or disciplined enough to seek out true knowledge on my own accord and God knew this about me. He knew that I was too comfortable and distracted in the military to divert my full attention to truly learn the laws of physics and analyze what he conveyed to me years ago. The greatest obstacle in my pursuit of the truth was the enjoyment and comfort I found in my beloved Supply Corps community. The people and lifestyle was a continual promoter to settle for what the U.S. NAVY could offer. As a result, I spent most of my time in the military carefree, coddled, and mentally lazy; which is the reason that God catalyzed the plans that he had for me by not allowing me to select for a higher rank in the military and being honorably forced out of the military by the beginning of 2016.

When I realized that I was going to be forced out of the NAVY, I feared the worst. How would I take care of my Wife and Child? Would we have to move from the Hampton Roads area to find work? For the first time in my adult life, I was not going to be under the systematic protections of an overarching government organization. The fear that I had was elevated from countless NAVY trainings that would often convey the insecurities and struggles of a civilian lifestyle in comparison to being in the NAVY. Even though I knew that these trainings were to assist in the NAVY's attempt to keep its retention numbers up, I always felt that these messages were somewhat factual; because not once since entering the service did I ever worry about where my next paycheck or meal was coming from. In a sense, everything has always been taken care of for me my whole life. At the time I didn't know it, but I fell into the trap of being institutionalized. God knew that my mind would not be able to grow and evolve into what was needed to understand what he conveyed if I were to remain in the overly structured and rigid constructs of the U.S. NAVY. In my case, he knew that my overly safe and structured lifestyle was hindering my mind's ability to cultivate further.

Prior to exiting the U.S. NAVY, my beautiful daughter, Natalie Elizabeth, was born on the 9th of September, 2014. Natalie's birth was the greatest joy I had ever felt during my time in service, and her spirit helped me to leave the service on a high note. I asked God to place me on a path to develop something that could advance mankind by leaps and bounds, and he knew if I were to fulfill this plan that I would not be willing to do it while in the protective comforts of being federally supported by the U.S. NAVY. Probably one of the most important things that I have learned in my life is that God will always answer your prayers and give you exactly what you asked for, but the path you travel to obtain what you have prayed for is unpredictable and may require a greater sacrifice than you originally anticipated in order to be obtained.

How God Transformed my ADHD Into a Machine for Innovative

Prior to exiting the military in December 2015, I was hired for a regional maintenance manager position for a leading elevator company under United Technologies Corporation (UTC). Before my job searches and being introduced to the elevator business, I would have never even thought of working with elevators. Since I was not raised in a metropolitan area; the idea of elevators needing maintenance has never crossed my mind. To my surprise elevator mechanics are the highest-paid trade in America; which directly translates to a decent salary for those who manage elevator mechanics.

So, upon my exit from the military, my family and I moved from Chesapeake, Virginia to eventually settle in the suburbs of Buffalo, New York six months later. Just a couple of months after settling in our new home, my wife and I were blessed again with a second daughter, Samantha Abigail, who was born on the 26th of August, 2016. Even though the negligent actions of the hospital almost killed my wife, after the planned Csection; God protected her and allowed the birth of Samantha to mark a bright new chapter in our lives. As our family was growing, so did our tie to the Buffalo region. My wife was going to the University of Buffalo in pursuit of becoming a dentist, and we made friends that were close enough to be considered family. So, when my newfound job required me to work in eastern Pennsylvania, we did not move the family. I would end up transiting seven hours south to Allentown, Pennsylvania every Monday, and back another seven hours on Friday to be home on the weekends.

Congruently, as my regional responsibilities changed; my wife and I became more cognizant and focused upon God's biblical words. It was around this time we quit eating pork and started to properly observe the sabbath on Saturdays instead of Sundays. I actively started to search for a true understanding of how our universe operates based upon unifying biblical texts to the proven laws of physics; while continually keeping in mind the words that God conveyed to me almost a decade prior. In developing my new approach to understanding the universe, I made the unanimous decision to exclude focusing on learning scientific theories that are more than likely flawed. God's guidance led me to understand that every physicist in the past and present were and are much more scholarly than I will ever be, and typically highly scholarly physicists place a great amount of time and effort into learning and fully understanding unproven theories and ideas created by flawed men. To streamline my path to gaining true knowledge, I wholly neglected learning theories. God awakened me to realize the simple and humble truth; that I am not a physicist and that my thoughts and ideas will have little to no merit in their community no matter how revolutionary or valid my ideas may be. So, to make any type of possible impact upon the physics community and upon the world, my ideas must be solely based upon the proven laws of physics to conceivably be taken with any type of merit.

Besides, focusing on the laws of physics, I started practicing the words written in Psalm 111:2-3 which states, "Great are the works of the Lord, studied by all who delight in them. Full of honor and majesty is his work, and his righteousness endures forever." For me, these words mean that God's creations that we observe in nature should be approached as applicable designs that we should emulate to initiate a scientific understanding of how they function. It only seems logical that if the greatest engineer, God himself, is presenting a creation one does not fully understand; then the best way to better understand that creation is by designing something that looks or exhibits effects similarly observed in that creation. Since man has not yet mastered a true understanding of gravity or fusion; it was for this reason that I started learning more about our sun that perpetuates both gravity and fusion. Fusion is the process of smashing particles together with enough energy to combine them together; resulting in a release of energy. So, during my drives, I started to learn and deeply focus on this feature and the magnetic effects of the sun. I truly believe if more scientists were to humble themselves and

actively suppress their notions to be prideful; they would develop advances in science at a faster rate because more of them would have adopted the idea that God has already created a mechanism for what they are trying to better understand and that true understanding must initiate with emulating his creations. Due to the prideful nature of most scientists, I am not surprised that no one has developed a way to develop sustainable fusion to date, and due to this same pride I am not surprised that none of the current fusion devices tied to major research projects look like our sun.

Most importantly, it may not have seemed like a blessing at first, but the increased amount of required travel for my job placed me in a situation that could have only been tailored by God himself to force me into learning physics. Besides the long drives to Allentown and back on a weekly basis, the job also required me to be on the road no less than 2 hours a day to meet customers and conduct site visits. Due to being routinely stuck in the car for long periods of time without any other distractions; I was able to sit, listen, and concentrate upon countless podcasts and videos to self educate myself on the basics of fusion, gravity, electromagnetism, particle physics, and patenting. My new biblical approach to learning science along with the modern tools to learn physics anywhere catalyzed me to gain enough professional knowledge to ask the appropriate questions to better understand what God conveyed. I would log in to my notebook everything that I could not learn or understand during my drives, and revisit the concerns and questions I logged once I had free time in the evening. Reciprocally, the more my understanding of the Bible grew; the more I was able to truly understand the universe based upon the message God conveyed.

It would be wrong if I didn't admit that the true understanding of what God gave me in 2008 did not truly progress until I started to truly put effort into understanding and observing the guidance obtained in all of the books of the Bible. When I state all of the books of the Bible, I also mean the removed books that include Tobit, Judith, additions to the Book of Esther, the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Song of the Three Children, Story of Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, Prayer of Manasses, 1 Maccabees, 2 Maccabee, 1 Esdras, and 2 Esdras. The more effort I placed into obtaining a greater understanding of the Bible, the more God led me down the correct paths to fully understand the relevant laws of physics to understand what he conveyed.

After a couple of months into this new role, I submitted my first provisional patent to the United States Patent and Trademark Office (USPTO) of a reformed version of the original concept and submitted the concept to our parent company, UTC, to see if they would help in developing the utility patent, which would cost around \$15,000 to \$25,000. A provisional patent is a quick and easy way to have some protection in sharing your idea if you plan to file for the full utility patent within a year of the provisional patent submission. The new concept was quickly rejected with no real explanation. Instead of giving up, I looked at the concept to see why it could have been rejected so quickly. After a few weeks, I realized that using permanent magnets was a huge issue because of its loss of effectiveness after it would reach temperatures greater than 150 degrees Celcius; which is an extremely low temperature when fusion confinement occurs in the magnitude of millions of degrees Celcius.

In developing new possible methods of fusion, I was faced with numerous disappointments and criticisms while on the path to developing them. I knew to my core that quitting was not an option and that straying off the path that God personally set for me, would mean a first-class ticket for a painful recalibration to be put back on track to fulfill my delegated task. Though I have never truly quit on the pursuit of finding the truth to the message that God shared with me years ago; I have been easily distracted and procrastinative towards the pursuit during certain periods of the journey. It is for that reason that even I had to be recalibrated by being pushed out of the comforts of the U.S. NAVY to fulfill the calling that God had for me. I was similar to Jonah, who was denying God's calling for him to talk to

the Ninevites, thankfully I didn't need a gargantuan sea beast to hold me captive for days on end to put me back on course. To avoid any more possible recourses for my natural tendencies to draw things out, I instantly started to search for another logical way to confine plasma without permanent magnets.

I was back to the drawing board for a third time with no idea of how a rotating spherical permanent magnet inside of another magnet sphere had any significance to how the universe possibly operated. Shortly after reevaluating this concept, it could not have been any more than a month later, when God led me to a podcast on magnetic dynamo theory. This theory generally elaborates on how the earth's magnetic fields are generated by flowing electrically conducting fluid. Though this is a theory and not a law; the general concept led me to the realization that the rotating magnet did not have to physically be a permanent magnet. From my previous studies on electromagnetism, I realized that the rotating spherical magnet that God was talking about could be a collective of charged particles in a common spherical rotation pattern.

This realization led me to learn more in-depth about the fusor, an invention by Philo T. Farnsworth, and electron trapping through cusp confinement. The fusor is the poor man's fusion reactor because it is cheap, able to be built at home, and will yield the fusion reaction; but not nearly effective enough to meet the required breakeven point to be useful. The main reason the fusor is not effective is because of its massive loss of confining charged particles. Cusp confinement is the possible solution to the loss of charged particles issue seen in the fusor and has been studied by countless researchers since the 1950s. During my studies on cusp confinement, I realized that every concept and prototype used mirrored electromagnets to assist in the confinement of charged particles. No other researcher thought of creating a spherically shaped confinement apparatus, and slightly angling the confining electromagnets relative to a single reference point in the center of the apparatus. In doing so, one could rotate and shape the collective of confined charged particles, specifically electrons, into a spherical magnet consisting of charged particles. The best thing about this new idea of the rotating spherical magnet is that it would not lose its effectiveness as the temperatures of the confines increased.

After coming to this new revelation, I immediately developed a new provisional patent draft and submitted it to the USPTO. This newly redesigned fusion reactor was given the acronym NESAR; which technically stands for Nuclear Electromagnetic Shaping Accelerator Reactor. The truth is the acronym NESAR stands for Natalie Elizabeth Samantha Abigail Reactor; if you recall is the first and middle names of my two daughters. I am a person that does not believe in coincidences, but it was not until years later that I discovered that in India, the name Nesar means the sun. After I learned that interesting fact, I knew that there could have been no better name selected for the world's first fusion reactor that was designed to truly perpetuate similarly to our sun.

In addition to submitting the provisional patent; I submitted the new NESAR concept to my parent company to see if they would help with developing the utility patent for this newly refined concept. This time the concept was not immediately rejected. After a few months, the parent company's patenting board set up a phone meeting with me to learn more details about the concept. During my phone call, the board had numerous questions about the concept, which I was able to fully explain in detail how the reactor was an improvement upon all of the current methods of fusion. They were impressed with my general knowledge of fusion and the novelty of the device, but since they were not in the business of fusion development they eventually declined to patent the idea because they believed that it was too risky to invest in something that could require mass amounts of potential research and development before they could make a profit from obtaining the patent. I think what also contributed to the rejection from the board was that I was not formally educated to specialize in engineering or physics. Prior to the board's final decision, I remember that they were baffled upon learning my

educational background and immediately inquired on my reasoning on attempting to achieve something that for the most part seemed impossible.

Though I was rejected again, I saw this rejection as a positive because none of the engineers or physicists on the board could refute the logic of the new concept. This rejection was also positive because their decision caused me to fully pursue the path of writing the utility patent myself. After all, I didn't have the funds to pay thousands of dollars to a patent lawyer to submit a utility patent; so, learning the basics of patent law to write the utility patent myself was my only option. God knew that the way my mother and father raised me, that quitting was not an option; even in the face of rejection or failure.

At the time it may not have seemed like it, but it was God's grace that the parent company did not pick up the NESAR concept. If they took on the patent, it would have given them the opportunity to divert credit from God. Also, if they would have picked it up, I would have not placed further focus on possibly unlocking the full potential of this concept. During the daunting process of writing the utility patent, I was able to uncover at least two other possible capabilities of the NESAR.

As I was writing the patent I entertained the idea that if this fusion reactor is supposed to operate similarly to the sun, then I should be able to fully explain how and why the sun self perpetuates, shifts its magnetic poles, and solar cycles. To gain an understanding of how the sun perpetuates, I started studying the sun's solar cycles. After a few months of looking at countless graphs of the cycle patterns, I realized that the sunspot activity graphs perpetuated similar to an AC generator. Promptly my mind went to my many studies on the induced effects of changing magnetic flux. If the sun is in a state of constant change and perpetuation, then there could be a collective changing magnetic flux dictating the magnetic pole shifts. In general, if one assumes that the sun's core operates as a collective and is in constant change; then the magnetic effects that we observe from the sun are not direct instrumental observations. This means that the instrumental magnetic observations from the sun's core are an observation from induced effects. What is so groundbreaking about this novel concept is that no physical flipping of magnetic poles has to occur to produce the observance of magnetic poles flipping. If the sun truly operates similarly to the NESAR then the collective of spherically rotating charged particles, the core, is simply varying in its rotational speed; not flipping. The rotational speed of the core pendulates through induced effects and is perpetuated very similarly to an AC generator.

After I was able to fully explain how the sun perpetuates, I knew that the NESAR was a fusion reactor that could be a model for how our sun perpetuates. With this in mind, another question spawned; if the sun produces gravity could the gravitational effect be explained from the spherical confinement of rotating charged particles? At this time I was still writing my patent, and I was about four months away from meeting the deadline of being protected by the provisional patent. To tackle the conundrum of gravity and how it relates to the NESAR, I purposely ignored all of the studies that suggested or claimed the existence of dark matter. Though I do not like learning about theories, the man who has been the closest to date on predicting the nature of gravity has been Albert Einstein. So, I started to dive further into his theory of General Relativity. For weeks I was listening to numerous podcasts on General Relativity and was at a standstill with a theory for quantum gravity. So, I continued on with writing the patent as if I would not have an explanation for possible gravity simulation in the piece. Oddly enough on one of the family's leisurely drives around Buffalo, on a sabbath, if I recall correctly, I decided to listen to a podcast on General Relativity. The narrator honed in on the deviating effects of spherical shaping called Converging Geodesic Deviation (CGD). I heard of this before, but it never dawned on me before that this could be an effect generated by spherical charged particle shaping. So, I went with the idea. What would happen if nearly parallel traveling electrons on a spherical

magnetic confinement plane were to come under the effects of CGD? Entertaining this idea, I realized that it would add a spatial dimension to charged particle accelerations; accelerating charged particles to a spatial third dimension which has yet to be done. In addition, this added dimension in the charged particle acceleration trajectory would possibly drive the corresponding electromagnetic dimension to influence a dimension of higher magnitude where time and possibly gravity is influenced. I realized that this new idea of charged particle divination had the potential to fully discredit the existence of dark matter, if the gravitational effect can be generated by the confinement of primary electrons; then the masses of protons and neutrons are not needed to account for the observed effects of gravity.

Both theoretical explanations of gravity, sun perpetuation, and anti-gravity were able to be included in the final utility patent for the NESAR. In retrospect, the ability to develop a method of sustainable fusion, a new theory of quantum gravity, a full explanation of how our sun perpetuates, learning how to write a utility patent, and completing the task of writing the utility patent while working a full-time job with a wife and kids within a single year could have only happened by the grace of God and God alone. For God to guide a solitary man, especially one who is scholastically mediocre as I, to understand possibly the two greatest problems facing today's physicists; is a true sign that he has chosen me to be a shining example against those who defy his existence. To quantify the magnitude of this possible discovery by a solitary person, one must understand since the late 17th century countless of the world's greatest and brightest minds have failed to understand what I, with God's guidance, was able to understand and develop within a single year.

After submitting the utility patent for the NESAR, I thought that the majority of the hard work was over. I was gravely mistaken because I underestimated how restrictive the physics community and physics journals were to those who are not specifically tied to a research project. Even though the NESAR concept of fusion and gravity was simple and logical, it was almost impossible to get an actual physicist to review the new concept. After countless emails to more than 400 physicists, I may have received 10 responses agreeing to review my new concept of fusion and gravity. Out of those ten responses I may have had 3 physicists that made time to review the concept and provide some type of feedback. For the most part, the feedback from the few physicists that reviewed the concept provided positive but minimal amounts of feedback.

If I wanted to reach a broader audience, it was advised to me by one of the reviewers to submit an article to a reputable physics journal to receive more peer reviews from physicists who study in the fields of plasma and gravitational physics. In an effort to share this new concept, I spent months writing an article to introduce this novel idea. Once I finished writing the article, I reached out to numerous physics journals in an attempt to have my works published. To my surprise, I was repeatedly rejected and told by unempathetic editors that I had to be a recognized physicist to submit an article to their journal. So after spending months trying to get published in a physics journal; I settled with the idea that I would more than likely never get the NESAR concept published. Still, I am my parents' son and I was taught to never give up and fight for the things that I am passionate about. God knew when he created and chose me to take on this daunting task, that I would not let the short-sightedness and ignorance of men restrict me from the blessings he had in store for my family.

Consequently, I had to reach out to a different audience in the hopes of being heard. Due to the restrictive nature of the physics community, no real progress was made in expanding the idea of the NESAR concept through their community after a full year of continual effort. It was for this reason that I started to reach out to government research agencies instead. After enough personal research into countless fusion and gravity projects, I began to realize that most research agencies were actively searching for novel ideas in technological advancements, so, it was only logical to filter the NESAR

concept through some of these agencies. After reaching out to the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), a few weeks later one of the project managers at DARPA reached about to set up a formal telephone conference to discuss the details of the NESAR concept.

From my conversation with the project manager, it was emphasized that DARPA had a possible interest in funding the 3D simulation for the concept to initialize the research for NESAR. So, a joint effort between the project manager and me was made to find some simulation companies that could build an accurate 3D computer simulation. The best part about finding the possible candidates for building the simulation is that each of the candidates, who are plasma physicists, provided brief initial thoughts on the NESAR concept; and each one thought that the general NESAR concept was a likely improvement upon the current methods of cusp confinement fusion. So, at the moment the NESAR concept is in consideration with DARPA to possibly obtain some financial support from the U.S. government.

Even though at this time the final decision by DARPA to fund the NESAR concept is pending and delayed due to the COVID-19 pandemic. The overwhelming fact is that the NESAR is obtaining numerous positive reviews as an alternative method of charged particle confinement that is possibly a vast improvement over the current methods of cusp confinement that are currently being explored as a path to fusion. Even more awe-inspiring is that the NESAR concept has placed me as a man of formal education mediocrity in a position to interact with some of the most educated physicists who study in the field of fusion and gravity. Only God could place a man like me in the position as a shining example of his works by simply embracing him in full faith. For the faithful, God will advance your natural abilities or vulnerabilities to gradually transform you into the person he needs you to become to serve him.

