

# **Senator Who?**

By Bruce Nathan

All dedications are equal, it doesn't matter who is first.

How many times do we say that to children?

My children are my inspiration as there is *nothing* better than being a father.

Chrissy is the *love* of my life, always supportive.

Without my mother putting me on this planet, I would not have had anything to say.

*Mom was great!*

Dad you made it to 85 and know it. Living the dream!

To all the great people of America who have the same dream.

And to my front-load washer and dryer for keeping me looking and smelling clean.

The word politician can be thought of as one of the most horrific words that starts with a *P*. A word that has been broken, with no repair in sight. If you were called a Politician would you feel like you were insulted? What does it take to become a senator in the United States of America? Most people will tell you that it takes *a lot* of money. Why should it take so much money to become a public servant? Do you have to be a Politician to become a U.S. Senator? The answer is easy to say but hard to digest. The person who runs for that office is looking for a lifetime income and health benefits and power. That is not what the office was intended for. It was intended to serve the needs of the people of the USA. "To protect and serve," so it is said.

What if a person who is a real person, a *regular guy*, wants to become a US senator for all the right reasons—honesty, integrity, ethical character, morals, uncompromised feeling of empathy for *all* law-abiding citizens of this great country? The need to uphold the Constitution and all the amendments, not just a few or the convenient ones?

So can there be a senator that has walked in your shoes; has done what you've done; has been married, been divorced, and had five children; has been educated; has found and lost a job; has been yelled at by his spouse and then by his ex-spouse; has gotten a cat, two cats, a dog, two dogs, iguanas, frogs; has watched his children grow; has had some love him, some not; has tried to do right by as many people as possible, but not always (and the experiences continue)? Every day something new. Every day something fun.

Have you ever said or heard someone say "I should write a book about my life" or "I can do that job better"? Do you smile and walk away, thinking, *They have no story bigger than mine and my wacky family*? Or have you ever thought about an invention, but someone else did it first? On and on go life's events that might have made a difference in your or someone else's life if you *acted* on it.

Not all of us have a drive to get it done, get it done—did I say that twice? That's because we all need to say it twice to ourselves before we get it done.

Well, here I am now, going to get *it* done.

What if a regular guy who has a great big family, who rents his home, who has no money to speak of in the bank, who loves his great big family, who is a medical professional that believes in proper nutrition, organic foods, and healthy mind, body, and soul and believes education in the highest order is a major contributing factor to help out America wants to become a United States senator?

Is it possible? Has it ever been tried? Who wants to try it? Well, *I* do!

Can we tear down the wall between the people and our government? "We the people," the beginning of the United States Constitution, "in order to form a more perfect union." All by itself, that great, big statement is no longer here. People do not get to run the government; it is the politicians that do. And the politicians are Democrats and Republicans and do *not* form a more perfect union. The government has become corrupt, with no end in sight. When does corruption stop? How do *we the people* stop it? A regular person with an eye for justice and domestic tranquility who wants to help provide a common defense, promote general welfare, and secure liberty for ourselves and our posterity (our children) is the man for the job. Well, here I am, ready to go!

It is very hard for me to talk about myself as I have much more enjoyment giving to others, but with this being an autobiographical type of story, that means a tell-all, I am forced to face all my past.

Every day is a different day. With my being a home-based physical therapist for over seventeen years, it is highly imaginable all the experiences in the past are experiences to be relived in the future, but we never know. The other phrase we always say is “Now I have seen it all,” but then there is a new day.

How about yesterday? Possibly a typical day, but *no*. My first patient has been married for many years and has ALS (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis), which is a debilitating disorder, running pretty quickly through his body, as he is only fifty-four years old, with unknown time left on earth. I first started working with his mother-in-law a couple of years ago as she had fallen and needed rehabilitation. She was quite an eighty-seven-year-old woman—loved going on cruise ships with a man named Dick. That is why she brought him, a double reason there.

So my ALS patient, Jack, told me to go in at 9:15 a.m. After I knocked on the door, Jill, his wife, was standing just around the corner, shirtless and topless! She stood there with Jack, who was heading toward the door, asking if I were embarrassed.

“Well, are you embarrassed, Bruce?” she asked, her *very* large breasts staring at me.

I said, “Well, if you are okay with it, then so am I.”

As I watched Jack get closer to the door using a four-wheel walker, Jill continued the conversation. “I can’t take it. I am so hot in this house! It is always seventy-three degrees, and I get too *hot*. I have been through menopause,” she stated, “and I do not regulate temperature well. Jack can put clothes on if he is cold. I cannot take off more than this, and I am still hot!”

I said, “Well, umm, how about a thin T-shirt or a sports bra, maybe a tank top?”

Jack was almost out the door by then and said, “Bruce, meet me outside.”

I abruptly ended the conversation with “I gotta go” and ran to Jack. As we were out the door, near the road, I said, “That’s why I love my job. Every day is different.” I said it with such enthusiasm it made Jack smile, as he was a little embarrassed, but he walked *a long* way that day with other marital stories to share.

We are all made up of experiences, stories that are so exciting it is truly life’s great journey.

As I went to Florida in August 2000 with my now ex-wife and three children, I found so many different parts of life there than in the New York area. I was hired by the Florida Elks Children’s Therapy Services (FECTS), which is a nonprofit pediatric home-health company, and truly could not wait to get started. The company offers *free* occupational and physical therapy. Really free! No gimmicks! A position became available nine months prior, but I did not get it as I was not living in Florida. The position as pediatric physical therapist became available as we were already moving there, and I still work with them to this day. Stick with what you love. My position entails covering five counties to see children with disabilities of many types—cerebral palsy, muscular dystrophy, developmental delay, and I can name a dozen others as new syndromes seem to pop up monthly. Each child is such an individual. Each home is such an individual. The family unit is as different as each day that I have.

It was in Indiantown where I had one of my first new experiences in Florida, with a child that had balance problems. I pulled my van up to the home, and it looked abandoned. It had no front door. I checked the address, which was confirmed by the new patient's mother some days earlier, and it was on the mailbox out front. I walked closer to the front door after I parked the van, and his mother came out and asked me in broken English-Spanish to come in. Inside the home, the floor was dirt. I mean *dirt* as in dirt from outside, no foundation. As I took a few more steps, I noticed there was no back door either. I did not know what to say or what she would understand. In the near future, there would be a short stint of having translators that would come with me during these visits, but right then, I muddle through. At a table made with very warped wood, the mother and I sat down to fill out the necessary documents needed for me to begin physical therapy on her son. When that was finished, she showed me the rest of the home. Mattresses with no blankets, sheets on the dirt floor, caked with dirt. I was stunned to see this in America. Wow. Just then, as I went toward the kitchen, a chicken *ran* through from the front of the home out the back door. What to think, what to do? I knew I was going to treat her child out back as it was great to work on balance issues in the backyard. As the session came to an end, I was leaving when I was scooted over by a small pig or boar that was heading into the home for . . . supper? Maybe, or was it Wilbur from *Charlotte's Web*?

As I am typing this, real life keeps on happening.

As I text a patient's mother, Samantha, to confirm the following day's visit, she texts me back that her boyfriend, whom she has been with for some years now, wants to separate. I have been seeing her child for about a year or so, and it was just discovered he is having seizures, about fifty a day. They are very mild, and the child has the possible diagnosis of Doose syndrome. Samantha has two children from two different men, but not from the boyfriend she is with now.

She has had a bartending job for about six months, but she says the boss was a pervert. Now she delivers newspapers seven days a week, from 3:00 a.m. to 7:00 a.m., to work with everyone else's schedule. Now her boyfriend says, "No more." It is his house. Where will she go? She gets some child support from one father but no alimony since there was no marriage. Here lies the ongoing saga of a person who is like so many in our country. She plans on going back to school to be able to increase her job opportunities.

I will say this many times and many more times: *education is king!* The more education you get, the more qualified you are. It does not have to be college; it can be from a trade school. Why can't more be available?

I will get back to Samantha as I write this, as many more things will unfold.

How about my beginning, since that is where it all started? I was born on November 11, 1960, at ten eleven at night in New York. I was born into a Jewish family, so yes, I am Jewish. Wait a second, how many senators are Jewish? How many Jews are in Florida? Well, I would have to say quite a few—Miami, Palm Beach, etc. So is it time for a Jewish senator from Florida?

Now, we all know Jesus was Jew. Well, now that we know that fact is out there, we should be okay. We are all cut from the same cloth, so to speak. We are *all* supposed to be about people helping people.

The automatic thought is, if I am Jewish, I am a liberal and a Democrat. That was true—the Democrat part, that is—for the first forty years of my life. I'm not really a liberal, as I have never believed in classifications. It changed however after 9/11, and I joined the United States Army. For nine years I served in the United States Army Reserve as first lieutenant then captain, and through that time and the different people I have met, I was changed. All the soldiers I have met stated the Democrats have stifled their pay and other necessities, while the Republicans pushed through what was needed.

From 2003 through early 2015 I was a registered Republican voter.

Today I am a registered Independent voter looking out for all the people, but is that a problem as well, as that is still a party here in Florida?

Why single out a party as doing one thing or another? It is each individual that does what he or she does, what is . . . well, supposed to be right for *all* the people. Have we become a divided United States of America? How divided have we become? Too far for repair?

Back to my early years. Why be bored with stories of the early years of someone you do not know? I will tell you why. It is about upbringing and parenting. It is who we are today. It is from our parents and from their parents. *That is what makes America.*

What is an autobiography without the mother and father, right? My mother and father are Lois and Ives Nathan. My mom received her MBA and then worked for AT&T, which then partially morphed into Lucent Technologies. She was a marketing manager that flew all over the world for Lucent as they started the platform for cell phones and that type of technology, *but* really, before she did all that, she was a great stay-at-home mom. My sister and I were independent enough when Mom went back to school, and once she became a frequent flier, we were in high school and beyond. Dad was with his own office furniture sales business for many years after being a warehouse manager. This all happened in the New York–New Jersey area as we all grew up in an average, middle-class home of that time. Of course, I can write more about all things growing up, but that is not really what this book is about; it is about getting to know me and what I can *do* for you.

America is a vast wilderness of multiple human beings trying to be who they are supposed to be.

What does that mean? We want to let people from all nations to come here to experience the feeling of freedom. With that, we want people to learn what is important to them and become who and what they want within our stated constitutional law. Skin color, political party, or religious affiliation—they make no difference. America has something for everyone, *but* people need to come here in a correct manner, as what our parents and our parents' parents did. Too much too fast can turn our country into an economic graveyard.

Have I mentioned I love eggs? Eggs are the greatest single food ever. They can come in various recipes, and they are always good. I do have a preference of skin and shell color here, and that would be brown. The brown ones do seem to have a better flavor. Can I tell them apart in a taste test? Probably not. I just thought I would throw that in for fun. Really, it is all about fun!

During my first marriage, I was prohibited from giving to anyone but our immediate family. I was told we are our own charity. That was so bothersome to me, and the only way I kept feeling like I was

doing the right thing on this planet was working for FECTS and volunteering for the radio show. The radio show was permitted as many freebies and perks came along with being on air.

America gave me the opportunity to have a radio program, the *For Your Kids* radio show. My idea was to give children a voice on the radio with regards to children's issues and give parents some of the latest insights on medicine, health, nutrition, education, and safety in a fun way. My eldest daughter, Kirsten (eleven years old at that time), was the star of the show in the beginning, and the show quickly went to Tess and Brock taking over. They did interviews, helped set up the show, prep, and production. My first show was supposed to be on September 11, 2001, but as you can imagine, it was postponed for a week. The show lasted for over twelve years, and all six children had some part in it. This was a voluntary act on my part. I received no funding. The sponsors of the show began with FECTS for eight years, and then a local physician who heard the show and liked it and who was new to the area as pediatric ENT sponsored the next three years.

We had animal shows many times, but one was with snakes, alligators, crocodiles, and other reptiles. They were all baby creatures, and all in all, it was a fun show; but near the end, Tess, then six years old, was holding a snake that decided to bite her. The bite was between her thumb and pointer finger, the nice fleshy area. So there we were with a snake hanging off her hand, still on air. We were *all* stunned! Tess was just staring at it, not crying. The snake owner was pulling it off Tess's hand as we were signing off the air. When the snake was off, all that was there on her hand were two pin-sized puncture wounds. *Of course* the snake was not poisonous, and Tess never cried. The owner of the radio station took me aside a short time later and said, "No more animals in this station." She was very serious. I said, "That sounds good." Once home and Tess was in her bath, I asked her how her hand was, and there was no wound to see. So she said, "I guess it is okay."

Back during this time in the radio show year of 2003, there was talk of such a poor political field it was suggested to me I should run for an office as a regular guy on the "regular guy" ticket. As what has always been seen by most Americans, you really need to buy your way into office. A wealthy family or *big* corporations to sponsor any type of campaign ought to do it. That is truly not the way our system was set up. One of the people is voted in to represent the people. "We the people"—remember that from somewhere (more about that later). The show always became the weekly cornerstone of new, fresh ideas. A show in November 2004 just before Thanksgiving was specific on not drinking and driving. Kirsten and I had many police officers from around the county, a state trooper, and a representative of MADD (Mothers against Drunk Driving) on air to talk about statistics and the known dangers. We spoke of options like Tow to Go and calling a cab to try to keep everyone on the road safe from drunk drivers. We took a few calls, and one caller was adamant that he should have the right to drink and drive. My daughter, only about twelve years old at that time, had it out with the caller. She said, "Why would you want to ruin someone else's life by drunk-driving? No one is telling you not to drink. Just do not get on the road when you do." All of us in the studio looked at each other in disbelief that a young girl had more maturity than what sounded like a fifty- or sixty-year-old man. That was a superfun show. I entered it into the MADD Media Awards, and we won. We went to Washington the following spring for the award ceremony. We met many great people, and the MADD organization was very nice to us. MADD, a grassroots organization on a mission to save lives.

I have the same type of grassroots idea, but it is my belief I can bring back the laws that originally made this country what it was.

*Don't ask what your country can do for you—just don't ask!* In general, hasn't this country done a lot for you? So when John F. Kennedy said that line, he finished it with "Ask what you can do for your country." On an everyday basis, what can you do for your country? I am not saying paying more taxes than you already have to or anything crazy like that. It is the *people* that make the *country*. So to change the words a bit, what can you do for the people around you? *Think!* I know there is something every day.

A patient I have been seeing on and off for some time had trouble opening a can of dog food to feed her dogs. The next day, I brought an electric can opener for her to have. Doing things like that for people you know is one thing, so how about the pay-it-forward theme? Whenever I would be on the drive-through line at Dunkin' Donuts or Starbucks, I would tell the person taking the money, "I will pay for the person behind me." I would have no idea what they ordered, but I can guarantee you, that gesture had made that unknown person feel better for some period of time.

Can that scenario ever be seen in Washington with any politician? It has become "I will do this for you if you do this for me." Some may say it is give-and-take, but if a true representative of the people is working for the people, both politicians will look to see what is best for the people who live there, and it will be the way it *should* be.

It is in my belief that if I were to get to Washington to work as a public servant, it will be the Washington Will Not Love Me Tour because I will not be that brand of politician. With my being a physical therapist, it might be the Rehabilitation of Washington Tour. Words not to use are *transparency, hope, change*, etc., since those are the words of other politicians that need not be repeated.

During the typing of this book, Livia, six, and Kya, five, had a dispute over whose toy is whose. They have very close birthdays, and they have way too many toys (so many that we are ending the giving of toys at birthdays and are asking for donations to homeless dog and cat shelters, starting with next birthdays). I asked each of them separately when they got the toy. Livia was very specific, and Kya, not so. I said to Livia quietly, "We know this is your toy. Can Kya just have it for a few minutes, and then I will get it back for you? Or she might just give it back herself." There was agreement. *Problem solved!*

Washington is filled with our lawmakers bickering and arguing over nothing more than who is going to get what. *Nothing* is getting done. Aren't we all so *frustrated*? Someone needs to get in there and have everyone share their toys, and the country will make some progress.

My brother is an attorney in the Boston area, and although I love him, as he is my brother, I find his political talk very intense. There is no middle ground. He is always right—well, he is *always left* in his partisan politics. We do not talk much because when we discuss a topic, not one of us will yield to the other's opinion, unlike what regular people do sometimes. There is no sense with any talk like that as the emotional responses can be a continuing battle. Again, just what happens with our lawmakers in the Beltway.

In my line of work, I need to find a solution to the problem and fix it. I work with the human body, and it works a certain way. It can be fixed usually without medication and with proper therapy. I use the word *balance* more often than not. *Everything* can be put in balance with the knowledge and the will to get it there. I have to say I have accomplished this hundreds of times.



Another day for something different, as I have a one-hundred-year-old patient named Debbie. She has been on and off my patient load many times, as you might imagine, noting balance and strength problems. Well, she started receiving state workers that come in for two hours a day to help her clean and do other activities of daily living. One woman that came in to help her once was seventy-five years old. Debbie thought this woman needed more help than her. As they were both hard of hearing, you can imagine the conversation—they were both yelling at each other to hear what the other might be saying.

“How are you?” one said.

The other said, “I am Debbie,” thinking the “how are you” was “who are you.”

And it continued as the aide said, “Can I get you something to *eat*?”

Debbie said, “I do not have a problem with my *feet*.”

As the saga continued some days later, Debbie thought some of her booze was missing. She did not want to blame the aide, but no one else has been there. So now a one-hundred-year-old woman was setting a trap for a seventy-five-year-old. Like leaving a potential mouse a piece of cheese, she left about one-fourth of a bottle of nice scotch in a very obvious place, with a small line on the bottle. Well, a day or so later, only about one-eighth of the bottle was left. The aide apparently called and quit the next day, and a new person would start soon.

But on the serious side Medicaid is paying for this. Are they screening their staff? Are they being paid more than minimum wage? Is the interview process at the basic level? (Come into the office, sit down, and say hello. Okay, you are hired. Here is your first assignment.)

Speaking about minimum wage, no one can live on that. There is no doubt that that is a huge problem with the system. Most people I speak with as I work with children do not only have major deficits but also do *not* have money, and the parents are trapped in the government pay system minimum wage, food stamps, etc. Fifty million people are on food stamps at this point in time. What a drain to the taxpayers! So even with a minimum-wage job, food stamps are still a necessity for low-income families. There is a solution to the problem. The back of the book will cite the problems with solutions I would be able to implement as a United States senator. Why some of my ideas have never been used or proposed, I do not know. I always have the belief that money stands in the way of so many solutions in this country. And as what I have mentioned regarding time, it ticks on, and people forget about what happened and are focused on what is happening as media or news is shoved in our faces so hard and so fast we do not have *time* to think about what is *bull* and what is real or *factual*.

We are slaves to time. Time is something handed to us and taken away. Sometimes time is actually stolen. There are so many examples, but here are the biggest time-stealing events:

When you have many children, you are bound to go to one tournament or another. Baseball, softball, gymnastics, martial arts, track-and-field are just a few tournaments I can roll off my head. Now it is not the two or three or four hours to get to or from the event that is the problem because if you minimize electronic device usage, it can be a fun travel time. I said it can be, not always, as there may be a complaint or two along the way. People learn about one another when they have the time to sit and talk. Communication is the most important aspect of my life. I will get more into that later. A tournament is the biggest hurry-up-and-wait. Get to the ball field by 6:30 a.m. for an 8:00 a.m. game,

which will last until 9:30 a.m. Next game at 11:00 a.m. or 11:30 a.m., and next game at 5:00 p.m. Next day, will possibly do it again or not, depending on elimination status. Martial arts tournaments will have you at the venue by 8:00 a.m., with the possibility of the first event, which may last for three minutes, to start at 10:00 a.m., the next one maybe around noon or 1:00 p.m., and the last event at 3:30 p.m. or 4:00 p.m., always in a very crowded gymnasium or basketball court. These days we travel with a tablet or a phone to read or do work from, but before it was to bring a book and *wait!*

That was one time-stealing example.

How about going to court? Many judges have limited courtroom schedules. It can be as little as one time per week—that is, four times a month. I had the misfortune of going through one of the vilest divorces known to Martin County judges. If it were just a divorce after fifteen years of what was referred to as a marriage, it would have been fine, but she fought everything. As she got involved with the third attorney, she was his only client. She was her third attorney's only client, so every week there were some new complaints. We all know it takes two to be entangled with a problem, but this was not your typical problem-solving event. With divorce, some emotions override logic. With her, there was no logic to begin with. It was anger all the way. My objective was to protect my children from what might not be a positive future outcome.

(In the world of becoming an author, there are occasionally some legal issues. I believe it is my First Amendment right to say what needs to be said as long as it is the truth. The publishers want me to stay away from names that can cause conflict [family names are real, patient names made-up] and remarks that are defamatory. As I was married, I am referring to whom I was married to up until 2008 as *my ex* or *her* or *she*, and I have lightened up on certain characteristics that can cause trouble. So let's say it like this: during my campaign, my ex will not be my . . . biggest supporter. As with the media, she may fabricate stories about me. So hang on, because this will show more of my attitude as it is all related to fun.)

Back to time.

As you are ordered to a courtroom, you wait for a judge, as the time there is not yours, and the money there is spent on the attorneys, \$325 per hour, and if you lose, it is \$650 per hour. No wonder the attorneys yuck it up while waiting for the judge—cha-ching for them.

We all know different ways of how time is taken individually, but we do not know how much real time is taken from us in the political arena. How many hours do senators and congressmen really work daily, weekly, monthly, and/or yearly? Wouldn't you like to know that? I know I would. This continues the same premise of time-stealing. Let's start to hold them accountable. Since I only require five hours of sleep, I believe more work is good for the human body and soul. I never want to retire. I love work and then to work out as well. In the end, don't steal my time; it is way too valuable.

Opinions dominate our lives and the airwaves with the Internet, social media, and various other sources, and *we all jump!* Why? Why can't we see things with a cool head and reason it out first (which will be my disposition about communication)? I need to communicate with you, the reader, the people who want a different way to be heard. This is going to be me, a different senator. A text-me, e-mail-me, call-me senator. In the back of this book will be the ways to contact me including a *cell phone number* that will be available for you to use whenever you want to talk to me. It really will need to be something

relevant to our nation, like its laws, problems, etc., you see. If you are having problems with your spouse, daughter, mother-in-law (well, mom-in-law is a special situation; when she comes to town, there may be a conference you will need to get to that weekend or a really important baseball or football game that you must see), or other personal issues, it may be best to call a really good friend. As of now, have you ever tried to reach for your congressman or senator by any means, e-mail, phone, or letter? What happened? A vague response by a staffer signed by the elected official with a “send us an e-mail or a letter” and a “leave a message on the phone” at the bottom. No return phone calls. I am willing to bet once this book is released, my opponents will change their minds and open up the portal of communication while on the campaign trail, but once their elected, forget it! Back to the same old way, and the problem with the elected official continues. As a Jew, I cannot make a promise, but I have never let anyone down, including my ex-wife and eldest daughter.

Now it is time to begin full disclosure. Why am I doing this? Any political opponent will try to find dirt to smear (or as with a bagel, *schmear*) me with. To whom should I go, or where is the best place to go? Ex-spouse, public records—how about a word about public records? Has there ever been a public record saying, “That guy was the greatest ever”? “You should have seen how spectacular she was,” “Words cannot express how wondrous the event was,” or “That prisoner saved the lives of three correctional officers at the riot in XYZ Prison.” That is never seen, as the focus continues on the negative. So let’s get that out of the way.

As a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old, I was involved in multiple fights in the place that I grew up in, Mamaroneck and New Rochelle, New York. I was never arrested at that age. I waited for that until I was married. As stated, we had a domestic violence issue; both my ex and I were arrested, but each of us dropped the charges. More about that coming up—this is a tell-all!

There was another incident when I needed to return the family dog and Kirsten’s clothes to my ex a year after our separation, but an injunction was still in place. So I went to my gated community to just drop the dog and the backpack of clothes. As I put the dog on the driveway near the street and the clothes in the same place, I told my daughter it was all dropped off, and off I went. A week later, a detective called. My ex-wife was pressing charges for my violating the injunction. So once I knew a warrant was coming, I got a bond for bailout and went in to surrender myself with the bail bondsman. They took my fingerprints, and I was held for an hour and released. Court hearing was about a month from that time, and there was an agreement for a small fine and court costs as the judge withheld adjudication of guilt because it appeared my daughter did let me through the gate of the community, as she did. Of course, my attorney was quite pricey through everything.

The separation was in May 2006, and the final trial was in July for three days and in September for two more days in 2008. I was on the stand for over two days of that. That is how I know I can tolerate and make a difference in Washington. If I can put up with my ex-wife’s attorney and the continued badgering through that and even more to this day, then anything else will pale in comparison.

More troubles came in 2013 when Tess got into a fight with her elder sister at her mother’s home in early February and it was unknown to me until the next day, when it kind of carried over to my home. The police were called, and I felt the need to file a restraining order to protect Tess from her sister, who was six and a half years older. Apparently the frustration level over at the other house had grown so much that violence ensued.

The restraining order only held for two weeks, but Tess did not want to go back there. For as many times as I tried to have her go back, she said no. There were continued court hearing dates, and attorney expenses continued. In November I felt Tess was lying to me about her boyfriend, and I could not find her for some period of time.

Finally, I went to the boyfriend's home. I was having a somewhat pleasant conversation with the boyfriend's mother on their front porch when he came out. They both stated they had *no* idea where Tess was. He tried to call his friend to see if anyone knew where she was. Well, the mother invited me in the house to say, "See, she is not here," but while I was there, all of us standing, I noticed his hand shaking. Not much, just a little, but enough to know a lie was being told. I asked where his room was; it was right around the corner. I walked into a dimly lit, very messy room. I looked to my right into an open closet and saw a leg. The leg looked very familiar.

I said, "Tess, come on out." There was no movement. Scary moment there. Suddenly she came out. I said, "Grab your stuff and say good-bye to him for a very long time. Lying has been and always will be unacceptable. *Zero* tolerance."

The boyfriend's mother said, "I had no idea she was here," and she started yelling at her son.

But I knew that was some act. She apologized to me, and I said to her, "I am just glad I found her." Tess followed me into my van. I immediately took her phone away and said, "This is gone." She acted like that was the end of her world.

I took her immediately back to her mother's house and told her, "You lie, you lose. That's it!" I picked her and Brock up the next morning from her mother's as there was no school that Friday. I told this very same story to the judge about one month later. As much as my ex-wife's attorney tried to interrupt me, the judge wanted to hear the story in its entirety *without interruption*.

(As a side note, the custody schedule was set up for the kids to be with me from Wednesday after school until Thursday back to school and *every* Friday after school until Sunday at 3:00 p.m. Bottom line, I had them *every weekend* during the school year, with some changes for holidays and during summer.)

Tess was very angry. Everyone loves to say how we were all teenagers once and this is the way it is. I would never have believed any of this as we did all the martial arts, baseball, and then softball tournaments together. I coached baseball for ten years because of Tess and Brock. I did coach softball a little, but I was not very good there.

I digress. Once the judge heard my story above about returning Tess to her mother, he did not charge me with any crime but did have me pay her lawyer. I have had to pay some excess of \$70,000 over the years of divorce for mediators, attorneys, court costs, etc. Such a waste! I was ready in the first month to share everything. I wanted nothing to do with a lengthy divorce. I like to negotiate. I like to barter. These are traits that go back to early human civilization as we became civilized.

Let's go back in time to a nicer time with Tess.

Tess's fifth birthday party was the biggest barter for the *For Your Kids* radio show ever. Tess had pony rides, a magician, balloons, caricature artists, cake, and pizza from the radio program. They all came on air before and after the party, and the party itself lasted about four hours. Not to mention it

was at a pool in the apartment complex where we lived. I invited everyone in the area. I could never repeat a party like that. There was such orchestration to it. I handled the whole thing. The timing was impeccable.

Post separation, I started a whole new Father's Day format. I can pretty much guarantee *no* one else does this. I know the kids' favorite mall was Palm Beach Gardens as there was always so much to do there. Build-a-Bear, Hollister, Sharper Image (now Brookstone) were the big hits of the time, but the then fifteen- and nine-year-old girls and seven-year-old boy—Kirsten, Tess, and Brock respectively—were each given \$50, and I wanted to see how and where they would spend it. Brock first started with Build-a-Bear, but as the years went by, it became Sharper Image or Brookstone for a long time, and for some of those purchases, he wanted to use some of his money to buy something for another family member. One year, he looked and decided to save it. Last year, he spent it at Teavana. He bought a tea infuser and some really great Passion Tango tea. Kirsten just did it one year, and I will explain more about her later. Tess did the same as Brock for a year or two and quickly jumped to what was the Limited and is now Justice clothing stores then to Hollister. The \$50 started to not be enough money for high-end clothing outlets. For one time only, there was a small supplement. I still do this with the smaller ones, but they get less money as they think all the dollar bills are great. Now on my birthday, I do the same sort of thing, but math is involved. It has *always* been my feeling math is king. If you can do math well at very high levels, the world is an easier place to work with. With Kirsten, we practiced math hard, and by kindergarten, she knew the multiplication table at an extremely high speed. So I would think of a math problem consistent with each child's age and ability; the final number or equation would be the amount they could spend on themselves on my birthday. All the same rules apply as per Father's Day. This is my one selfish act in my life. I enjoy watching all the different thoughts in a child's mind, not only how to figure out the mathematical problem but what then to do with the money. I think most would agree it is not selfish, but it is different.

There, you have the perfect reason to make a regular family guy senator of the United States. I am looking to see what the problem is, figure out the solution, and implement it in whatever way most appropriate. It must be done within the element of time that works for the people, not dragging it out. If it is dragged out again, find the problem and implement the solution. This is so not being done now at all. The more I talk to people every day about politics, the more I find out that everyone—and I mean *everyone*—is so tired of all the politicians. What kind of new wave can take place throughout this country when inotapolitician gets into office? That is my dot-com, inotapolitician.com or iamnotapolitician.com.

Many people have seen the movie *Dave* with Kevin Kline and Sigourney Weaver. There was a time when the acting, substitute president Dave wanted to get something done to make a specific project affordable within the budget. He went into the budget committee, cut the pork, and put the important project on the table for implementation. Can that be done in real life? I think it can, with the right people and less *pork bellies*.

Oh, the public restroom and children. Please remember, five girls and one boy and the men's room. Livia asked, "Daddy what is that on the wall?" as she was only three years old.

"It is a urinal," I told her.

"What is that for?" she asked.

I told her that it's where the man goes pee-pee.

"How do you pee sitting down on that?" she continued.

"Boys and men can pee standing up," I said.

"That sounds very messy," she said.

This is common through all parents' lives, as I have heard for many years "Daddy, look how big my poop is" from what seemed like a three-year-old. Or "Why does this bathroom smell so bad? Why is the bathroom so dirty? Doesn't anyone know how to pee without getting it all over the floor? Why do we have to wash our hands? What is the difference between the men's room and the ladies' room?" I had heard the answer "The ladies' room is always nicer, with extra places to sit down" from a father. That is public restroom humor.

Life is usually fun and funny, with some exceptions—death and divorce. The loss of my mother at her young age of seventy-three years to uterine cancer, which she battled for years, has truly left a hole in my heart. Unfortunately, she never really got to spend time with Chrissy (Chrissy Nathan—more about her coming up) or see her youngest grandchildren, which would have given her such pleasure as she did have a good time with the three older grandchildren whenever she could. I had a really wonderful Jewish mother and Jewish grandmother also. I made sure before my mom left that she knew she did a wonderful job raising me, and I would continue to make her proud and live up to her high standards. She did know that once I was in the United States Army Reserve, my political views changed very specifically at that time to Second Amendment rights. She did not always agree with it, but she respected the Constitution. The Constitution deserves the utmost respect of *all* Americans. It has truly taken a beating in the last number of years. Unfortunately, the beating has come from some elected officials or, should I say, politicians. More about the Constitution later.

*Divorce* as defined is the termination of a marital union. With my family, they saw me getting married in 1990, and my brother said, "You marry her, we will never really be able to have a relationship."

I told him, "I need to do the right thing. She is four months pregnant, and I can tell you I already love my first child." It was really all about number-one child, Kirsten, at that time. No one goes into marriage hoping for failure. The traditional course of marriage is to stay together forever, and that was what I truly wanted early on.

After Kirsten was born, we moved to different places and finally settled in Buffalo, New York, for four years, where I achieved my bachelor of science degree in physical therapy. During that time, the ex

had some problems I could not legally talk about, but she got over it enough to have two more healthy children. This marriage had so much strife it was really intense at times, as all marriages are at times. In the end, I would not and would never have hit her, but she so wanted me to, so she came up from behind me one bad day and hit her face into my head and said, "Here is one for the Gipper." A bump on my head and fat lip for her put us both in jail overnight as it was a "he said , she said" issue with the police. I got back to the house as fast as possible to try to ensure child custody only to find there had been a plan against me for some time. There were no children to be found, as her relatives flew from New York and got them prior to my release. Some hours later, a restraining order against me came. I had minutes to be out of my house with whatever I could put in my van. You know those shows that have you take anything you can put in a cart in two minutes from a store as a winner of a contest? Well, that was me loading my company-owned van while the police waited. And just like when you leave the grocery store and say, "Oh, I forgot to get that," that was what I said while pulling away from the house.

Like I have said, isn't everything about learning experiences? Being in jail overnight was a new experience. A friend who had picked me up from county holding asked, "How was jail?"

I said, "I played chess with a real big black man about twenty times. For some reason, he won eighteen of twenty games."

In all honesty, which is my life, he was a really good chess player. I have taught chess to all my children. I believe it to be an important game to know. I also got to see the whole Indianapolis 500—every single lap—and then I asked what it was about the winner getting milk dumped on him and him drinking some. That was different to me, as was the whole experience. But so was the whole marital relationship. People always say, "If I could go back in time, I would change something." I would not change anything. Everything happened as it was supposed to because if I did not have it so bad then, I would not know how great a life I have now. There were some going through rough patches, only related to my ex, but other than that, it was good. My eldest daughter has not been on speaking terms with me for some time now, but I think she will grow out of it. Again, something from the ex, as the two of them are very much aligned. I still do pay for *all* my children's insurance. That and Affordable Health Care Act coming soon.

It is the same continued idea that if I do not try to become a US senator, I will regret not trying. Believe me, I have some people with full support; some thinking, *Oh yeah, right, uh-huh, sure, good luck*; and some saying, "No way." You need money, millions, I've heard, and as I say, aren't we just done with the politicians? Well, even my son says that is the way the world works. Then I say, "Why?" He says because that is the way it is. Again I say, "Why?" feeling like a five-year-old asking why the sky is blue.

Throughout history, people have come along to make a difference in the world. Maybe I am one of those people who are supposed to make a difference; maybe it is my time to do something more for the planet.

A fax came in from Early Steps (the local state early intervention provider) asking me to see a child about eighteen months old who was still not able to roll, sit, pull to stand, or walk. The state had taken over the case because of the multiple neglect problems at home. He was in a day care that was probably one of the most deplorable I had ever seen. Not only was he kept in the car seat for too long, but the place was also so dirty I did not know which was worse. After doing a patient screen, which is just observing the potential patient, I decided I needed parental signatures to continue. I was told by DCF if I could not get the parent signatures, the state would sign. Apparently, this is a well-known Martin County case in which the home had one mother, two fathers, and nine children, most of them born to drug dependency in the beginning as the mother was a user throughout pregnancy, and it was usually unknown *who* the father was. Only the paternity test told the story of who the father was, but the living experience for all the children was . . . well, listen to this: I made an appointment to meet the parents, and it was nothing like the movies. As I walked up to the double-wide trailer, the door flew open and out ran a pit bull directly toward me. I held my ground. Animals do not scare me. They are taught to do what they do, but when you have no fear and even show aggression back to the animal, it usually surprises them. Most people run or tighten up with fear. Doing the unpredictable can change the thought pattern of any opponent. So as I stood my ground, ready to fight the animal, the mother of the house came out, cigarette in hand, and called the dog back. Another man came out with his cigarette as well, and I told them who I was, and they said to go in to speak with the father, who would be signing. I walked up two steps, turned right into the kitchen, and the biological father was doing the dishes. There were piles of dishes, as if a restaurant had not washed them for a week. Looking around, I noticed doors falling off cabinets and others had no doors. I looked at the floor, and there were cockroaches running everywhere, not just the occasional one or two, but the city hall of cockroaches in Martin County. As I noticed the floor, the other parents walked in with cigarettes lit, and I told them I was allergic to smoke. They put them out on the floor, possibly killing a roach or allowing them to have a nicotine habit—not sure there. As I turned 180 degrees, I saw children. So many of them, aged three years old to ten or twelve years old. The whole place was rattered-tattered filthy. Now I needed to keep my feet moving as any one of their *pets* might want to hitch a ride home with me, and that was not allowed. I tried to get background information about the child I will be seeing at the day care center, which was light-years cleaner, while I stood looking like I have to go to the bathroom, a.k.a, the pee-pee shuffle.

As I got close to the finale of the information gathering and signing of papers, one child came up to me and asked, “Would you like to pet my mouse?”

I oh-so graciously said, “No, thank you.”

As the child left, another one came. “Would you like to pet my rat?” Each child was holding the said animal in his hands.

Again, I said, “No, thank you.”

One more popped up from around the corner, and this child said, “Would you like to pet my snake,” and got the same response.

It was quite a good-sized snake. I guess it fed on the mice or rats when they got loose. Oh, and they got loose, as I did see rodent droppings as well. I finally got my signatures and left, never to return. As I said, all therapy was done for this poor, cute little boy at the day care center.



The story continued as, some months into treatment at the day care, Billy was a no-show one day. Now there was a court order in place to have Billy at the center daily, especially on therapy days. Apparently, there was a DCF sting in place to get all the children out of their horrible home and placed in a shelter then foster care. I was told that they were able to round up half of them. One of the fathers ran with the other three or four children. As I was usually in touch with the guardian ad litem (GAL), she told me it took a few days but the sheriff finally caught up with the father and got the children. She also told me that sometime back, there was a three-year-old living in the home. The sheriff's office received a call for an emergency to that place and found the three-year-old dead. No one knew why it happened, and the death was ruled as accidental, and *no one* in the house was charged with a crime. I knew nothing about it until the GAL told me this at this moment in time. My heart sunk into my chest as I could not believe the children were still left in that home. I guess it took some time and planning to get those children out. Some time passed, and then I started seeing Billy again at a home for abused children and then at a real preschool. He was doing really well, so he was discharged from physical therapy. When therapy was complete, some months later, I was asked to testify against the parents for the termination of their parental rights, as I was one of the few to witness their home environment. Parental rights were terminated some weeks later. The adoption process for all the children took time. The DCF felt it was best to keep Billy with his older brothers who had behavioral disorders, diagnosed as bipolar disorder, and have them adopted together only. Finally, only a short time ago were they all adopted. They were all in the government system for about five years. *Too long!* It's very hard to mentally come back from having no real parents. I will always wish Billy the best.

Remember Samantha, who was kicked out by her boyfriend as he cannot take having a disabled child anymore? Well, both children are with separate grandparents until she can find a place to live in.

There was another family I met because their almost two-year-old child walked on her knees. The family was out of their home as the parents lost their jobs and their home was foreclosed. They were living in a public-assistance hotel. A mother and father and three children living in a hotel room with all their belongings and a small dog. Wow! I felt so bad for this family and their undiagnosed child, Lily. The little girl was so cute. She was ready to try to use her legs to the best of her ability, so we worked and worked with her alongside her mother. Finally she had walked, though with a poor ambulation or poor gait, but she *walked!* I felt I could do more. I made it a mission to get them out of that hotel, trying to get it done by Christmas 2013. I asked Lily's mother if she would please find an affordable place, as the father had had a steady job for almost two months. I said I would try to raise money from my separate Elks lodges in my district. Well, one lodge, the Elks lodge in Fort Pierce, Florida, stepped up to the plate in the biggest way. They raised the first month's rent and security and more. Once Lily's mother secured a location, I drove up with the money to give it directly to the landlord. A few days later, the family was in. Lily was ambulating okay, not great, and was still undiagnosed.

Helping people is very satisfying. I am ready to do it on the bigger stage

My talents are such that I am not a politician. I do not lie or cheat, which includes bending my stance on an issue to get a vote. Let's talk cheating for a moment. My concept of cheating is one person getting something he was not supposed to from another person or business. When my marriage was over, I was not the one who went out with another party. She went out all the time with this guy I knew. I really did not care at that point. We were so done. The good part was I got a lot more time with the

children without her. If I knew she was going out that night, I would get home sooner. If she was staying home, I took my time coming back from work.

Does this happen now in many marriages, or is cheating of some kind going on? Beyond belief, yes. Why? Cheating, for the cheater, is like a game. They never grow up enough to be serious. And if a cheater cheats on one thing, there are usually more lies to crawl through. Now, Chrissy and I are not married. We always say to each other, jokingly, "You can see or do what you want with whomever. We are not married." That would never happen because of love first, and why, *why* ruin your whole life—*your whole life*—by having twenty-eight seconds of sex? How valuable is that twenty-eight seconds? I cannot understand the whole concept because it is so dumb. It also goes against all thoughts of logic. If you are a logical person, you know cheating *never* works. Do politicians cheat? If you are still reading this, you know the answer. They lie and cheat, telling you what you want to hear to get your vote. Are we done with that yet? I am.

Let's jump back to divorce. What is it with parenting coordination? What is parenting coordination? you might ask. Well, some comedic legislator somewhere felt it would be really funny if, once you are divorced, you would still need to meet with your ex-wife monthly to talk about the children with a mediator-type person. Generally, it is a psychologist who has specific court-ordered duties. This allows your ex to continue bad-mouthing you while you are divorced. The nonsense gets to continue. We have been through three coordinators. The first ran out of the state. I couldn't blame him really. The second began taking sides, and at no time was that side mine. So when I felt nothing was getting accomplished with the children in this venue and it became a "bash Bruce" session from the two of them, I would walk out after twenty or thirty minutes. There was no set time on how long to stay. It got ugly when the second guy started after Tess with all kinds of nasty accusations against her. We went back to court for the third parenting coordinator, who was a fair man. He stays neutral. Brock will be eighteen soon, and it will be over.

How many friends do you have? Real friends? How many do you really need? This is a different situation for every person on the planet. Some may say a childhood friend, a spouse, a relative, a parent or a grandparent, a child, a coworker, a dog, a cat, and many more ideas are their closest friend(s). I have few real friends, and I have heard that is normal. The person I am closest to is Christina Nathan. I met her in 2007, as separation from my ex was in May 2006, but we were separated way before that, just holding it together for the kids. Chrissy had been having some marital problems for quite some time, and she and her ex decided for a mutual divorce with minimal time and money. His loss was my gain. We fit together like a glove. She came into the relationship with a child, Kenna, fifteen months old at that time, and I have really been her father for the longest time, as her biological father remarried, had more children and got a job out of state. Fortunately two more children, Livia and Kya, came along. This came as no surprise really, But we are not married. Chrissy took my last name, at quite an expense, and it has been so worth it. A real true friend. I love her a lot. We talk about everything. One of the reasons we decided not to get married was debt carried over from previous marital debts. Another reason was statistically, second marriages have a 63 percent chance of divorce. Our little children think we are married, and that is fine, for now, but we never know what the future holds. As I am a beyond-belief-honest guy, sooner or later, they will know we are not married, but we do love each other and will be together as long as permitted by our lives.

All right, well, full disclosure continues. We live paycheck to paycheck with minimal savings, about \$100 and maybe \$500 in a simple IRA. Because of having so many children, we believe the time for them to live and have a good time is when they are young, so we spend money on martial arts, piano lessons, certain overpriced summer camps, and renting a home with a pool. The rental is \$2,550 per month. We are in a good zone for schools, but there is *Common Core State Standards Initiative* in this county. Real bad. I will jump into the whole Common Core idiocy on my website and on the campaign trail.. We spend between about \$1000 per month on electricity, cell phones and cable. Now the price of food is expensive beyond belief, with no end in sight due to price hikes, and we spend \$1,200 to \$1,400 per month. We believe organic food with no GMOs is probably better for the human body than all the dyes and additives.

Now get this: I pay \$26,000 per year for alimony and child support. How about that? And there's no end in sight for alimony unless I file for reduction, which will be very court costly. I would probably win that battle as the ex is an accountant with multiple licenses and is now probably earning a higher yearly salary. The thought of court is not appealing to me by any means.

Am I a common enough person yet? Just like you in some ways? Or just like a relative or a good friend? There were two psychological evaluations done on me and the family, so to speak, back in 2006 and 2007. Why two evaluations? Well, the other side did not believe the results of the first one, so it was done again. What happened the second time around? My section was almost identical as I believe in telling the truth, and the truth never varies in any story. The IQ portion of the test gave me superior intelligence two times. The other main person who took the test did not come up with quite that high, and I was the one who was always referred to during the marriage as the idiot, stupid, and other various adjectives with selected colorful nouns and verbs. Some words I have never heard of, again, like other common people in a type of marriage we hear about day after day. More jokes have been written about marriage than any other part of life. I just heard one the other day from a friend who was in a little marital tiff. He said, "We have a lot of hallway sex." She said "F— you" and flipped the bird at him as he said "F— you" and flipped the bird at her while they were passing in the hallway.

With six children, I am in charge of the tough love bureau of investigation. Kirsten and Tess always believe they are right, and I have tried to assert myself with thoughts, ideas, and compromise to try to make it work. Sometimes it has been okay, others a disaster. So as I stated, Kirsten is not talking to me at this time. One of our last arguments was about the Affordable Care Act. As she is becoming a doctor of osteopathy, she believes this act or law will help our country. I tried to tell her it is not only bad for our country but it is also bad for me as a medical professional and for her as a future medical professional. Patient care has already come down in this country as a valued commodity. It is becoming more and more the fast-food industry of patient care as medical professionals have to see so many patients daily as pay for each has gone down. Insurance now costs more. I was paying \$110 every two weeks and now pay \$176 every two weeks, a 37 percent jump in my personal cost. Also, there is a \$5,000 deductible and a \$30 co-pay. My company is Cigna, and there is a gatekeeper called Starmark. I have to say I am *very* thankful that we are healthy more often than not because I will never be able to meet the yearly deductible. Part of the argument Kirsten and I had were the thirty million uninsured people who would have no place to go if they would have had an emergency. I know that to be a personal untruth because as I did my internships in various hospitals throughout the Buffalo, New York, area in the mid-1990s, I saw indigent people come in and *not* get turned away to get treatment for

whatever the problem was. The big push to get the law passed is a big lie. There's not enough people in Washington to stand by the truth.

The reason I tell this specific story is twofold. I believe my opponents will try to bring me down with such statements as "He doesn't even have a good relationship with his own family. How can you expect Bruce Nathan, a person who does not work and play well with others, to work with committees or his fellow legislators in Washington? He will never get anything done. He does not know what he is doing!" That is my expected rant and more from others who want the same job. The second part is to explain how I am right in the mix with my family and my coworkers to know what is going on down here. Because I *am* down here!

The last part of my argument with my older daughter was about caring for the patient. I said we need to care about them. This is how we will know the problems, to find the solution. Sometimes it does not come from the patient, but the family can give more insights for the best plan of care. She disagreed and stated a medical professional is not supposed to care about the family. You are supposed to keep your distance, so to speak, to have an objective point of view, she said. Well, that is not generally the way I have done it through the years, and I think my patients really appreciated my involvement in their lives. Yes, it was always professional, but we hear a lot of personal stuff.

Dealing with all kinds of people has always been and always will be fun. Every different way people view life and the world is quite interesting, but there are some who have an agenda. In my near future, there will be an agenda to tear me down or tear me apart. Lies will be told like my being on trial with the attorney of the other side making things up to try to make her look good in front of the judge. Unfortunately, these days the media has an agenda. I do not care whom you listen to or watch. They want to get their own viewpoint across. I will not name them because there is no need, as this is one of the few things in the world today that is true; *all* media outlets have an agenda. So when you hear or see something being said about me, wait until I have addressed the statement and you will know the truth, coming from me. I am truly incapable of lying because when you will look at my face, it truly tells a thousand words. I cannot spin or not try to find the solution to the problem. As a practitioner, I need to know the problem to find the solution.

Again, with politicians, as with the media, there is an agenda. *All* of them! They are not always *for the people*.

In the world of the *For Your Kids* radio program, I addressed water issues from back in the early 2000s. At that time, it was children drinking soda over water. The breakdown of their bones with phosphoric acid in the soda versus the clean, wholesome health of plain water. I had many companies send me all kinds of bottled water, and I gave it away throughout the specific shows. Many people came on air to speak of nutrition and water. Being in Florida, invites more dehydration issues and going on the radio program to combat that problem as well. I will always watch the water issues as there is only so much drinkable water in our planet.

In my area of Martin County, Florida, and in the south, there is a problem with pollution of our river. The problem is caused primarily by Big Sugar. No one really knows all the background, except that there is money flowing in a nonenvironmental direction. *This has to change!* Information about who, why, where, what, when, and how all need to be answered. Only a higher-level public official can answer these questions.

There are so many examples like the river problem, like Common Core and the Race to the Top, which automatically signed up the states once they took that federal money for educational purposes. I have been seeing my county unfortunately *accepting* these Common Core tests. I have seen the workbooks for kindergarteners and third graders written by the same company who administers the tests. The questions have many answers, not one definitive answer. Why are we *really* doing the tests? Where does it all *really* come from? Who pays for each test? How much does each one cost? Where does all that money go? Why are the schools punished if there is not a 95 percent test completion rate? I can make speculations or an educated guess, but it will not be *well* educated without *all* the facts.

How about the food we eat? Is everything really labeled? Are there lobbyists keeping our government from truth in labeling? How many things do you see or read about daily that just do not make sense to you? Like I said, some things may be agenda driven, but what if you find it to be true and you say, "That is plain wrong"?

As a senator, I will report to the people, the people of Florida and the people of our country. So much so that on my website, brucenathan2016.com, I will give monthly statements on income and expenditures. This will happen not only throughout my campaign but also as I become senator; my accountability to the people will continue. On top of that, I just received my new permanent senator cell phone number. It is 772-208-0101. This will be my very reachable number not only throughout the campaign but also when I become senator. If you decide to elect me, I will not hide in an ivory tower in Washington, DC. I will not become part of the nobility class, as is the case now with other senators.

Back to full disclosure. Some years ago, I worked in Okeechobee, Florida. I was seeing a child for FECTS at a day care—wait, I mean a preschool. Everyone wants to call them preschools. Well, okay then. At this preschool, I was working with a three-year-old child in the back at a playground. On the other side of the fence was a very cute, very skinny approximately nine-month-old dog. He was up against the fence, wagging his tail, and appeared to love children. I asked the people at the preschool about the dog. They said it had been there for three days. They called animal control services sometime ago, but they never came. Once I was finished with physical therapy with the child, I drove around to the other road where the dog was and asked two or three neighbors about it. One told me to take it home. He said, "If you don't take the dog home, he will just get run over on the highway." Well, that is all it took. The dog, we named Brogan, was now our dog. He was washed and fed within the hour of being home. I bought a large crate and a leash, and everyone was happy with the dog—except the neighbors. The place we were living in at that time had an average general population age of seventy-five. Now, let me be clear; I work with people of all ages as a physical therapist, from one year old to one hundred years old! Most people I see have been through a rough time (hospitals, clinics, etc.), and they are nice, *but* this place must have imported the crankiest old people throughout the state of Florida. Here we are, a young family renting a townhome from a really great landlord. Livia and Kya were born while we lived there. They were born in a hospital. Imagine how much they would have freaked out having a baby in the townhome. It was probably bad enough that we conceived a baby there. This place was probably the headquarters of Viagra, Florida, a new suburb of Palm City. Anyway, the rules at this gated community were out of control. The garage door can only be opened a max of five minutes. That is how long it takes these people to pull their car, an old Buick, into the garage.

Now there was a dog run right next to our townhome, so that was where Brogan ran. Hold on! The dog run had a rule: dogs must be on a leash at all times. Okay now, it is a dog run. The word *run* did

not have *people run* on it. So now we have children playing and a dog running right next to our home. Our neighbor had a balcony that faced the dog run and decided to take pictures of the chaos going on—dog running, children playing, with the occasional laughter in the mix. That was just too much for this neighborhood. This balcony neighbor got all the pictures to file for a case. But that is *not* all. When I did walk the dog on a leash to let him do his business and brought the beautiful pickup bag with me, walking a couple of doors down, alternating between walking with and carrying Livia, I came across the fearless leader of the society of the cranky and the crooked. This man was an old senator who got caught with his hand in the cookie jar in the '70s and went to jail for some good, wholesome playtime with some convicts. He came out during our walk and said, “Do not walk around my house.”

I said, “I think this is common area for all who live here.”

He said, “Legally, it is, but I bought this place on the end of the building so as *not* to be disturbed.”

“Well,” I said, “is there a reason we cannot walk here?”

He said, “I like to walk around *naked*, and I do not put my shades down and do not close the curtains.”

Now, I had Livia, then about eighteen months old, in my arms. I was only a little shocked as this man was obviously not firing on all cylinders. After researching further, I found out he was actually caught having sex on the capitol steps in Washington. What a great, upstanding citizen—I mean public servant. Well, that conversation ended quickly, as I went home at a quicker pace, smirking the whole way, thinking, *Wow, we need to move.*

The community filed a petition against us as our lease was coming up and we could not renew. We were shown pictures of dogs, children, laughter, and an open garage but, thank the Lord, no pictures of a naked senator! We moved to another area, to a much bigger home, as the family grew. It was much closer to Tess’s and Brock’s mother’s home but with the same school bus line to make it easier for Tess and Brock. Young people were moving in to this neighborhood. It was only one block away from our original marital home that was foreclosed throughout the two-year divorce proceeding. I made the appropriate payments as per court mandate, but they never made it to the mortgage of the home. Hence, for the next three years I was killed with taxes, and my credit took a huge dive. I made a deal with the IRS through a tax settlement company and paid the settled amount. What a relief that was!

I still have outstanding student loans. They started at \$32,000 and went down to \$28,000 as I started paying it off, but then divorce, etc., happened. Now with fees, penalties, and interest, I owe \$72,000. Isn’t that incredible! I cannot even think about paying that off, but I am talking to them, them—Sallie Mae and Navient. There’s an organization that appears to be some government slush fund. What really goes on there? I know there are so many people in the same boat as me.

During the Florida hurricanes of 2004 and 2005, we had roof issues and received an SBA loan that also has not been paid back because they *will not* make reasonable payment arrangements. They want \$1,000 a month for twenty-three months. *Not* affordable. I have just now started to have better

credit. For a long time, my credit score was my age. Now it is around 630, which is considered *fair*. Like I said, full disclosure.

What about my six beautiful children? let's go down the list. Kirsten is twenty-four years old and is in school for osteopathic medicine. I hear she recently started her residency, is working hard and enjoys it. We have not spoken for a while, as previously stated, but I see time as a healer in this situation. There's some bad blood between us for now. Other than that, she was it. She was the *greatest* for the longest time. I do miss her.

Tess will be eighteen years old in less than two weeks from now. She has just graduated high school, and Indian River State College looks like next year's event, and then we will see. She has aspirations of being a pilotGreat industry with a real-time need for pilots. As most people know, in the seventeen-year-old teenage world, there are some hot and cold issues. Once Kirsten moved into her teenage years, it was Tess and Brock with everything. They did so many things together, and I coached many of the teams they were on. They are only twenty-two months apart. Brock just turned sixteen years old. Wow, he got big fast! I am about five feet, seven inches tall and 180 pounds. Brock is now five feet, eight inches or five feet, nine inches tall and 180 pounds. A very strong young man. His head is on exactly right with all advanced classes, and as a sophomore, he became vice-core commander in his school's ROTC program. His goal is to make it into the United States Air Force Academy. He wants to become a pilot and become an aeronautical engineer. He is such a *great* big brother!

Brock and I both had a bar mitzvah at the age of twelve and thirteen years old respectively. It was truly a proud moment for me as he went over the top when reading his Torah portion. Brock was a great help with much of the coordination for his bar mitzvah. I think this helps with real responsibility of future endeavors. We were both shopping for quality and price as there is always a limited supply of money. The whole thing from beginning to end worked out so well. With everything we do as regular people, we remember there *is a limited* supply of money. Does Washington remember that? Do they try to find discounts when spending taxpayers' money? We do not have to sacrifice quality. It can be *made in America* to increase jobs. Fair price for good product at a fair wage. Anything wrong with that?

Brock is so good to his three little sisters. Kenna is nine years old. She is our gluten-free girl as we have found it to give her problems, like *so many* other Americans. She is in third grade, going into fourth. Even though we opted out of the Florida State testing, she still managed to get the clearance to go to fourth grade. Isn't that amazing? All over the news, the schools threatened retention of third graders who don't test or don't pass. Well, the big scare tactic is past. The whole testing game needs to be investigated from start to finish. Who will do this? Not one politician has stepped forward and done what the people have requested. Why? There must be some powerfully corrupt large organization behind it. I *want* answers!

Back to the children. Livia is six years old and loves to read. She has a very creative mind and is wonderful with fashion. Kya comes up with the funniest little statements at the age of five years old. Today's statement was she thinks a lot of Livia when she is in school, as does Livia about Kya. They are only thirteen months apart. Each child throughout their lives has been able to pick out a dog or cat that was theirs. So we have dogs and cats in our home. The cats are indoors only, but they are *not* declawed. I cut their nails every three weeks or so. The dogs are Catahoula leopards, about fifty pounds each. Good watchdogs and good with the kids. My only problem here is I cannot convince any of the children how wonderful it is to pick up dog poop in the yard or the same great feeling of cleaning the litter box. That is

my *chore*. Well, I have a few others; the laundry department is 100 percent me. The large-capacity front loader was the greatest invention ever, second only possibly to my canister vacuum. I have pictures of me vacuuming my grandmother's home when I was three years old. So yes, I am domesticated, but I also build. I just remade an outdoor deck, and I never stop fixing around the house. This is what is *needed* in the House and Senate in Washington, for someone to get in there, clean it up, and fix it! Another politician can do that? Nope!

Direct facts about me personally: You should know the way I live. I always feel if I can get up in the morning and go to the bathroom, it is already a great day, as I have seen so many people/patients in my line of work who are not able to do that. I am five feet, seven inches tall or short, depends how you look at it. I weigh 180 pounds. I work out six or seven days a week. Three of those days are with my son, Brock, as we do krav maga together. It is a martial art form from Israel, and it means "contact combat." It is a kill-or-be-killed defensive technique. I took martial arts as a young man but never this intense. There are some really tough days. The sensei has been doing this for thirty-six years and is a true sixth-degree black belt. When I fight him, it is like fighting a rock. Brock has been working out with martial arts on and off since he was three years old. He is a brown belt now, and he will make it to black probably in about one year. Other workouts are at home, with multiple home exercise programs on DVDs, including yoga. I love the old pull-up bar. There's nothing better than the old-style push-pull workout. I release enough endorphins, and I am never really frustrated or upset. That takes too much energy. I do not drink alcohol, but I like my afternoon coffee or espresso from that coffee place that starts with an S. It is always a nice place with nice people. My diet is pretty much primal or paleo, which means no grains, low carbs, and high protein. I used to have acid reflux, until I started eating like this over two years ago—great choice. I feel great all the time. The occasional birthday cake, homemade banana cake, or a slice of Anna's exceptionally great pizza is consumed. This family watches the food we eat. No crappy stuff. Ingredients are important. All the big fast-food chains are starting to see the change in people and their preferences as they take out colors and artificial garbage.

More about me: my hair is thinning, as you will see in some pictures, and there may be some gray, as I was married, was divorced, and have teenagers. That equals some gray. My teeth are not perfectly white. There may be some yellow, as I do not believe in teeth bleaching or whitening. I do have dental cleanings twice per year though. Oh no, a candidate without perfect hair and teeth; what could become of us? My children are absolutely beautiful—no bias there. Our looks are very subjective; as some may say, "He or she is nice-looking," others can say, "No way." It is truly a vain world we have made it become, with the limelighters soaking it up, for now.

Looking way back, as an eighteen-year-old, I was not sure what I really wanted to be, but I knew college was important; so away I went to University of Arizona. I became enrolled there, but I wanted to work to earn money. I always wanted to work to earn money. From when I was eleven years old and starting with cutting lawns around my neighborhood in the summer and shoveling snow in the winter to working in McDonald's at fifteen years old for two years and in and out of various restaurants throughout my life. I made and delivered pizza in Buffalo, New York, and was a chef or cook, server, busboy, dishwasher, anything to earn money before and while in school. Aside from that, in the world of earning money, I have washed cars, worked at car dealership's service and parts department, repaired roofs and tarred, painted house, and sold many things door-to-door (windows, lobsters, etc.). I had my own personal training business for years in Port Chester, New York, and it covered all of Westchester County, New York. It was called Body Perfect. My motivation to go back to school for physical therapy



was my Body Perfect business. I wanted to be better at what I was doing, and the only way to do that was *education*. It keeps coming back to education no matter how you slice it. I only stayed with U of A for a year because I wanted to work at that time. In America today, there are so many sixteen- to twenty-year-olds who are lost in where to go and what to do. Just finding work for some is really tough, but it has to be the parent who will push to find work and earn money until they find a career of their own.

My taxes for 2014 are open to the public. As I have stated, I have nothing to hide. As you will see my gross income as \$114,000 after a year of work with two jobs, you may think, *Wow that is a lot of money*. But once you read through and see an alimony payment of \$23,000, which does not include child support as that is not tax deductible, and that I pay all medical insurances for five children and food, clothing, activities, etc., you will see that it is not a lot of money, as you well know. My gross adjusted income comes down to \$60,000 taxable when it is all said and done. I definitely pay my share.

I cannot tell you how much I love my children. Sometimes I just stare at the little ones, and I cannot believe how lucky I am to have such greatness in my own home. Sometimes Livia will throw a little fit, and it is so much fun to deal with her fit and make her laugh. I call it beating them up, and it always ends with so much laughter we are crying from laughing so hard. Fun times.

My run for the Senate will continue those fun times as I will never stress over it. You see, I can't lose, win or lose. Losing the race will put me back where I am now, which is a wonderful place. Winning will mean I get to help more people than ever before, to make a real difference. If I do win, I will be in office for six years or twelve years, if I am as effective as I know I will be. I will not retire past that. I will open my dream, a *children's ranch therapy center* for children who need PT, OT, and ST. It will be at no cost to them, as is FECTS, and we will provide transportation. There will be no government billing either. A 100 percent free service. I am not really ever planning on retiring as I do like to work.

Campaign financing is one the most confusing issues there are. . One thing I do know is, all these politicians raise campaign funds, and what happens to the leftovers? They say it goes back to the treasury, sure it does... Didn't you donate for the candidate to win and then do his job? Well, in my upcoming campaign, win or lose, the leftovers—the money, that is—will go to several charities. The charities I like are children's charities and veterans' charities: Florida Elks charities, Wounded Warrior Project, Shriners Hospital (Florida). These charities can help people as well as any local food bank that help decrease the number of hungry children.

Since deciding to run for the United States Senate, I have spoken with my father and brother. Both were shocked, to say the least. I left a message for my sister, as we have not really spoken since my mother passed. She can become angry and can hold grudges, and that is that story. We all know the story of family. Some we get along with, some not. I am sure that can be another campaign issue, but the truth is, we all don't agree with everything we all think and do. Different thoughts and opinions are what make America great. Our first lesson with that is family even before friends. Eventually, I believe, we all will come back together. Think how all Americans unified after 9/11. We were *all* like family for a short time. We *all* felt for the fallen, and we *all* wanted justice against the terrorists.

Just prior to 9/11, in July and August of 2001, I was seeing a nine-month-old child who was severely disabled. The family was from Saudi Arabia, and I could only see this child after 3:00 p.m.

because the family wanted to stay on Saudi time—3:00 p.m. was early morning for them. So I tried to adhere to their schedule. I referred them to an orthotist to get braces for the little guy for both his legs. All in all, they were a nice family. I thought it interesting that the father was learning to fly at the Vero Beach Airport, as they had a flight school. He had a computerized flight simulator in front of the television for him to practice on his flying. He was at the airport almost every day at school, as they told me. One day, just prior to 9/11, I went to see this patient, and there was a lot of trash in front of the house. I rang the doorbell—no answer. Hmm. I walked around the house, and it was pretty empty. I called the caseworker and asked if she knew what happened. She said she was not sure, but they did have a future appointment at Johns Hopkins in Washington for their son. I did not think much of it *until* 9/11. Flight training, Washington, Middle Eastern, suddenly moving out. Possibly, he was one of the terrorists. I called the FBI. I spoke with an agent a day or two later and gave them all the information and the address. They said they would investigate, but we all knew there were so many leads sent to the FBI at that time it was unknown what they would do. It was a frightening time for us all.

## Qualifications

A senator must be at least thirty years old, must have been a citizen of the United States for nine years, and must be an inhabitant of the state for which he will be elected. The requirements do not say you need to be an attorney, a millionaire, a judge, a politician, or have owned a business for six years. A senator should know—but is not required to—the articles of the Constitution and the amendments therewith. It is interesting that the ten sections of Article I of the US Constitution note in-depth the basic rules and regulations of the House and the Senate, including money concerns, taxes, commerce, bills to be made laws, and times and dates. Article 2 is about presidential power. Article 3 is about the Supreme Court and upholding the Constitution. Article 4 is for the relationship between each state and their power. Article 5 is how to ratify additional amendments. Article 6 is for all members of the House and the Senate and for the judges and states to uphold the Constitution as the supreme law of the land. Article 7 is nine states to ratify the constitution on September 17, 1787. Isn't that awesome? The twenty-seven amendments are what keep us all together, but we all interpret little parts of it differently; hence, the court system is so busy trying to figure out what piece fits in the puzzle of the Constitution. There are always opposing sides, and some walk away happy, some not; but really, they should all be happy, because living under the Constitution is better than anywhere else in the world.

## Constitution Story of the First Ten Amendments

As the story unfolded, on September 17, 1787, the move to establish freedom of religion, speech, and peaceable assembly, known as the First Amendment, began. The Second Amendment was close behind, known as the right to bear arms. As soldiers keep peace, they cannot enter your home without permission, and the Third Amendment is clear about that. But with the Fourth Amendment comes the need of a warrant; need I say more? When you plead, according to the Fifth Amendment, it is very silent, to say the least, and no double jeopardy is within this beast. The Sixth is the speed amendment in your local court, with a counsel to help in the defense. The Seventh Amendment goes on to say, in front of the jury, you must sue for over \$20 or there can be no squalor.

The Eighth Amendment states not to hurt the citizen through finance or violence. When the Ninth Amendment came, it was clear one must not deny rights of the people, and the Tenth said to keep the power with the states and the people therein. The power of the first ten amendments.

Did you know the Ninth Amendment was originally written to abolish slavery? But it was felt in the time of 1787 that the first ten amendments would not have been ratified, so the Ninth Amendment is what it is. What a shame. There could have been *less* instances of slavery. As a Jew, knowing the Holocaust and the evil of Hitler, I know we have a common ground. Black people and Jewish people have to say "Never again" to the horror show of really bad humans. Sometimes they hide as a wolf hides with the sheep. Let us all be really careful, please.

As powerful as the first ten amendments are, I feel we *all* can also relate to an excerpt of the Ten Commandments.

## The Ten Commandments

1. "I am the Lord your God who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."
2. "You shall not make for yourself a carved image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath."
3. "You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain."
4. "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."
5. "Honor your father and mother."
6. "You shall not murder."
7. "You shall not commit adultery."
8. "You shall not steal."
9. "You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor."
10. "You shall not covet your neighbor's house."

These commandments were given to us long ago, but they are continually broken, don't you know? Can we as human beings put aside race, religion, ethnicity, and *politics* and live under these ten very simple commandments? We can, but there must be a good example to lead the way. Please help me drive a new way as a United States senator. More people, less politics.

## Summary

- Bruce Nathan for United States Senate, Florida.
- Not a politician, independent, Jewish.
- Family man with a total of six children; pediatric physical therapist.
- Employed by Florida Elks Children's Therapy Services for fifteen years.
- Believes in border control, education, the Constitution, children, problem solving, levity (because everything should be fun and not that serious), zero nuclear weapons for Iran, elimination of ISIS, immigration reform, decrease of party politics, over-the-top honesty and communication, martial arts, proper nutrition, exercise. Did I say communication? America, people, no negative campaigning, no negative anything!
- Is very creative and has many new ideas.
- Trouble areas are his ex-wife and her attorney and her family, and related events are domestic violence (charge dismissed), spending one night in jail (learning experience), having his house foreclosed (credit killed), having debt from old marriage, having her eldest child not speaking with him. (All these will be continued with multiple lies as he runs for the Senate. All equates to good character as he is entering a dirty game. The people he is running against will do what they can to claim the power. Watch and see.)
- Have we mentioned he loves eggs?

Solve the problem!

Make a difference!

My entire platform is at my website, [brucenathan2016.com](http://brucenathan2016.com), or you know what? You can call or text me at 772-208-0101. I will be happy to answer any question you may have. I want to take you (the people) to Washington with me. Please help me help you. Vote for Bruce Nathan for the United States Senate!

Let's do this together!

[iamnotapolitician.com](http://iamnotapolitician.com)

[inotapolitician.com](http://inotapolitician.com)

[senatorwho.com](http://senatorwho.com)

## About the book

### *Senator Who?*

That is the beginning of what can be a bad word that starts with a *P*—politician, a word that has been broken, with no repair in sight. What does it take to become a senator in the United States of America? Most people will tell you it takes *a lot* of money. Why should it take so much money to become a public servant? The answer is easy to say but hard to digest. The person who runs for that office is looking for a lifetime income and health benefits and power. That is not what the office was intended for. It was intended to serve the needs of the people of the USA. “To protect and serve,” so it is said.

What if a person who is a real person, a *regular guy*, wants to become a US senator for all the right reasons—honesty, integrity, ethical character, morals, uncompromised feeling of empathy for *all* law-abiding citizens of this great country? The need to uphold the Constitution and all the amendments, not just a few or the convenient ones.

So can there be a senator that has walked in your shoes; has done what you’ve done; has been married, been divorced, and had five children; has been educated; has found a job and lost a job; has been yelled at by his spouse and then by his ex-spouse; has gotten a cat, two cats, a dog, two dogs, iguanas, frogs; has watched his children grow; has had some love him, some not; has tried to do right by as many people as possible, but not always (and the experiences continue)? Every day something new. Every day something fun.

Have you ever said or heard someone say, “I should write a book about my life” or “I can do that job better”? Do you smile and walk away, thinking, *They have no story bigger than mine and my wacky family*? Or have you ever thought about an invention, but someone else did it first? On and on go life’s events that might have made a difference in your or someone else’s life if you *acted* on it.

We do not all have a drive to get it done, get it done—did I say that twice? That’s because we all need to say it twice to ourselves before we get it done.

Well, here I am now, going to get *it* done.

What if a regular guy who has a great big family, who rents his home, who has no money to speak of in the bank, who loves his great big family, who is a medical professional that believes in proper nutrition, organic foods, and healthy mind, body, and soul and believes education in the highest order is a major contributing factor to help out America wants to become a United States senator?

Is it possible? Has it ever been tried? Who wants to try it? Well, *I* do!

Can we tear down the wall between the people and our government? “We the people,” the beginning of the Constitution of the United States states, “in order to form a more perfect union.” All by itself, that great big statement is no longer here. People do not get to run the government; it is the politicians that do. And the politicians are Democrats and Republicans and do *not* form a more perfect union. The government has become corrupt, with no end in sight. When does corruption stop? How do *we the people* stop it? A regular person with an eye for justice and domestic tranquility who wants to help provide a common defense, promote general welfare, and secure liberty for ourselves and our posterity (our children) is the man for the job. Well, here I am, ready to go!

## Biography

Here I am in a nutshell: I am *not* a politician; I am a physical therapist working in many different homes on many very different days. Really, it is *all* about my children, all six of them—one older and becoming an osteopathic physician and the rest younger, doing what they do with as much guidance as I can give. Education, with math, reading, and writing as mainstays, and staying as physically active as possible. The biggest part of wisdom I can give to my children is to try to help people as much as possible. Make yourself a positive role model in the community. Well, here I am, going up as much of the main stage as possible by trying to become a United States senator. What more can anyone do but try to make a difference in the world with less talk and more action? The politicians of today have lost their way. I would like to be the one to show them back to the people from where they once came. I am currently not married to my forever girlfriend and mother of my two youngest children, five and six years old. Read the book *Senator Who?* to learn more.