

Draft

Here Come the Heroes

By James Stewart

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draft

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This book is dedicated to all the people who have suffered injury or injustice at the hands of members of the System- the Saskatoon Police Service, Saskatoon City Lawyers, Saskatoon Judges and their willing army of entitled, brain-dead, fat-assed clerks and useful idiots.

“The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men should do nothing.”

. ... attributed to the Irish statesman and philosopher Edmund Burke, sometime around 1770

Preface

Writing this book presented a number of small issues or problems for me. Maybe you could say I had some personal hang-ups over the aspect of physically writing this book. Actually telling the public about my experience. You see, it always occurred to me, that if I was to ever write a book about something, it only made sense to write about something I was good at, or at least enjoyed.

This book, no, the thought process behind this book, the circumstances behind my experience leading up to this book, was NOT what I envisioned my first book to be. I don't even know if that makes sense? I could give you five topics I would certainly enjoy putting together a book for. I have to be truthful and say I would have much rather written a book about travelling, the outdoors, dogs, personal fitness or smallmouth bass fishing.

To be accurate, my main concern or issue relates to why I wrote this book. Or the reasons, I felt, why this book needed to be written. First off, if people had merely done their jobs and played by the already-in-place-rules, I wouldn't have much of a story. I'm serious. There would be nothing 'noteworthy' for me to write about.

On both sides, if the police had merely done THEIR jobs, I would not have had to endure and suffer the pain and punishment I did. Further, if the news and members of the media had done THEIR jobs, and told the public what the police were actively engaging in, I would not have to write about it!

Therein lies another of my small problems. I'm not a journalist. I'm not an author. Technically, you could say I'm a plumber. I got my Canadian Red Seal, journeyman. Or journey-person... So, I'm a plumber, not a very good one, but a certified plumber, nonetheless. Why should I have to write about this? Isn't that what reporters and journalists and the news-media people are supposed to do? Are they not the ones responsible for putting my story and experience with the law into the public's eye?

From the very beginning, if anything, I was hoping good people would stand up and speak out. Say something, do something... anything! I was hoping truth and justice would prevail in a timely manner. I figured the media would "step-up to the plate" and explain this incredible story, my story, to the people. You know what I wanted? I wanted people in the courts and the media to do their jobs.

It was only years after the incident, where I was continually being 'jerked-around' by hostile people within the 'System', that I began to feel compelled to write about the entire experience. Was it my conscience speaking? Was it something else?

Surely, the public has a right to know? All I could do was tell the public. I had an urge to tell people about my experience. Maybe the word urge is an understatement..? Some days I was so frustrated! How to explain my side of the story!? I was nowhere near ready to write a book. How could I explain what took place innocently enough in that parking lot that summer evening back in August 2012? Where would I start? The parking-lot incident... That's what I called it. The innocuous incident on a cruise weekend that would eventually spiral into the colossal cover-up it is today. How was I supposed to do that?

No one gave me any warning as to the corruption of the courts and officials within the System. The *fakery* & *foolery* and the 'sleight-of-hand'. The back-room shenanigans taking place behind closed doors. This was good, old-fashioned dishonesty taking place. These people weren't even pretending to bend the rules. The media would not make any mention of the treachery of these people. The media refused to tell the public. The news and media was part of it. I will call it what it really is. How it really operates: The news-media-mafia.

Upon reflection, in many respects, this experience has been the best thing to ever happen to me. I'm reminded of the word- 'confirmation'. For awhile, part of me put it away and I moved on. "*Get on with your life.*" Undoubtedly, I had my share of friends, family or co-workers tell me similar/same things. It certainly cannot be viewed as bad advice.

This wasn't a crusade. I did not set out to document my years attending numerous courts appearances and various legal proceedings just so I could somehow write a book about my experience with the 'System'. As time went by, I figured the urge to write the book would somehow subside and I could move on with my life. But the urge didn't leave. Despite my attempts to ignore it or put-it-off long enough that it might go away.

I tried to move on with my life. And I did, too. I admit, you can call it active-procrastination. I camped, fished and played with the dogs. Fixed up an old house and learned how to brew my own beer. Got my journeyman plumber certificate and even my domestic gas ticket, too. However, one day my conscience seemed to whisper to me- "Tell your story. write a book.. If you don't...No one will..."

I remember asking it, "*How do I write a book about this? How do I write about a story that I still can't believe happened? Happened to me, no less. How do you suppose I'm going to do that? Huh? How can I possibly explain this to someone when I can't explain it to myself!?*"

It was up to me to write my story. The media wouldn't touch my story. Heck, the news-media wouldn't even *mention* my story. The silence of the news-media. The complete hypocrisy of the news-media. I had to write about it. Who else would? Not the news-media.

I knew I had to tell it, but how was I going to illustrate this crazy, bizarre, extraordinary series of events that happened to me? Another problem was I didn't know HOW I was going to do that. Even my own parents didn't seem to believe me. They didn't believe that police could somehow make all the audio AND most of the video footage from the car dashcams disappear.

What started as merely seeking the evidence to defend myself against 3 bogus criminal charges, became years of frustration. I made notes when I could and did my best to fill out the proper forms and write-up my various 'applications' to the court. Frustration is a word that seems ineffective in explaining the process of being obligated to actually argue against people completely adversarial to my rights and freedoms, my quest for truth and justice somehow morphed into 'Me' vs. the 'System'.

It was through the courts- our supposed 'open & transparent courts', that I realized, first-hand what the System had become. How the System had been usurped. Taken over and turned upside-down. What had become of right and wrong? Can justice and truth be commoditized? Did my Canadian rights and freedoms exist merely to be manipulated or massaged into something else entirely? Did I have rights?

I never started writing notes, let alone writing towards an actual book about this experience, until I realized two things: there is an effort afoot, an effort to conspire, by certain groups to deny, disregard and nullify our guaranteed rights and freedoms as Canadians. Secondly the news-media in Canada was no longer free and independent. The news-media was totally unaccountable to Canadians and I believed was now exposed as a controlled asset of the 'System'. As such, it was free to portray false social-narratives and withhold legitimate truths from the public as it saw fit. It was information warfare. Hidden in plain sight. In direct opposition to Canada's alleged, democratic 'open and transparent' court system and society.

The news-media was silent for a reason. Through the years of writing this book I understood quite clearly how the news-media is an integral part of the System. It specializes in smoke and mirrors. It delights in propoganda & deception. The news-media is a well-funded, well-oiled machine. Was this a conspiracy?

I wasn't the first to stand-up for myself and I won't be the last. The 'System', or namely, the people smugly insulating themselves within the 'System', were openly abusing their privilege. I originally thought this book was about my journey for truth and justice. Confident in the principle of standing-up for myself in the face of great adversity. I know now, my story involves another sinister player within the System, the *news-media-mafia*.

Before writing my book, I was familiar with the terms: conspiracy, conspiracy-theory & conspiracy-theorist. I decided to share my experience and perspectives on truth, justice and the 'Rule of Law' within the 'System'. Having nearly completed this book, I am convinced conspiracies or 'untruths' exist and although many seem unpleasant, they are very important, both individually and collectively. Viewed with as large an open mind and wide perspective as one can muster. The search for truth comes at a cost. In the end, I look at this book as another journey, not a final destination. I cannot say with any certainty the end result, or the struggles and conflicts along the way, is what I originally envisioned.

What I will say, with whole-hearted certainty, and a smirk on my face and a twinkle in my eye, is that conspiracy-theories are important... and they exist.

Because I r one.

- James Stewart (stew)

Acknowledgements and Thanks

A great big shout out to all the people who helped make this into something. My brother, my friends, relatives and even the people who doubted me. You all gave me hope and courage and a desire to see this to the end.

You gave me your strength and thoughts and positive frequencies. Thank you. I am forever grateful.

Special thanks, again, to my brother Jarvis. I couldn't have done it without you, bro.

A big shout out to Craig, Dan & Ben, among others.

Of course, I can't forget the collective herd/army of 'Deceivers', happily employed by the System – they include the cops, judges and fuck-tard lawyers along with their legion of sycophantic clerks, office chumps and stoolie bitches, en masse.

In no particular order the big players were:

Cnst. Gordon James Keating
Cnst. Vincent Schaefer
Cnst. Bradley McAvoy
Cnst. Adam Boyce
Cnst. Ryan Hounsell
Judge Albert Lavoie
Crown Robin Ritter
Crown Bryce Pashovitz
Judge Barry Singer
Judge Grant Currie
Judge Ronald Mills
Judge R.S. (Shawn) Smith
Registrar Glen Metivier
Lawyer Robert Gibbings
Assistant Andrea Rohrke
Judge D.B.Konkin

Above all, THEY made my book a reality. Their horrendous manners, obtuse behaviour and 'Un-Canadian' attitudes not only fueled my motivation to finish this book, they helped bring me closer to God.

For that I am forever thankful.

unintroduction

As a kid growing up, I always liked reading. In many respects, part of me wanted to be a writer. I had great respect for people who could write their experiences or ideas out in clear, observational ways. Fiction or non, reading was easier for me if I felt as though the author enjoyed in the sharing of their words, whatever the information. There were times growing up where I wanted to be an author. Well, I wanted to write about something- share my experience with the world.

I truly never envisioned I would be writing a book about police brutality, corrupt judges or how the 'System' seems out-of-control. Let me be clear, I'm not asking you to believe me & *my* story or believe the police and *their* story. As much as I want to share my experience, I don't know if you will appreciate what it means to face 3 (*bogus*) criminal charges. It still is hard to comprehend facing 3 criminal charges stemming from a routine incident in a parking lot, in broad daylight, that was witnessed by many people AND where the first two cars on the scene conveniently happened to be two unmarked, with tinted windows, 'traffic enforcement' cruisers.

Who knew that standing up for ones' rights, or the rights of others, could be made to be so unreasonably frustrating? Not to mention emotionally draining and physically painful? Who knew the System we support as the people, for the people, has been '*transformed*' into this unaccountable, abusive beast?

I can't say I fault the thin blue line, or how we got here. But here we are. The people within the System, OUR system of laws and their law-enforcers, who allegedly protect us, are benefiting from abusing/using technology and media co-operation to their own ends. I would argue not to protect us, but to shield themselves.

This story will be about me and my experiences resulting from the incredible 'legal-eze' tactics and convenient circumstances deployed by the people within the System. I'm not looking for readers to choose sides, I'm merely attempting to show my perspective. Albeit a different perspective. What I am asking- while reading my story, you read it with an open or unbiased and honest mind. Try to see the big picture or perspective.

Five (or more) members of the Saskatoon Police Service beat me, charged me with crimes I did not commit and with the assistance of the courts, attempted and 'de-facto' succeeded to prosecute me for 2 charges of assaulting a peace officer, through a sham of a criminal trial and eventually find me guilty of obstruction. To be honest, I don't ever wish that kind of stress or aggravation on anyone.

As a result, I felt obligated to hold them accountable for their unlawful actions. I filed my Statement of Claim on July 17, 2014, at the Court of Queen's Bench, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I civilly sued them for these torts: assault, battery, false arrest, false imprisonment, intentional infliction of mental suffering, negligence causing personal injury, negligent standard of care and abuse of process.

While reading my book, you may find yourself shaking your head in dis-belief. I, myself, never would have believed it. *Any of it!*... had it not happened to me. In a way, to this very day, I still don't *believe* it. When finished, you, too, may be obliged to put some of your own in-grained, personal perspectives, or self-paradigms, on hold. You, too, may find yourself becoming an *unbeliever*.
