

THE FALL DESPERATION AND RECOVERY



David Clarke

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The sequel to, *Converted on LSD Trip* and *Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists*.

Published 2025

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ISBN 978-1-326-46252-9

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This book continues the account begun in *Converted on LSD Trip* and *Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists*, tracing the consequences of my secession from the Bierton Church, my efforts to seek godly fellowship, and the unfolding personal and spiritual trials that followed.

It was due to serious doctrinal and practical errors in the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church that I formally withdrew my membership in June 1984, although by default due to our strict rule of membership I remain a member. My reasons were not hasty, nor taken lightly, and were fully outlined in a publication entitled *The Bierton Crisis*, later republished as *Let Christian Men Be Men*, and circulated among those concerned.

At that time, I believed I was doing what was right—acting according to conscience and Scripture. I left with my spiritual eyes lifted heavenward, seeking that city “which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God” (Hebrews 11:10). My hope was to find guidance from the Lord and to be joined in membership with a Gospel church of like minded Christians.

However, one of the difficulties I faced in seeking membership with another church of the same faith and order was the necessity of explaining, openly and honestly, the reasons behind my secession from Bierton. This would have required a thorough examination of the church’s position and the charges I had laid out—serious matters that, given Bierton’s standing as a Gospel Standard cause, would also involve the Gospel Standard Committee.

I was especially grateful for the help of Pastor David Oldham, minister of the Evington and Stamford Strict Baptist Churches, who met with me in Leicester to discuss these matters. He had already read *The Bierton Crisis*, being one of the ministers I had been engaged to preach for. It was he who pointed me to Pastor Peter Hallihan of Snailbeach in Shropshire, believing he would better understand the situation in which I found myself.

Although I had left Bierton, I could not in good conscience join the Grace Baptist Church at Limes Avenue, Aylesbury. The divergence in doctrine and practice was, to me, too great. They subscribed to the 1966 Grace Baptist Confession of Faith, which affirmed Duty Faith and Duty Repentance, and held the Law of Moses to be the believer’s rule of life—doctrines I had explicitly opposed while at Bierton.

Furthermore, they had adopted the newly published New International Version of the Bible in 1984, rather than remaining with the Authorised (King James) Version, which I considered a serious departure. I also noted with concern that women no longer wore head coverings during public worship—a plain violation, I believed, of the teaching of 1 Corinthians 11:4–5.

I discussed these matters with their minister, Mr Gary Benfold, but the differences remained insurmountable. At that time, it would have been too great a compromise of conviction for me to remain among them. I now found myself spiritually isolated, in need of the Lord's help and direction. And more trials were to come.

Warnings and Closed Doors

During this period, I also had dealings with John Metcalfe of Pen, Buckinghamshire, minister to a group meeting at Tyler's Green Chapel. I had referred to him previously in *Converted on LSD Trip*, Chapter 28. My concern lay in his peculiar views on justification—particularly his denial of the imputed righteousness of Christ to the believer. He taught, rather, that justification was grounded in the faith of Christ alone, not His righteousness imputed.

I entered into correspondence with him, but my letters were returned unanswered. That door, as far as I was concerned, was closed. The controversy left me especially cautious regarding those I sought fellowship with—particularly when it came to doctrinal matters.

Meetings at Home and a Sign from Heaven

Following my departure from Bierton, we began holding meetings in our home. Friends gathered, and I would preach. These meetings became a source of strength and fellowship in a spiritually lonely time.

Notably, on 6th July 1984, Professor David Jenkins was appointed Bishop of Durham in the Church of England. He had publicly denied both the virgin birth and the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. I took the opportunity to preach a message on the virgin birth, which we recorded. I recall, with no small sense of irony, that just three days later York Minster—where Jenkins

had been installed—was struck by lightning. I took it as a sign: God answers by fire.

(See the video: Bishop of Durham Denies the Virgin Birth and Meetings in Our Bierton Home, 1984 — Colossians Chapter 1)

Correspondence and Providence

Seven months after my withdrawal from Bierton, in February 1985, I was contacted by the union representative from Luton College of Higher Education—the NATFHE Union—inviting me to join. This opened an extended correspondence on weighty matters such as predestination and God’s providential care of His elect. These letters are included in the Appendix and may be of interest to those following this narrative.

A Grievous Trial

It was shortly after this that a grievous event occurred: a close acquaintance of our family exposed my two young children, Isaac (aged 5) and Esther (aged 3), to indecent video footage—a shocking case of child abuse. Although we reported the matter to the police, they were unable to prosecute due to the law at the time, which did not permit statements from such young children to stand without corroborating evidence. It was another wave of trouble as it is written in Job

“And the Sabeans fell upon them, and took them away; yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee.” (Job 1:15)

A full account of this incident is given in Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists and also included in the Appendix to this volume. This painful ordeal brought my wife and me to the heartbreaking decision that we must leave our home. We sold the house and prepared to move to Shropshire, in the hope of joining the church at Snailbeach under Pastor Hallihan.

A Personal Fall and a Greater Grace

In this book, I also relate—sadly and to my shame—my fall into open sin, the ruin of my family life, and the sorrowful path that led to divorce. As it is written of King David, “But the thing that David had done displeased

the Lord” (2 Samuel 11:27). So it was in my case. I turned from the Lord in unbelief, and the consequences were grievous.

But by the mercy of God, I also recount my recovery through repentance and renewed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is my desire to testify of His goodness in the land of the living. This book also tells of the remarkable work of grace that began in my brother Michael Clarke—then serving a sixteen-year sentence in New Bilibid Prison in the Philippines. From the depths of failure and judgment, God was still at work.

To Him be all the glory.

David Clarke
Fareham, Hampshire

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CHAPTER 1: OUR MOVE TO SNAILBEACH

Lord's Hill Baptist Church

Around this time, I became aware of a minister named Peter Hallihand, who served as the pastor of a Baptist church in Shropshire. He was also a representative of the Trinitarian Bible Society. I first heard him preach at a meeting in Dunstable, and he came highly recommended by Mr Oldham of Leicester.

After hearing him for myself, we arranged a visit to Shropshire to share our spiritual position with him. It quickly became clear to me that, had the church where Mr Hallihand ministered been located in Bierton, I would have felt it right to join. However, his church was situated in Snailbeach, Shropshire, some distance away. Nevertheless, both my wife and I felt strongly persuaded that, should it be the Lord's will, we ought to relocate and I ought to seek new employment, in order to be part of that fellowship. I believed that if this was the Lord's direction, then I must take the necessary steps, and He would open the way before us.

The Chapel



Lordshill Chapel Snailbeach

We placed our home on the market for £97,500 but later reduced it to £92,000 in order to secure a sale. By the grace of God, we were able to purchase a three-bedroom bungalow in Snailbeach for £37,000 cash. We moved in January 1986, with the intention of joining the church at Lord's Hill. Our hearts were filled with hope, and we looked unto the Lord for guidance and strength.

Our House In Bierton



187 Aylesbury Road

Upon relocating our family to Snailbeach, I continued my role as a lecturer at Luton College. It was my intention to secure a lecturing position within one of the Shropshire colleges, closer to our new home, as the Lord might open the way. In the interim, during the working week, I lodged with the Royces in Luton, returning to Shropshire at weekends to be with my family.

This arrangement persisted for some eighteen months. This was not what I wanted and was hoping this situation could be resolved as I did not like being away from my home and family.

Our House in Snailbeach

Our House Wood Side



Our House In Snailbeach

Over the span of 18 months, I continued this arrangement—It was during this time that the chairman of the teachers' union approached me, encouraging me to join the National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education (NATFHE). I relate this in Appendix 1 of this book.

Second Bout of Depression

It was during this time a fresh wave of inner torment began, and I truly started to feel the weight of depression pressing upon me. Though we had relocated acting in a way we beleived as accorcing to Christian principles, I was never able to secure employment in Shropshire. I attended interviews at three different colleges, but none resulted in a job offer. I couldn't help but wonder what the Lord was doing in all this.

That same year, I missed out on what would have been my first promotion at Luton College. Management had assumed I was preparing to leave, so I was passed over. This only added to the sense of discouragement and sorrow that began to settle more heavily upon me.

In those days, I suffered intense anguish—overwhelming fears, relentless doubts, and a deep spiritual gloom. I began to see myself as a modern-day King Saul, the tragic figure of the Old Testament who, having once known God's favour, was later rejected. I feared that the Lord had withdrawn His presence from me. The thought took hold of me that all my experiences of God had been nothing more than works of the flesh—void of the Spirit. I imagined myself in the state of an apostate, one abandoned by grace, and the torment of that thought only compounded my grief.

I felt utterly alone—cut off, forsaken, and plunged into a spiritual darkness I could not shake. It was then that Steven Royce began calling me Mephibosheth—the lame son of Jonathan who lived in Lo-debar, a place of desolation and obscurity (2 Samuel 9:4). Looking back now, I must admit that it was a fitting picture of where I found myself both spiritually and emotionally.

At the time, I had no understanding of terms like manic depression or bipolar disorder. I had never encountered such concepts. But in later years, after being clinically diagnosed with manic depression, I came to realise that much of what I experienced during that period was part and parcel of that

condition. The darkness that enveloped me wasn't simply emotional—it was also physiological. But the spiritual agony was no less real for that.

My dear wife also sank into a deep and painful depression. She bore her own load of sorrow and distress. On several occasions, she phoned me at work in tears, utterly overwhelmed. Our son Isaac was being severely bullied at school, and she felt powerless to help him. She also sensed hostility from certain members within the church and didn't know how to respond or where to turn. Everything became too much for her to bear.

For 18 months, I continued my pattern of lodging with the Royce family during the week while working at Luton College, and returning home to Shropshire each weekend. I came to loathe the journey. Many a Monday morning, I would be forced to stop somewhere along the road to pray, crying out to God for strength just to keep going. The depression was so severe that I felt as though I were under divine rejection, like King Saul, who had started out well but ended in ruin. Again, the dreadful thought haunted me—I feared I was an apostate. And that only drove me deeper into despair.

I wanted to die.

It was only years later, after re-reading my correspondence with the NATFHE union, (See the Appendix 1) that I came to realise I had yet to truly learn, by experience, the very theology I had once only held in my head—the doctrine of God's sovereignty. What I had formerly believed intellectually, I was now beginning to understand through the crucible of lived experience.

CHAPTER 2: WE MOVE TO LUTON

I felt forsaken by God

During our time in Shropshire, I found myself reflecting deeply on all my previous contentions and the path I had taken. I began to question much and found no peace. I was far from happy—and, indeed, I felt as though I had been forsaken by God.

It was then I made the difficult decision to put my family first and return to Luton, where I still had employment. I knew in my heart I would one day give account to God for this decision, for I believed I was going against the very principle laid down in the Scriptures: “But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto

you” (Matthew 6:33). I had always believed that church membership and obedience to God’s call should come before all else—even family. But this time, I felt compelled to restore our family life and then, from there, seek the Lord’s guidance regarding church fellowship.

Back in Bierton, I had cherished the daily rhythms of spiritual leadership—reading the Scriptures and praying with my family before the children left for school. But now our lives were fragmented. I hated it. I longed to be present as a husband and father, and not living as we were—separated throughout the week.

Adding to the strain was the rapid rise in house prices in the South, while those in Shropshire—particularly in Snailbeach—remained largely static. For context, we had sold our house in Bierton, a beautiful four-bedroom detached chalet bungalow with double gates and a crescent driveway, for £92,000 in December 1985. It was almost mortgage-free, with just £24,000 left outstanding.

Our House In Bierton



187 Aylesbury Road

With the proceeds, we bought a three-bedroom detached bungalow in Snailbeach for £37,000—paid outright and mortgage-free. Yet when the time came to sell in 1988 and move back to Luton, we sold it for only £41,000. The value had increased by just £4,000. Meanwhile, we purchased a modest three-bedroom detached house in Graham Gardens, Luton, for £78,000—requiring a new mortgage of £42,000.

Our Luton Home



63 Graham Gardens

To add insult to injury, our old house in Bierton was now on the market for £199,000. Had we remained in Bierton, we would have owned a property worth nearly £200,000. Alternatively, had we moved directly from Bierton to Luton, we could have bought a house outright without needing a mortgage at all. Instead, we were now living in an inferior property, burdened with debt.

Both my wife and I found this difficult to accept. I felt as though we had been robbed—and that wound stayed with me for many years.

CHAPTER 3: GRADUALLY RECOVERY

Depression lifts

While in Luton, I gradually began to recover emotionally, but the matter of church affiliation remained unresolved. I did not feel ready to re-enter the Gospel Standard circle, having endured such painful experiences in Bierton. Yet neither could I in good conscience throw myself into a non-Calvinistic congregation, having witnessed first-hand the dangers of charismatic extremes in the Pentecostal Holiness Church.

And so, once again, we found ourselves spiritually unanchored—unchurched. Yet, in God's mercy, I began to feel the heavy cloud of depression lift. The simplest things in life brought joy once more, and I even found myself able

to smile.

Discipline at Luton College – A Unique Challenge

Throughout all of this, I continued to teach and enjoyed teaching at Luton College. But discipline was never my strong suit. Managing a class of twenty-four teenagers from a wide range of ethnic backgrounds was no small task. I found myself adopting my own unique—perhaps even manic—methods.

When I was training to teach at Wolverhampton Polytechnic, one lecturer delivered an entire session on classroom discipline using just one story. That was, believe it or not, our entire course on classroom management.

He recounted how, when faced with a difficult group of craft students, he decided to assert dominance right from the start. During a lesson on technical drawing, he instructed a student to fetch a large plank of wood from the building site. When the lad returned, he took the plank, raised it high, and with one mighty karate chop—snapped it clean in two! He then continued teaching as if nothing had happened, using the broken plank as a ruler on the chalkboard.

The class, stunned into silence, never gave him trouble again.

That story was amusing, and from it, we were meant to learn how to command authority. Taking this lesson to heart—albeit in my own eccentric way—I decided to find my own style of discipline. If nothing else, I thought, let's make it memorable.

One persistent issue was students eating and drinking in the classroom—strictly against college rules. Sweet wrappers and empty drink cans were constantly turning up. No matter how often they were told, they kept on. So, I adopted my own solution: if you can't beat them, join them.

I told the class that if I caught them eating, they'd have to share—with me. And I followed through. Word soon got around that Mr Clarke would confiscate your food—and eat it!

One day, I spotted two lads at the back of the room, whispering and chewing away under the desk. Sure enough, Chavda had a big, juicy Mars Bar. Caught red-handed, I took it from him—amid his protests—and helped myself to a

mouthful.

The class erupted in laughter. Too late, I realised why. They had laced the Mars Bar with white tablets—laxatives. The joke was on me. But from that point onward, discipline became easier.

Another time, Chavda—always the mischief-maker—was causing disruption again. I must have struck a nerve, for he suddenly threatened me, saying, “I’ll sort you out.”

At the time, I was about thirty, and inexperienced in handling confrontations like that. So, half seriously and half in jest, I challenged him to settle it properly—in the boxing ring. To my surprise, he agreed, and the whole class buzzed with excitement.

“Oh dear,” I thought. “What have I got myself into?”

Trying to defuse the situation, I said, “All right—go to the gym at lunch and ask if we can use the boxing ring for half an hour.” That bought us some time, and we got back to the lesson.

Sure enough, they went to the gym. Not long after, I received a phone call from the female gym lecturer, who asked what on earth was going on. I explained, and she said the students weren’t allowed to do such things. I seized the opportunity. “Good,” I said. “Please tell them that.”

They returned after break looking thoroughly disappointed. But Chavda never showed up again—not that day, and not the next. Rumour had it he’d found out I was a former welterweight boxing champion. Whether true or not, it served me well.

Muslims Want to Convert Me

During my time lecturing at Luton College of Higher Education, I taught classes that included many Muslims, along with students of other faiths. It wasn’t difficult to speak with them about God; in fact, they welcomed discussion. They were firm in their belief that God could not possibly have a Son, and they made this clear. Still, as we spoke together, mutual respect developed—especially as I visited some of their homes and met their parents.

Having gone through many trials myself, I believed it was my duty to speak to these young men about the Lord Jesus Christ and the purpose of His coming. I found we had much common ground when speaking of God's omnipotence, omnipresence, and omniscience. They began to believe I might soon convert to Islam.

I was invited to attend one of their Friday evening youth meetings, so I brought along a fellow believer—a missionary to Muslims—who had been looking for a way to connect with the Muslim community in Luton. The evening passed with civil conversation and polite listening.

Word soon spread that I was showing an interest in Islam, and it wasn't long before the student president of the Muslim association requested a meeting with me. In fact, some of the students, playfully I think, had begun calling me "God" and even phoned Chiltern Radio in January 1988 to say as much. (I later wrote a response to that incident.)

About ten Muslim students gathered together with their president to speak with me one lunch hour. I spoke to them as best I could, testifying of the Lord Jesus Christ and His saving work. As the conversation continued, I asked if I might pray for them—and with them.

This surprised them greatly. They said it had never happened before and explained that Muslims pray differently than Christians—kneeling on the floor in a set direction. I responded, "Then let us all kneel on the floor together."

One student, out of respect, removed his jacket and placed it on the ground for me to kneel on. As I knelt, so did they—all kneeling behind me. I led in prayer, giving thanks and asking my God and Father to open their eyes to the truth of the Gospel I had shared.

Afterwards, they told me nothing like that had ever occurred before—never had they knelt with a Christian in prayer. While I saw no immediate fruit from that meeting, they treated me with honour and remained curious.

I had met a man named Paul—a missionary with a heart for Muslims—connected to Spicer Street Independent Church in St Albans. I invited him to join me at one of their Friday religious classes, and he came gladly. We spoke to them about the Lord Jesus Christ. I even learned the Muslim greeting:

“As-salaamu alaykum” (Peace be upon you), and its reply: “Wa alaykum as-salaam” (And upon you be peace).

CHAPTER 4 ENTREPRENEURIAL ENTERPRISE

Coming Out of Depression

It was a great relief to be living close to work again. I had spent over 18 months away from my family—first in a shared bedroom at the Royce home, then sometimes even sleeping in my car. Now, I could return home for lunch and finish my working day at leisure. The change in rhythm helped my recovery. I became increasingly involved in my work and was feeling better in myself.

This was also the year of the Astra satellite launch, and I soon found myself preparing training courses for satellite television installation technicians. At the same time, however, we were facing challenges with Isaac at school. He was struggling, and we eventually had him assessed by an educational psychologist. He was diagnosed with Specific Learning Difficulties—what we know today as dyslexia.

At that time, Bedfordshire County Council denied the very existence of dyslexia and refused to acknowledge it officially. Eventually, we sought out Bevé Hornsby, a leading educational psychologist in London. Her assessment confirmed Isaac’s needs and helped us obtain appropriate support for him in school.

I, too, had always struggled with reading, writing, and spelling. I had no problem understanding complex ideas or solving problems—but expressing myself in writing was a constant battle. I often wondered how I ever made it through teacher training. I used to joke that they must have been short of applicants!

I still remember the Head of Technical Studies calling me into his office, concerned about the quality of my written work. He arranged for me to attend remedial classes, but they were utterly ineffective. The sessions were dull, and no one seemed to understand how to help me and nor did I see the need for such help,

It wasn’t until I became a Christian that I was compelled to learn—driven by a hunger to understand the Bible and the person and work of the Lord Jesus. That hunger taught me to read. It was through reading the Scriptures that I

learned words and meaning. This newfound motivation enabled me to write essays and eventually gain entrance to teacher training at Wolverhampton.

I later taught myself to type, and this combination—learning to read and type—became revolutionary. Although it caused some frustration at home, especially for my wife, it marked the beginning of a transformation.

The Apple Macintosh Revolution

Upon returning from Shropshire, I threw myself into my work and purchased an Apple Macintosh Plus. It had 1 MB of RAM (enough to run Word 4.0), a 45 MB hard disk, and a 24-pin dot matrix printer. Compared to the college PCs—clunky 8080-series machines that could barely manage one task—it was a dream.

Apple Machintosh Plus



1 MB RAM

To me, it was the best invention since the printing press.

I used the Mac to write letters, memos, technical documentation—all with ease and clarity. It became an indispensable tool in my efforts to build a training programme for satellite TV installation. It enabled me to communicate my ideas clearly, efficiently, and professionally. I am quite certain I am dyslexic, though I've never had an official statement. Years later, we discovered that my wife and both Esther and David were formally diagnosed with dyslexia and received the support they needed. David's difficulties mirrored my own

exactly.

When my wife later enrolled on a degree course, she received an educational grant due to her dyslexia and purchased an Apple Macintosh PowerBook 170—a portable machine I greatly admired. It allowed her to complete all her written assignments—something she would never have managed otherwise. Three years later, she graduated from Portsmouth University with an Upper Second Class Degree in Cultural Studies.

Apple MacPowerbook



Colour Display

Needless to say, I remain an Apple Mac fan to this day—not a PC man at all.

Entrepreneurial Venture: Satellite Television Training

Not long after, I found myself at odds with college management. I believed I had a good idea—one that could generate revenue and establish Luton College as a leader in a growing field.

The Astra satellite was about to launch, and Alan Sugar had announced plans to manufacture three million satellite receivers—all of which would need installation.

At a conference in London, I met Steve Holmes, a satellite technician. I shared my vision with him—an idea to start a training programme for satellite installation technicians at the college. I proposed that we collaborate with the Confederation of Aerial Industries (CAI), City & Guilds, and relevant

industry partners to create a certified training path.

When I shared this with my immediate superior, Derrick Curran, he didn't seem to grasp the potential. Undeterred, I arranged a meeting with Dr Wood, the Director of the College, during the summer break.

I laid out the proposal clearly, suggesting our Centre for Applied Technology and Innovation (CATI) at Putteridgebury was the ideal venue for such a scheme. I proposed fee-paying courses with proper qualifications. Dr Wood was impressed and told me he would direct Derrick Curran to accompany me to a forthcoming CAI meeting in London.

I had recorded the meeting on my portable cassette recorder, so I had proof of his support.

At the CAI meeting, Derrick arrived late, but the discussion went well. The CAI was interested in the collaboration. I invited them to visit CATI in Luton and explore the potential.

Back at college, Curran gave me the green light to proceed. I contacted several industry professionals, inviting them to CATI to view our technical facilities and discuss the vision. The idea was to form a working group of engineers and managers to shape future course content and begin training without delay.

The Satellite Television Venture



The Meeting on 7th September 1988

The big day finally arrived.

I had spent months laying the groundwork for what I believed would be a landmark collaboration between education and industry. The idea was to establish a proper training programme for satellite television installation—something desperately needed with the launch of the Astra satellite on the horizon.

A major meeting was arranged at Luton College of Higher Education. Many prominent individuals from across the satellite and broadcast industries attended. Among them were:

The following were in attendance at the meeting And many more.

CAI	Mr John Knight	CIA Executive
Sky Channel	Mike Aarons	Network Manager
City and Guilds	Mr Snell	Executive Representative
SAT TEL	Richard Stallworthy	Managing Director
Master Care	Jeff Belington	Commercial Director
Solara UK	John Breed,	Satellite Production Manager
Saturn Com	Andrew Demetrious	Managing Director
BSB	Bert Hurlock David Blackshaw David Ayres Keith Payne	Project Manager
Granada TV	Roy Ward	Technical Services Manager
SES ASTRA	Pam Taylor	Manager
Open University Premier	Prof. H Gower John Martin Mike Tonnes Ian Welders	Assistant Vice Chancellor
Amstrad	Alan Sugar	Managing Director
Grundig	Tom Carney	Managing Director
Racal	Bert Ferguson	Managing Director
Micro X	Chris Lack	Sales Director
Matthew Aerials	Steve Holmes	Director of Satellite Installations and LCHE Advisor

Prof. H. Gower, Assistant Vice Chancellor, Open University

Representatives from Premier, Amstrad, Grundig, Racal, Micro X, Matthew Aerials, Mega Sat, and MSC Industrial

Notably, Alan Sugar of Amstrad was invited—though he didn't attend. I half-expected him to arrive in a helicopter. I even considered inviting Arthur C. Clarke, though he was in Sri Lanka at the time!

Our Vice Principal, Dr Clarke (a namesake of mine), introduced me to the audience with the title "Director of Satellite Communications." It was an impressive-sounding title—and frankly, it suited me just fine.

The meeting went very well. I laid out the vision, the structure, and the enormous opportunity that satellite broadcasting presented—not just for the industry, but for the College itself. It was well received. I was full of optimism. But sadly, that is when the problems began.

Conflict with Management

After the meeting, a woman named Fiona Howorth was appointed to oversee the management of the venture. She worked within the College as manager of the Centre for Applied Technology and Innovation (CATI). I soon discovered she was unpredictable and often changed course without any reference to me. She repeatedly overrode arrangements I had carefully put in place.

This was particularly galling, as I had single-handedly got the project off the ground. I had secured industry interest, built contacts, arranged the meeting, and generated real momentum. Now, it seemed, College management wanted to take over what I had built, with little understanding of how it actually worked.

After several clashes with Fiona and others, the College decided to sideline me. They reduced my role to merely equipping the workshop and writing a textbook. I was told I was no longer to contact external organisations. They

intended to proceed without me—charging £100 per student for training, having been told the CAI could potentially bring in 2,000 trainees.

It was a repeat of what I had experienced in the church at Bierton—a woman placed over me, obstructing what had been my work. I resented it deeply.

I knew they hadn't the entrepreneurial insight or industrial rapport to make it work. Frustrated, I wrote to the Director of the College and declared that I had dismissed both Fiona Howorth and Derrick Curran (my Head of School), and that I would sort things out myself.

I reminded them I had worked tirelessly to secure thousands of pounds' worth of sponsored equipment and had the support of the industry. It seemed a shame to let all of that fail due to managerial incompetence. I was under the impression that I still had the Director's backing—and I believed that, once he knew what middle management were doing, heads would roll.

I even told them I had a tape recording of the original meeting with the Director in which he had explicitly given me approval to proceed. That recording confirmed that I had been authorised to carry out the very plans they were now trying to take from me.

A State of Mania

At the time, I was unusually energised. I had ideas flowing constantly. I spoke rapidly and endlessly, my mind racing. My senses were heightened—I noticed colours more vividly, music moved me deeply, and my appreciation of beauty, including that of women, was intense.

Looking back, I now recognise that this was a manic episode—a phase of mental illness I had not yet come to understand. But at the time, I simply thought I was inspired and energised by the excitement of the project.

Forced Resignation and Payout

The College management, however, began to see things differently. They no longer listened. It became clear that they no longer wanted me involved. They wanted my work—but not me.

Because I was not a member of NATFHE, the College found it awkward to

deal with me directly. They therefore asked Tom May, the Union Chairman, to act as an intermediary on their behalf. He informed me that he was acting in the interest of the Union and that it was also in the College's best interest to resolve the situation swiftly.

They offered me £6,000 in lieu of notice to leave my teaching post. I didn't want to go. I had no desire to abandon what I'd built. But I also recognised that, in the face of growing hostility and mismanagement, it might be wiser to accept the payout and leave—provided I received a good reference.

And so, I accepted.

The College Director later told me to destroy the tape recording of our original meeting—the one which proved I had his permission and blessing to initiate the satellite venture.

And just like that, it was over.

CHAPTER 5: MANIC DEPRESSION

Or Bipolar Disorder

During the very week I was suspended from work, I visited my doctor. I had been unable to sleep and was hyperactive—fueled by the immense drive I had poured into the satellite training venture. It was then that the possibility of bipolar mood disorder was first raised. The doctor suspected I was in a hypomanic state, and this was later confirmed by a psychiatrist at the Luton and Dunstable Hospital.

I was prescribed Haloperidol, a typical antipsychotic, and Priodel, which contains lithium—a standard treatment for mood stabilisation. My mind had been teeming with ideas for developing the training school, and I was utterly consumed with enthusiasm and energy.

Around the same time, I began to notice parallels in my brother Michael's behaviour. His swings of mood, grand ideas, and erratic conduct mirrored my own. I spoke to his wife—then separated from him—explaining my diagnosis. I suggested that Michael was also suffering from the same disorder, though untreated.

The effects of the medication took time. But when they did take hold, it was

all at once—and devastating.

I had been suspended, but I wasn't prepared to sit idle. Determined to carry on, I launched my own satellite installation training programme, advertising locally and teaching from my home in Graham Gardens, Luton. I had garnered over £30,000 worth of support and equipment from industry partners. However, my neighbour wasn't impressed—five satellite dishes in my garden prompted him to say it looked like a radio transmission station! We even had a small feature in the local paper.

Third Bout of Depression

Then, during one of these home training sessions, the medication struck. A wave of depression swept over me—sudden and crushing. It was the same dark force I had first experienced while standing on the garage roof at Mount Street in 1975.

This bout of depression would last three years.

I could barely leave the house. The inner torment was unrelenting. I struggled with the things of God—unable to find clarity or peace. I asked myself why the Lord had allowed this. Was it because I had thrown myself into work to the neglect of spiritual matters? I began to believe the problem wasn't medical at all, but rather spiritual—a punishment for overwork and failing to seek God.

I rejected the idea of bipolar disorder. I thought, “No, this isn't illness. This is the fruit of stress and spiritual failure.” But I was wrong.

Symptoms of Bipolar Disorder

What is now understood as manic behaviour often involves an outpouring of energy and what appear to be brilliant ideas. The person speaks rapidly, barely able to contain their thoughts. They feel unstoppable, waking early, overflowing with energy, and bouncing from task to task—rarely finishing any of them.

Sleep becomes elusive, yet they don't feel tired. Their strength increases. They may become irritable with anyone who can't keep up.

I recall one such time when I lost my temper at home. My wife was confronting me about something—I can't recall what—but I reacted badly. In an effort to silence her, I grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her against the wall. When she slid down, struggling to breathe, I realised what I had done. I stopped immediately—but the shame of that moment haunted me.

In manic states, the person often interrupts others, unwilling to wait for their point to be made. They argue passionately, convinced they are right. They are impatient, boastful, often lacking self-awareness. The senses are heightened—sight, sound, smell, taste, even spiritual sensitivity. There's often a rise in libido, an artistic burst, a desire to sing, dance, and speak. It's a euphoria that feels like standing on top of the world.

In my own case, I experienced all of this—alongside a deep, abiding sense that I knew God, that Jesus Christ was my Saviour, and that all things, even the darkest, would work together for good (Romans 8:28).

But the lows... ah, the lows. That's when most sufferers seek help. In my case, I believed I had been forsaken by God, that I was a castaway—cut off due to past sins or negligence. Those thoughts were unbearable. It was like being thrown into a pit, hundreds of feet deep, with no rope and no way out.

I was not alone in these feelings. William Cowper, the great 18th-century hymn writer—author of “God Moves in a Mysterious Way” and “There is a Fountain Filled with Blood”—was also a sufferer of manic depression. His hymns often carried the weight of despair and hope together. I understood them intimately.

In time, I learned that many well-known figures struggled with bipolar disorder, including:

Frank Brun, Russell Brand, Kurt Cobain, Stephen Fry, Spike Milligan

Paul Gascoigne, Florence Nightingale, Vincent Van Gogh, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Ruby Wax,

And others...

I share this in the hope that others may find comfort and insight, especially if they or someone they love suffers from the same condition.

I Work at Fareham College

In 1988, I applied for a teaching position at Fareham College and was offered the post. I took it up in September that year, convinced it was the Lord's doing and a provision in answer to prayer.

At the time, the Principal was Mr John MacNab, with Derek Feber as Vice Principal and Pam Robertson serving as the Bursar. I later discovered that Derek Feber was a fellow believer in Christ and involved with the Christian Union at the College.

Fareham College



College Of Further Education

The interview process was conducted with fairness, and I felt the College upheld its ethos as an “Open Opportunities” institution. My past at Luton College was either seen favourably, discreetly ignored, or perhaps left unspoken. Mike Pease, the Head of Division, and Geoff Whitefield, a Principal Lecturer, appointed me based on the merit of my presentation, rather than my history.

However, my past was not entirely forgotten. A note was placed in my personnel file regarding my previous time in Borstal and a youthful conviction for possessing a firearm without a licence, an offence I had committed at 18 years old.

Despite this, I was deeply thankful to have secured the job. Yet, this also meant another upheaval. Selling our house proved difficult, so I moved

alone into lodgings in Fareham—another ‘Snailbeach’ experience, as I called it—lodging during the week and travelling home on weekends. I longed to be a father to my children and to dwell in my own home. This arrangement dragged on for eighteen months until we finally sold the house at Graham Gardens.

During this period, I was under a cloud of depression, though kept somewhat stable by Lithium (Priadel). In hindsight, I now recognise that I was also experiencing the accompanying symptoms of Bipolar Disorder.

A Dangerous Glance

Before I took up my new role at Fareham, we had gone for a walk along Dunstable Downs. There, by the wayside, I stumbled across an erotic magazine. My usual response in the past would have been to avert my eyes, but on this occasion, I yielded to the temptation and looked.

The impact of those images lingered. I could not shake them. They remained etched in my imagination for a long time. This lapse, small though it seemed at the time, would later prove to be the seed of greater downfall.

My Wife Returns to Study

Around this time, my wife had decided to return to full-time education. She accepted a place on a degree course in Cultural Studies at Portsmouth University. She had earlier taken an Access Course at Barnfield College in Luton while I was already teaching at Fareham.

It took a full eighteen months to sell our house in Luton, and throughout that period, our family life remained fractured. I felt lonely, weighed down by depression, even while medicated.

Eventually, the house sold just in time for my wife’s first term at university. We moved into rented accommodation at 8 Queens Grove, Southsea. The children enrolled at St Jude’s Junior School in Old Portsmouth.

Queens Grove, Southsea



Our Temporary Home

Caption: David and family settle in Southsea while juggling work, study and spiritual crisis.

My Doubts About God

During this time, my heart began to close itself off to the Word of God. Temptation crept in, and I gave it room. Though we were attending St Jude's Church in Southsea, I felt as though I were like Mephibosheth—crippled and living in Lo-debar, a place of barrenness, driven from my rightful inheritance in the kingdom of God.

I entertained sinful thoughts, then allowed them to turn into actions. Though I could not deny that I had truly believed in God—having seen many deliverances and providences—the devil whispered doubts into my mind:

“How do you know it was God and not merely your interpretation of events? You believed, and your life was changed—but others believe many things that are untrue. Perhaps your faith was just another illusion.”

Dear reader, this is the lie of Satan. Do not accept it.

Let me say this plainly: as Peter and his companions were astonished at the draught of fishes when they obeyed the command of Jesus, I too believe that

this account I write is under His instruction. And we shall be astonished at the harvest brought forth by this testimony of God's mercy and faithfulness to me.

Although I wandered far, I still remember the word the Lord Jesus spoke to me on the night of my salvation, the 16th of January, 1970: "David, I will never leave you."

Titchfield



Evangelical Church

We later began attending Titchfield Evangelical Church, but I felt like the impotent man lying by the pool of Bethesda. I longed to be made whole but had no man to help me into the water. I took the family to church, more out of habit than faith, and my spiritual life had become dry and empty.

CHAPTER 6: MOVING TO FAREHAM

I Turn From God

After moving to Fareham, a significant shift began to take place in my thinking—though at the time, I did not perceive it as dangerous. My wife had started her degree in Cultural Studies at Portsmouth University, and she would often share with me what she was learning. The discussions revolved around sociology, psychology, and philosophy, and the general presupposition throughout was this: God does not exist.

This worldview was the flavour of the age—Postmodernism. I was introduced to names such as Kant, Hegel, and Kierkegaard, and to concepts like existentialism. The underlying theme was clear: there are no absolutes—no

objective truth, no fixed morality, no God. Right and wrong, they claimed, were constructs—changeable and dependent on society.

To my shame, I found this perspective appealing. It suited me. It offered an escape from divine accountability. In that temptation, I did not behave like Job, who “sinned not, nor charged God foolishly” (Job 1:22). Instead, I sinned, and I turned from the Word of God. This was my folly.

A Visit to Soho, London

Around this time, I travelled to London to attend the Macintosh Computer Exhibition. On the way back, I made a foolish decision to revisit Soho—drawn by a memory from when I had been a lad of thirteen or fourteen.

I remembered, as a boy, being lured by the promise of a strip show. Back then, I’d paid a small entry fee—around £2—and sat at a table, naively waiting for the performance. The venue was empty apart from a young waitress, who approached me and offered a drink. I agreed, only to be presented with a bill for £20—a classic Soho scam. When I challenged it, another woman appeared and warned me that if I didn’t pay, they would contact my wife and inform her of where I was.

That threat didn’t trouble me—I wasn’t even married at the time—but the whole episode was unpleasant. I sat for a while and then simply got up and walked out. It was a small reminder of how easily one can fall into compromise and corruption when walking in the wrong places.

My Wife’s Doubts and My Own Hardening

My wife, too, began to entertain doubts about God. She questioned many of the truths she had once held dear. We were both drawn into conversations, ideas, and activities that were not of God.

But I must be honest: the fault lay not only in philosophy or academia—it lay in my own sinful heart. I wanted to be free from God’s rule. I longed for independence, to do as I pleased. And so, when I heard the arguments of the so-called learned men of the age, I reasoned, “If this is what the educated believe, then I shall be a student of this new era and live accordingly.” And live accordingly, I did.

Now I abhor it. It wasn't enlightenment—it was deception.

I adopted their views. I argued for the non-existence of God, and I revelled in my so-called freedom. I concluded that if God did not exist, there were no absolutes. All morality was relative. I would decide what was right or wrong—for me. In essence, I made myself my own god.

I now believe the Lord gave me over to my own sinful desires. As Romans 1:24 says, "Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts." I was left to myself. And I fell into sin—into unclean speech, immoral behaviour, and shameful thoughts and deeds.

I shudder now to speak of the things I did. Those who knew me at that time will know. I was wrong. I was out of order. I had gone off the rails.

Looking back, I can see clearly that I was also displaying the familiar symptoms of bipolar disorder—the highs, the rationalisations, the risky behaviours. But that does not excuse the sin.

I turned from the God who had once delivered me, blessed me, and spoken to me. I forsook His Word. And I fell.

CHAPTER 7: THE ROAD DIVIDES

Michael Goes His Own Way

This chapter recounts the diverging paths my brother Michael and I took—his leading eventually to imprisonment in the Philippines, serving a 16-year sentence.

As mentioned earlier, following the Bierton church meeting on 5th June 1983, Michael did not take seriously the message I delivered to the congregation. He continued living on his own terms, apparently unaffected by the things of God.

He soon began to prosper in business, setting up his own companies—Tudor Charm Products and Penny Wise. On the surface, things looked promising. But life has a way of humbling us. Michael faced significant difficulties: depression, divorce, and financial ruin. These trials prompted him to search for new ventures, a fresh start—something to recover what he had lost.

Paradise Movies – The Thailand Venture

Michael in Thailand



Paradise Movies



Michael in his Room

Around 1991 or 1992, Michael launched a new business venture in Thailand, calling it Paradise Movies. He flew out to set up film production, dragging our poor mum and dad into the affair, leaving them in Eastbourne to handle his finances while he was overseas.

Even more troubling, he took his 10-year-old daughter Jessica with him for the summer—but then failed to return her to the UK as agreed. Her mother was understandably distressed. Michael justified his actions by saying he wanted to get back at his ex-wife for the pain she had caused him.

But his business in Thailand fell apart. Equipment was stolen, money dried up, and the whole operation collapsed. We never fully knew what he got himself into during his time there.

Eventually, even Mum had enough. She had been constantly bailing him out with money and favours. One day she rang me and said, “I’ve had it with him, David—he’s making me ill.”

Some of what Michael had got involved in came to light through an article in the News of the World—although Michael later told me it was entirely fabricated.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD ARTICLE – 19 January 1992

Michael in Bangkok



Sailors Beware



Michael a Policeman

It was during this time that an article appeared in the News of the World,

The article, written by Mark Christy, painted a lurid picture:

“Sailors beware!” it began. “A new nautical menace has appeared on the horizon.”

The paper alleged that Michael had set up a scam, posing as a film producer offering jobs on a sailing epic called Invasion of Thailand.

He was accused of placing an advert in Yachting Monthly, offering free return flights, £40 a day, and adventure—all for a £55 insurance fee.

The paper claimed there was no film, no return calls, and no refunds. Michael, operating under the name Peter Timberlake, was allegedly based in the so-called “Paradise Suite” in Pattaya—but in reality, according to the article, his “office” was a bar stool in a girlie bar.

A photo of Michael appeared with the caption: “Michael – half cut above the rest.”

The article described him as slurring his words, working as a tout for £2 a night, and unable even to afford a beer. They said Thai police and immigration officials were now looking into the matter.

One man, Fred Howell, an architect from Dorset, claimed to have sent the money after verifying the address in Thailand. Another, Alan Stevens,

smelled a rat and didn't go through with it.

Yachting Monthly had received numerous complaints, though the paper said no one was available to comment.

Michael insisted to me later that the entire story was a pack of lies.

Michael Writes Home

Soon after the article appeared, Michael wrote home. He was in trouble, and once again, he reached out to Mum and Dad for help.

Michael's Letter from Thailand – A Cry for Help

10th June 1992 – Punnee Bar, Kanchanaburi, Thailand

Michael's letter home was a desperate plea, penned from a place of deep distress—spiritually, mentally, and physically.

“Dear Mum and Dad,” he began. “How are you both? Keeping well, I hope.”

He went on to describe his situation—he had lost everything. £700 in cash, his passport, and his belongings had sunk to the bottom of a lake during a storm while he was living on a raft house. His visa had expired, and he faced a fine of hundreds of pounds. He was living with a Thai family, helping them repair rundown bamboo raft houses in exchange for food and shelter—but no wages.

He wrote:

“I know that over the past few years I have been stupid. I've lost every penny—even my daughter—and my credibility. Even when I had money, I wasn't happy.”

He confessed that he was not well, not young, and worst of all—he had no spirit to live. He expressed deep depression, even despair at life itself. He begged for help but added, “Please, don't give me a lecture. I know how irresponsible I've been.”

Michael wrote of fear—real fear—of ending up in a Thai prison, where he'd be held until the fine was paid or worked off at £2 per day. He had even

written to the Embassy, asking what would happen if he gave himself up.

This was a turning point.

Mum's Hope – “Turning Point”

Our mother, despite her despair over Michael's years of irresponsibility, still held out hope. On one of Michael's subsequent letters—dated 10th July 1992—she wrote in pencil at the top: “Turning Point.”

In this second letter, Michael described visiting the British Embassy in Bangkok, only to be told again that no financial aid could be offered. He had overstayed his visa since February. He needed £350 for the overstay fine, and at least £300 for a flight home. Without that, he would be imprisoned—and held indefinitely until deportation costs were met.

He was living on a boat, sleeping on deck, storing his clothes in a toilet, and relying on handouts for food. He ended that letter with a desperate line:

“Please, please help me... I've written to everyone I know—no joy. All my love, Michael xxx.”

Michael Returns to England

Eventually, Mum—despite everything—sent the money to get Michael home. When he returned to the UK, he came to stay with me for a short while.

He was broken, but he was not without ideas.

Michael's Next Venture – Travel Agency and the Philippines

Back in England, Michael began developing his next idea—a travel agency. He had previously met Sir Freddie Laker, and he was inspired to set up a business called Paradise Express.

In February 1995, he shared with me his latest plan—to establish a travel company targeting single men looking for “holidays” in the Philippines. What he didn't make explicit at first—but what quickly became apparent—was that the travel arrangements were centred around access to G.R.O.s

(Guest Relations Officers). These were women employed by bars and nightclubs, often in the sex industry.

It was a dark turn. Michael had survived one collapse, only to set himself on a course that would lead eventually to something far more serious.

CHAPTER 8: A DRAMATIC CHANGE IN MY LIFE

Searching For Something

It was during the time Michael was still in Thailand that I came to realise I wanted more in life—I was searching for something, something I wasn't finding within my marriage, despite having a wife, four children, a good job, and a nice house. I had emerged from a severe bout of depression, a manic low, and now I felt as though I was climbing—emotionally—into a high. But spiritually, I was on dangerous ground.

My wife had begun her university studies in Cultural Studies at Portsmouth. I felt she began to look down on me—a simple engineer, not an art student or academic. She seemed to hold in higher regard the philosophies and ideologies she was learning—postmodernism, relativism, and the denial of absolutes. I absorbed some of these ideas too, and with them, my denial of God grew stronger. It became easier to justify certain thoughts, certain longings, including the idea of an open marriage.

Meeting Silver Girl

For the sake of anonymity, I'll refer to the woman I fell in love with as "Silver Girl"—though depending on my mood, I've also called her "Nurse Ratchet" (after the psychiatric nurse in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). Silver Girl was, in fact, a psychiatric nurse—and I fell in love with her.

The name Silver Girl comes from the Simon and Garfunkel song *Bridge Over Troubled Water*. The reference is ambiguous, but in the song, Silver Girl represents something longed for—an ideal, perhaps an addiction. And that's what this relationship became to me—an emotional and moral addiction.

We first met one Sunday morning in 1992, in the car park behind the doctor's surgery, as my family and I were attending Titchfield Evangelical Church. She was blonde, had four children with her, and was heading to the same service. We quickly discovered that she only had two of the children—she

was separated from her husband—and my wife and I befriended her. She became my wife's close friend.

I had just come out of depression, and I began to feel a sense of euphoria. I felt cheerful, engaged. I even became interested in my wife's university work. We started meeting new people—like Dr Geoff Parsons, a psychologist and Mac user who specialised in sexual therapy, and Richard Block, one of the founders of B&Q, who was into health foods and alternative living. My wife took a liking to him, but he didn't reciprocate.

Meanwhile, I began to fall in love with Silver Girl.

Making Music for Silver Girl

Around this time, memories of old songs began to surface—The Everly Brothers, Billy Fury, and so on. The emotional pull was strong. I asked one of my students, Jim Berry, who was a keyboard player and had once played with The Yardbirds, to create a backing track for Billy Fury's Halfway to Paradise.

This was before karaoke was commonplace, and I prepared the track to perform at Silver Girl's party, singing directly to her. My feelings were deepening, and I could no longer deny that I was falling in love.

Justifying Sin

Despite knowing it was wrong, I silenced my conscience. Influenced by the cultural relativism I had absorbed, I convinced myself that no one could tell me this was wrong. I denied the truth of God in order to pursue what I wanted.

Michael Returns from Thailand

It was around June 1993 that Michael returned from Thailand. He looked unwell and, in hindsight, was clearly suffering from depression, though he never said so.

He had no home, no money, and so he came to stay with us in Fareham. He lived in a caravan in our front garden until he was able to find his footing. He met Silver Girl and observed the developing relationship, but he never said a word about it. Eventually, he moved back to our parents' house in

Eastbourne, where he began earning a living by buying and selling cars.
Isaac and the BMX Bike Frame

By this time, I was in a highly elevated mood, and one day my son Isaac came home from school deeply upset. He'd been cheated by a lad up on Highlands Road—offered a BMX bike frame for £13, but the boy took the money and didn't hand over the frame. Later, we discovered the money had been used to buy drugs—a small amount of hash.

I was furious.

Still wearing my overalls, I said to Isaac, "Come on, we're going to find him." We got on my motorbike—Isaac on the back—and rode through the Highlands estate, asking where the lad lived.

When we found the house, I knocked on the door. The boy—perhaps sixteen—opened it. Isaac confirmed it was him. Without waiting, I walked into the house and demanded, "WHERE IS IT?" He said he had neither the bike frame nor the money. I then said, "Go and get me something worth money."

He went upstairs and returned with a cheap stereo. I examined it and said, "Not good enough—get a better one." He brought down another, slightly better one, and I told him he could collect it when he repaid Isaac's £13.

Then we left.

Isaac and the Burnt-Out Bike

The following day, after returning home from work, I learned that our neighbour's motorbike had been set alight. It soon became clear this was retaliation for my actions the day before—taking the stereo system as payment for the £13 that had been swindled from Isaac.

Isaac on his BMX Bike



Isaac flat Land

At first, I was thankful the neighbour's bike was insured. But then word got around that they had torched the wrong bike—and the next day, my own motorbike was stolen and found burnt out in a park near Appleton Road. I thought, “Never mind, I’m insured too.” But to my dismay, I found that the insurance policy had a £150 excess. The bike had only cost me that amount to begin with, so I was left out of pocket, and the lads from Highlands Road had the last laugh.

Leaving My Wife and Children

Thinking only of myself—I cannot blame anyone else—I left my wife after she discovered my relationship with Silver Girl. I took what I needed from the house, including our caravan, and moved into the camping ground at Abshott Country Club.

I had hoped things would settle down, that we’d be able to carry on without much difficulty. But it didn’t work out that way. Guilt weighed heavily on me, spoiling every moment with Silver Girl. My conscience would not be silenced.

Though my wife had once entertained the idea of another partner—her

education had opened her mind to modern philosophies that questioned everything—we were now on different paths. I had come to the point where I wanted to marry Silver Girl, to start afresh. But even as I pushed on, I reasoned wrongly: “There’s no God. No judgment. I’m free to do as I please.”

But the Word of God cut through: “But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord.” (2 Samuel 11:27). These words echoed in my mind. Like King David who sinned with Bathsheba, I too had committed a grievous sin and sought to cover it with my own reasoning.

The Misery That Followed

Though I had left my wife and begun a relationship with the woman I thought would make me happy, misery and insecurity soon followed. Silver Girl began to see that the situation was not what she hoped. We were both restless and unhappy.

I became deeply depressed again, alone in my caravan, without peace, without direction. My soul cried out—not to a God I still believed in, but to someone, something, that could save me from this awful state.

I remembered the Scriptures. I remembered the words of Jesus. But I also remembered the truth I could not escape: “If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.” (Psalm 66:18). I knew that as long as I held on to my sin, I could not pray to God. My prayers would fall to the ground.

Still, I desperately needed help.

Turning Back Like a Prodigal Son

I began to reason, perhaps I should return to my wife and I shared my thoughts with Silver Girl and told her that we must end our relationship, for it was not right in the sight of God. I told her that I felt it right to return to my wife and family.

My Wife to Be



Silver Girl

About that time, I met a friend from Lock Heath Free Church. He arranged to visit me and talk things through. He and his wife had both been through divorce themselves, and they understood the anguish, the confusion, the loss. They helped me more than words can say, encouraging me to turn back to God.

If it had not been for the mercy of God, I do not know what would have happened. I may have ended my own life. But the Lord, in mercy, heard my cry.

It was the simple words of Jesus that reached me, just as they had on the night of my conversion in 1970. “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” (Hebrews 13:5). God had not let me go. He used the chastisement of life’s troubles to bring me home again.

I spoke to my wife. I told her I would return if she would have me. But she informed me she had found someone else and now wished to proceed with a divorce. That was in February 1993.

Rejected by Both

Strangely enough, I was thankful for her honesty, as I now felt free to return to Silver Girl without the burden of believing I was abandoning my wife again. But when I broke this “good news” to Silver Girl, I was taken aback by her reaction.

She was not pleased—in fact, she felt deeply insecure. She said that she now

felt like second-best, as though I had only returned to her because my wife had rejected me. She questioned whether I was capable of truly loving her, having left another woman and children before. And who could blame her?

Her reasoning was simple and painfully accurate: “If you could leave your wife and family once, what would stop you doing it again?” She saw me as untrustworthy, as someone ruled by impulse. She feared that if my conscience had once been silenced so easily, then it could happen again.

I was left in a state of shock and speechless.

CHAPTER 9: NUMBER 2 HAYLING CLOSE

A Period Between Two Wives

In the early part of 1993 to 1994, I determined that I ought to find a more suitable place to live, rather than endure another winter in the caravan. “Silver Girl”—as I’ve called her—had her own home, where she lived with her two children, but we believed it right to wait until marriage before living together. Our relationship at the time was painfully insecure, and fraught with uncertainty; every disagreement seemed to threaten its very existence. More than once, she threatened to move to Canada or France should things fall apart between us.

It was then that I enquired about a room available in Hayling Close, Fareham. This is where I met Simon Noel and his three-legged cat, Baldric. We both rented rooms at number 2, a house owned by our landlord, David Jennings. The garden was an overgrown jungle, complete with an ironing board and a takeaway tray fashioned into a makeshift barbecue—perfect terrain for a cat, if not for civilised men.

This would be my home for the next three years, while I awaited the outcome of my divorce, which was finally granted in August 1996. It was during this period that I came to grips with the turbulent mood swings of bipolar disorder. Disputes and emotional upheaval with Nurse Ratchet (as I sometimes called “Silver Girl”) plunged me into dark depressions, while my creative highs led me into bursts of inspired, though often ill-advised, activity.

At one of my lowest points, I contemplated suicide using my brother’s shotgun. I shared this only with a Samaritan counsellor in Portsmouth. My

means of resisting despair was to generate artificial highs, often manifesting as bizarre and obsessive projects.

I Wanted More Room

Within a few weeks of moving in, I noticed the small back bedroom stood idle, filled with Simon's belongings. I approached the landlord to rent this additional space, hoping to accommodate my children—Isaac (14), Esther (13), Eleanor (11), and David (11)—on weekend visits. Though Simon wasn't pleased, he begrudgingly yielded. He'd treated the house as his own, spreading his things throughout, including the garage, to mark his territory.

Harrods of Abshott

With time on my hands, I discovered the treasures of the local amenity tip—fondly dubbed “Harrods of Abshott.” It offered televisions, washing machines, tools, clothing, and all manner of items at unbeatable prices. Operated by Shaun of Hopkins Recycling, it quickly became my favourite haunt. I often bought items with others in mind, which led me to request use of the garage for storage. Though Simon initially allowed it, tensions mounted.

The Television Licence Dispute

Our major falling out came over a television licence. Simon had purchased one solely for his room, owing to past refusals by other tenants to share the cost. The Licensing Authority later contacted me about obtaining a separate licence. Simon suggested that if I contributed half the cost of his renewal, I could legally watch TV in the lounge.

I declined. I didn't watch television myself—I only repaired sets for others. My logic was that I served the public good: I provided functional TVs, and the new owners would purchase licences, thus helping fund the BBC. Simon was unimpressed.

One evening, as I repaired a TV in the lounge, Simon lost his temper and came at me with a chair, smashing it on the table. Though he could have flattened me—he was a strong six-footer—he didn't strike, and soon retreated to his room.

I Take Over the House

Simon moved out shortly after, taking the other tenants with him. The landlord then offered me the entire house for £400 a month, with permission to sublet the spare rooms. The neighbours were less than thrilled, but I pressed on. My shopping at “Harrods” only increased, and the garage soon brimmed with rescued valuables.

I Take In Lodgers

My first lodger was Alan McCarthy, a window cleaner from Manchester, who had spent the winter living in a disused ambulance. He suffered from past drug use and a failed marriage, and was a lapsed Mormon. I charged him £40 per week. One Sunday evening, he accidentally nailed through a central heating pipe. Despite his despair, I fixed the issue without fuss.

Next came Sean Land, Alan’s friend, who had also lived in a car. Sean’s issues included substance misuse and a painful separation from his daughter. He had two notable flaws: his loud music and malodorous feet. The noise prompted complaints, and we were served with council warnings.

Then came Mark, occasionally joined by his girlfriends, followed by Joe Neve, a car enthusiast with frequent run-ins with the police. It was from Joe that I acquired my beloved Fiesta for £40—a replacement for my old vehicle, TAN 707Y.

Community Life And Lodgers

After Joe moved in, the character of Number 2 Hayling Close changed. It became a hub of people with rough pasts, broken relationships, and various struggles — not the usual domestic household but a community of people trying to find a footing in life. I seemed to attract them, perhaps because I gave people a chance and accepted them without judgment.

However, life at Hayling Close wasn’t without its challenges. There were constant disputes over noise, music, and responsibilities. The neighbours began to get fed up with the comings and goings, and the local council wasn’t far behind with their noise monitoring warnings.

At the same time, my own life was a mix of mental highs and lows. As

someone contending with bipolar mood swings, my periods of mania brought creativity and productivity, while depressive episodes left me drained and spiritually confused. I tried to maintain a routine by fixing televisions and collecting discarded items from the tip, which I repurposed or repaired. It became my way of staying busy and fending off the lows.

Despite the chaos, I did try to maintain a relationship with my children. I wanted them to visit and stay over when possible, though the environment was far from ideal for family life. I saw myself as someone who was just trying to keep going — one project at a time.

The Harrods Routine

My trips to what I affectionately called “Harrods of Abshott” (really the local dump) became a ritual. I treated it like a treasure hunt, always looking for electronics, furniture, or anything useful. I rationalised my collecting as being resourceful, not hoarding. To others, however, it might have seemed eccentric or obsessive.

Each person I took in added another layer of complexity. Alan, Sean, Mark, Joe — all were trying to rebuild their lives. In a way, Hayling Close became a halfway house. Not officially, of course, but in spirit.

Some of the lodgers left quietly. Others left a mark — either on the house or on me personally. Alan eventually moved out. Sean left in conflict over his music. Mark drifted on. Joe, despite his issues, managed to stabilise for a time.

Car Deals and Community Reputation

My dealings with cars became another outlet for practical activity and local bartering. Joe sold me his Fiesta for £40, a vehicle that served me well and replaced the old TAN 707Y model. I often traded or fixed up things I found, sometimes turning a small profit, sometimes just keeping things out of the landfill.

One of the best cars I had was this Fiesta — thanks to Joe.

My Best Car



David's Fiesta

A Run-in with the Police

The problem with older cars is that they tend to go wrong, but a Fiesta can be easily fixed. One evening, coming back from Gosport, my exhaust pipe was blowing and I got pulled over by the police on a routine spot check. I was given a “Producer,” which is a note to get the car fixed within 7 days.

Later, I had to pick up my daughter, Esther, from the Locks Heath Free Church. As I neared the church in the dark, I realised my indicators had stopped working. I noticed another police car coming towards me and panicked, thinking I'd be pulled again. I quickly pulled into the church car park, left the car unlocked, and went to find my daughter. The church was locked. I tried to find another entrance, climbing a wooden fence. As I straddled it, I slipped — and a spike pierced into my groin.

I managed to get down and hobble to a phone box to call Esther. Warmth ran down my leg — blood from the injury. I returned to the car to find two police officers inspecting it. They asked questions, confirmed ownership via radio, and then left me alone. The indicators were never mentioned.

At home, I collapsed in bed without checking the damage. The next morning, Silver Girl — a nurse — insisted I go to hospital. The stake had pierced my scrotum. I needed surgery. Two Indian doctors at QA Hospital stitched me up, after expressing suspicion that I'd been running from the police.

The torn jeans were hung in my lounge for years as a reminder.

My House Becomes Full

The next to arrive was Rob White — a mate of Sean's — who'd found himself without a roof over his head. He took up residence in Baldric's bedroom. Rob had with him a little Jack Russell called Sally, a lively sort, always underfoot. Not long after that, Rob's girlfriend, Carla Walsh, turned up needing somewhere to stay as well. She was only sixteen and, as I was told, her mother had thrown her out. I did try to arrange something else for her — something a bit more fitting — with a girl called Angie, but that's another story altogether. In the end, both Carla and Sally found themselves under our roof at Number 2 Hayling Close.

Our Household



Sam Jones& Bruno, Carla, Sally, Rob and Joe Neve

By this point, Alan had met a girl called Samantha Jones from Manchester. She was brave enough to leave the North and come all the way down to Fareham to be with him. Sam came with her young son, John, and another Jack Russell — this one called Bruno. Like so many before them, they were also in search of a home and, before long, they too found themselves part of our growing household.

Now, John reminded me of myself at that age — especially with his thick northern accent. It took me straight back to my own move from Oldham to Watford when I was five years old. He had a habit of asking how everything

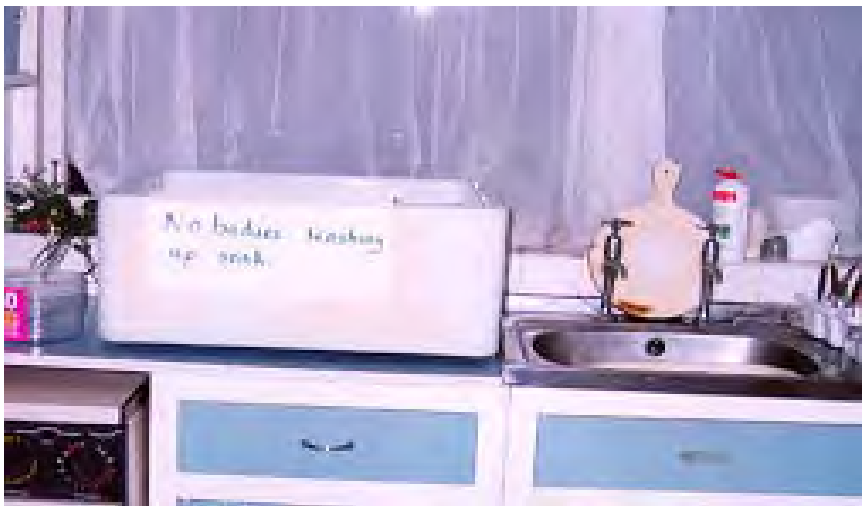
worked — always full of questions — especially about how to fix things. Before long, Sam realised he'd become my apprentice, whether I'd planned it or not.

Sam and Alan John



John my apprentice

How To Deal With No bodies Washing Up



No bodies “Washing Up Sink”

The House Court

About this time, my go-kart, which had been given me by a farmer who attended Wantage Strict Baptist Chapel, was stolen from outside my fiancée’s house in Stubbington. I tracked down the young culprits — two 16-year-

olds — and rather than involve the police, I spoke to one of their mothers and proposed an alternative.

Alan Macarthy



Alan the House Court Judge

I collected the lads and brought them to Hayling Close for what I called a “House Court.” In the lounge were assembled ex-convicts, friends, and local characters — including Rob White’s brother, recently released from prison. Alan McCarthy served as the judge.

The two lads, usually considered “hard” among their peers, were quiet as mice. They were fined £25 — the cost of a powder coat respray — and warned about where theft leads. They paid the fine. We never heard from them again.

I Move Into a Tent in the Back Garden

My lodgers were generally people who really needed help. Their friends began to want to live with us and gradually the house was full. Of course, the neighbours found this household too much to cope with and some believed that we had become a religious sect.

I decided, after this time, to move out into the garden to make room for Kinder, Joe’s friend. So I built a spacious tent in the garden out of scaffold poles and an awning from Harrods. It was a lovely tent room. I had a wardrobe, drawers, table, hi-fi system, etc. Some said I was like Lawrence of Arabia, living in the comfort of a lovely tent in the summer. I enjoyed my stay that summer, but then the winter came.

The Garden where I lived



David's Tent

At that time one of my mature students from Fareham College offered me a room in his house in Locks Heath. I stayed there until November 1996, when I had planned to marry Silver Girl and then we could live together. This was to avoid Fareham Borough Council charging us with overcrowding a domestic residence.



Inside David's Tent

Lads at number 2 Hayling Close



The tent comes down



Sean and his friends

Do I Need a Good Woman or a Minder?

On reflection, as I look over this period of my life, I realise that I was not safe living on my own, but rather needed a good woman behind me — though some would say I needed a minder. I'm of the opinion that if Silver Girl had been a real help to me, the neighbours would have been spared an awful lot of trouble. She would have been sensitive enough to help with the situations that arose and ensured that I considered the neighbours.

It is for this reason I now blame Silver Girl for all the troubles the neighbours had at Hayling Close. If we had been living together in a proper relationship, she would have ensured the neighbours were not troubled by the things I got

up to. Instead, she was living away from me, as a single parent, doing a full-time job. I now maintain that had she been the homemaker I wanted — and not the stereotypical women's chauvinist, claiming equal rights with men — then the neighbours would have had a reasonable time through her help.

So I really feel that Hayling Close had Silver Girl to blame for all their troubles, to this day. That is my story and I'm sticking to it (tongue in cheek).

Men from Mars, Women from Venus

A Consideration of Christian Marriage, Human Nature, and Misunderstanding

It was at this time I began to take a closer and more serious look at the question of Christian marriage, and what the Bible actually taught. I believed that many of the problems seen in society stemmed from a departure from biblical principles, especially concerning the relationship between men and women.

When I shared my findings with Silver Girl, she agreed with me, and we both expressed our desire to have a Christian marriage — one governed not by cultural fads or modernist theories, but by the word of God. I believed that much of the trouble in the world stemmed from television and media programming, which promoted worldly thinking — including a skewed view of gender roles. I considered the modern feminist movement to be a reaction — perhaps an overreaction — to genuine historical inequality. But I believed their proposed solution did not restore order, but rather introduced new confusion and imbalance.

In particular, I felt that those women who were now demanding equality with men — not as persons of equal worth, but in role and authority — were contributing to the erosion of the natural and divine order. My own understanding of Christian marriage, and what I believed to be biblical roles for men and women, is set out in full in Chapter 30 of this book. I accepted those tenets sincerely and sought to live according to them with Silver Girl.

However, I must confess that much learning came not through reading, but through experience — and often, the painful sort. Through the many arguments I had with Silver Girl, and reflecting upon my former conflicts with women, I came to believe that these tensions often arose because

women had lost sight of their God-ordained role as helpers, and instead had adopted positions of control and direction — roles which rightly belonged to the man.

In many such cases I witnessed, such women would lose their natural softness and beauty, and become what the Scripture terms a brawling woman (Proverbs 21:9). They became nags — a word not pleasant, but accurate. In previous centuries, such behaviour might even have warranted a trial by water — ducked in the village pond for being a witch. That is to say, one who manipulates and controls through subtlety. Perhaps that was my own extreme and uncharitable reaction, born from personal hurt and confusion.

In time, and after much self-reflection, I came to realise that women are, in many ways, more sensitive than men — especially to emotional tone and atmosphere. Their discernment in such matters is far superior. Men often lack this faculty. We are logical, linear, and miss the undercurrents entirely. We simply do not think as women do.

This discovery gave rise to an idea for a new book, which I entitled *Electronics Made Easy*. It was to be a humorous take on electronic circuit theory, drawing on the differences between male and female characteristics. I trialled this method during my lectures at Fareham College, explaining the function of a tuned circuit by comparing the inductor to a man — consistent, self-contained, and stubborn — and the capacitor to a woman — reactive, sensitive, and quick to respond. My students loved it. We even filmed one of the lectures, and I dare say John Cleese would have been amused by it. Seeking to Help Alan and Sam

Misunderstanding and the Grace of God

On one occasion, Silver Girl and I sought to help Alan and Sam. Alan had gone out with some friends to a nightclub, and Sam was upset, fearful that he was returning to former ways. Concerned for her, we went over to Number 2 to offer support.

I suggested that we pray for her, and with her — that she might find the Lord's comfort. In the course of our conversation, I turned to Silver Girl and, referring to Alan, said, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." By that, I simply meant that if it were not for the restraining grace of God, I might well be doing the same — out at the club with friends, seeking worldly company,

when I ought to be at home with my family.

Silver Girl took this very badly. She became visibly shaken and wanted to talk about it immediately — there and then. I, recognising that this was neither the time nor the place, declined, hoping to deal with the matter later in private. But she insisted, and when I continued to refuse, the atmosphere grew increasingly tense.

Sam, poor girl, quietly withdrew to her room. We had become no help or comfort to her at all. Silver Girl eventually rose, and left — either on foot or by taxi, I do not know. She later told me that my comment had made her fear that I secretly wanted to go out like Alan, and that the only thing holding me back was my religion. She feared that if I were ever to lose my faith, I would abandon her altogether.

Of course, that is not what I meant, nor was it what I believed. Every true Christian knows the nature of the heart. As it is written, “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?” (Jeremiah 17:9). The only reason any of us do not fall into sin is because of the grace of God. “Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling...” (Jude 1:24). That was my point.

Whether Silver Girl ever understood that or not, I cannot say.

Crime Prevention Programs

Whilst Michael was suffering in prison in the Philippines I was at home reassessing my own life in light of my returning Christian convictions and responsibilities towards my children. I was concerned about Isaac’s future and wanted to keep him from becoming a criminal. It is on reflection that I am now able to define certain social activities as CPP’s because these were identified as the best way to meet people and steer them away from crime. This meant joining recreation groups or inviting them to join you in any creative activity. I believe these programs are necessary to prevent crime. Also to bring fulfilment to those involved because generally people who are creative need to be actively engaged in good social activity, otherwise they are prone to be involved in crime, in one way or another. One such CPP is that of the BMX social network, which Isaac my son got involved in when he was 13 or 14 years old. And to do this he needed a BMX bike.

Portsmouth Skate Park

This was the place where many BMX'ers rode their bikes and met many of their friends. And it was there that I first met Dennis Wingham who did a back flip on his old battered BMX. I was very impressed. It was here that Isaac got hooked into what I call a CPP (Crime Prevention Program) as it kept him busy and out of trouble. It provided a social network for friendship and good activity, which is better than crime. There are sensible and famous people at the Skate Park such as Ephraim Catlow, Isaac Clarke, Denis Wingham, Jim Stevens, Rodney Burnham, Jamie Knipe, Colin Hunt, Martin Hunt, Ronnie Johnson (Remo) DJ Jon Pratt, John Hopkins, Richards Wells, Stephen Drain (Drainer) Anthony Pill (Pill) and many more.

Dirt Riding in Skelly Woods Fareham



Isaac and Luke Fuller at Skelly Woods

Anyway Isaac got involved in BMX riding and made many friends and at that time they got into “dirt” riding and him and his BMX'ers made Skelly Woods into a great BMX dirt track. The Council eventually kicked them out which was a real shame.

Hastings and Backyard

Another yearly event for BMX'ers was an event held near Hastings where BMX'ers from all over the country, including riders from America would come and ride. It was a real good event and most people camped overnight on common ground.

On Top of my Van



Isaac Luke and friends at Backyard event in Hasting

I took Isaac, Esther and their friends in my Transit van and that was where we slept. These CPP's, such as Portsmouth Skate Park and Backyard events involve those participating in good recreational activities thus keeping them busy, out of trouble and good creative competitive fun.

Isaac Clarke King of Southsea 2011

The evidence that confirms my beliefs is that Isaac got linked into BMX and skate board riding from an early age and this year won the 2011 King of Southsea Award. He has never been to prison and managed to avoid becoming a criminal. Unlike me who became a convicted criminal at the age of 17 years old.

The Award



Isaac's King of Southsea Trophy

Other Criminal Prevention programs

Realizing the value of such program's I began to get involved in all sorts of social activities, which involved Music, Drama, Art, Public Relations. This was the time of my separation from my second marriage, which I will be speaking about later. It kept me busy and occupied and also opened up social networks which enabled me to meet other and share the gospel with them on their terms. There are such a programs such as Faith and Foot Ball, involving Pompy players such as Darren Moore, Linvoy Primus and Mick Mellows. I am sure there are others programs but such programs are needed in our day to prevent the kind of riots that we have recently witnessed in our country.

Being In The World Yet Not Of The World

Through my experience and getting involved with these activities I have just mentioned I realized there was not virtue in isolating oneself from the world like some religious people believed we should do. There are many religious groups like this and have such mentality such as the Brethren, Strict Baptists, Jehovah's Witnesses and so on. I also believed we should be leaders of men rather than followers and it was good to be in touch with critical issues of our time rather than be "several steps behind". Those that are several steps behind seek to provide answers to questions that people are no longer asking. I believed it was right to be both relevant and different as if we fail to be relevant, we cannot be heard. Also if we fail to be different, we have nothing to say. In the meaning of John 17:14-15 14, I have given them your word, and the world has hated them because they are not of the world, just as I am not of the world. 15 I do not ask that you take them out of the world, but that you keep them from the evil one.

BMX stunt at Portsmouth Harbour (1995)

During this time my son Isaac rode his BMX with the riders from Portsmouth and I went from time to time to meet the lads at Portsmouth Skate Park. On this occasion these lads were having some fun riding and old BMX bike, up a ramp and over harbour wall, and into the sea. One Sunday afternoon Esther and her friend Emma Jean was there and I had with me my daughter Elly and Jim Gold and we arrived in my Fiesta. It looked great fun riding into the sea on this bike so I decided to have ago. I had never done it before and wanted to pull off a back flip, so I asked some of the lads how to do it.

I followed their instructions to the “T” and sure enough up, up and over; I managed to pull off my first back flip on a BMX into the sea. The crowd was great they cheered me on. My daughters were getting concerned and begged me not to do it again as it looked dangerous but I wasn’t deterred.

Back flip over the Fiesta

To make it more fun I drove my Fiesta side ways on, at the harbour edge, and got the lads to put the ramp up against it. I was going to do a back flip, jumping the Fiesta into the harbour. Thankfully Dennis Wingham took the lead, with his crash hat on, and pulled off a great back flip over the Fiesta in the sea. My turn next, I had no crash hat, and my girls were begging me not to do it but I peddled as hard as I could, up the ramp, up into the air, pulled back and sure enough a back flip landing in the sea. The crowd gave a great cheer and coming out of the water, on camera was asked how old I was and had to think for a moment. I was 45 years old. They cried He’s the King.

[**Here is the video link to The Harbour Jump**](#)



Harbour Jumping Video

Jim Stevens Rodney Burnham Keith Cownen Jamie Knipe Colin Hunt Martin Hunt Isaac Clarke, Dennis Wingham, Ronnie Johnston (Remo) DJ Jon Pratt, John Hopkins, Richard Wells, Stephen Drain (Drainer), Anthony Pill (Pill) and loads of the rest of the old Southsea skate park locals... Were all there.

A Fresh Look at Christian Marriage

At this time I began to take a fresh look at Christian marriage and studied what the Bible had to say. When sharing my findings with Silver Girl she agreed and we wanted a Christian marriage. I thought that much of societies troubles of the day were due to the influence of television and programs which portrayed the modern views of the world, many of which I believed were wrong. In particular I blamed the inequalities between men and women and the over reaction in society to redress these problems. I felt that those women who were claiming equal rights with men were contributing to all the evils in the world. My conclusions and my understanding of what a Christian marriage is all about are recorded under the chapter heading in this book, 'A Fresh Look At Chrisitan Marriage'. I accepted every tenet and sought to live this way with Silver Girl.

I began to learn, through the many arguments I had with Silver Girl, and those problems that I had with women in the past, that the problems were due to them having lost sight of their created roles as helpers. They had become dictators. In every case that I had met I noticed such women loose their beauty and become the proverbial nag, or nagger. At one time such women would have been ducked in the ducking stool (I.e. a trial by water) as being a witch i.e. one that control a man by subtlety. Maybe that was my manic reaction to my trouble with women.

It took me a long time and much pain to realise that women are far more sensitive to situations than men and that women are best to judge such issues, which cause others to be upset. Men just do not think. They certainly do not think like women. Hence my new proposed book "Electronics made easy", which is a humorous book making use of those differences between men and women, by describing the operations of complicated electronic circuits in a new light. I tried this out whilst teaching students about the operation of a tuned circuit whilst at Fareham College, the inductor having the characteristics of a man whilst the capacitor has the characteristics of a woman. My students loved my illustrations. We made a video of one lecture and I am sure John Cleese would find it most amusing.

Seeking to help Alan and Sam

On one occasion Silver Girl and I went to help Alan and Sam as Alan had gone out for the evening with his friends to a night club, leaving Sam on her

own and she was concerned that Alan might be returning to his former bad habits. We both went to see Sam and I suggested it would be good for us to pray together for her and with her as I had hoped that they might find God's help. In conversation I said to Silver Girl, when referring to Alan who had gone off to the nightclub, "There go I but for the grace of God". In other words if I did not have Christian values, I might be just like Alan, wanting to go out to a nightclub, with his mates, when I could have been at home with my family and not seeking the life of single man, without responsibilities.

This really caused Silver Girl to react, she fell really insecure, and wanted to talk about the matter immediately rather than give Sam the support we had come to give. I was aware that this was just the beginning of another row and wanted to talk about it later, not in front of Sam. So I refused to talk about it there and then. The atmosphere at number 2 went so tense that Sam left and went to her room, and of course we were of no help or comfort to her. Eventually Silver Girl got up and left, walking or getting a taxi back to her home. She felt I was saying that I wanted to go out just like Alan and that it was only the fact that I believed in God that prevented this. She feared that if ever I turned away from God then would be off leaving her. This of course is nonsense. Every Christian will admit the human heart is capable of many wrong things and that God is the one who keeps them from falling. I am not sure if this matter was ever resolved or if Silver Girl understood what I was saying or meant.

CHAPTER 10: PARADISE EXPRESS

Michael and the Philippines(1995)

During this time, Michael developed new ideas and sought to form a travel business. Having met Sir Freddie Laker earlier in his life, he put together a business plan called "Paradise Express." In February 1995, he informed me about his plans to operate in the Philippines. Michael had visited Angeles City and identified various nightclubs, hotels, and travel attractions. He proposed to collaborate with businesses already operating in the sex industry.

Michael intended to sell package tours aimed at single men, marketing the appeal of these "attractions" in English national newspapers. I was disturbed by this and told him, during a visit to our parents' home, that I felt it was wrong. I had seen his advertisements and was saddened that he was promoting what I believed to be exploitative tourism.

Although Michael had struggled for years — with depression, divorce, and financial loss — I found it difficult to understand or support this new venture. It seemed a desperate attempt to rebuild his life, but I believed it was morally and spiritually misguided. My concern was not just for his soul, but also for the people his business would affect.

Our conversations became tense. I wanted him to succeed in life but not at the cost of others' dignity. While I tried to be patient, it was hard to reconcile our values. I couldn't support Paradise Express.

The Brochure



Front & rear cover of "Paradise Express"

Michael maintained that the business was legitimate, claiming that everyone involved enjoyed it. I asked how he would feel if his own daughter Jessica were part of the 'attractions' he advertised. He admitted he wouldn't like it, but argued that things were different in the Philippines.

Michael Is Arrested in the Philippines

It was deeply shocking to hear the news in June 1995 on lunchtime television at Fareham College. The report stated that an English sex tour operator had been arrested and remanded in custody in the Philippines. At first, I didn't know the charges, but I assumed it was related to his travel business in Angeles City.

That evening, ITN News at Ten showed a clip of Michael allegedly directing someone to a child prostitute. It was heartbreaking. I had never believed he would involve himself in child prostitution. While he had always been blunt about his previous escapades, this seemed far worse.

Michael wrote to the Eastbourne Herald, asking journalist Anne Marie Shields to contact our parents. He said, “I’m fine but the thought of being on possible Death Row is getting to me. My attorney is great, so far we are winning.” He had been transferred to the NBI headquarters in Olongapo City.

Our Mother Dies

On 29 February 1996, our mother died. The official cause was pulmonary embolism, deep vein thrombosis, and coronary artery disease. I believe the stress caused by Michael’s arrest in 1995 contributed to her death. I felt she died of a broken heart.

No Sympathy for My Brother

At the time, I had little sympathy for Michael. Mum had bailed him out of trouble in Thailand, only for him to land in even worse trouble in the Philippines. His business, from my view, encouraged promiscuity and undermined Christian values. I had already warned him against it.

Later, I learned that Michael insisted he had been set up by Fr. Shay Cullen, an Irish priest. Michael said the ITN video had been staged to entrap him, with help from Martin Cottingham and Adam Holloway, who posed as tourists.

It wasn’t until 2000, when Sunny Wilson — a British man sentenced to death in the Philippines and later acquitted — returned to the UK and brought me the full NBI report. That report cleared Michael of child prostitution and implicated Fr. Cullen. The contents of this report are documented in my publication, *Trojan Warriors*.

Michael Was Set Up

Michael was convicted in October 1996 of “promoting child prostitution” and sentenced to 14–16 years in New Bilibid Prison. He always maintained

his innocence. The conviction was based on the ITN video clip, which Michael claimed had been manipulated.

He wrote to me many times explaining the details of the entrapment and how the footage had been edited to misrepresent him. He believed that Fr. Shay Cullen used his public platform to generate donations and orchestrated the sting for publicity. Michael's letters conveyed deep bitterness toward Cullen and described him as living luxuriously while profiting from headlines.

This chapter marks a tragic turn in our family story — a tale of ambition, desperation, and the devastating consequences of moral compromise and legal injustice.

CHAPTER 11: MY DIVORCE

August 1996

As far as I was concerned, my former marriage ended the moment my wife decided to divorce me — and I accepted that because of what I had done. However, the legal process took a long time, with the divorce finally completed on 26th August 1996.

Would I Ever Marry Silver Girl?

At that time, I was working through what the Bible taught about wrongdoing, divorce, and remarriage. I believed from Scripture that my sins needed to be dealt with in order to receive God's help. I trusted in the provision God had made through Jesus Christ, His Son, who died for the sins of the world. I believed in the forgiveness of sins and the gift of righteousness through faith.

I had done what I thought necessary to make things right with my wife and family. Silver Girl and I had promised each other a Christian marriage. We went through many internal struggles and conflicts of conscience. I was often accused in my own conscience of wronging my children, who had endured all kinds of emotional hurt — something I deeply regretted.

Silver Girl suffered from deep insecurity, fearing I would return to my wife. She began to think she had simply been used in the repair of my first marriage and that she would be discarded in the end. This led her to distance herself from me to avoid emotional harm — which only bred further insecurity in me. I could not bear the thought of her leaving.

Marriage in Rebekah's Field

Eventually, I came to believe that marriage, in God's eyes, begins when a couple makes mutual vows. There are no specific biblical instructions on how a marriage ceremony must be conducted — so I concluded marriage is culturally defined. However, I also saw how legal marriage provides reassurance and protection, especially where insecurities exist.

So, in September 1996, in Rebekah's Field in Stubbington — beside the old horse trough — Silver Girl and I exchanged our vows. As far as I was concerned, that was our true marriage. The moment was far more personal and meaningful than a registry office.

[Here is the Video Rebekah's Field at Home](#)

Rebekah's Field Oliver's Bar Gosport



The Horse Trough in Rebekah's Field

I even wrote a song about it titled “Rebekah's Field,” which I later sang at Oliver's Bar in Gosport during a band competition on 5th May 2000.

A Wedding Reception at Asda

With our new life together ahead of us, we planned a simple legal ceremony at Fareham Registry Office. I was thrilled, but in hindsight, my mood was rising — I was going into a manic high. Silver Girl had once made an offhand comment about having our reception in Asda. I took it literally and made arrangements with Asda's management. They were happy to help.

However, once the local press heard about our unconventional plans, the story took off. Local and national newspapers covered it, which proved too overwhelming for Silver Girl. She cancelled the wedding.

Despite the cancellation, the story still ran. Here's the article:

FAREHAM / Pressure too much for bride-to-be
THE NEWS, Friday,
November 22, 1996
Asda reception couple put their wedding on ice
By Tanya Johnson

A Fareham couple due to celebrate their marriage with a reception in a supermarket have postponed their wedding.

David Clarke and Silver Girl were due to tie the knot at Fareham Register Office this afternoon. The ceremony was to be followed with a reception in the self-service cafeteria at Asda in Fareham. More than 20 guests were expected for a £2.50-a-head meal of roast chicken, lasagne and hot pot.

Yesterday, Dave, 47, contacted The News to say it was not going ahead. "I regret to say the pressure has been too much," he said. "Silver Girl has called off the wedding. It is too much for her to cope with. I am very upset."

Dave, an engineering lecturer at Fareham College, did not elaborate on his fiancée's reason for cancelling. Silver Girl, who was expecting their first child, was a psychiatric nurse. Both were remarrying. Dave had four children from his first marriage. Silver Girl had two children and lived in Stubbington.

Dave added: "We want a nice wedding but without frills, which cost a lot of money. But we hope the wedding will go ahead at a later date."

Continuing in their unconventional style, he said, "I don't think my wife will be disappointed if I don't give her a wedding ring — but I'm not sure how she'll react to the ball and chain I made."

Just some Fun



Dave's Ball and Chain

He didn't rule out a honeymoon in the same garden tent he'd lived in during the summer.

Asda Wedding

FAREHAM | *Pressure too much for bride-to-be*

Asda reception couple put their wedding on ice

By TANYA JOHNSON
The News

A Fareham couple due to celebrate their marriage with a reception in a supermarket have postponed their wedding.

Dave Clarke and [Name] were due to tie the knot at Fareham Register Office this afternoon.

The ceremony was to be followed with a reception in the self-service cafeteria at Asda in Fareham.

More than 20 guests were expected for a £250-a-head meal of roast chicken, bangers and hot pot.

But yesterday Dave, 41, contacted *The News* to say the it was not going ahead.

"I regret to say the pressure has been too much," he said.

"Helen has called off the wedding. It is too much for her to cope with. I am very upset."

Dave, an engineering lecturer at Farnham College, did not elaborate on his girlfriend's reasons for cancelling wedding.

Indeed, who is expecting the couple's first child, is a publicity scare.

After Dave contacted the wedding...



Dave Clarke

Large & SOLIC

family problems?

• Marriage breakdown
• Divorce
• Child custody

Silver Girl

This chapter marks yet another strange but heartfelt chapter in my life.

From vows in a field to a reception planned at Asda, our story was always unconventional — but real.

CHAPTER 12: MY MARRIAGE

And 11 Hayling Close

With my future so uncertain, I decided to buy a house of my own, hoping it would become our marital home if things finally came together. It turned out to be a wise decision, as I often needed a retreat whenever Nurse Ratchet and I had a disagreement. Nevertheless, I tried hard to work on our relationship.

The Fareham Registry Office

We had always planned to marry legally as soon as I was free. In the meantime, I bought a house to prepare for our new life. I completed the purchase of Number 11 Hayling Close in January 1997 and moved in immediately. By then, we had arranged our legal marriage at the registry office, which took place on 21st February 1997, with a reception at the Oast and Squire. I had to rearrange my teaching schedule that Friday afternoon, as many of my students attended the ceremony. Our honeymoon was in Bournemouth.

I must have been on a manic high that day. I even brought along a mannequin dummy dressed in Silver Girl's clothes — just in case she didn't turn up. My mood was unusually elevated. After our honeymoon, we returned to her home in Stubbington and began the next phase of our life.

I Build an Extra Room Above the Garage

We never moved into 11 Hayling Close. Instead, we made our family home in Silver Girl's house, living together for the first time with her children. I built a workshop in the garage and an extra room in the roof space above it, which we called "The Den." It had a stairway from the garage and a small door into the boys' bedroom, complete with a lock and key. I also installed a Velux window. Her son and his friends loved it and often had sleepovers there.

The garage became my workshop, where I repaired items from "Harrod's." It served its purpose well.

My Father Dies

After Mum's death in 1996, Dad lived alone in Eastbourne until he died on 3rd March 1997 — of the same condition: pulmonary embolism and deep vein thrombosis of the leg. Michael, my sister, and I inherited money from his will. I was able to write to Michael, then in New Bilibid Prison, with the news. Though sad, the inheritance helped him begin his campaign to clear his name.

An Insecure Marriage

During this time, my first wife and I were involved in a prolonged legal dispute over finances, despite the divorce having been finalised in August 1996. The settlement came only after Dad's death in 1997. Added to this was the distressing news of Michael's 16-year prison sentence in October 1996. One trouble followed another.

I also witnessed the emotional toll of the marriage breakdown on my children, which I could not share with Silver Girl — it would have only deepened her insecurity. I knew I had hurt them deeply and bore the weight of that. I felt insecure, fearing that Silver Girl would leave me. Marriage did not bring the peace and security I had hoped for. I needed God's help more than ever and sought counselling through "Off the Record" at Fareham College.

Financial Settlement and Divorce Won't Help

Silver Girl was anxious that my former wife might claim a portion of her assets. Her mother had left her money, which was used to increase the value of her home. She wanted her children to benefit, not my ex-wife. We were led to believe that, because we were now married, her assets could be considered in the financial settlement.

Taking her seriously, I posed a hypothetical question to the solicitor: "How would we stand if we were divorced?" I was told it wasn't practical or legal. However, Nurse Ratchet was devastated. She reported to one of our church elders that I had proposed a divorce — which I had not. I could not reassure her otherwise.

I Was a Murderer

One night, she awoke convinced I had murdered a prostitute at Port Solent. She had noticed my attention to a news story about the incident and

concluded, irrationally, that I was the killer. I couldn't reason with her, even after explaining that I was shocked because it happened so close to home. This led her to seek a divorce and discuss it with our church minister.

CHAPTER 13: THE SPARE RIB

At Port Solent

Another memorable incident occurred one evening at Chiquito's in Port Solent, where I was dining with Silver Girl, her brother, and his girlfriend. During the meal, I expressed, quite innocently, how delicious I found the spare rib—remarking that it was “intoxicating.” This single word cast a sudden and chilling silence over the table. The atmosphere turned icy, and all conversation ceased. Even her brother noticed the tension and asked whether there was some private dispute between us.

Later that evening, I discovered the cause. Nurse Ratchet (as I called her) believed that by using the word “intoxicating” I was deliberately referencing something from the past to hurt her. Some months prior, during a conversation with a friend of hers, I had described a previous relationship with a woman as “intoxicating.” She remembered this and was convinced that my use of the word at dinner was meant to wound her.

I was flabbergasted. The idea of deliberately choosing such a word to spite her hadn't even crossed my mind. Nonetheless, she was unmoved by my denials and insisted it was a personal slight. It was a misunderstanding—one of many that revealed how fragile and tense our relationship had become.

Rebekah Is Born

On the 8th of June 1997, my wife gave birth to our lovely daughter Rebekah at Queen Mary's Hospital, Portsmouth. She arrived with a head of dark hair and bright blue eyes. As she grew, I involved her in everything I did—even in fixing items I'd acquired from Harrods.

Working In My Workshop

Working In My Workshop



Rebekah and her daddy helping him

By this time, I had set up a home workshop to repair various goods, many of which came from Harrods, which had relocated from Abshott to Segensworth. I'd often bring Rebekah into the workshop, letting her lend a hand—even at her young age.

One of my students, Lenny Butler, worked at Harrods. He was bright, if somewhat unconventional. For instance, rather than replacing a blown fuse with a proper rated one, he'd stick a nail in its place or wrap it with silver foil—and more often than not, it actually worked! That was Lenny's way.

Rebekah and Her Dad



Helping Repair a Strimmer

I involved Rebekah in all my household tasks. She became my little helper.

Our First Holiday in France

Our first family holiday to France was, from my perspective, a disaster. Rebekah was only a few months old, and we'd gone to stay with friends of Nurse Ratchet. We travelled in a Mitsubishi Space Wagon I'd refurbished myself. Despite the effort, the trip was marred by icy silence and criticism from Nurse Ratchet. I could do nothing right in her eyes, and once again I found myself baffled and disheartened.

Insecurity and Turning to God

Both of us struggled with insecurities in our new marriage. For my part, I increasingly found myself turning to God for strength and direction, feeling overwhelmed by life and the many challenges that came with blending two families.

The relationship between our respective children and the proverbial “stepmother” created daily tension. After several days of arguments, I shared a heartfelt belief with her: that no relationship between a man and a woman could truly flourish without the help of God.

My Belief Sends Silver Girl Around the Bend

This conclusion upset her greatly. She demanded to know, “What would happen if you turned away from God again and we had problems—would you leave me?” She had misunderstood entirely. I wasn't talking about leaving her, but about how essential it was that we both commit to Christian principles to make our marriage work.

I was convinced that only through applying the teachings of the Bible could we find peace—like the lion lying down with the lamb without the lamb being devoured. That, to me, was what it meant to have God in one's life. I longed for both of us to seek God together so that we might enjoy a blessed, harmonious home.

No Way Forward Without the Help of God

I told her plainly: the Bible gives us guidance on how to love and forgive one

another, especially in difficult times. As it is written:

“Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not... beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

— 1 Corinthians 13:4–7, KJV

These virtues—patience, forgiveness, long-suffering—are divine gifts. We must pray for them and practise them in our marriage. Without them, no relationship can survive, especially ours.

Nurse Ratchet, a trained mental health nurse, objected, saying that many non-Christian couples have strong marriages. She missed the point. I replied that people often succeed in relationships because they naturally practise those very virtues that God commends in Scripture—whether they realise it or not.

It’s like currency: a pound spent in London has the same value as one spent in Manchester, regardless of whether it’s spent by a Christian, a Muslim, or an atheist. So it is with love, patience, and kindness. They are universal virtues—but I believed we needed to learn them not from instinct or culture, but from God’s Word directly.

Theological Reflections

I argued that since we were failing to apply these biblical principles, our marriage was faltering. And the same is true in the Church: when believers go against Scripture—whether by appointing women elders or embracing false doctrines—they are destined to fail.

Marriage, I believed, must reflect Christ’s love for the Church and the Church’s submission to Christ. Anything less is a distortion and leads to sorrow and instability.

I reassured Nurse Ratchet of my commitment: “I will never leave you.” If she were to force me out, that would be different. But of my own will, I would never abandon her. I had made a promise—and I meant to keep it. That, I said, was the image of God in me.

I told her plainly: “If our marriage fails, I won’t go off with another woman. I believe even a failing marriage can be restored if we follow Christ.” I asked

her to affirm the same vow—not to divorce me but to remain true to the covenant of marriage.

“Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.”
— Ephesians 4:26, KJV

“Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.”
— Ephesians 5:25, KJV

“Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.”
— Ephesians 5:22, KJV

“Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.”
— Ephesians 6:1, KJV

These were not mere sentiments, but commands from Scripture. They were—and are—the only way forward.

David Clarke
2nd December 1997

CHAPTER 14: OUR FIRST SEPARATION

Early 1998

Our first separation occurred in early 1998, a result of unresolved issues—what might best be described as the baggage we both carried from our former marriages. These matters, some painful and deeply ingrained, included my past being unfairly likened to a murderer, the now-infamous “spare rib” episode, hypothetical divorce discussions, and even memories of my first girlfriend when I was sixteen.

Most of our difficulties stemmed from our blended family—children from previous marriages, past romantic entanglements, misunderstanding, mistrust, and deeply rooted insecurities. Chief among mine was the fear of being abandoned by Silver Girl.

Our arguments often triggered knee-jerk reactions—either Nurse Ratchet insisting I leave the house or me storming out in frustration and despair.

Eventually, I returned to number 11 Hayling Close.

The Letter That Sparked a Rift

In April 1998, during this time of estrangement, Nurse Ratchet wrote a letter to me. It contained harsh and unnecessary criticisms—particularly regarding my eldest son, Isaac. Tragically, Isaac came across the letter while visiting me and read these painful words. He was understandably outraged and immediately resolved not to have any further contact with Nurse Ratchet. He told his brother David what he had found, and together they concluded that Nurse Ratchet was the cause of their mother's heartache and the breakdown of our family.

They always maintained she had never expressed sorrow nor offered an apology to them or their mother. This was the root of a deep and ongoing animosity between my children and Nurse Ratchet—especially my son David. As one can imagine, this only widened the rift between my wife and my children and led to increasing resentment and hostility.

Off the Record Counselling

In the thick of my despair—battling depression and the slow collapse of my marriage—I sought help. Through the college where I worked, I was referred to a service called Off the Record, based in Hampshire. For two years, I attended weekly counselling sessions.

It was during these sessions that I began to see things more clearly—especially my own part in the mess. I came to recognise that I had taken on the role of the victim in our dysfunctional relationship. I could explain what I thought, certainly, but I hadn't learned how to say what I felt. I'd been bottling things up for years.

One truth that hit home was this: I am not responsible for someone else's emotions. Yes, my actions or words might trigger something in them—but what they feel is their own business, and their responsibility to deal with, not mine.

I started practising how to speak from the heart, not just the head. For example, saying "I feel hurt" left no room for argument—because it was my

feeling. But saying “I think you’re wrong” only stirred up more conflict.

Here’s a simple example: if someone says, “You’re vile—you make me sick,” and I fire back with “Well, I think you’re just as bad,” it only adds fuel to the fire. But if I respond with “I feel hurt when you say that—but I’d like to understand why you’re angry,” then there’s a chance for peace. Not always, but it keeps the door open.

Ownership of Feelings

This was a breakthrough for me. I realised that when my wife—whom I had by now started referring to as Nurse Ratchet—said things like “You make me feel sick,” she wasn’t actually placing the blame on me, not in the truest sense. What she was doing was expressing her own feelings, however sharply. I might have been the spark—but the fire was hers to manage.

Her emotions were not my load to carry. That insight set me free.

The Drama Triangle

Through further counselling, I was introduced to something called Transactional Analysis, and within it, a model known as the Drama Triangle. It explained a great deal.

In troubled relationships, there are often three roles at play:

The Persecutor – typically angry and critical (that was Nurse Ratchet).

The Victim – usually wounded, silenced, and defeated (that was me).

And the Rescuer – driven by guilt, love, or a need to fix things (also me, quite often).

This triangle wasn’t limited to my marriage. It showed up in all sorts of ways in my life. I was the rescuer with the homeless. The rescuer with troubled students at Fareham College, where I often took risks to help those who were falling through the cracks. I’ll share one of those stories later.

Looking back, the name Nurse Ratchet came quite naturally. It captured how I felt: that my wife wasn’t just trying to help or lead—she was trying to

control everything. Me, the children, the home, even my mind. And I'd been complicit, caught in a web of roles I didn't even know I was playing.

Argument 368: Knead in the Testicles

This was argument number 368—or so I had numbered it, as we seemed to have an argument each day of our marriage. During this episode, Nurse Ratchet became so incensed that she kneed me in the testicles and refused to accompany me to church that evening.

I had arranged to take Isaac (my son), his friend Luke Fuller, a troubled lad named Joe Neve (a drug addict and dealer), and my daughter Eleanor to a Gospel meeting. But just as we were about to leave, my wife wanted to have a serious discussion about something that was upsetting her. She insisted I cancel the church outing to address her concerns then and there.

I refused—not out of coldness, but because I had reason to fear where such conversations might lead. On a previous outing to Salisbury, she had suddenly exited the car in a rage, holding our infant daughter in her arms, and attempted to walk home. Such behaviour was deeply concerning.

This time, I insisted the church visit go ahead. I believed it was my duty as a father and Christian to ensure my children heard the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Her reaction? She assaulted me and insisted I leave the house—or else she would, taking Rebekah and her children with her.

The conflict worsened when her daughter demanded I leave. I ignored her, and so she stormed out herself and told her future in-laws that I had kicked her out.

Just Say 'I Love You' – Try a Different Way (1997–98)

Many arguments revolved around my children from my first marriage. At one particularly bleak point, I sought counsel during a prayer meeting at Warsash church. One brother suggested I try something radical: instead of arguing, simply say, "I love you," and say nothing else.

That evening, back at home, a dispute began. I followed the advice: "I love you." Again she pressed me, and again I said, "I love you." No more, no less.

She grew unsettled and called in her daughter, who watched on, perplexed. Her daughter said, “If I were you, I’d hit him.”

I Retreat to the Roof Space

Fearing that things were about to escalate, I quietly slipped out of the bedroom with my clothes and locked myself in the small room I had built above the garage. I lay there on the cold floor, eyes shut, hoping to be left alone.

But my wife searched for me. She eventually found me lying still and called out to her daughter that I appeared unconscious. She checked my temperature, found me cold, and placed an electric heater near my legs. The heat was intense—I was burning—but I dared not move.

I then heard them talking. Her daughter believed I had tried to take my own life. Nurse Ratchet phoned my ex-wife, asking whether I’d ever done such a thing before. Then she called the doctor.

When he arrived, I opened my eyes and calmly said I was fine. The doctor understood the situation and instructed them to leave me in peace.

Suicidal Thoughts and Spiritual Recovery

Not long after this, I shared with our prayer group that I had been having suicidal thoughts—brought on by the fear of my wife leaving me. One of the elders prayed over me. From that point, “the black dogs of depression” lifted for a time.

I came to respect the medical advice I’d been given. I resolved to continue taking my medication—lithium—as prescribed for manic depression or bipolar disorder. As Cromwell famously said: “Trust in God and keep your powder dry.” For me, that meant pray—and take your medicine.

My emotions during this period were intense and ever-shifting. I had regular blood tests and remained under the care of Dr , even after being officially discharged, simply because I feared a relapse.

Nurse Ratchet Is Jealous of My Song

After recovering somewhat, I felt stirred to write a song of praise, thanking the Lord for His sustaining grace. The song was entitled “Spirit of the Lord, Come Down,” and I sang it at Warsash church.

To my surprise, Nurse Ratchet reacted with jealousy—because the song was not about her. I found this response quite revealing and sad. Wishing to reassure her, I rewrote the song with her in mind. It was titled “Can You Remember.”

Though we separated in November 1998, I continued to practise and perform this song with the hope of one day singing it to her. Eventually, I decided it should be recorded and released as a single.

Joining the Warsash Church

Around October 1998—just weeks before our final separation—we were still attending Warsash church. Unexpectedly, Nurse Ratchet began attending a different church in Titchfield, without explaining why. I continued at Warsash.

During this time, one of the elders asked if I would consider becoming a church member. But in all honesty, it was the last thing on my mind.

CHAPTER 15: OUR SECOND

And Final Separation

The final breakdown of our marriage came on the 4th of November, 1998. It was brought about largely by the deepening resentment between Nurse Ratchet and my children. That day, I packed up and returned once again to 11 Hayling Close. I did so with a heavy heart, filled with sorrow and anxiety for the future, my mood at its lowest ebb.

Nurse Ratchet had repeatedly declared that she wanted me gone. If I didn’t leave, she said, she’d get her ex-husband to come and throw my belongings out. That threat finally settled the matter in my mind. I realised she was serious and that I had to go. I took the necessary steps—sorted out my finances, secured my personal effects—and left that morning. I knew that once I was out, I’d receive no cooperation from her in sorting anything further.

The £4,000 and the ISA Account

Some time earlier, following the death of my father, I had given Nurse Ratchet £4,000. She claimed she didn't want the money but would "look after it" for me. So, I placed it in an ISA account in her name.

As the weeks grew tense in the lead-up to my departure, it became clear I would never see that money again if I didn't act. I asked her for it—she refused. She continued to insist I leave. So, I contacted the ISA provider, notified them of a change of address to 11 Hayling Close, and the following week I wrote to close the account. I signed the letter in her name.

The cheque arrived—£4,000 plus interest. It was a relief, but it sent Nurse Ratchet into a fury. She called me a hypocrite for the act. That may be how it seemed to her, but from where I stood, it was reclaiming what was mine.

Her Secret Diary

The sorrow only deepened when, after the separation, I discovered Nurse Ratchet's secret diary, which she'd kept hidden. I came across it the week after I had left, during a brief visit while she was at work.

There, in plain handwriting, was the truth: she had deliberately made life difficult for me, hoping I would leave.

"The more horrible you are to someone, the more Dave is drawn to them—he always sides with the ones being got at. So I'll be even more horrible and he may go to his darlings. His loyalty to me is disgusting."

— Diary entry, October 1998

It was a calculated cruelty—and it explained her consistent hostility toward my children. I had reacted instinctively and, I believe, rightly: I had sought to shield them.

"I'm sick of hearing their names. I wish he'd just live with them at wonderful number 11."

"I am full of rage and feel sick and in knots. I hate all of them."

— 15th October 1998

She referred to my children—the Clu Clarke Clan, as she called them—with vitriol and contempt. And this from a trained adult mental health nurse. Rejected Offers of Mediation

I had suggested we seek help from the Family Mediation Service. Things were clearly toxic between all of us. But Nurse Ratchet was insulted by the suggestion. She, after all, was a qualified psychiatric nurse. In her mind, she didn't need help. On the 26th of October, her diary read:

“I want to kill him.”

Only days later, she told me that Eleanor and Esther were no longer Rebekah's sisters. Instead, she said, a girl named Gillian—who occasionally babysat—was now Rebekah's true sister. She also told me she wanted Rebekah to have a different father.

My Children



The Klu, Clarke Clan

These thoughts I read in her secret diary. They stunned me. But they also confirmed the direction things had taken. The 4th of November arrived. I took my belongings and left for the last time.

Her Problem With Me Joining the Church

At the time of our final separation, the thought of joining Warsash Church was far from my mind. I was focused on trying to hold together what was falling apart. But in the wake of rejection, I felt that the Lord Himself was saying, “If your wife reject thee, I will receive thee.”

With that reassurance, I agreed to become a church member. I felt wanted—welcomed—and not condemned.

But when one of the elders later informed Nurse Ratchet of this, she was incensed. She believed I had no right to be received into church membership and expressed this in a letter to the Family Mediation Service dated 8/12/98. In her mind, me joining the church was akin to adultery—like having another woman.

She aired her grievances to one of the church elders, with her daughter Gillian present. Later, Gillian passed this on to my youngest son, David. He was furious, deeply offended by the things she'd said.

When David told me what had been said, I confronted Nurse Ratchet. I learned that she had not actually claimed I had another woman, but rather that it felt like it when she heard I'd joined the church.

Still, she demanded a formal apology—from David—to both herself and her son. She insisted I not see David again unless he apologised face to face. David, emotionally wounded, said he couldn't bear the pain of facing her. Instead, he wrote a letter of apology, which I delivered on his behalf.

Her Anger at the Church

She was angry—furious, even—with the elders at Warsash Church for considering me for membership. She believed I was unworthy, and that they should demand answers from me before admitting me.

In a letter she sent me, she made it plain: if I went ahead and joined the church, she would see it as a final rejection and a permanent separation. She said it proved I no longer wanted reconciliation.

I was heartbroken. None of this was true. I wanted reconciliation. But I would not allow myself to be manipulated. I saw her demand as emotional blackmail, and I could not yield to it.

I asked her for my unpublished manuscript—the book I had written about my experiences at the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church. She refused to return it. I felt abandoned, isolated.

Eventually, I published that work under the title: *The Bierton Crisis* (2003)

and now republished as *Let Christian men Be Men*.

The Church's Response

The elders of the church were clear. They believed Nurse Ratchet was in the wrong and that it would serve no good purpose to engage her further. They could see through the turmoil and extended to me the hand of fellowship.

CHAPTER 16: I AM ASKED TO JOIN THE CHURCH **Nurse Ratchet Opposed**

In light of everything, I resolved not to give in to what I could only interpret as emotional blackmail. On the 10th of December 1998, I wrote the following letter to Nurse Ratchet (SG), in response to her threats and objections regarding my desire to join the church at Warsash:

Letter to SG, dated 10/12/1998

Dear SG,

I shared at our meeting tonight your request to speak to the elders of Warsash Church about their decision to receive me as a member. I explained how upset and angry you felt, particularly in light of the things you say I've done—whatever they may be. I mentioned the matter of the forged signature on your ISA closure, acknowledging that you were angry and that in our many arguments I'd likely said other hurtful things. I also told them that I had apologised to you and had asked if I could make things right.

I relayed that you believed my joining the church was like me taking up with another woman and that, rather than encouraging reconciliation, it was doing the opposite.

I informed them what Elder RB had said to you about Warsash and your minister's view that the church was in error. Both, it seemed, agreed with you that I shouldn't be admitted as a member due to past conduct.

I did my best to represent you fairly. However, the church leaders disagreed with your position. They emphasised that you are always welcome at Warsash Church and that they love you. Will said you had once been invited to become a member but had not responded. He also told me he'd tried to reach out to help you and the children but received no reply.

John and Sue C were present, and Sue seemed to understand your concerns. I am sure she would be willing to help if you spoke with her.

I had hoped the elders might offer to meet with you alongside someone of your choosing, but they felt it would be unhelpful. Nevertheless, they reiterated their welcome to you, and that Brian had been in touch with you previously.

You have said that if I join the church, you will regard it as a sign that I want permanent separation. But I explained clearly that this is not the case. My desire to join is a spiritual one—part of my commitment to follow the Lord Jesus Christ in every area of life.

Since writing to you about the matter with Derek, I now realise that Abraham would never have offered up Isaac if he had let Sarah stop him from obeying God. Scripture does not say whether he told her—but we do know she obeyed him in other matters and supported him. You know I believe God has given you to me. It is right that I follow Him—and right that you should support me in that.

Your warning—your threat—about me joining the church cuts deeply. I take it seriously. But it is not a sign that I want separation; I never have. You are the one who has spoken of leaving, not me.

My desire is that we both would be members at Warsash. Why not consider that? Why did you leave in the first place? If you wish to return, I will step aside for a time.

But if, despite my explanation, you still say that my joining the church means I want separation, then you are threatening me. You are saying you will forsake me for being a Christian.

Yet the Lord has spoken to me about this, and this is what He says:

“And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

— Matthew 19:29, KJV

I love you more than you have ever known. I believe you were given to me by God. I am truly sorry for the pain I have caused. Please forgive me.

But now you say you will permanently separate from me if I follow Jesus in this way. That if I go to church, I will lose you and our daughter.

You've said I may not take Rebekah with me if I go to church on Sunday, even though it's my heart's desire for both of you to be with me. I am grieved by this, but I now know what I must do.

If the Lord wills, I shall be joining the church at Warsash on Sunday, the 13th of December 1998. I assume you will follow through on your word—but I ask again, please ring me and say I may take Rebekah with me.

If you think I need help or wish for me to speak with your minister friends—RB, DC, or VF—I will. I'm free Friday or Saturday.

I love you. Please do not forsake me. We have much to look forward to in the Lord.

Love,
David

I Decide Against Joining the Church

However, after prayerful reflection and consideration, I changed my mind. I decided not to join the church—hoping this would be seen as an olive branch and might aid reconciliation. I explained my decision to B.T. and his wife, and to B. and I., and they all kindly offered to help mediate between us.

I then wrote to Silver Girl once more:

Letter to SG, dated 20/12/1998

Dear Silver Girl,

You may not yet know, but I didn't join the church at Warsash last Sunday. I hoped that refraining would help our reconciliation, as I knew it was a cause of distress for you. I also approached B. and I., and B.T. and his wife, asking if they might speak with us and help. They have all kindly agreed.

I have a Christmas present for Rebekah and would love it to be from both of us. How do you feel about that? And is there any way I could see you for a short while over Christmas? I miss you terribly—unless, of course, you’ve truly given up on us.

Yours in love,
David

Summary and Reflection

To those considering marriage—and especially to Christians—let me urge you to seek a true understanding of what the Bible teaches concerning the relationship between man and woman. I have written more extensively on this in my article on Christian Marriage.

CHAPTER 17: WOMEN ELDERS

Women Elders and the Church at Warsash

My experiences with Nurse Ratchet—her need for control, her refusal of reconciliation—made me highly sensitive to the modern trend of women assuming positions of ecclesiastical authority. Thus, I was shocked when, in early January 1999, after several elders had left Warsash Church to form a new fellowship at the Hilton Hotel in Farlington, the remaining leadership announced they were seeking nominations for new elders—and that women were eligible.

This caught me off guard. The church had claimed to follow the New Testament pattern and bore the name “Jesus is Lord.” Yet this decision, to my mind, contradicted the clear teaching of Scripture.

I had been invited to join the church in the hope that membership numbers would strengthen resistance to two pressing issues within the United Reformed Church: the ordination of practising homosexuals and the elevation of women to eldership.

When I raised my concerns about the latter, I met strong resistance. Though I presented scriptural arguments and careful reasoning, I was ultimately silenced. The elders told me plainly not to speak on the matter again.

That was my cue to leave.

Biblical View of Church Order

In brief, here is the theological basis for my position:

After the Fall, God declared that the woman's desire would be toward her husband, but he would rule over her (Genesis 3:16). This was part of the curse upon creation, and it remains to this day.

In Christian marriage, the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church (Ephesians 5:23). Just as the church is subject to Christ, so the wife is to her husband.

This divine order, established after the Fall, is not cultural or dispensational—it is universal.

We are not at liberty to override God's design. His Word governs all relationships: husbands, wives, children, church leaders, and members alike.

Because this order remains—evidenced by the continuing effects of the curse—so too must the biblical structure for family and church life remain.

Mary, Mary Quite Contrary

Following my departure from Warsash Church, and after encountering similar issues in a fellowship in the Philippines, I published my book titled *Mary, Mary Quite Contrary*, subtitled *Does the Lord Jesus Want Women to Rule as Elders in His Church?* (See **Further Publications** Listed at the back of this book)

There I outlined in fuller detail my experience and scriptural objections to this modern trend.

I left Warsash and began attending a new fellowship—The Christian Gospel Church, which met at the Hilton Hotel in Farlington.

I Leave the Church at Warsash

It goes without saying that I left the church at Warsash. My conscience gave

me no peace, and in time I found myself meeting with a small group of believers at the Hilton Hotel in Farlington. It was a fresh start.

Difficulties Seeing My Daughter

Ever since our separation in November 1998, I had great difficulty seeing my 18-month-old daughter. Her mother — who I refer to as Nurse Ratchet — made every effort to prevent contact. Not only with me, but also with my children from my first marriage. She especially barred our daughter from seeing David, my youngest son. All this stemmed from things David had said to some people at the Warsash church when he heard I was going to join. It seems she never forgave him for that.

In an effort to make peace, I helped David write a letter of apology. I thought if we could just clear the air, things might settle down.

My Son's Letter of Apology to Nurse Ratchet

Dated: 23rd February 1999

Dear [Nurse Ratchet],

It's been a long time since I've seen my dad. He was angry with me for saying things about you and S. I've written to him to apologise. He said I should see you in person, but I find that too hard. Please accept this written apology.

I was hurt because I thought you'd been saying bad things about my dad, and that upset me. I was trying to protect him and felt like you were trying to stop me from seeing him.

I'm sorry I got it wrong and said those things. I know it upset you and my dad.

Yours sincerely,

D.C. Junior

Her Response: No Reconciliation

After I passed the letter on, I wrote again asking if she might be willing to speak to David — to help settle the matter once and for all. What I received

back shocked me. Here is part of her letter, dated 22nd July 1999:

“No, I do not have a need to see your son thank you. I feel so much better since not having to see them all!

If it had been my son spreading lies about my husband’s new wife, I would’ve grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and marched him round to apologise. That’s proper discipline.

You, on the other hand, just wrap David in cotton wool... He’s spoilt, manipulative, nasty and spiteful...

I have no need to speak to him and never have. You should’ve made him apologise properly... You’ve been devious... You’re modelling him, and now I understand more why he is how he is.

Let’s just agree not to argue. The past is dead and gone. I’ll only react if David tries to see our daughter...”

She closed the letter with “Yours in love” — but frankly, it felt like anything but love.

This Is Not Christian Behaviour

Her reply made it plain: she wasn’t following biblical teaching on how to resolve offences. She said David should have been brought to her — forced to apologise — but that is the exact opposite of what the Bible teaches. The Lord said:

“Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.”

(Matthew 18:15, KJV)

The one offended is the one meant to go. Not the other way around. Forgiveness should follow — “as the Lord hath forgiven you, so also do ye.” Even in the Lord’s Prayer we say:

“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.”

From a human point of view, she was a grown woman in her forties, claiming to be a Christian. David was only fifteen. He'd lost his father because of her adultery. His feelings were justified.

Worse still, it was she who had shared her feelings in front of Gillian — our 15-year-old babysitter — who then repeated them to David. That's what sparked the whole row. A mature adult should know better than to speak on such matters around children.

The Danger of Ignoring Scripture

The Bible gives us clear instructions on relationships — especially in marriage and family. If we ignore them, we shouldn't be surprised when things go wrong. That was the real argument between Nurse Ratchet and me. I said plainly that without God in our lives, our marriage would fail. That's when she lost her temper.

When I read her letter, I groaned inwardly. I was reminded of the parable Jesus told about the unforgiving servant in Matthew 18:23–35. We had both received forgiveness for our adultery. How then could we refuse to forgive others?

The Parable of the Unforgiving Servant (Matthew 18:23–35)

A king forgave his servant a massive debt — ten thousand talents. But that servant went out and grabbed a fellow servant who owed him a mere hundred denarii.

“Pay me what thou owest!” he demanded, taking him by the throat.

The man begged for mercy — just as he had done — but the servant refused and had him thrown into prison.

When the king found out, he was furious:

“O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt... shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant...?”

And so he delivered him to the tormentors. Jesus ended by saying:

“So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.”

I don't know if tormentors came for Nurse Ratchet, but I do believe God takes such things seriously.

How It Affected My Life

Going through all of this — the separation, the arguments, being blocked from my daughter — it took a toll. Looking back, I believe I pushed myself into emotional highs just to keep depression at bay. That's my theory, anyway.

At the time, I threw myself into work. I wanted to do right by my students and keep going. But it caught up with me.

At Fareham College, near the end of term, I made a serious mistake. One of my best students — who had paid for his own tuition — made a small error in his practical exam. I knew it would cost him, so I changed his answer sheet to correct the mistake. I believed I was doing the right thing. I knew this lad could do the job — he'd proved it over two years.

Unfortunately, the external assessor from Portsmouth spotted the change. Senior management got involved. I wasn't sacked, but I was given a formal written warning. It could have been much worse.

In my defence, I had letters from former students — including Mike Fisher from Gosport and Michael Evans from Petersfield — all saying how I'd helped and supported them over the years. That helped soften the blow.

Letter from My Brother Michael

Evidence of a Change of Heart

7th May 1999

Dear David,

Regarding your suggestion that I write my life story to be included in your book—please forgive me, but I'm in such a poor state mentally and emotionally, I simply cannot face doing that right now. Just writing this letter has taken every ounce of strength I have.

I'm truly grateful that you care for me and that you remember me in your

prayers, along with your fellow Christians. I do believe in God—and in Jesus Christ. I pray to Him, asking forgiveness for my many sins, and I plead with Him to take control of the rest of my life on earth, and to lead me to heaven. I don't want to end up in hell, David. I know that the suffering I endure now is nothing compared to what awaits those who perish without forgiveness. But even so, my faith is weak, and I feel so dreadfully confused.

Even if I were released, what would I do with the rest of my life? I've aged beyond my years. I look thin, withdrawn, old before my time—and I haven't smiled in nearly four years. Where would I live? How could I earn a living in this condition?

I'm terrified of the future, David. It hurts even to think about it. I fear I will spend my last years alone in some squalid little rented room, forgotten. The idea of ever finding someone to love—someone to share life with—feels completely impossible. I don't know what to do. I honestly don't.

The only thing that stops me contemplating suicide is the fear of hell, which I believe would be a torment far worse than anything I face now. But will I ever smile again? Will I ever feel love again—or be loved again? Is it even possible for me to know happiness?

I feel I've got no reason to live. That thought, in itself, is deeply frightening.

I know you have your own trials—perhaps greater than mine. I don't know how you manage to keep going: working, managing your home, bearing the loss of your wife. It must be utterly crushing. But maybe, just maybe, you could help me see how to face my future—because, as it stands, I see no light at the end of the tunnel.

When I'm released, I won't even have a pair of shoes. I'll be starting over from scratch, but how? I've no strength. No will to live. I don't believe I could cope alone. The thought of trying to buy a place to live is laughable—completely out of the question. I just don't know what to do.

Another reason I can't bear to write my life story is that I'm deeply ashamed of much of what I've done. I don't want to broadcast the wickedness of my past for the world to see. I have confessed these things to the Lord and can only hope He will forgive me.

You asked how I felt when you became a Christian thirty years ago. The truth is—I was proud of you. I thought perhaps you were a bit overzealous, but I never mocked you, not once.

My own heart was broken by the whole Karen Mead affair, the collapse of Tudor Charm, and my divorce. I'll share more about that another time—but not now. You may have to wait until I'm released.

For the time being, I'm taking each day as it comes. I continue to pray that I will be acquitted of this dreadful conviction. That, I hope, might give me the strength I need to face whatever comes next.

Forgive me if this letter sounds bleak. I just wanted to be honest. All I can do now is call upon the Lord for strength and guidance.

Once again, thank you for not forsaking me. I trust you'll be there with support when I most need it.

Please give my love to the children.

CHAPTER 18: HOW MY LIFE WAS AFFECTED

Recollections

As I look back on the trials and emotional upheavals of that period, I've come to believe that I may have subconsciously created manic highs to avoid the descent into depression. It's only a theory—but it fits the pattern. Whatever the cause, I threw myself wholeheartedly into my work, striving to do well at college while also finding other outlets to express the turmoil I felt inside.

Disciplinary Trouble at Fareham College

Towards the end of the summer term, I found myself in trouble at Fareham College. I had always tried to go the extra mile for my students, and on this occasion, I allowed my compassion to cloud my judgement.

The situation arose during the practical examinations for the Electronic Servicing 224 course, conducted under the RTEEB Examining Board. I was jointly responsible, alongside an external examiner from Portsmouth College, to assess students and ensure the integrity of the process.

One of my better students, who had paid his own course fees, made a simple error during his test. I knew his capabilities. Over two years I had seen him grow and perform consistently well. In a moment of misguided helpfulness, I altered his test script to correct the mistake. The external examiner spotted the change and alerted senior management.

Although the student passed regardless, the matter led to a disciplinary hearing. I might have been dismissed. Fortunately, I had character references and testimonials from former students who spoke on my behalf—men like Mike Fisher from Gosport and Michael Evans from Petersfield—commending me for past integrity and dedication.

The result: I was given a written warning, valid for one year. I had learned a hard lesson about boundaries and professional conduct.

CHAPTER 19: STEVEN MURRAY

Accommodation Needed

In May 1999, a mother knocked at my door asking if I could house her 20-year-old stepson, Steven Murray. He reminded me of my son Isaac. I was hesitant—Steven was unemployed and would need housing benefit to pay rent. But he promised to find work soon, so I gave him a chance.

Sensing that he'd had a troubled past, I tried to support him as best I could. I shared my own testimony, my Christian convictions, and even gave him a draft copy of *Converted on LSD Trip*. I encouraged him to attend church and enrolled him in an electronics course at Fareham College—he had a good grasp of the subject.

He showed initiative, repairing items I had purchased from Harrod's and selling them on for profit. He also became involved with our church's PA system and soon professed faith in Christ. I was overjoyed.

He asked to be baptised in the sea at Lee-on-the-Solent—just as John the Baptist did in Scripture.

Baptism at Sea: The News Report

Steve Murray



Steve Murray baptised in the sea

Thursday, June 24, 1999 – The News, Portsmouth

“Baptism at Sea Marks Start of My New Life”

By Lorna Vicars

“A reformed Fareham drug user and thief was baptised in the sea to mark the start of a new life. For years, Steve Murray, 21, took drugs, stole cars, and burgled homes. But his life changed when he became a Christian...”

Steve had lived a chaotic life—drugs, theft, reckless behaviour. He first prayed when his girlfriend Tyrone Finlayson was at risk of dying during childbirth. Their daughter, Rhiannon, survived—and that moment began his journey toward God.

By the time of his baptism, Steve had been attending the Christian Gospel Church, which met at the Hilton National Hotel in Farlington. After months of unemployment, he found work as a bar steward at the Forte Post House Hotel in Titchfield.

He told the paper:

“It’s not like my life has stopped. I still go out and have a good laugh—but now I go to church every Sunday. It’s like an emptiness has been filled.”

Troubles Emerge

I gave Steve my wedding suit as a baptism gift. Despite the joy of his conversion, troubling signs soon re-emerged. He continued to drink heavily, gambled frequently, and showed questionable behaviour toward women.

I prayed for him, and so did others in the church. But there were further problems. Another young lodger named Dan moved in, and together the two generated loud music and attracted complaints from neighbours.

Then my daughter's bicycle was stolen.

I had to restore order. Dan was asked to leave and later accused me of favouring Steve—believing it was because of Steve's baptism.

Theft at Church and My Motorbike

One Sunday morning, while Steve was helping at church, the collection—some £400—was stolen.

Shortly after that, my newly purchased 250cc Honda Super Dream motorbike disappeared. It was returned damaged, with bent front forks, a broken lock, and missing mirrors. Oddly enough, Steve had asked to ride it the day before, assuring me he had a licence.

Steve, Dan, and another friend all denied knowing anything about the theft—or the bike's mysterious return.

Steve Murray and Dan Bullimore

After all I'd tried to do for Steve Murray—and for that matter, Dan Bullimore—I was left feeling betrayed, deceived, and deeply disheartened.

The Bad Boys



Steve Murray and Dan Bullimore

Both young men denied taking my motorbike. Yet the circumstances surrounding its disappearance and mysterious return—damaged and incomplete—left a shadow of doubt over their claims. Then things began to spiral further.

Loss of Employment and Deception

Steve's employer at the Post House Hotel rang to inform me that Steve had stopped turning up for work and had now lost his job. When I asked Steve about it, he told me he was going back on housing benefit as he wasn't getting enough hours. I later discovered this was untrue—and it was that deceit which finally pushed me to serve him notice to leave my home.

Then came further blows.

Cheque Fraud and Theft

On the 27th of July, 1999, I received a call from a cheque-cashing bureau in Fareham. They were holding a cheque made out to Steve Murray for £220—but it had bounced. They advised me to report it to the police.

When I did, the investigation revealed that Dan Bullimore had also withdrawn £100 from my account—and there was an additional £380 taken from my Nationwide Building Society account.

Even after both of them had moved out, I discovered further thefts from my home. The most painful was the loss of my 1983 Fender Stratocaster American guitar—a prized possession—along with my 8-track digital recorder. These items had been stolen from my house.

The police later recovered the Stratocaster from Steve Murray.

In the Local News – and in the Church

The story was reported in the local newspaper, and I felt it right to inform others about what had happened. But rather than receiving support from my church, I faced unexpected criticism.

The senior figure at our church confronted me—not to express concern over the theft, or the betrayal I'd suffered, but to complain that the church's reputation had been damaged by the publicity. His priorities felt misplaced.

I couldn't help but think: if the Scriptures record the treachery of Judas Iscariot—right there in the Gospels for all the world to read—then surely it's no sin to publicly report wrongdoings that have affected one's own home, church, and personal trust.

As Jesus said, “For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.” (Luke 12:2, KJV)

In my mind, letting the truth be known was not only justifiable—it was necessary. If anything, the public testimony might prevent someone else from being similarly deceived under the guise of reformed behaviour.

Elly's Go-Kart Accident — A Near Miss

The News, Tuesday, May 25 1999

By Neil Durham

FAREHAM / Praise for girls who took charge after horror accident

Cool-headed friends aid injured teenage

By Neil Durham
The News

A Fareham schoolgirl was praised today after co-ordinating a 999 rescue when her step-sister's ear was severed in an accident.

Friends and relatives of 15-year-old Eleanor Clarke watched as she crashed her petrol-powered go-kart, flipping into it into a ditch.

They raised the alarm using a mobile phone and step-sister Sophie Holloway, also 15, followed ambulance control staff instructions to tend Eleanor's wounds and staunch the bleeding until paramedics arrived.

Today Eleanor's mother, Irene Holloway, of Catfield, Fareham, commended Sophie and Eleanor's friend Melissa Stevenson, 15, of Whiteley, who relayed the ambulance instructions to Sophie.

Eleanor was today recovering in the Royal Hospital Haslar, Gosport, after a successful operation to sew on the severed top quarter of her right ear.

Mrs Holloway said the portion of ear was put on ice after the accident.

She said: 'She also has neck and shoulder injuries as well as a black eye, but seems to have been very lucky.'

Eleanor's father, Peter Clarke, who owns the go-kart and was present when the accident happened in Tanners Lane, on the outskirts of Fareham, said: 'At first I thought she would get out of the ditch laughing.'

'I was horror-struck when I saw her wounds. She was unconscious and I thought she was dying.'

Lewis Jones, 15, of Chamber-

Sophie said: 'The ambulance staff were giving Mel instructions and she was passing them to me. We needed something clean like the T-shirt to stop the bleeding.'

'I'm still a bit shocked by what happened but was too busy to think about what was going on. I'm just delighted Eleanor is getting better.'

Lewis, a pupil at Neville Lovett school, St Anne's Grove, Fareham, said: 'After I handed over my T-shirt I went to the main road to direct the ambulance to where the girl was.'

Mrs Holloway praised those

who played

a part after

the accident,

which

happened

at 4.45pm

on Saturday.

She said:

'We are all

relieved

that her in-

juries are

not more

serious.'

I'm amazed

by the brav-

ery and cool-

headedness of these girls.'

It is hoped Eleanor, a pupil

of Henry Cort school, Hillson

Drive, Fareham, may be home

by the end of the week.

Mr Clarke, a Fareham Coll-

ege lecturer from Hayling

Close, Fareham, added: 'I'm

the first to admit I was at a

bit of a loss at what to do. I'm

glad so many people were

able to help and that my

daughter is on the road to re-

covery now.'

Hampshire ambulance

service spokesman Martyn King-

don also praised the girls.



Melissa Stevenson



Eleanor Clarke was injured in a karting accident. Be Sophie Holloway with the kart involved PICTURE 1 MIKE S



Elly and the Go Kart

During this rather chaotic time, I did my best to keep things ticking along for the children. I thought a bit of light relief was in order, so I took Elly and some of her friends out for a spin on our go-kart. Steve Murray had told me he'd fixed the brakes and assured me the kart was now in good working order. Well — as it turned out — he was sadly mistaken.

Elly took the wheel and set off with great enthusiasm down Tanners Lane, but the brakes gave out completely. She had no way to stop and, at full speed, flew straight into the ditch. It could've been far worse. Thankfully, she was bruised and shaken, but otherwise all right. Though, I must say, it gave us all quite a fright — and it nearly cost her an ear.

Music became a bit of a lifeline for me at this stage. I found it helped calm my mind and ease the pressure I was under. So I decided to do something creative — I began recording a song I'd written for Nurse Ratchet. I'd been strumming it at home for weeks, practising on the guitar, singing it over and over.

One night, while listening to a local group called The Shack playing at Murphy's Bar in Southampton, I asked if I could perform the song. I introduced myself — rather cheekily — as "Dave Clarke from the '60s." They let me get up and sing it, and to my surprise, it went down very well. So well, in fact, I was invited to perform again — this time at The Wyvern in Lee-on-the-Solent.

From Lecturer to Would-Be Pop Star

The News – 19th December 1999

Electronics Teacher Sparks Interest in Pop

By Richard Hargreaves

Dave Clarke At The Wyvern



Dave at the Wyvern

I nearly shared a name with a famous pop star, and it seemed that fact alone caused a stir. At the time, I was teaching electronics at Fareham College, but I had high hopes of seeing my song make it onto the charts in the new millennium.

When the tune first came to me, I thought it far too catchy to ignore. It just had to be recorded. So I turned the back room of a pub into a makeshift studio and laid down the track: Can You Remember — a song I believed had real promise. It was written from the heart and, to my mind, it was a hit waiting to happen.

I pulled in a few friends and students from Fareham College to help out, dubbing ourselves the “1999 Dave Clarke Five.” We recorded it at The Wyvern, with an audience of regulars and live support from The Shack.

“I believe it’s a good song, worth recording,” I told the paper. “I wrote it for my wife.” Everyone I played it to seemed to think it had something special. Dave Clarke — Without the “E”

Because of the name, a few people thought I might be the original Dave Clark from The Dave Clark Five — the 1960s band famous for Bits and Pieces and Catch Us If You Can. The real Dave Clark didn’t spell his name with an “e,” of course — and, according to the lads in The Shack, he might’ve been a bit more tuneful than me — but they liked my energy and stage presence. We got the crowd going.

Their lead singer, Ian Hamilton, said:

“It’s a catchy song and could do well. We’ve been practising it for weeks, and this is our first time playing it live. Dave’s been on about this for ages.”

To keep up appearances, I even arrived at the event in a limousine — or rather, a hearse — surrounded by screaming groupies (who were, in truth, my students from Fareham College).

After that, I continued singing the song at open mic nights — at Oliver’s Bar in Gosport, the Contented Pig in Portsmouth — and eventually entered it in The X Factor. One day, I’m convinced, it’ll become the hit it was meant to be. I Am Taken to the Police Station

After the music event, I took Elly and her friends home. I was still dressed in full Petty Officer's Naval uniform, which no doubt added to the drama of what came next.

As we reached Stubbington, Elly began to feel unwell and asked me to pull over. Naturally, I did — but no sooner had we stopped than a police car appeared. Sure enough, I was questioned, breathalysed on the spot, and then taken in a police vehicle to the station to be properly checked out.

When we arrived at Fareham Police Station, I recognised Alan and a few others who had also been picked up on suspicion of driving offences. The officers, assuming I was a serving naval officer, told me to wait at the end of the queue. By the time they tested me, everything was clear — and I was free to go. Just another strange twist in an already unusual chapter of my life.

A Christmas Card for Miss Bulled

That Christmas — December 1999 — I found myself alone. But I didn't let that stop me from spreading a bit of cheer and, perhaps, a little Christian witness too.

The Family



Granddad



Grandma



**Elly, Esther, Dad,
David, Isaac**



Rebekah and Daddy

I decided to send a Christmas card to Miss Bulled, the headmistress of Henry Cort School where my children were enrolled. To make it meaningful (and, I admit, to “kill two birds with one stone”), I designed the card myself — complete with pictures of all the children on the front.

Inside, I wrote:

We wish you all a
Meaningful Christmas and
A new birth for the New Year
St. John 3:5–7

David Clarke, children, and friends
invite you to our Christmas Celebration
at The Hilton International, Farlington.

Now, when the children found out what I’d done, they were absolutely mortified. To this day, they haven’t quite forgiven me. But the letter did its job. Miss Bulled was touched and wrote back to thank me. So, in the end, it can’t have been that bad.

Rupert Bear Helps David — A Band for Silver Girl

Around this time, my mind was buzzing with ideas. I’d just learned how to scan colour pictures into a computer and print them out — quite a thing in those days. So I put together a little storybook using Rupert Bear cartoons to tell the tale of how Rupert helped me form a band — all in the hope of singing my song to Silver Girl on Christmas Day.

Example:



**Rupert is a lovely Bear he's
always kind and always fair**

**When David was a little boy
he told his dream to Rupert
Bear**

I poured heart and hope into it. The book told how Rupert Bear helped gather students from my classes at Fareham College to create a band, just so I could record and deliver a heartfelt tune.

Rupert is a lovely Bear, he's always kind and always fair
When David was a little boy, he told his dream to Rupert Bear...

With the storybook finished and a CD of the song in hand, I posted the package to my daughter in time for Christmas 2000. One way or another, I was determined she'd hear the song.

You can still read and listen to that story on our website.

Desperate Measures — My Students' Rock Band

The music didn't stop there. Some of my students had formed a band called Desperate Measures and asked if I'd help manage them. They wanted promotion, gigs, and a bit of direction — and I was only too happy to get involved.

Looking back, I think this flurry of activity was partly my way of fighting the depression that had crept in due to the troubles at home. I deliberately kept myself busy, perhaps chasing the highs to balance out the emotional lows.

Then came one of my more "eccentric" ideas: publicity via coffin.

I Build the Coffin

I decided that one of the band members would live in a coffin for a week —

yes, a real one — and each day we'd carry him around Fareham to local cafés and pubs where he'd be fed free meals. The whole thing was a stunt to build hype ahead of the “Beat the Band” competition at Oliver's Bar in Gosport, scheduled for 5th May 2000.

I built the coffin myself at Fareham College, painted it black, and stencilled all the details on the side. Then I strapped it to the roof of my bright yellow Ford Fiesta and drove it proudly through the streets of Fareham, turning heads wherever I went.

My Ford Fiesta, with a coffin on the roof — quite the sight.



Coffin on the roof of my Fiesta

From Desperate Measures and The Resurrection

Alas, just as things were gaining attention, the plan came unstuck. Mark Rogers — the lad who was supposed to sleep in the coffin — suddenly got cold feet. He was worried that if he wasn't available for work, he might lose his Job Seeker's Allowance and Housing Benefit. So, the band pulled out of the event entirely.

Mark Rogers



Mark Rogers he bottled out

Gavin Marks Replacement



Gavin our lead guitarist, in the coffin

At Fareham College — The Coffin in the Hall

I wasn't ready to give up so easily. So I went to Fareham College, parked the coffin in the main hall, and waited. The first suitable young man I spotted, I asked to lie in it for a photograph. As providence would have it, he turned out to be a guitar player from Portchester — a lad named Gavin.

At first, I had permission from the Principal to place the coffin in the main hall of Fareham College. All was agreed. But shortly after, he had second thoughts and asked me to withdraw the idea. The trouble was, by then it was already too late — the photograph had been taken, and as you'll see, it looked as though the coffin had been tailor-made for Gavin.

The band took shape not long after. I formed it with Gavin, Morrison-Govern, Mike Fisher, Vince from Gosport, and myself on vocals. We were an unusual crew, but determined. And loud.

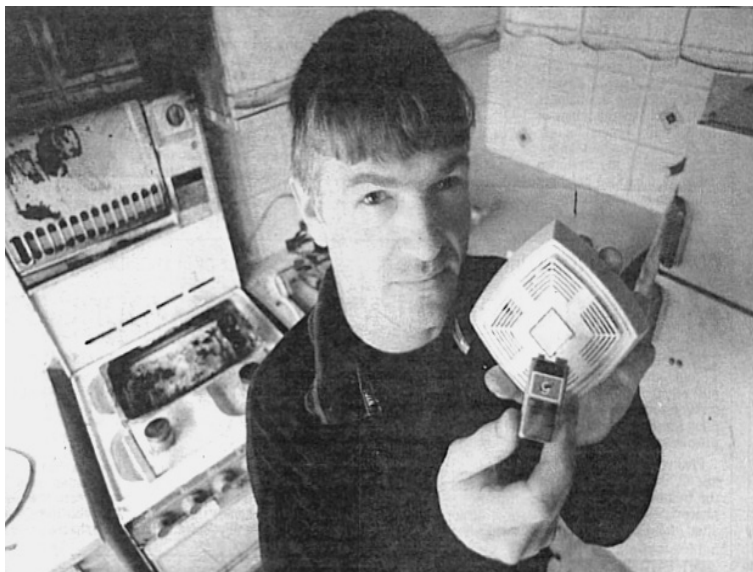
House Nearly Burns Down

Around this time, Mark Rogers — the original frontman for “Desperate Measures” and the one slated to sleep in the coffin — was staying at my house, number 11 Hayling Close. I was out for the evening, off trying to recruit some CeroC dancers for one of our upcoming music events in Gosport, when I got the phone call: my house was on fire.

My first concern, of course, was whether everyone was safe. Mark assured me they were. The fire brigade and police were already on site. David and Elly had managed to escape, thank God. Apart from the kitchen being completely burnt out, the rest of the house was more or less intact.

Here's the newspaper article from the time:

FIREFIGHTERS IN ALARM WARNING



Mark Rogers in our burnt out kitchen

Blaze may have been avoided — if batteries had been fitted to detectors

Mark Rogers, the same chap who was going to sleep in the coffin, was pictured standing in what remained of our kitchen.

Realising there was nothing to be gained by rushing home, I stayed with the Ceroc group. I asked if they could try dancing to my song, Can You Remember, which I'd brought along on my Sony MiniDisc player. Life moves on — even when your house is on fire.

The Coffin Is Stolen

In the days that followed, Esther — my eldest daughter — asked to borrow my Ford Fiesta. I agreed, on one condition: if she was going to use it, she'd

have to drive it with the coffin still tied to the roof.

To this day, I can't recall if she actually did. What I do know is that the next morning, the coffin had vanished. Gone without a trace. I reported it to the police, and of course, it made the local paper.

The News — Tuesday, 24th May 2000

Stolen Coffin

FAREHAM / Call for help after thieves wreck plan to raise money for Mozambique flood victims

Fund-raising stunt dead and buried as coffin is carted off

By Richard Hargreaves
The News

As fund-raising stunts go, college lecturer Dave Clarke thought driving a coffin around Fareham for a week would bring the pounds pouring in.

But the 50-year-old didn't count on thieves whipping the 6ft wooden box from the roof of his Ford Fiesta and running off with it.

Now Dave, of Hayling Close, faces the prospect of calling on a friendly undertaker or making another one from scratch.

The electronics lecturer was planning to spend a week sleeping in the home-made coffin to raise money for the victims of the floods in Mozambique.

The aim was to turn up at different pubs or restaurants for seven mornings around Fareham and enjoy breakfast lying in the coffin as customers supported and sponsored the appeal.

The Fareham College lecturer was taking the black coffin home from the Bishopscroft Road institution, strapped to the roof of his Fiesta, but stopped for a few hours near the former marine barracks at Eastney on Thursday night before returning home.

It was taken some time either while the Fiesta was parked up in Eastney, or later from outside Dave's Fareham home. He wants it back in time for the May fund-raising drive.

'If it is a prank then I can appreciate it, but if it is a real theft then that is not funny. We do need it,' Dave said.

'It was going to be the main part of our fund-raising efforts. It took me a week to make and I don't want to make another one - maybe we could borrow one.'

The week of collecting by Dave and the Desperate Measures rock band he manages - formed by his former students - was due to begin with a charity concert in Gosport featuring the coffin.

'I was going to be in it outside Oliver's Bar while the band played inside,' Dave added.

Police at Fareham are investigating. Anyone who has seen the 6ft box, which has four black handles and is around 18in deep, should call them on 01329 236211.



'If it is a real theft then that is not funny. We do need it.'

Dave Clarke

Dave Clarke wants to rescue his charity drive PICTURE / LUKE MACGREGOR

Stolen Coffin

You couldn't make it up.
Not to Be Deterred...

Thankfully, the coffin was recovered a few days later — no worse for wear. And with it, we were back in business. Once again, it was all over the local press:

The News — Saturday, 15th April 2000

GOSPORT / Fund-raising stunt back on as musician gets his stolen coffin back

I'm so happy I could die says the other Dave Clark

By Lizzy Millar
The News

Spotting an abandoned empty coffin is a rare sight. But when college lecturer Dave Clark noticed a wooden coffin peeping from behind a bush on his way home, his heart leapt.

Dave, of Fareham, was gutted when a 6ft black coffin he had specially made for a fund-raising stunt went missing last month.

The prop was designed for a charity gig and a week of events for the Moambique flood disaster.

As reported in *The News*, Dave, 30, said he wanted to be carried about inside the coffin to different pubs and cafes in Fareham and Gosport for seven consecutive days.

But his hopes seemed dashed when the structure, strapped to the roof of his Ford Fiesta, was stolen somewhere on a trip to Bantsey, in Portsmouth, and his home in Hayling Close.

'At first I just didn't know what to do,' said Dave, who teaches electronics at Fareham College. 'I reported the theft to police and was hoping for a replacement.'

FAITH, FUN AND CHARITY

Dave Clark is a committed Christian and a dedicated rock lover.

He is in two bands: Dave Clark from the Sixties and Desperate Measures.

Although he shares the same name as Dave Clark he is not linked to the sixties legend. But the charismatic 30-year

old has often fooled adoring fans, on one occasion turning up to a gig in a limousine.

He has released a CD single called *Can You Remember*.

During his week of fund-raising events, Dave plans to sing from the closed coffin through a microphone fed through a hole in the lid.

out from the roadside.

'I thought: "That looks like my coffin," so stopped to investigate and sure enough, it was.'

The father of five added: 'Perhaps someone has been playing a practical joke on me.'

'I'm just glad to have the coffin back in time for the charity event.'

The week of collecting by Dave and the Desperate Measures rock band he manages - formed by his former students - begins with a charity concert at Oliver's Bar, in Stoke Road, Gosport, on May 6.

Fareham police confirmed the coffin had been reported as stolen.

Fund-raising stunt dead and buried as coffin is carted off

By Richard Morgan
The News

The News, March 21

Strangely weeks later the lid of the coffin turned up at a neighbour's garden and the main unit appeared partly hidden in nearby shrubs.

'I was driving home when I saw something wooden sticking



Happiness is a returned coffin, according to fund-raiser Dave Clark

The News Article Saturday April 15th 2000

Coffin Returned — Band Marches On

The Air Balloon Portsmouth



Ironing to Xube music at The Air Balloon

Still determined to see the idea through, I recruited another student from college to live in the coffin. He was carried from venue to venue by his fellow students and musicians — just as originally planned.

The route included Weather Spoons, McDonald's, Burger King, Edwin's, and The Oast and Squire — where he was fed and entertained over the course of the week. Meanwhile, the band was rebranded from “Desperate Measures” to the ever-so-subtle: Dave Clark from The 60's

The band was formed, and on the night of the big gig we performed three of my original songs:

Rebekah's Field, My Resurrection, and Can You Remember.

[YouTube Play list Dave Clarke/ Reurrection](#)

The venue was absolutely packed. The night was wild. Some might say it got a little out of hand.

During the last song, one of my son's friends — Morgan, a BMX rider from Portsmouth — thought it would be hilarious to pour lighter fluid on my trousers and set me alight. I kid you not. Fortunately, someone had the good sense (and good aim) to douse me with a pint of beer.

Morgan is Caught



And Canned for Catching Fire to Me

Morgan Is Canned — For Setting Me on Fire

After the now infamous performance at Oliver's Bar — the one where

Morgan set fire to my trousers with lighter fluid — something had to be done.

So yes, I canned Morgan. Not out of spite, but because actions have consequences. Thankfully, we let him off lightly. He had, after all, turned up with his BMX bike as requested, ready to help tow the coffin down the street. He came with a group of his mates from the Portsmouth skate park and did exactly what I'd asked of him. Fair play to the lad — minus the arson. Needless to say, we didn't win the competition. In fact, we were probably the worst band of the night — musically speaking. But we were certainly the most memorable.

That's how Dave Clarke and The Resurrection was born — a new band, rising from the ashes of Desperate Measures. Straight out of the '60s, or at least in spirit.

Music at the Air Balloon — Ironing to Xube

Our next musical outing was at the Air Balloon pub in Portsmouth. A band called Xube was playing, and we staged what we proudly referred to as an “installation” — part performance, part protest, and all improvisation.

The Air Balloon Portsmouth



Ironing to Xube music at The Air Balloon

Mike Fisher was on bass, Dave White on keyboard, and I brought my usual dose of offbeat drama. It was experimental, unpredictable — and loud.

We considered ourselves progressive musicians, stepping away from the old stereotypes. No more of the outdated tradition where men went to the pub on their own while their wives stayed home doing the ironing. No — we took our wives with us. And they did the ironing in the pub.

That, we said, was equality.

The Battle of the Sexes

One thing I had learned through all this — especially through the clash with Nurse Ratchet — was just how determined a woman could be to rule her husband. It seemed instinctive. Biblical even.

In her case, she couldn't see that my music, my storytelling through song, wasn't madness. It was love.

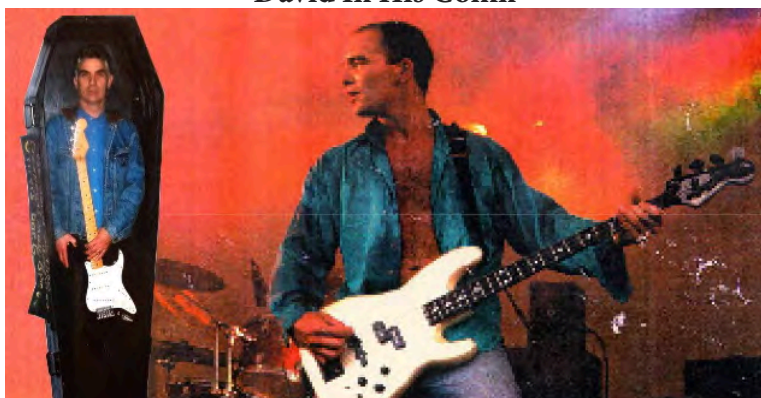
And as I've come to realise:

“When love is not madness, it is not love at all.”

A Picture in a Coffin — Her Courtroom Strategy

Nurse Ratchet went so far as to use a photograph of me in a coffin — taken during the musical stunt — as evidence in court to say I wasn't a fit father. Her solicitor presented it to the judge, claiming it proved I was unhinged.

David In His Coffin



The Resurrection

But the judge — thank God — saw straight through it. He looked at the picture and said I didn't look like a man in a coffin at all. More like someone

standing in a sentry box.

The claim was dismissed as nonsense.

A Problem of Stolen Equipment

One of the difficulties in working with lots of people — especially when you open your home to them — is that trust can easily be misplaced.

At the time, a group of students from Fareham College had taken an interest in my music outreach project, which I called Rock and Real Music. They came to the house regularly — not just for music, but for video work too. One such film was shot at Stubbington Cemetery and, believe it or not, it's still available online.

Unfortunately, not everything was as it seemed.

I soon discovered that a significant amount of valuable gear had gone missing from my house. Through the grapevine, I heard that two of the students — Gavin Sampson and Jodie — had taken the equipment and sold it to a chap known as Ging Roberts.

So, I did what any rational man would do — I wrote to him.
A Letter to Ging

26th September 2000

Ging (or Jamie Roberts)
25 Langston Court

I've been trying to get hold of you for weeks.

Gavin Sampson, from Portchester, sold you some guitars and other electrical kit a few weeks back. Problem is — it was stolen from my house.

Some of the gear belonged to a friend of mine who was in prison at the time. Now he's out, and he wants his stuff back. Other items included a Sharp MiniDisc recorder, some radio handsets, and valuable CDs.

I've spoken to Bruster in Reading Remand Centre, and he told me Gavin also sold some bits to the Cash Exchange in North End.

I've given Gavin and Jodie every chance to return the items quietly, but they seem to think it's all blown over. It hasn't.

Rob White (now sadly deceased), Frazer, Wesley, and others said you're an all right bloke and might help.

We don't want police involved — we're trying to avoid criminal records. All I want is the gear returned.

They have three choices:

Return the stuff — anonymously if need be.

Appear before a 'House Court' at 11 Hayling Close.

Face the real courts if the police get involved.

I'm not into violence — no knee-capping or threats. There are better ways.

I'd value your help.

Dave Clarke (on behalf of Mark Rogers)

More Naughty Boys

We even made a photo collage of the culprits, cheekily titled:

More Naughty Boys



Gavin Samson



Jodie

I hoped to keep things peaceful — a firm but fair approach. But trouble was brewing.

Trouble Escalates

Some time later, I followed up with another note to Ging:

A Second Letter to Ging

4th October 2000 — Marked Urgent

Ging,

How are things with the recovery?

I've just heard Jodie had his nose broken on Tuesday. Apparently, Elly's friend Wesley was angry about the theft and took matters into his own hands. I don't approve. I'd told Wesley we had it under control, but he acted anyway.

As a result, Jodie told the college nurse, and Wesley was expelled from Fareham College today.

If the rest of the stolen goods aren't returned soon, things could turn violent. That's not what I want. Please call with some good news.

Goods Recovered — A Sad Ending

Thankfully, most of the stolen equipment was recovered. Ging and I met, and I gave him £100 — the amount he'd originally paid for the goods. He promised to help retrieve what he could, and to his credit, he did.

In the end, we became unlikely friends.

Later, I discovered Ging was a heroin addict. Sadly, he passed away just a few years later. But before his death, we worked together on a powerful and painful video about addiction. In it, Ging showed — in brutal honesty — how he prepared heroin and injected himself. He wanted to use the footage to warn others, to help people stay away from drugs.

I had already produced a video about local drug issues in Stubbington and had sent it to the police, The News, schools, and even to Prince Charles. Ging wanted to be part of that work. He believed his story could make a difference.

Ging Dies — A Sad Goodbye

Some time later, I received the news that Ging had passed away. It was sad, though not entirely unexpected. He had battled heroin addiction for some time. Even so, he'd tried — he really had — to turn things around and help others avoid the same fate.

At one point, someone reached out to me on YouTube asking for more information about Ging. In response, I uploaded a portion of the video we'd made together — the one where Ging shared his story in a raw and honest way, showing the realities of heroin use. He had wanted it used as a warning to others.

But the upload didn't go down well.

Soon after posting the clip, I received strong objections from Ging's family. They were deeply upset, so I removed it immediately out of respect.

To add fuel to the fire, it was pointed out that in the video's description I

had misspelled HRH Prince of Wales as HRH Prince of Whales — which, as you might imagine, did nothing to improve matters. Ging's father was particularly unimpressed. I apologised, of course — it was an honest mistake.

Despite the drama, the music continued.

Xube was the brainchild of two of my former students from Gosport — Mike Fisher and David White. Mike had played bass on my original song Can You Remember, and after that, I began promoting their new band wherever I could.

David managed the group, and what they created was far more than just music. Xube became a performance concept — a mix of live music, light shows, body art, dance, and theatre. They were never boring, and they always turned heads.

Xube – Music to Anything

- Spectacular light shows
- Infectious rhythmic grooves
- Art meets dance meets drama
- Performances tailored for any occasion
- Designed to break expectations and raise eyebrows

Xube Music To Anything



Xube Music

Wherever Xube performed, people were drawn in — intrigued, puzzled, entertained. They described it as a “refreshing alternative” to the usual pub gig. It was part rave, part art show, and part therapy session.

Xube in All Forms

Xube Art



Mike Fisher and David White

We gave names to each format of the Xube experience:

Xube Drama

Xube Rock

Xube Therapy

Xube Marriage/Divorce

Xube Birth

Xube Art

In short, Xube became a phenomenon in its own right — or at least we believed it was.

Xube Rock Art Music



To Be Part Of This Xube Phenomenon

Call: Mike Fisher on 02392 786294

Xube Art — Body Painting at The Stables

One example of Xube's more "expressive" work took place at The Stables in Gosport. Two of my students from Fareham College volunteered to be models for a live body art performance.

Dug Hammond At The Stables



Duggy Hammond at the Stables in Gosport with our Xube Models



Jim Gold Xube's Resident Artist

For the sake of modesty, I insisted that the girls wore body stockings, even though the idea was to have them painted head to toe while Xube music played in the background. This, we claimed, was Xube Art — a kind of visual-music fusion.

Duggy Hammond ran the venue.

Jim Gold, Xube's resident artist, handled the brushes.

With ambient soundtracks, swirling colours, and rhythmic beats, we introduced the concept of...

Body Painting to Music.

Xube Art

Body Painting To Music



Jim Gold Paints Xube Models

Xube Therapy- Birth



These are the first ladies to give birth to Xube babies

Xube Therapy — Xube Birth

As Xube evolved, it got even more conceptual. We dubbed one event Xube Birth, and to commemorate the occasion, we took a photo of what we declared were...

The first ladies to give birth to Xube babies.

How literal or metaphorical that was, I'll leave to the reader's imagination.

And I believe it did.

Should I Pay Council Tax?

As we reached the end of the year 2000, I received a letter from the Council Tax office at Fareham Borough Council. According to their records, it had been reported that someone was living in my caravan, which was parked on the front drive of 11 Hayling Close.

Here we go again, I thought.

This wasn't the first time I'd had to deal with anonymous complaints from the neighbours, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. In response, I wrote the

following letter — dated 19th December 2000 — and sent it straight to the Council Tax Manager.

Letter to Fareham Borough Council

19th December 2000

Dear Sir or Madam,

Re: Council Tax Ref. 440189724 – your letters dated 28th September and 11th December

I am writing in reply to your second letter, which concerns an allegation that someone is living in my caravan.

I have already been visited in person by Mr Cooper from Building Control. It seems I've become the subject of a prolonged campaign of petty complaints by a certain neighbour or neighbours. These are just some of the accusations I've had to deal with over the past months:

People sleeping in tents

Animals copulating in the garden

Children using foul language in the street

Parking on the pavement (though no fine was issued)

Overcrowding

Storing gas cylinders

Running an electrical repair business

Operating a house in multiple occupation

Playing loud music

Illegally connecting a gas supply

And now — allegedly housing students from Fareham College in a

caravan on my front drive.

I'd like to be very clear: nobody lives in the caravan. The only exception is that my children occasionally sleep there during the summer holidays, for a bit of fun.

We've also received abusive phone calls, directed at my daughter, from an anonymous neighbour — so this is clearly part of something larger and rather unpleasant. The only direct complaint I've ever received was about noise, and that was dealt with immediately.

Now, regarding the caravan — as I understand it, no one is permitted to live in a caravan unless Building Control approves it. If such approval were granted, then yes, Council Tax might be applicable whether anyone resides there or not.

But once again — no one lives in it.

That said, let me offer a tongue-in-cheek reply:

It has come to my attention that a photo was taken of the “occupant” of the caravan — and there is concern it may have escaped from the animal rescue centre in Stubbington. Frankly, it looks a bit dangerous to me, and I very much doubt it has the means to pay Council Tax.

I dare not ask it.

I Dare Not Ask It.



The occupant of the caravan

The Occupant of the Caravan
11 Hayling Close
PO14 3AE

Yours sincerely,
David Clarke

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.
We'll do our best to keep the peace.

CHAPTER 20: MICHAEL'S CALL FOR HELP

One Year On – A Change Takes Place

Just a year after Michael's first letter, I began to witness a remarkable transformation in his outlook and state of mind—it was all for the better. I also found myself able, at last, to properly read and absorb the contents of the National Bureau of Investigation (NBI) report from the Philippines. That report clearly cleared Michael of the allegations made against him. In fact, it went so far as to recommend that Fr. Shay Cullen, the priest who had lodged the complaint, be deported for being an undesirable alien in the Philippines (see Appendix 01).

Michael's First Cry for Help (1998)

Michael had written to me back in 1998, asking for help. His letter revealed just how low he had sunk. He told me of Suny Wilson, another Englishman, who had been “set up” and sentenced to death in 1996. Michael had visited him regularly on Death Row.

By God's grace, Suny was acquitted by the Philippine Supreme Court on 19th December 1999, thanks in part to Alan C. Atkins and Errol Wilkinson. Upon his release, Suny gave Michael a copy of *Mere Christianity* by C.S. Lewis. Michael read it—and came to believe that Jesus was indeed the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

Suny's story is recorded in the book *Sentenced to Death* and is also available as a YouTube video. The encounter changed Michael's life.

Michael's Letter — 3rd July 2000

Dear David,

Just a few lines—I hope everything is all right with you and that you’re managing to sort out access to your daughter on reasonable terms.

Nothing has moved yet with the Board of Pardons and Parole. As of today, my prison records still haven’t been sent to the Board. Everything is so painfully slow—it drives me mad.

I’ve been reading a lot of Christian books. The one I’m on now is *Joy Unspeakable* by Dr Martyn Lloyd-Jones. It’s all about the Holy Spirit. I believe the baptism of the Holy Ghost is something distinct—not something that always happens automatically at conversion. Yes, the Holy Spirit is within every true believer at the moment of conversion, but the baptism can come later—when Jesus chooses to pour it out.

If we as Christians don’t seek this deeper experience, we are quenching the Spirit by our neglect. We ought to pray for it, not only for ourselves but for the whole Church—for revival.

You are always in my prayers.

Michael

News of Michael’s Conversion

Sometime in 2000, Michael wrote again with news that he had trusted in Christ and been baptised in a 45-gallon oil drum inside New Bilibid Prison. The man who baptised him was Lucas Dangatan, a former inmate himself, now serving as a Religious Volunteer (RVO) and pastor of the New Bilibid Prison Theological Institute (NBPTI).

At last, I truly believed Michael. I believed he had been “set up,” and I saw clearly—through the NBI report and his change of spirit—that he had come to saving faith.

The NBI report, incidentally, had been brought to me by Suny Wilson himself, who rang me on Christmas Day, 1999, after returning to England. He soon came to see me in person and handed me the full report. It confirmed

everything Michael had said.

I Write Our Story

It was around this time that I was recovering from my own personal trials and theological clashes at the Warsash Church. Strengthened once more in the faith, I felt the urge—no, the call—to write my testimony. That became my second book, *Converted on LSD Trip*.

While finalising the manuscript, I sensed that Michael's story had to be told as well. It was a "Stop Press" moment—his part needed to be included. I asked him to write it, but at the time, he replied:

"Please forgive me, David, but I am so screwed up. I just couldn't handle it right now. It takes all my strength just to write this letter..."

(Letter dated May 1999)

"Cast Your Net on the Other Side"

In prayer and reflection, I felt strongly that our story could be used to help others. The verse that pressed upon my heart was:

"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find."

(John 21:6)

"For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken."

(Luke 5:9)

The message to me was clear: I had laboured long in England to be a fisher of men. Now I must cast my net on the other side of the ship—the other side of the world—and reach men for Christ in the Philippines. One Sunday, I shared this conviction with the church and announced my intention to visit Michael.

I believed God, in His wisdom, had allowed all that had happened—both the good and the bitter—to bring us to a place where we could testify of His grace. As I wrote at the time:

"It is now as natural for me to glorify God as it is for a bird to sing."

– 12th May 1999

Our Church Responds

In celebration of Michael's conversion, our church sent him a leather-bound Bible, some cassette tapes, and letters from friends. He expressed gratitude for the prayers and said he believed God had forgiven him, though he still felt ashamed of his past.

"I wonder if anyone could ever love me. Could I ever smile again? Could I ever be happy?"

He was not yet ready to write his life story, not because he denied it, but because of the shame he still felt. He had confessed to the Lord and was trusting in His mercy.

Michael Grows in Faith

By July 2000, Michael was immersed in Christian literature. His reading of Joy Unspeakable showed a growing grasp of sound doctrine. It became clear—to me and to others—that God had truly worked a miracle in Michael's heart.

He even expressed a desire to enter full-time Christian ministry. This was a profound encouragement, and the news of his salvation was a joy unspeakable.

CHAPTER 21: MEDIA INTEREST AND OUR MISSION

Portsmouth News

I shared Michael's story with Lizzy Millar, the religion correspondent at The News in Portsmouth. An article appeared on Saturday, 12th August 2000, showing two pictures—myself, a college lecturer and committed Christian—and Michael, now in prison in the Philippines but newly converted.

As a result of the article and my book *Converted on LSD Trip*, another newspaper, the Bucks Herald, picked up the story. An old friend, Gordon Smith, who had known me in our criminal days, read it. He contacted me from Dorset, and without hesitation we agreed to fly to the Philippines together to support Michael and celebrate his conversion.

We arranged to visit for three weeks—the maximum stay without a visa.

The New Article

14 The News, Saturday, August 12, 2000 G www.thenews.co.uk

HOPE: The Clarkes were gangsters in their youth – now one is a Christian while the other is locked up in a Filipino jail

I pray I can save my criminal brother

by Lizzy Miller and Darren Beck
The Times

ON THE left is Dave Clarke – college lecturer and committed Christian.

On the right is his brother Michael – currently languishing in a prison cell in the Philippines.

Dave spends much of his spare time trying to help young people turn away from a life of crime.

Now he is on his most important mission yet – trying to save his brother's soul.

Dave converted to Christianity almost 30 years ago after sharing a life of crime with his brother in their youth. But his brother Michael went further off the rails and is now in a jail in the Philippines.

Dave, 52, of Hayling Close, said regular letters from his brother showed he was sick of his lifelong criminal past and was thinking of becoming a Christian.

He said: "Michael wrote to me saying his was despicable and suicidal and asked me about my faith.

"I've been praying hard for him and believe he has now come to know the Lord as his personal saviour. I think he is listening to what I write."

Both brothers were notorious criminals in Buckinghamshire where they lived in the 1960s. They were jailed for malicious wounding after shooting a woman in the face with an air weapon at Margate.

Dave said: "When I came out I knew everything there was to know about crime. It was a good school."

"I was determined to have the best of everything and went about it with determination."

I was riding on my brother's reputation as a loan shark. I set up a garage business for stolen cars.

Dave went to borstal for 12 months while his brother, who denied the charge, went to Maidstone prison for two years.

Father-of-five Dave went straight after converting to Christianity in 1971. He moved to Fareham where he began teaching electronics at the town's college and became involved with the Christian Gospel Church.

His brother went on the run after being given home leave from prison but was recaptured and served his full sentence.

Michael is now four years into a 16-year jail sentence in prison in the Philippines for promoting sex tourism.

Michael Clarke discovered the Philippines and its cheap sex in 1986 when he set himself up as a tour operator. He placed an advertisement under the name Paradise Express in Exchange and Mart and produced crude brochures describing a 12-night holiday as "the dirty dozen" and with photos of bikini-clad women as well as giving details on how to find a Filipino wife.

Clarke, who is divorced with a daughter, had been arrested for agreeing that underage prostitutes should be procured after he had been captured on a hidden camera. He is appealing against conviction.

Dave said he hoped his brother would now find God and give up crime.

He added: "I regret all the hurt and pain I caused but realise I had to go through what I have because when I talk to kids to keep them out of trouble I have credibility."



Dave Clarke, left, now prays for his brother Michael

Islands' seedy sex business



A picture from one of the brochures

The News Saturday, August 12, 2000

Portsmouth News Summary

"Dave spends much of his spare time helping young people turn from a life of crime. Now he's on his most important mission yet—trying to help save his brother's soul."

"Both brothers were notorious criminals in Buckinghamshire during the 1960s. They were imprisoned for malicious wounding—shooting a woman in the face with an air rifle at Margate."

"When Dave was released, he knew everything there was to know about crime. He had set up a garage business for stolen cars and was riding on his brother's reputation."

That's how the world saw it—and in many ways, it was true.

But God, who is rich in mercy, had begun a new chapter in both our lives.

"Converted on LSD Trip" and My Mission to the Philippines

On Saturday, 12th August 2000, The News in Portsmouth published an article that captured the contrast between the lives of two brothers. On the left, myself—Dave Clarke, now a committed Christian and college lecturer. On the right, my brother Michael—then incarcerated in a Philippine prison.

The article summarised our backgrounds. I had gone to Borstal for 12 months, while Michael, who denied the charge, was sent to Maidstone Prison for two years. I turned my life around in 1970 after an LSD-induced encounter with the Lord Jesus Christ. I moved to Fareham, began teaching electronics at the college, and joined the Christian Gospel Church.

Michael, however, took another path. He absconded while on home leave from prison, was recaptured, and served his full sentence. Years later, in 1995, he was arrested in the Philippines on charges related to child sex tourism—charges he always denied.

The press reported that Michael had set himself up as a tour operator under the name Paradise Express. They cited a crude brochure and an undercover video, alleging that Michael agreed to provide underage prostitutes. However, Michael has always insisted he was set up by an Irish priest named Fr. Shay Cullen.

I told the press, “I hope my brother now finds God and gives up crime.” I shared with them the sorrow I felt over our past, but also my conviction that, through these trials, I had been equipped to speak credibly to young people about avoiding a life of crime.

Lizzy Millar’s Questions to Michael

In August 2000, our local reporter Lizzy Millar contacted Michael by email and asked:

1) How do you plan to get out of prison?

Answer: By Conditional Pardon through voluntary deportation.

2) How can we be sure you’ve changed your ways?

Answer: “It is my Lord Jesus Christ who has convicted me of all my sins. As for the crime I was convicted of, I maintain my innocence. Fr. Shay Cullen invented this case. He himself is now facing charges of rape involving a 7-year-old girl, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest—without bail.

Many foreigners have fallen victim to Cullen's schemes. The Secretary of Justice is now investigating. I believe this will ultimately vindicate me.

My faith in Christ will keep me from the Devil's temptations. This same faith gives me the assurance of eternal life. Amen.”*

Encouraging Michael's Baptism

As Michael's faith grew, I wrote to him encouraging him to be baptised. I reminded him that Christian baptism is by immersion—in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—and under the authority of Jesus. I suggested he ask a Christian inmate or prison chaplain to baptise him.

Baptism in New Bilibid Prison



Michael Baptized in New Bilibid Prison

On 16th September 2000, Michael was baptised in New Bilibid Prison, in a makeshift 45-gallon oil drum, using the very words I had advised—though he had already been led to them independently.

“I was baptised by immersion on 16th September 2000. A photo is being

developed.”

He requested that the NBI report be shared publicly—but asked that no detailed reference be made to his criminal record in any press or book. He simply wanted it acknowledged that, like many, he had done wrong in the past but now trusted in God’s mercy.

Michael’s Response to the Press

When asked what he hoped would come from renewed media coverage, Michael responded:

“To expose the fabricated case against me by Fr. Shay Cullen. I believe God will use this situation to reveal the works of Satan. I have surrendered to the Lord and want to spend the rest of my life saving other lost souls.”

“I have forgiven Fr. Cullen and pray he too will confess his sins. If he does not, I fear he is no Christian, and the Lord will deal with him as He sees fit.”

The Baptism Group in the Prison



Michael’s Baptism Group

(Pastor Lucas- bottom centre) Michael had been imprisoned since 7th June 1995 and was sentenced on 11th October 1996—more than five years in prison by this point. But now he had been born again.

John Sawyer’s Funeral

Around that time, I also received news of the death of one of my students—

John Sawyer. The police phoned one morning to ask if I knew him. I explained that I had been his tutor at Fareham College, where he was enrolled in the City & Guilds electronics course.

John had been found dead at his home, 6 Ranson Close, Titchfield. He was diabetic and lived alone. Apparently, I was the only contact number the police could find.

John had been well liked by staff and students. After losing his wife, he had thrown himself into his studies as a way of coping with his grief. He had a background in mechanics and engineering, and his workshop had been his pride until Fareham Borough Council stopped him from developing it further.

Because he had no family, our department took responsibility for arranging his funeral. Initially, we considered hiring a minister—but I volunteered to conduct the service myself.

Several staff and students attended, including Geoff Whitefield (Head of School) and Marilyn Dufour (Health and Safety Officer). Our own technicians served as pallbearers. I delivered a short address, reminding those present that Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus. I explained that grief is both natural and right.

I couldn't say John was a believer—he had made no profession of faith. So I said only what was true, while entrusting his soul to the mercy of God.

Someone remarked afterward that John's coffin was so heavy it must have contained his tool kit. Another attendee quipped that I'd made a better preacher than a lecturer. Little did they know—it was preaching that had always been my true calling.

As one wag later put it: "David caters for all his students' needs—he just hasn't yet delivered a baby or conducted a wedding."

CHAPTER 22: FAREHAM COLLEGE

Redundancy and Rejection

In March 2001, I was served notice of compulsory redundancy after 13 years at Fareham College. Declining student numbers led to the electronics

courses being cancelled.

With my personal life in ruins, I attempted to speak to my estranged wife about our future and finances. She told me plainly she wanted nothing to do with my house, my money, or my brother, whom she branded a paedophile. I felt utterly forsaken.

Faced with no income and no family support, I made the decision to go to the Philippines and help Michael in person. There was nothing left for me in England. My wife would have to chart her own course.

Embarrassment Over My Book

My book *Converted on LSD Trip* was met with resistance—particularly from the Principal of Fareham College, Malcolm Charnley. He objected to my past being made public.

“I do not wish to be associated personally or professionally with a book entitled *Converted on LSD Trip*, with its overt references to drug-taking.”
(October 2001)

The irony is, this book told the very story of how God had saved me—from crime, drugs, and despair. It was judged by its title and misunderstood.

At the same time, the college was under investigation by the Health and Safety Executive for mishandling asbestos. By February 2002, it had been fined over £23,000 on four counts for endangering staff and students. I had already left by then, but the contrast was not lost on me.

Psychiatric Endorsement

While the college disapproved, others saw the book's value. Dr Philip Fleming, Consultant Psychiatrist at Portsmouth's Kingsway House—the city's main centre for drug and alcohol services—wrote the following in his foreword to the second edition:

“This book is a scrupulously honest account. A life once defined by crime and drug use, now turned into a witness of faith. It will help many who feel lost, trapped, or beyond hope.”

“It may be too much for some to cope with, but to others, it may be the light that saves them.”

Concluding Reflection

Some wanted the book withdrawn. They feared it would do harm. But the truth must be told. As it is written:

“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.”
(Luke 19:10, KJV)

The morality of the world is often self-righteous, selective, and without grace. But not all men have faith (2 Thessalonians 3:2).

I was now free. Free to go where God called. Free to tell the truth. Free to support my brother—and to fish for men on the other side of the ship.

CHAPTER 23: OUR FIRST MISSION To The Philippines – 2001

The Decision to Go

The decision to embark on our first mission to the Philippines was made in May 2001. Gordon Smith and I prepared to travel with a clear purpose: to assist my brother Michael, now incarcerated in New Bilibid Prison, and to preach the gospel. I carried with me eight copies of *Converted on LSD Trip*—one for the President of the Philippines, Gloria Macapagal Arroyo; one for Ricardo Macala, Director of New Bilibid Prison; one for Lucas P. Dangatan, Director of New Bilibid Prison Theological Institute; one for Undersecretary of Justice Jose Calida; and others for key officials including the Mayor of Olongapo City.

The full record of this mission is documented in our book *Trojan Warriors*. From August to October 2001, Gordon and I ministered not only in New Bilibid Prison but also in Angeles City Jail, Barretto District Jail, and in churches throughout various parts of the Philippines.

Trojan Warriors: A Vision Takes Shape

Michael, having been converted to Christ while in prison, had been working

diligently with other inmates. Many of these men, like him, had come from lives of crime and were now serving the Lord together.

Trojan Warriors



Our Vision

In August 2001, during a pivotal meeting within New Bilibid Prison, Michael and I shared a simultaneous conviction: to collect the testimonies of one hundred converted inmates and compile them into a single volume, which we would later title *Trojan Warriors*. The idea was that, upon their release, each man would take a copy of the book as a tool of evangelism—testifying to what the Lord had done for them.

With the support of Pastor Lucas Dangatan, we worked over the following year to gather handwritten testimonies, which culminated in the publication of *Trojan Warriors* in September 2002.

Proposals for Further Ministry

We envisioned the establishment of a Teacher Training College within the prison compound, designed to aid in the rehabilitation of inmates and equip them to teach others. Our proposal was well received. In fact, one of the first men to benefit was William C. Poloc, who, upon release, was commissioned to return to Baguio City and preach the gospel in both Baguio City Jail and Benguet Provincial Jail.

With the support of Undersecretary Calida and Director Macala, we

also proposed that inmates from the Minimum and Medium Security Compounds be allowed to transfer to the Maximum Compound to participate in theological education. We were informed that this plan had the potential to succeed with the backing of the President herself.

The Gospel We Preached

Both Michael and I had experienced the delivering power of God in our lives. We were fully persuaded of the truths often referred to as the doctrines of grace—Calvinism in historical parlance—and we knew such doctrine was largely unknown or even opposed in many religious circles. Nevertheless, we laboured alongside those who differed from us, understanding that spiritual truths must be revealed by God in His own time.

Jesus Himself came to a world in darkness, yet He did not shy away from drawing near to those in need. Likewise, we felt compelled to preach, teach, and help wherever the Lord gave us opportunity.

A Humbling Endorsement

Before our departure from the Philippines, a surprising endorsement came from one of our early critics, journalist Alan Atkins, who wrote a commendatory piece recognising the value of our work. He noted that, despite initial scepticism from expatriates, our mission had proven to be conducted with dignity and effectiveness.

PRESS RELEASE – Reporter Alan Atkins, 11th September 2001

He wrote:

“...To the amazement of their local critics, they achieved an amazing success, especially in the prisons. Hundreds of prisoners expressed their desire to learn more about the Gospel and be saved... Clarke, once a convicted criminal himself, spoke their language—and they listened.”

We were described not as professionals or celebrities but as “two very ordinary men” moved by their calling from God.

Trans World Radio and Further Work

Upon returning to the UK, I was invited to share our story on Trans World Radio via Sky Digital 888. By then, we had begun the final stages of producing Trojan Warriors with the help of Michael and Pastor Lucas. Sixty-six

men ultimately submitted testimonies, filling a 365-page book—symbolically, one page for each day of the year and one testimony for every book of the Bible.

Support for William C. Poloc

William's Poloc's (Extract from Trojan Warriors) Testimony number 62 in our book Trojan Warriors.

William Poloc, our first released "Trojan Warrior," received our support to continue preaching the gospel. He was funded Php 6600 per month and wrote a training manual to guide others in prison evangelism. His ministry was rooted in the doctrines of grace—the Calvinistic convictions we held dear. His testimony is number 62 in Trojan Warriors.

A Broader Vision

Our goal was to replicate this support system for other released inmates, helping them become missionaries to the prisons of the Philippines. The proposed Teacher Training College would form the backbone of this initiative. And at the centre of it all was our unwavering commitment to the gospel of Jesus Christ, which remains the power of God unto salvation for all who believe.

CHAPTER 24: OUR SECOND MISSION

The Philippines – 2002

Planning and Purpose

Our second mission to the Philippines was planned shortly after our return from the first. It was clear from the fruit borne out of our first journey that further work was needed. The book Trojan Warriors was nearing completion, and our aim was to personally deliver it to each inmate who had contributed a testimony. We intended not only to fulfil this promise, but also to expand upon the vision of prison evangelism and theological training. Our return mission was scheduled for October 2002.

The Book – Trojan Warriors

As promised, Trojan Warriors had been compiled, typeset, and published. It contained 66 testimonies from inmates whose lives had been transformed

by the gospel. Each chapter represented one of these men, and the book contained 365 pages – symbolising a daily witness to the world. The Articles of Religion it contained were those of the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists, which I continued to hold to without contradiction. This formed the doctrinal backbone of our mission.

Delivering the Books

When we arrived in the Philippines, we arranged with Pastor Lucas Danganatan to hold a formal presentation. Each contributing inmate was given a personal copy of the book. The men received them with immense gratitude. For many, it was a symbol of their testimony being heard and valued. Some wept. Others asked for additional copies to share with their families or local churches upon release.

Developing the Vision

This mission wasn't merely about delivering books. We met again with prison authorities to reinforce our vision for a theological training programme led by inmates. We advocated for trained, doctrinally sound prisoners to be given access to other facilities where they could preach and teach. Pastor Lucas continued to support this vision, and we worked closely with him to draw up practical plans.

William C. Poloc's Work in Baguio

William Poloc had by then been released and was actively engaged in evangelism and discipleship in Baguio City Jail and Benguet Provincial Jail. His monthly support allowed him to focus entirely on ministry. He kept detailed records, shared testimonies from new converts, and was instrumental in proving that this kind of mission bore good fruit. We saw in William the embodiment of our vision: a former prisoner, now a preacher.

Expansion Through Education

Alongside our evangelistic work, we proposed to lay the foundations for a small educational training hub within New Bilibid Prison. The aim was to provide sound theological instruction using the Trojan Warriors text and classical Christian literature. We used confessional Baptist theology as our foundation and sought to instil a disciplined, Christ-centred learning

environment.

Opposition and Endurance

There were still voices of opposition. Some questioned our Calvinistic convictions; others doubted the sincerity of the inmates' conversions. Yet the fruit spoke for itself. Men were changing. God was evidently at work. We pressed on, knowing that the gospel is not bound.

Final Meetings and Return

Before leaving, we held final meetings in churches, small gatherings, and prisons. We shared the gospel and left literature behind. We encouraged the brethren to remain steadfast and assured them of continued support.

As we departed, we were filled with both joy and sorrow – joy at what had been achieved, sorrow for those still behind bars. But we knew, as the apostle wrote, “For the word of God is not bound” (2 Timothy 2:9).

We returned to England with renewed conviction and clarity: the Lord had gone before us, and our labour was not in vain in the Lord.

CHAPTER 25: WILLIAM OLA POLOC

Our First Trojan Warrior

In August 2002, William O. Poloc was released from New Bilibid Prison after serving 18 years for robbery with homicide. He was the first of what we hoped would be many inmates to be released with the support of our envisioned New Bilibid Teacher Training College.

William's Testimony (Excerpt from Trojan Warriors, Testimony No. 62)

Name: William O. Poloc Date of Birth: 3 January 1954 Age at Testimony: 47 Status: Married, with three children Prison No: 140226-P Dormitory: 13-A Crime: Robbery with Homicide Sentence: Life Imprisonment Time Served: 13 years and 6 months Address: 207 C. Michael St., Lower Engr's Hill, Baguio City, Philippines 2600

“Greetings in the sweetest name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

If you're troubled or burdened, take a moment to reflect with me. I'm not

here to tell tales or exaggerate, just to speak plainly. You see, I've been where you might be – lost, hardened, full of pride.

On 22 August 1989, I was sentenced to life imprisonment for robbery with homicide. I was transferred to New Bilibid Prison's Maximum Security Compound – a place known for violence, danger, and despair. The adjustment was brutal. I was far from home, surrounded by hardened criminals, and faced a climate and culture I couldn't comprehend.

For eight years, prison life was a bitter experience – morally degrading and spiritually barren. That changed in June 1995, when, almost against my will, I attended a Christian fellowship. At first, I thought the worshippers were insane – dancing and clapping in joy. But something made me stay.

Then a man preached. His message cut straight to my heart – it was about hope for sinners, hope through the blood of Christ. I felt as if he knew me personally. That night, in my cell, I cried out to God, asking for forgiveness and a new life. I committed myself to Christ and was born again.

Shortly after, I joined a local prison church, was baptised, and later completed a four-year theology degree. I began preaching and sharing the Gospel in prison and saw many fellow inmates come to faith. They now call me 'Doctor' – even Michael Clarke would come to me for spiritual counsel!

This once-godless prison became a mission field. Missionaries came. Evangelism spread. The dead, spiritually speaking, came to life through the Gospel of Christ.

Brothers, who are you? Where are you? Without Christ, we are lost. But God's love offers salvation through Jesus. Don't boast about tomorrow – salvation is for today.

Yours in Christ, William O. Poloc 9 September 2001”

A New Life and a New Mission

After his release, we commissioned William to return to Baguio City and begin outreach work in the City Jail and Benguet Provincial Jail. He performed his work faithfully and effectively. As our first official Trojan Warrior, he was funded with Ph 6600 per month, plus additional expenses,

to support his ministry.

William also wrote a field manual outlining how to take the Gospel into Philippine prisons, offering a model for future outreach officers. His theological grounding was Calvinistic – centred on the doctrines of grace and God’s sovereign work in salvation. These were the same foundational beliefs of the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists.

A Second Mission and Gospel Fruit

In October 2002, we returned to the Philippines with 100 printed copies of Trojan Warriors, each containing the testimonies of 66 inmates, including 22 from Death Row. I had the privilege of baptising 22 men in Baguio City Jail and 8 more in Benguet District Jail.

We were deeply encouraged by the Gospel fruit that followed. William’s ministry was recognised and respected, and our efforts through Trojan Horse International continued to bear fruit.

Our Shared Vision

Together with Michael and Lucas Dangatan (a former inmate and now pastor of NBPTI in New Bilibid Prison), we saw the vision of a Teacher Training College slowly take shape. We longed to see inmates trained and released to evangelise and reform other prisoners – not only spiritually but mentally and practically.

Trojan Warriors was a collaborative fruit of that vision: 66 testimonies, one for each chapter of the Bible, and 365 pages – one for every day of the year.

William was our first light bearer – a living testimony to God’s grace, a faithful witness, and a brother in Christ.

CHAPTER 26: OUR SECOND MISSION TO THE PHILIPPINES

One Year Preparation

Our second mission took one year to prepare and included a dedicated team of five from England: Gordon Smith, Alastair Sutherland, Andy Macdonnell, Catherine Farr, and Dr. Richard Kent. During this mission, we distributed printed copies of Trojan Warriors to each prisoner who had written a

testimony. Twenty-two of these were inmates on Death Row.

The Book Award



Trojan Warriors

Following our main meeting with the inmates, we travelled to Baguio City to visit William C. Poloc, our first Trojan Warrior, who had been released and was now preaching the Gospel in his hometown. This mission, however, was not without challenges and opposition.

Baguio City and Benguet Provincial Jails

In December 2002, we visited both Baguio City Jail and Benguet Provincial Jail. William had continued his ministry in both institutions with great effectiveness. As a result of his work, I had the honour of baptising 22 inmates in Baguio City Jail and a further 8 in Benguet Provincial Jail – all of whom had come to faith in Christ through William's faithful ministry.

William remains committed and continues his work to this day as an independent minister.

Benguet Provincial Jail



William Benguet Provincial Jail

Michael and I Meet Again

In January 2003, Michael and I met together inside New Bilibid Prison to reflect on our work and lay out our plans and shared vision for the future. These discussions were recorded and are available to view on YouTube:

[1 Trojan Warriors: The Beginnings](#)

[2 Trojan Warriors: The Vision](#)

[3 Trojan Warriors: Our Doctrinal Basis](#)

These videos document the origin of our ministry, our shared purpose, and the theological foundations that underpinned our mission. We later learned that some individuals opposed our doctrinal stance, but we remained committed to preaching the truth of the Gospel.

To see the development of this work please read William Ola Poloc's book *Called From Darkness Into His Marvellous Light*, list in the Further Publications list at the end of this book.

CHAPTER 27: A REVOLT In New Bilibid Prison

Eat What Is Set Before You, Asking No Questions

Shortly after our arrival on our second mission, I was given the rare privilege of staying late in the prison to attend a special event organised by a VIP inmate in the Maximum Security Compound. This exclusive Saturday night gathering was not open to all Religious Volunteer Officers (RVOs). In attendance were inmate Commanders, Mayors, and VIPs, including officials from Malacañang Palace.

This was not a religious meeting but a worldly gathering of influential men. We were served food and drink, and escorted by a God Marshall Rescuer as a bodyguard—one of approximately 240 inmates appointed for security, who wore black and carried wooden batons. These God Marshals were not permitted to enter the event, but Michael and I were welcomed as guests.

Accusations Spread

The next day, rumours spread throughout the prison that Michael and I had been drinking wine and socialising with sinners. Among the “Born Again” community, this was deemed morally wrong. The drink, likely homemade gin or Tuba (a prohibited alcoholic beverage brewed by inmates), sparked controversy. I later learned alcohol was banned in prison, though it was commonly made and consumed.

An RVO pastor named Cita confronted me, shocked that I would partake in such behaviour. I was grieved, recognising that legalistic thinking had taken root among many believers. These individuals judged righteousness by external behaviours—do’s and don’ts—rather than the imputed righteousness of Christ. They did not realise it is not what one eats or drinks that defiles a person, but what proceeds from within.

Reflections on Legalism

This legalism reminded me of my experiences as a Strict and Particular Baptist minister in England during the 1980s. Among these brethren, owning a television was forbidden, considered an avenue for defilement. To them, owning or watching TV equated to worldliness and could lead to exclusion from church fellowship. Ironically, smoking and drinking wine were acceptable.

This overreach into personal conscience led to my 1984 secession from the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church, which I detailed in my book *The Bierton Crisis*. I later came to understand this legalism as a diversion from the grace of Christ, replacing the Gospel with traditions of men.

Rejection by Sonlight Ministry

On 23rd November 2002, I visited the Medium Security Compound with the necessary permissions to film the distribution of Gideon's Bibles. Pastor Obispo Gani, our acting secretary and legal adviser, was with me, but members of Sonlight Ministry, including a woman previously entrusted with distributing Trojan Warriors, now refused to associate with me.

Their reason: I was seen as a wine drinker and someone who socialised with sinners—therefore, not a true Christian in their eyes. They disapproved of the video project and our motives. Gani wisely stated that he was the Lord's free man and would serve wherever God led him.

Serious Allegations Arise

Later, Gani confided that we had “a big problem.” Dr. William O. Poloc, our first released Trojan Warrior, had been contacted by an inmate reporting that Michael and I had been drinking Tuba and singing with two baklas (effeminate men) late at night in Building 13. These allegations spread rapidly, adding fuel to the fire.

The group feared I was a bad testimony to inmates. They speculated we had ulterior motives, and even accused me of having a girlfriend in the Philippines, abandoning my wife and daughter in England, and funding the mission with £40,000 in donations—none of which was true. Michael and I had funded the mission entirely from private funds.

Fallout and Division

Further discord arose when I discovered Lucas Dangan had failed to register our ministry with the Securities and Exchange Commission, despite receiving funds for that purpose. When I requested a return of the 1.1 million pesos in his account, four days later his men submitted a petition to have us removed from the prison.

Father Shay Cullen, who had helped convict Michael, was also reportedly stirring opposition. False claims circulated that our book *Trojan Warriors* had been banned by the Catholic Church and government.

The controversy intensified, and some claimed we had 40 American sponsors and had raised four million dollars. The opposition stemmed partly from doctrinal disagreement—particularly our Calvinism and rejection of female elders, which offended some RVOs.

Loss of Support from England

Due to these malicious rumours, word reached back to England. My church and mission partners withdrew their support. Gordon, Alastair, and others believed the slanderous reports without consulting me. One even questioned my mental state.

Thus, the Trojan Horse International Ministry lost moral and organisational support from England—all due to jealousy, legalism, and false accusations from within the NBPCC and NBPTI.

CHAPTER 28: CONTINUING THE MISSION

The Face of Opposition

Division Within the Ranks

Despite the growing opposition, we pressed on with the work. The separation from the NBPTI (New Bilibid Prison Theological Institute) and NBPCC (New Bilibid Prison Christian Community) became inevitable. We realised the heart of the division was jealousy, doctrinal disagreements, and a misunderstanding of grace. Legalism had crept into many ministries and blinded them to the true liberty found in Christ.

Michael and I were now considered outsiders, even though we had poured heart, soul, and funds into the mission. Lucas Dangatan had become an adversary instead of an ally. Pastor Obispo Gani, once our secretary and a man who had wisely said he was the “Lord’s free man,” had now also withdrawn from our fellowship, joining with NBPTI and NBPCC.

Establishing Independence

In response, we made the decision to operate independently, without relying on those ministries. We renamed our group Trojan Horse International Christian Ministries and began establishing our work on a new foundation.

Michael remained committed within the prison walls, leading services, discipling men, and counselling inmates. I, from England, continued to write, publish, and provide resources. Our base in the UK was weakened, but our conviction remained strong.

Reaffirming Our Vision

Despite the turmoil, the core vision never changed: to bring the gospel to prisoners, disciple them, and support them upon release to preach in their own communities. The 66 testimonies recorded in Trojan Warriors continued to bear fruit. William C. Poloc's ongoing work in Baguio testified to the viability of our vision.

We sought to create training modules for inmates, develop a field manual based on William's efforts, and support more released inmates to carry out gospel work.

An Appeal to Believers

This chapter of our mission tested our faith more than ever before. But our appeal is to believers everywhere: do not be swayed by outward appearances or legalistic judgment. The gospel is not about external forms of righteousness but about the internal work of Christ in the heart.

To those who judge, remember the words of the Lord Jesus:

“Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment” (John 7:24).

And to our brethren in Christ: do not lose heart when men turn against you for doing what is right. We press forward, knowing our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION

This book has traced a difficult yet providential journey—from the heights of spiritual conviction and doctrinal clarity, through the valleys of depression, sin, and public disgrace, to a slow and painful restoration in the fear and grace of God. It is not written to exalt the author, nor to excuse his many failings, but to give glory to the Lord who restores souls and works all things after the counsel of His own will.

My departure from the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church in 1984 was not an act of rebellion but one of conscience, grounded in Scripture and prompted by irreconcilable doctrinal concerns. Yet that same conscience would be tested repeatedly in the decades that followed—not only in matters of doctrine but in the raw experiences of life: unemployment, depression, marriage breakdown, manic episodes, and public shame.

I have not spared myself in recounting the depths into which I sank. The record is neither sanitised nor romanticised. Like the biblical King David, of whom it was said, “But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord” (2 Samuel 11:27), I too walked in the paths of sin and paid the price. But like that same David, I found that God is merciful, even when He chastens.

Through the long years of confusion and collapse—spiritually, morally, mentally—there remained a stubborn thread of grace. It was often hidden from sight, and at times even I questioned whether it existed at all. Yet the Lord had spoken to me on the night of my conversion, and His word has not failed: “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee” (Hebrews 13:5).

This book has also borne witness to my brother Michael’s remarkable transformation—from a broken man languishing in a Philippine prison, to a bold proclaimer of the Gospel within those same walls. It is a testament to the reach of divine grace, even to the ends of the earth and into the darkest cells of human rebellion.

The story, then, is one of both fall and recovery—of desperation, but also of enduring hope. It is a reminder that no man is beyond the reach of God’s mercy, and no situation so ruined that the Lord cannot redeem it.

To the reader who finds himself lost, broken, or doubting whether God could ever restore such a one as you—know this: the Lord Jesus Christ is “able also

to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him” (Hebrews 7:25).
I know this to be true, for I am one such soul.

To God be all the glory.

— David Clarke, Fareham, 2025

APPENDICIES

APPENDIX 1

Correspondence With Natfhe

And the Sovereignty of God 1985.

The ensuing correspondence may be of interest.

In February 1985, while awaiting a suitable position in Shropshire, I was invited to join NATFHE at Luton College. I had previously abstained from union membership on principle, a stance I elaborated upon in the following letters. The significance of this correspondence would later become evident when, in 1988, I faced a forced resignation under threat of dismissal—a matter I discuss subsequently. It was NATFHE that negotiated the terms of my resignation, which stemmed from my first medically diagnosed hypomanic episode. At the time, I attributed my condition to excessive workload and opposition encountered while attempting to establish a training centre for satellite television reception at the college.

The secreatry, Roy Bride, approached me to join the teachers union giving me a range of reasons and arguments as to why I should. However I felt as a Christian I did not need to rely upon a Union to protect my interests at work. This opened up the opertunity, as the occasion arose, to express my views and beliefs in God and in the good providence of God towards me. I felt as Christian God would support me againts those threats that concerned us all and convernend him.

What unfolded in the serise of exchanges bewteen us was a declaration of my trust in God for support and of my understanding of the sovereignty of God, His grace towards me and my trust in the good provicence of God, rather than that of a trades union for my emploment for protection against politlial changes that are beyond our control. As these pages unfold this declartation of faith in the Goodness and Provence of God was put on the line and my faith in God was to be proved just as Abraham was tried when being told to offer up Isaac as a sacrifice.

Going through the correspondence will show I had a knowlege of God and His soveriegnty in the head but was at yet not a steady conficent be reality that is more than a notion in the head.

Letter from NATFHE (February 1985):

Dear Dave,

As membership secretary for NATFHE, I write to encourage you to consider joining our union.

Education is currently under threat as part of wider public sector cuts. As lecturers, we have a vested interest in resisting reductions, but there are also broader moral and educational grounds to do so.

Our trade union functions are essential. They involve defending jobs, working conditions, and the quality of education.

If redundancies are proposed, we are bound to defend our members. If a non-member faces redundancy, we cannot offer the same protection unless it directly affects union members.

You must also consider your ability to stand alone against unjust policy. Collective action is often more effective.

I hope you will seriously consider joining to help raise our membership beyond the current 91.5% of full-time staff.

Yours fraternally,
Roy Bride

My Reply (5th February 1985):

Dear Roy,

Thank you for your letter concerning NATFHE. I understand your points, but I cannot, as a matter of principle, join.

I am a Christian and fear God. Were I to join, I would be bound by conscience to contend against all actions contrary to Christ and morality—something that is not my calling as a lecturer.

My protection lies not in union strength but in the providence of the living God. If my colleagues are likewise concerned, they may seek protection through Christ, as I do.

If the Lord sees fit to remove my employment, I will not resist His will.

I would be willing to speak publicly on this matter if needed, or to debate with those who disagree.

Yours sincerely,
David Clarke

A Further Response (5th March 1985):

Dear David,
Thank you for your thoughtful response. I respect your convictions. Not knowing the exact theological background you come from, I can only respond generally.

You spoke of predestination—saying that losing your job would be “according to His command.” But may I ask: why could not joining the union also be part of God’s providence? Why see one event as ordained and not the other?

If job loss results from ungodly government policy, should we not resist such evil? Did not Christ overturn the tables of the money changers? Is it wrong to oppose those who would diminish educational opportunity? Why is opposing injustice not seen as part of God’s work? I was christened a Congregationalist but turned away from religion because fearing God seemed to override personal responsibility. Yet perhaps fulfilling God’s will sometimes requires us to take action. I leave this with you, and thank you again for your honest response.

Yours sincerely,
Roy Bride

P.S. One member of staff donates the union fee to the Teachers’ Benevolent Fund instead.

My Reply to the Secretary of NATFHE

Given Roy’s honest admission that he had turned away from God, I felt it both right and necessary to reply to his questions. It seemed to me an ideal opportunity to speak plainly of the sovereignty of God and the love found in Jesus Christ.

Dear Roy,

Re: Our Correspondence Regarding NATFHE

Thank you for your letter dated 5th March.

I must say I found your reply most intriguing, and I appreciate the thoughtful consideration you have given to my position—even if,

perhaps, you find it a little naïve.

If I may take the liberty, without intending any offence, I would like to address some of the points you raised. It may, by the grace of God, offer some light concerning the doctrine of divine predestination and the matter of human responsibility.

Yes, I most certainly believe in what you refer to as divine predestination—if by that you mean that the end of all things is determined by God, and that the means to that end are likewise appointed. I stand upon the Scriptures, which declare that God “hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation” (Acts 17:26), and that “all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose” (Romans 8:28).

It is written, “Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken” (Acts 2:23), and again, “Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created” (Revelation 4:11).

I believe God has, according to His own will, chosen some of the human race to obtain salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, while others are left to answer divine justice for their sins (Ephesians 1:4–5; Jude 1:4; Romans 9:14–20). This sovereign election displays the unchanging love of the triune God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—a love that is not bestowed upon all, contrary to popular belief (Romans 9:13–16).

This election is not based upon anything foreseen in man, for the choice was made “before the foundation of the world” (1 Peter 1:2; Ephesians 1:4). If salvation were based on merit, none would be saved; it is by grace alone that salvation is given, not by works (Romans 4:16).

For the elect, all things—even industrial strife, unemployment, sickness, sorrow, or death—are ultimately ordered for their eternal good. These things teach us not to rest in ourselves but to look to Him alone, who has promised to sustain us by His word (Romans 8:35).

Concerning our responsibilities, I agree that we are to do what is right and wise in matters of self-preservation. We are to oppose evil where we

may, not only for ourselves but for future generations. Yet this must be done within the bounds of Scripture: “If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men” (Romans 12:18).

This does not mean we should stand by and allow wickedness to triumph. As you rightly mentioned, the atrocities committed under Nazi rule must be resisted, and any ideology—be it communism, socialism, capitalism, or any other man-made system—that mirrors the depravity of fallen human nature should be resisted.

You mentioned using the Bible to resist monetarism and to defend educational opportunity as a work of God. Then let the whole of Scripture govern your policies. If that were the case, I might be more inclined to join the battle with you.

Let me suggest the following five principles for any righteous fight:

Never engage in a battle unless it is a righteous cause. God is on the side of the just.

Ensure it is a battle you are equipped to win. In such cases, seek divine help through prayer.

Ask whether God has called you to this particular fight. The Scriptures will bear witness to such a calling.

Consider carefully whether your companions are trustworthy and share your convictions. A divided army seldom prevails.

Fight with all your might, for “the righteous also shall hold on his way” (Job 17:9).

I am well aware of the ties between the Nazi regime and the Roman Catholic Church. It is known that both Hitler and Mussolini were sons of that Church. Scripture speaks of her thus: “And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth” (Revelation 18:24). See also *The Secret History of the Jesuits* by Edmond Paris.

I ask you plainly: is your struggle with monetarism truly a holy war?

I believe a holy war is waged against all who oppose Christ and His Church. It is not one political system versus another. If I believed this government's policies were truly opposing Christ in their educational cuts, then—according to the five principles above—I would take up arms in that battle. Even if I stood alone, I would fight as David fought Goliath or as Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. But I would not fight side by side with apostates, atheists, unbelievers, or heretics. They cannot wield the weapons of truth.

You asked whether joining the union might be part of God's purpose. My answer is this: if it were His will, I believe He would direct me unmistakably, just as I know that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, that I am saved, and that my sins are forgiven. Such knowledge comes by the Word of God as we apply reason and faith to the Scriptures, "earnestly contending for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints" (Jude 1:3).

As for your question about what "sect" I belong to—perhaps a review of all existing denominations might reveal one that would be willing to have me. I'd be interested to see into which group you might pigeonhole me!

Yours sincerely,

David Clarke

14th February 1985

Reflections on the Union – Years Later

As I now reflect on these events, I begin to see, through experience, truths which I previously only held intellectually. It is one thing to believe a doctrine in the mind; it is another to prove it through experience and the agony of the soul.

In hindsight, I now recognise that the NATFHE union played a valuable and necessary role. I no longer object to the idea of membership, as they have, over time, established fair and balanced procedures through negotiation with management. When rightly applied, these rules ensure equitable treatment for all parties.

In fact, I now believe that union services ought to be made available even to non-members. Doing so might well encourage greater membership and foster a sense of shared justice among all employees.

APPENDIX 2

Ken Knight

At that time, we visited Ken and Grace Knight at their home in Aylesbury, accompanied by our children, Isaac and Esther. Both Ken and Grace had been attending our Sunday morning meetings at Bierton Chapel.

On this occasion, Ken—ever the affable host—spoke warmly with Isaac and Esther and suggested they accompany him to his shed, where he worked with video equipment and often allowed children to play computer games.

When it was time to leave, I walked to the shed to collect the children. I found the door locked and knocked. After a brief wait, Ken opened the door. Esther was giggling and pointing at the television, saying something I didn't quite catch. Ken began flicking through the channels, drawing attention to a programme he claimed was of interest.

Isaac, however, remained quiet. In the car, I asked what had happened. Isaac, who was just five years old, said he was too embarrassed to speak. Then Esther, who was only three, blurted out, "Daddy, daddy, there were doggies licking ladies' bottoms."

At that moment, I understood what had occurred. Ken had attempted to distract me from the fact that he had exposed our children to a highly inappropriate and immoral video. Whether it was accidental or deliberate, it was unacceptable.

I was aware of aspects of Ken's past, and this incident was the final straw. Although my immediate impulse was to confront him directly, I sought the Lord in prayer and felt compelled instead to report the matter to the police. This type of conduct was not merely improper—it was criminal.

The police took statements from the children separately, and their accounts corroborated the viewing of an indecent video. Officers visited Ken, who denied the allegations and attempted to explain them away.

Unfortunately, due to the children's ages and the limitations of the law at the time (which required additional evidence beyond young children's testimonies), the police were unable to bring a prosecution.

I was distraught and deeply angered. I could not in good conscience let the matter rest. Ken had grandchildren of his own and, in my view, posed a danger—something that would become more apparent later.

A few days later, I tried to speak with Ken at his daughter's house in Wendover. When he saw me, he slammed the door in my face and shouted through the letterbox for me to go away. My wife, overwhelmed by the injustice of it all, cried out in frustration. Ken's son-in-law, Don, then came out and asked us to leave, saying they wanted no part in the situation.

I felt both stunned and abandoned. I had hoped to convene a private meeting with Ken's brother, his son Mark (who was professing faith), and Don, to discuss the matter in a godly manner and determine a course of action. But no one was willing.

Later, one of Ken's granddaughters called me, telling me to stop pursuing the matter. They wanted it buried.

Meanwhile, Ken and Grace began attending Limes Avenue Baptist Church and also Southcourt Baptist Church, where they took communion. I felt it necessary to alert both churches' leadership about what had happened, providing them with the information I had.

At Limes Avenue, the elders decided that because Ken and Grace were not church members, they would not be brought under church discipline, but were asked not to partake of the Lord's Supper.

During this time, Dr. J.V., whom I've mentioned earlier, attempted to mediate. He suggested that my anger was, in itself, wrong—that it was producing evil rather than good. I did not agree. I believed my anger was not personal vengeance but a righteous indignation against sin.

This situation caused deep pain and isolation. My wife found shopping in Aylesbury difficult, as she would occasionally run into Ken, which reopened the emotional wounds.

Years later, Mrs. Knight shared that there were indeed serious internal issues within the family—issues that led to depression and psychiatric treatment for some. It appeared she had buried much emotional pain, which might explain the family's reluctance to confront the issue openly.

Of course, I acknowledge that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God (Romans 3:23), and though some sins seem worse in our eyes, all require the grace and forgiveness of God.

What Ken did—exposing our children to such indecency—was grave and could not be ignored. The exploitation of children in any form is utterly wrong and must be resisted.

Dr. J.V.'s assertion that my reaction was evil did not help. I maintain that my anger was justified—not a personal grudge, but a reaction to wrongdoing that should stir the heart of any parent.

This occurred around 1984, shortly after we left the Bierton Church.

Can Such a Thing Be Forgiven?

Years later, in 2005, at his wife's funeral I asked him about his standing before the Lord. He admitted he had done wrong and said he had sought God's forgiveness.

At that moment, I was reminded of Christ's parable of the unmerciful servant. If my many sins had been forgiven by the Lord, could I not also forgive one who genuinely repented?

Ken later attended a memorial service for my brother Michael, who had died in the Philippines. And my son Isaac recognising Ken, asked why I was speaking to him and confessed that he still felt hatred over what had occurred. I understood—but I also knew that if anyone turns to God in repentance and believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, there can be true reconciliation.

Other Immoral Trends in Society

Some, like Dr. John Verna, mistake indignation for malice. Many today, including our own government, have likewise lost their moral compass. Practices such as same-sex marriage and other immoral behaviours have

become not only tolerated but celebrated. Yet Scripture is clear: we must not only refrain from such acts ourselves but also lovingly warn others.

Romans 1:29–32 speaks plainly:

“Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness... Who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.”

True Christian love does not ignore sin or affirm it in the name of tolerance. It calls out sin with grace, and points to the Saviour who forgives.

Let us therefore stand firm in love and truth, and not shrink from reproving that which is evil.

APPENDIX 2

Dr, Hyni

This next account highlights an issue of such moral seriousness that it would be wrong to remain silent, even if some may feel uncomfortable with what follows. It concerns an incident during our mission work in the Philippines, between 2001 and 2004, while ministering in New Bilibid Prison, the national penitentiary—the largest in Southeast Asia.

At that time, my brother Michael was serving a 16-year sentence for serious criminal charges. Within the prison’s Maximum Security Compound were over 13,000 inmates, including 1,200 men on Death Row, all awaiting execution. We sought to bring the Gospel of Christ to these men. Our book, *Trojan Warriors*, documents 66 testimonies from men who turned from lives of crime to faith in Christ. These included individuals convicted of violent crimes, drug trafficking, and various offences. Twenty-two of them were on Death Row. Their stories, though sobering, are a witness to the power of grace.

Among the inmates we encountered was a Japanese national, Dr Hisayoshi Maruyama, whom we referred to as Dr Hini. Though he was courteous and helpful in manner, he was serving a 42-year sentence for crimes involving children, which he claimed were based on false charges. His case was reportedly the first of its kind involving a Japanese citizen.

On one occasion, he handed a sealed letter to our secretary, asking her to post it to someone in the UK—an ex-inmate. What followed was deeply distressing.

When the letter's contents came to light, they revealed deeply immoral and unlawful intentions, involving proposals for illegal international activity concerning children. The language and content were abhorrent, and wholly unacceptable.

Needless to say, we did not act on the request. The matter was taken with utmost seriousness. We immediately ceased all contact with the individual, informed the relevant authorities, and ensured such conduct would never be facilitated or tolerated.

It was a grim reminder of how evil can lurk behind a polite exterior, and of the importance of vigilance in all Christian work. We were in no doubt that such behaviour was not only criminal but an affront to God and man. We were determined to have no part in it and to expose it to light.

The Apostle Paul wrote, "And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them" (Ephesians 5:11). That verse was vividly brought to life through this experience.

May we, as Christians, always act with discernment and moral courage. Where sin is grievous and harmful, especially to the most vulnerable, we must not be silent. Love in its truest form warns, protects, and takes a stand for righteousness.

This event strengthened my resolve in the mission field, reminding me that the Gospel is not only good news to the penitent, but also a sword against evil. Let us stand firm in faith and not be afraid to speak the truth, even when it is costly.

APPENDIX 3

The National Bureau of Investigation

Report

Dated: (NBI) June 1995

Retyped by Jason Zambale, Subic, Zambales

DISPOSITION FORM:

When answering please refer to security classification (if any)

Corresponding Entry No.

SUBJECT: MICHAEL J. CLARKE
(Alleged Paedophile)

TO: RD, NCR

FROM: M. ESPARTERO, A. SUAREZ & VILLANUEVA

This pertains to an investigation conducted, pursuant to the instruction of the Director on the newspaper (publication linking the NBI to a paedophile syndicate and naming a certain MICHAEL CLARKE, a British national as member of an international sex ring engaged in recruiting children for the purpose of child prostitution and inducing people to be clients of child prostitutes.

During the later part of the first week and the early part of the second week of June 1995, newspaper publications about the NBI involvement in an international sex ring almost stole from the limelight the case about the Kuratong Baleleng Gang alleged rubout. Almost all newspapers of local and national circulation published in bold black and white on the front pages the report that some NBI officers and agents were protecting an international sex syndicate as can be gleamed from the following different newspaper captions which, incidentally were also broadcast on the radio and shown on al television channels in Metro Manila and the provinces:

ARREST OF CHILD SEX TOUR PROTECTOR PRESSES (Annex A)

HERRERA, NBI MEN CODDLING SEX RING (Annex B)

NBI MEN PROTECTOR DAW PEDOPHILE SYNDICATE (Annex C)

NBI EXEC AGENTS BEHIND SEX EXPORT – HERRERA (Annex D)

NBI MEN SA CHILD SEX RING PINATALUPAN (Annex E)

MAY PROBLEMA RIN ANG NBI (Annex F)

NBI MEN ACCUSED OF CODDLING GANG SELLING KIDS FOR SEX
IN BRITAIN (Annex G)

NBI MEN GIGISAHIN SA CHILD SEX RING (Annex H)

DOJ ORDERS HUNT FOR SEX PROTECTORS (Annex I)

SEX GANG PROTECTOR UNDERS SIEGE (Annex J)

DOJ, SENAT TO PROBE NBI PROTECTORS OF INTERNATIONAL SEX
RING (Annex K)

NBI TINANINGAN NG 24 ORAS SA CILD SEX RING PROBE (Annex L)

NBI READY TO FACE HERRERA OF INTL SEX RING RAP (Annex M)

BID MOVES TO DETAIN BRITON IN SEX CASE (Annex N)
DON'T REPORT BRITISH IN SEX CASE, RETOLD (Annex O)
HC BRITON SEX STORE (Annex P)
BRITON IN SEX RING FACES DEORTATION (Annex Q)

With all the unsavoury publications about the NBI, the Director ordered the immediate check of the NBI records to find out the names of agents who are assigned to investigate cases on paedophiles. And the undersigned agents as a consequence thereof was directed to immediately submit a report on the cases he had handled.

Since 1994 up to present, only three cases involving paedophiles were referred to the National Capital Region (NCR) for appropriate action. These are:

The referral of the **Department of Justice** sometime in the early part of 1994 to check on the presence of a suspected paedophile in the island province of Marinduque. SRA ANTONIO SUAREZ and SJ GIL MICIANO who were assigned together with the undersigned to work on this case conducted the surveillance. The duo found the information to be not true anymore as the said alleged paedophile is now happily married to a Filipina and had settled down in that province for good.

The request of **Fr. SHAY CULLEN** of PREDA FOUNDATION of Olongapo City sometime in March 1994 to arrest a suspected paedophile who was then making arrangements to have a young girl for sex with his undercover operative who posed as a pimp in Barretto, Olongapo City. The arrest did not materialized as the undercover operative of Fr. Shay Cullen who promised to provide the girl for this alleged paedophile failed to get the girl who was acceptable to him.

The request of Fr. SHAY CULLEN sometime in November 1994 for assurance in the rescue of young American from Olongapo City who was allegedly being kept among other young girls by a German paedophile in a house at the Glorietta Subdivision in Pasig, Metro Manila. The undersigned Agent, together with SA RUEL LASATA, SRA ANTONIO SUAREZ, SJ NIDA VILLANUEVA and GIL MICIANO and a certain ROLLY an undercover operative and member of the staff of Fr. Shay Cullen who led the team to the place conducted the surveillance for a possible immediate rescue operation or for the purpose of applying for a search warrant. Our efforts turned out,

however, to be fruitless as no Amerisian, no young girls and no paedophile were seen in the address pointed to by ROLLY, the undercover agent of Fr. Shay Cullen. Later, the undersigned learned from Rolly that the mother of the alleged victim had already talked to her daughter who expresses willingness to go home and not proceed with her desire to go abroad.

A report on the above-mentioned operation had earlier been submitted to the Director, copy of which is hereto attached as (Annex R).

From the newspaper publication it could be defined that it was FR. SHAY CULLEN who complained to Senator ERNESTO HERERRA that NBI Agents including a ranking regional office allegedly were tipping off the sex ring so that when their group asked the NBI team to help them conduct surveillance in Manila and Olongapo, the suspect and the children disappeared. It is very clear also that it was FR. SHAY CULLEN who told Senator HERERRA that NBI men are protectors of a paedophile syndicate. Obviously he was referring to the undersigned Agent and other agents of NCR including the chief.

The Director apparently irked by the report immediately directed our Olongapo City Sub-Office (OLSO) Agents to bring to Manila **MICHAEL CLARKE**, a British national, who is allegedly a paedophile doing his trade in Olongapo City, Angeles City and La Union for confrontation with the agents.

7 On the morning of June 6, 1995 OLSO NBI Agents who chanced upon **MICHAEL CLARKE** whiling away his time at a Sari-sari Store in Baloy Beach, Olongapo City, invited him to come to our office for interview. He was turned over to the Director who asked him searching questions pertaining to his activities in the Philippines and regarding the alleged involvement of some NBI men. After finding nothing to link his Agents to the alleged Paedophile syndicate, the Director turned over said **MICHAEL CLARKE** to the undersigned Agent for an in-depth investigation regarding his activities in the Philippines.

MICHAEL CLARKE denied having known and NBI agent or official and vehemently denied being paedophile or having sold or induced anyone to have sex with young girls. On the other hand, FR. SHAY CULLEN who also came to the office of the Director, revealed that **MICHAEL CLARKE** had admitted, in an interview, having induced some British nationals to

have sex with young girls and he promised to submit to the undersigned agent copies of the video and audio tapes of the interview together with the corresponding affidavits of the persons who took the tapes. Until now, however, despite several promises, Fr. SHAY CULLEN failed to make good of his commitment. In fact, the undersigned agent on the suggestion of Fr. SHAY CULLEN prepared a written request but to no avail. Copy of this request is hereto attached as (Annex S).

At this juncture, Bureau of Immigration and Deportation agents came and presented an Order of Arrest (Annex T) issued against Michael Clarke ordering his immediate detention to face deportation proceeding for allegedly being an undesirable alien.

In an interview at the NCR, MICHAEL CLARKE disclosed that he arrived for the first time in the Philippines on February 4 1995 with BRUCE TEASDALE, a friend whom he met in Thailand sometime in 1993. They came to the Philippines purely for a holiday and stayed at the Vistillana Hotel in Balibago, Angeles City. During their stay in Angeles City they took time to go to Baloy Beach in

Olongapo City for two days. While in Baloy Beach, he befriended CARLITO BALOY and FRANCISCO PEREZ with whom he talked about anything. It was during his friendly conversations with FRANCISCO PEREZ when he thought of doing business by inviting friends and interesting persons in their country to come and tour the Philippines particularly Angeles City, Olongapo City and La Union. In doing so he would be earning an income as a travel operator and additional income from operators of hotels, beach resorts and bars of the Philippines who would also give him certain amount of percentage as commission for very tourist that he would bring to their place. After he returned to England on February 5, 1995 he immediately established the PARADISE EXPRESS, a business firm organized to promote travel to the Philippines, concentrating solely on Angeles City, Olongapo City and La Union. Brochures (Annex U) pictures and warm ups depicting the Philippines as a "Fantasy Island" were printed and sent to friends and acquaintances all over England. He also advertised his new business in national newspaper duly approved by the advertising standards in their country. As a result thereof, every interesting parties inquired by telephone day and night. On April 28th 1995 inspired by favourable response of potential tourists, he came back to the Philippines to clear way for the otherwise promising business enterprise thus he put up. Before he left to

the Philippines, two clients who introduced themselves as **TAYLOR** and a friend telephoned him day and night asking leading questions about the Philippines. Some of the questions they asked of him were:

- a. Are the girls in the Philippines beautiful?
- b. Is it possible for the girls to be their companions during their holiday?
- c. Do you have any photographs of the girls?
- d. Do you have any photographs of nude girls preferably young girls?

Mr. **TAYLOR** told him that money is not a problem and they wanted young girls and insisted on asking their photographs. When he told them that if you have money you can buy anything, they immediately came to his office and bought a round trip ticket to the Philippines. Two days after he arrived in Angeles City his first two clients also arrived and he welcomed them at the Southern Star Hotel in Balibago, Angeles City. On their first day, he escorted them to the different places in Angeles City especially to the different bars and karaoke joints in the place. The next day he went alone to Baloy Beach Olongapo City to see Francisco Perez. At Baloy Beach they talked about business and agreed to organize a group of excursionists from Angeles City that would avail of the facilities of the cottages of Francisco Perez and he would have video coverage of this excursion which he intended to be shown to prospective tourists in England. As they were talking in the beach cottage of Francisco Perez his two clients from London arrived and demanded. “**MICHAEL WE ARE IN THE PHILIPPINES. WHERE ARE THE YOUNG GIRLS TO FUCK?**” In reply by way of a joke, he pointed to the young girls on the beach who were having a picnic with their families, but as he pointed to them, his clients – who turned out to be TV reporters from England on undercover operation to entrap him in the company of young girls or in the act of offering young girls to clients for sex – took pictures of him and the children on the beach. Thereafter, newspaper publications and radio televisions stories came out all over the country branding him as a paedophile engaged in child sex trade.

In the meantime, Fr. Shay Cullen through Senator **ERNESTO HERERRA** submitted videotape allegedly on the activities of **MICHAEL CLARKE**. Undersigned agents together with four legal officers viewed the tape for the purpose of evaluating its evidentiary value. However, nothing on the tape were seen which would warrant the filing of criminal charges against said **MICHAEL CLARKE**

LYNETTE MAY DELORIA, the information officer of Sen. ERNESTO HERERRA who was responsible for some of the press releases about this case and who was monitoring our investigation promised to contact the witnesses and submit affidavits and tapes to support the charges against MICHAEL CLARKE, but until now, just like Fr. Shay CULLEN failed to make good of the promise to present or submit evidence.

To check on the statements of MICHAEL CLARKE, the undersigned agents together with SRA Antonio Suarez and SJ Nida Villanueva went to Angeles City and Olongapo City to interview the people with whom Michael CLARKE had in one way or another, talked or to dealt with. Our interviews with different persons, includes Mrs. Teresita Fong, the owner of Vistillana Hotel, JUN BENEPAYO, a travel agent at the Vistillana Hotel, Oscar Maricundo, the caretaker of Flamingo Apartment Annex where the girlfriend of Michael Clarke, Jeff Duncan, the General Manager of Southern Palms Beach resort in Bauang, La Union. Francisco Perez and Carlito Baloy of Baloy Beach, Olongapo City. Front desk employee of Southern Star Hotel who was very well known to Michael Clarke and several floor managers and receptionists and waitresses the at the different cocktail lounge, bars, karaoke bars, ago-go bars and restaurants in Angeles City among these are the Executive golf, Executive lounge, Woodys, Temple of Rock, Ziggy's, Queen of Happy Hooker, Queen of Diamond Lounge and Bars and Dreams Ago-go Bar, Margaretville's Restaurant and Pub and the karaoke Omae in Balibago, Angeles City gathered nothing that would establish that MICHAEL CLARKE as a paedophile or is engaged in recruiting children or inducing someone to have sex with children. In fact, one Lani Gondan, a floor manager (mamasang) at one of the bars mentioned that MICHAEL CLARKE refused when he was given a 21-year-old girl and preferred a 35 year old as a drinking partner in the bar.

CLAIRE BULAN, a 28 year old girlfriend of MICHAEL CLARKE with whom the latter lived together in her apartment for one week until he was invited by NBI agents and arrested by BID agents, said that MICHAEL CLARKE is not a gay, a paedophile, or in any way engaged in the business of selling, inducing or offering young girls for sex. Claire Bulan surrendered with the consent of Michael Clarke, all belongings, of Michael Clarke including documents regarding his person and business for inspection and security to find out if there is anything that will link him to the charges mentioned above. These documents included among others are the following:

A poster entitled “A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME” about the Paradise Express party/excursion to Baloy Long Beach, Barretto, Olongapo City (Annex V). A write-up entitled Angeles City, Philippines Island Holidays the ultimate Adult Disney World (Annex W).

A write-up entitled Angeles City, Philippines the ultimate holiday for adventurous men, stay “n” save program produced and marketed by Paradise Express (Annex X).

A Xerox copy of Eastbourne Herald Newspaper dated May 20 1995 bearing newspaper caption entitled “CHILD SEX HOLIDAYS TV TRAP” (Annex Y) and Eastbourne Gazette dated May 31 1995 bearing newspaper publication entitled “CHILD SEX NOW MAN’S DEATH FEAR” (Annex Z).

Brochure entitled Angeles City, Philippines Island Holidays the ultimate Adult Disney World, produced and promoted by Paradise Express (Annex). A photograph of Michael Clarke and Bruce Teasdale together with the girls in Balibago, Angeles City (Annex BB).

A handwritten advertisement entitled Angeles City, Philippines (Annex CC)

A letter addressed to Michael Clarke from Mrs. Gloria Kerr of Queen of Diamond Lounge (Annex DD).

Again nothing was uncovered from these documents, which would show that MICHAEL CLARKE is a paedophile or is engaged in child sex trade.

Indeed, there is nothing in the posters or in the brochures distributed by Michael Clarke, which would mean that he is inducing clients to have sex with children in the Philippines. The only portion in the brochure which may interpreted as dealing with young girls is the portion which reads:

“Come a short jeep ride into “SIN CITY” to a very special establishment the OK CORRAL where dozens of headstrong fillies are tottered. At 10PM you choose your mount returning to the beach for an all night supper-bash (booze and food on lap) the following morning you return your filly and head back to Angeles for yet another day in Paradise. In case you feel the need for a “lay down our private beach cabin is freely available”.

Young girls as used by Michael Clarke could mean girls above 18 years old who still look young. Note that these girls who are working at the nightspots in Olongapo City are with working permits and therefore must be at the age allowed to work under the law. Aside from this nothing could be gleamed from the brochure, which would in any way mean that MICHAEL CLARKE

violated the law on the special protection of the children against child abuse. Apparently the girls he was referring to in his brochure are the ago-go dancers and receptionists in the bars with working permits who may be taken as partners by customers. But this is just the natural cause of business to Angeles City and Olongapo City even without Michael Clarke. Definitely, however, nothing was gathered to establish the fact that Michael Clarke recruited young girls below 18 years of age and offered them to clients for sex. What he did was simply to include in his brochure the existing amenities offered by the different night clubs, bars and other entertainments in Olongapo City and Angeles City to attract more male tourists but not actually or solely for the purpose of sex. This can be deducted from the following documents recovered from the possession MICHAEL CLARKE or his girlfriend Claire Bulan and from Mr. Jeff Duncan, General Manager of Southern Palms Beach resort herein marked as (Annexes EE – EE2)

Also attached is the photograph of MICHAEL CLARKE and his only child JESSICA (Annex FF) names and addresses of persons we have contacted in Angeles City (Annex GG). Perusal of these documents yielded nothing, which would prove in any way the charges that Michael Clarke is a paedophile or is engaged in any form of business constituting child abuse.

Likewise, attached as part of the report are the Affidavit (Annex HH) of Claire Bulan girlfriend of Michael Clarke and the Sworn Statement (Annex II) of Bruce James Teasdale friend of Michael Clarke. In their respective statements they said nothing, which would establish that Michael Clarke is a paedophile or a member of child sex syndicate.

Xerox copy of the passport of Michael Clarke who showed that he was already overstayed in the Philippines as a tourist and the passport of his friend Bruce Teasdale are hereto attached as (Annexes KK and LL) respectively.

Also attached as part of this report, is the press release (Annex OO) addressed to agent MAMERTO ESPARTERO informing later that Michael Clarke has a gun.

AGENTS COMMENTS:

There is no truth to the report that NBI men are protecting paedophiles and has been “tipping off” the syndicate so every time there was an operation the result was always negative. Fr. Shay Cullen who made these allegations made

a big lie and acted, as he is not a Christian. Indeed he is so unfair, unjust and very much unbecoming as a priest.

Likewise, there is no truth in the report that MICHAEL CLARKE, a British tourist in the Philippines is a paedophile or is engaged in child sex tour business. MICHAEL CLARKE simply tried to attract tourists to Angeles City and Olongapo City by promoting the already existing amenities in the different nightspots and beaches at these places. He simply wanted to earn something from tourists who would book with his company the Paradise Express and get additional income from the owners of the different establishments in the Philippines who promised him a certain amount of incentive for every tourist that he would bring to their place. Definitely, however, MICHAEL CLARKE did not recruit girls below 18 years of age for sex nor induce anyone to have sex with girls below 18 years of age.

24 The reports about NBI agents protecting paedophiles and about MICHAEL CLARKE as a paedophile is the workings of Fr. Shay Cullen who obviously only wanted publicity to get more foreign support or donations for his foundation in Olongapo City. And he is doing this at the expense of the NBI. Note that he has an edifice in Olongapo City more beautiful than a castle in Europe. Where does he get all the money to construct this?

FR. SHAY CULLEN thinks that he has the monopoly of knowledge on what is to be done to fight child abuse in the Philippines and as such as he dictates on what to do. Another disregard of the fact that NBI agents have the training in the investigation, arrest and prosecution of any violators of law. Worse is that when Fr. Shay Cullen does not get what he wants or what he says he would use his column in the newspaper or his connection with the high government officials to denounce the agents working on the case as what had happened to our Supervising agent Magno Britannico of Olongapo City Sub-Office. In this connection, the report of Supervising agent BRITANICO about a paedophile in Olongapo City and about Fr. Shay Cullen is herein made an integral part of this report and marked as (Annex PP).

26 Based on the result of this investigation and on the report of Supervising Agent MAGNO BRITANICO, Fr. Shay Cullen may be deported for being undesirable alien.

he report about MICHAEL CLARKE having a gun is not also true. The undersigned agents are already in possession of the alleged gun of Michael

Clarke, but the same is just a toy gun.

RECOMMENDATION:

IN VIEW OF THE FOREGOING, it is respectfully recommended that this case, for lack of evidence to establish truth, be considered closed and terminated and that this report together with the report of **Supervising Agent Magno Britannico** be forwarded to out legal and evaluation division for study as to the possibility of initiating deportation proceedings against FR. SHAY CULLEN.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED:

HA. MAMERTO ESPARTERO

SRA. ANTONIO SUAREZ

SJ. NIDA VILLANUEVA

FURTHER PUBLICATIONS

All or these publications are available as hard copies books from Amazon.co.uk. And have been reprinted by Bierton Particular Baptists. Or PDF copies available on request nbpttc@yahoo.co.uk

Amazon.com, Amazon.co.uk, Amazon.de

Amazon.fr, Amazon.es, Amazon.it, Amazon.co.jp

Amazon.ca, Amazon.com.au.

These books are all available from our website

CONVERTED ON LSD TRIP



By David Clarke (Author)
3rd Edition Paperback – 3 Jun. 2020

This third edition of *Converted on LSD Trip* bears powerful witness to the life-transforming grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, as revealed through the remarkable true accounts of David Clarke and his brother, Michael Clarke.

David's dramatic conversion occurred on the night of 16th January 1970, during a harrowing LSD experience. In the depths of terror and despair, he cried out unto God—and from that moment onward, his life was utterly changed. Nearly three decades later, his brother Michael likewise came to a saving knowledge of Christ whilst serving a prison sentence in the

Philippines. Each went on to devote his life to the preaching of the gospel and to ministering unto others.

This latest edition serves not only as a deeply personal testimony but also as a compelling evangelistic tool—intended to encourage fellow believers to proclaim the gospel of Christ with boldness, clarity, and conviction. It also draws attention to the continuing work of Christian ministry in Baguio City, Philippines, under the faithful leadership of William O. Poloc, a former inmate of New Bilibid Prison, who now labours in the gospel, reaching others with the glad tidings of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The author rightly underscores the pressing need to teach the traditional Christian doctrines of grace in this present age—doctrines which uphold the sovereignty of God in salvation, the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the divine authority and infallibility of Holy Scripture. The book stands unflinchingly against the prevailing errors of modern ungodliness, including unbelief, moral relativism, homosexuality, radical feminism, and the propagation of false religions such as Islam.

Converted on LSD Trip is both a moving testimony and a rousing call to action. It exhorts the reader to stand firm in the faith and to contend earnestly for the truth of the gospel in a world that is perishing for lack of it.

**THE FALL
DESPERATION AND
RECOVERY**



David Clarke

By David Clarke

This is the true account of a man who once knew the grace of God, turned from Him in unbelief, and yet was mercifully restored. It is the sequel to *Converted on LSD Trip* and *Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists*, continuing the story of David Clarke's journey—from earnest Christian faith into deep spiritual darkness, and by God's grace, back again.

In 1984, David withdrew from the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church over matters of doctrine and conscience. What followed was not the peaceful path he had hoped for, but a time of great affliction: rejection, depression, marital breakdown, moral failure, and what he later came to understand as bipolar disorder. Like King David of old, this David also fell into sin, lost his way, and wounded those closest to him.

Yet the Lord did not let him go. Through years of wandering, the Word of God echoed still: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Hebrews 13:5). With brutal honesty and a heart humbled by grace, Clarke recounts the long road back—from despair to repentance, from ruin to recovery.

This is not a tale of self-help or self-improvement. It is a testimony to sovereign grace—that no matter how far one falls, the Lord’s arm is not shortened that it cannot save.

“For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the LORD.” —Jeremiah 30:17

LET CHRISTIAN MEN BE MEN



David Clarke

Originally published as *The Bierton Crisis* (1984), this deeply personal and theological account traces the journey of David Clarke—minister, church secretary, and committed member of the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church, a historic Gospel Standard cause founded in 1832.

This book documents a significant crisis that shook the foundation of the Bierton Church in 1984. As doctrinal errors and questionable practices crept into the fellowship, David stood firm in proclaiming the doctrines of grace—particularly Particular Redemption—and affirmed that the gospel of Christ, not the Law of Moses, is the believer’s rule of life. His stance led to a withdrawal of fellowship, yet the church never terminated his membership, desiring his return.

David’s testimony not only exposes the theological and ecclesiastical struggles within the church but also chronicles the unexpected closure of the Bierton chapel in 2002, while he was engaged in gospel mission work

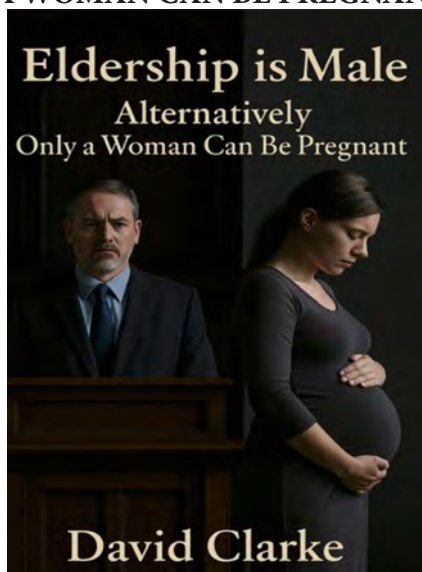
in the Philippines. Upon returning to the UK, he discovered that a new, unelected group of trustees had taken control of the chapel, denied his rightful membership, and ultimately sold the historic building as a domestic property in 2006.

This book is both a warning and a call: a warning against doctrinal compromise and a call for ministers and believers to ground their faith and practice in Scripture alone—not tradition, not personal opinion, and not the fear of man.

Let Christian Men Be Men is an appeal to return to biblical conviction, gospel clarity, and godly courage—so that men may truly stand, teach, and live as Christ’s ambassadors in an age of confusion.

ELDERSHIP IS MALE

alternatively **ONLY A WOMAN CAN BE PREGNANT**



David Clarke

Eldership Is Male – Only a Woman Can Be Pregnant is a compelling call to return to biblical clarity in a time of cultural confusion. Originally published as *Mary, Mary Quite Contrary: Does the Lord Jesus Want a Woman to Rule as an Elder in His Church?*, this updated edition draws fresh relevance from political debates surrounding gender and truth—most notably MP Suella Braverman’s striking defence of biological reality: “Only a woman can be pregnant.”

This book recounts the author’s personal experience challenging church leaders who, in the name of kindness and equality, sought to appoint

women as elders—contrary to the clear teaching of the New Testament. He argues that such shifts within the Church mirror a wider cultural drift away from traditional Christian beliefs about male and female roles, marriage, and identity. This drift, he contends, has contributed to the rise of “Woke” ideology, marked by confusion over gender, pronouns, and human identity.

Drawing a parallel with Braverman’s battle against politically correct language in Parliament, the author shows how even matters once thought self-evident—such as what defines a woman—are now up for debate. These same ideological shifts have crept into church governance, obscuring the biblical model of male eldership that reflects the relationship between Christ and His Church.

This book is not a commentary on gender roles in secular society, but a clear and heartfelt appeal for churches to return to scriptural teaching regarding leadership. The author hopes this revised edition will serve as a means of re-education and restoration in the Church—reminding Christians that God’s order is not only true but good.

David Clarke

22 September 2024

[TROJAN WARRIORS](#)



Setting Captives Free

Authored by Mr David Clarke CertEd, Authored by Mr Michael J Clark

Trojan Warriors: Setting Captives Free is the true and extraordinary account of two brothers—Michael and David Clarke—raised in Aylesbury, England, who turned from a life of crime to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ. In the 1960s, both brothers were convicted and imprisoned for malicious wounding and carrying firearms without a license. David, the younger, experienced a radical conversion in 1970 after a terrifying LSD trip. He went on to teach himself to read using the Bible, pursued higher education, became a lecturer, and later served as a Baptist minister.

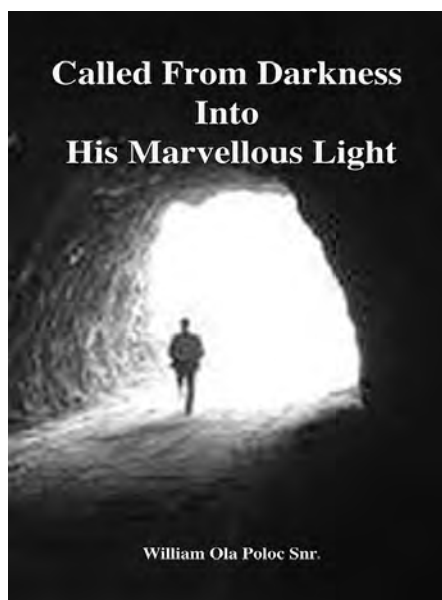
Michael, however, continued a flamboyant and criminal lifestyle, eventually landing in a Philippine prison in 1996, sentenced to 16 years. It was there—after five years in maximum security—that he too came to faith in Christ. Moved by his brother's transformation, David launched a mission to the Philippines, determined to help and support Michael. Together, they began working with inmates in New Bilibid Prison—many of whom were former gang leaders, murderers, and drug traffickers—who had also experienced profound conversions.

This book tells the story of that mission and includes 66 handwritten testimonies from inmates whose lives were changed by the gospel. Among them were **22 men on Death Row**, awaiting execution by lethal injection—yet now living in hope, bold in faith, and committed to spreading the message of Christ.

These are the Trojan Warriors—once captives to sin, now soldiers of Christ.

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.” — Revelation 12:11

[CALLED FROM DARKNESS INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT](#)



William Poloc

William Poloc was once an inmate of New Bilibid Prison in the Philippines, having been sentenced to 14 years for the crime of homicide. Yet it was during his time in prison that the Lord Jesus Christ called him to repentance and faith. Turning his back on a life of sin, William began to read the Holy Scriptures and study theology. In time, he came to understand and embrace the doctrines of grace, and he was soon teaching the gospel to his fellow inmates.

I first met William in October 2001 while visiting New Bilibid Prison, where I was serving as Director of the Christian mission, Trojan Horse International. Upon his release in August 2002, William was commissioned by Trojan Horse International and sent back to his home city of Baguio to preach the gospel to the inmates of Baguio City Jail and Benguet Provincial Jail.

In October 2002, I travelled to Baguio City Jail in my capacity as Mission Director and as a sent minister of the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptists. There, I had the privilege of baptising 22 inmates who had been truly converted—from crime to Christ—through the ministry of William Poloc. I also baptised a further 8 souls at Benguet Provincial Jail who likewise testified of salvation by grace through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. These remarkable events coincided with the final worship service ever held at the Bierton Strict Baptist Chapel in the United Kingdom, which took place on

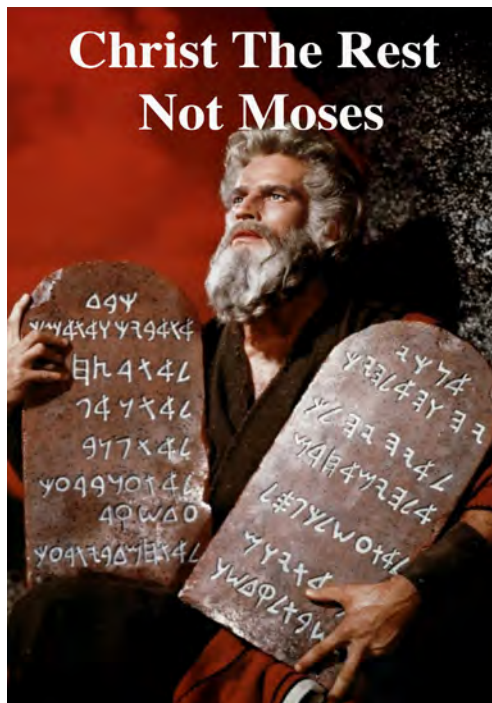
22nd December 2002.

Over the past two decades, Brother William has faithfully laboured in the gospel ministry. As his testimony shows, he has continued to preach and teach the Word of God, and has established what is now known as the Bagoio Christ-Centred Churches.

We give thanks to Almighty God for His wondrous works in the salvation of sinners, and for raising up faithful men like William Poloc, who proclaim the message that “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners” (1 Timothy 1:15, KJV).

David Clarke
Director, Trojan Horse International
April 2022

CHRIST THE REST, NOT MOSES



By David Clarke

“Let us labour therefore... to enter into that rest.” – Hebrews 4:11

What is the true rest promised to the people of God? Is it found in observing

days and laws — or in Christ Himself?

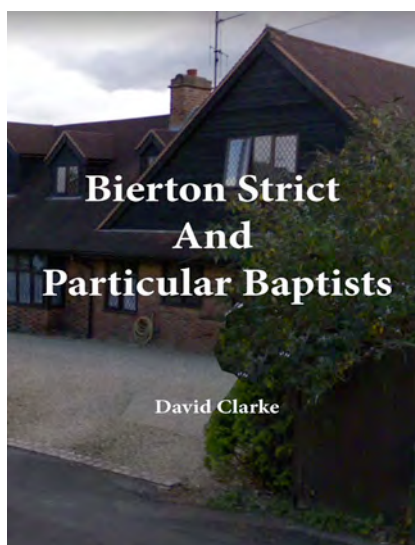
In this bold and thought-provoking work, David Clarke draws from Scripture and personal experience to confront a foundational issue at the heart of Christian doctrine: justification by faith alone.

Clarke, once rejected by a Gospel Standard minister over his understanding of Hebrews 4, writes not to stir controversy, but to call believers back to the simplicity and power of the gospel. With a serious tone, pastoral heart, and unwavering conviction, he urges readers to turn from legalism and shadows to the finished work of Christ.

Written especially for those who love the doctrines of grace, yet feel isolated or misunderstood, this book is a call to clarity, courage, and confidence in the rest that is found in Christ — and Christ alone.

This is not merely a theological issue. It is a matter of liberty, peace, and the very ground of our standing before God.

BIERTON STRICT AND PARTICULAR BAPTISTS



My Testimony and Confession

Authored by Mr David Clarke Cert. Ed

This book, originally published under the title *Converted on LSD Trip*, is

the gripping true-life account of David Clarke, told in autobiographical form. But it is no ordinary story. It traces the astonishing journey of two brothers—David and Michael Clarke—who, during the 1960s, were well-known criminals in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, and active participants in the Mod subculture. In 1967, both were sentenced to prison—David for malicious wounding and the unlawful possession of a firearm.

The turning point in their lives came at different times. David experienced a dramatic and life-changing conversion in 1970 after a terrifying LSD trip brought him to the brink of despair. In that moment of fear, he cried out unto God—and the Lord heard him. From that night forward, he turned from a life of crime and embarked on a new path of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Though he had left school barely able to read, he taught himself using the Bible and classic Christian writings to gain a deeper understanding of the gospel. His transformation was so complete that he later confessed to 24 additional crimes, committed after his release from Dover Borstal in 1968. Remarkably, when these were brought before the courts, he was shown mercy and not sentenced.

David went on to become a member of the Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church, a Gospel Standard cause, and was later called and sent out by the church to preach the gospel. Along the way, he encountered numerous doctrinal errors within various denominations, and he faced significant opposition in his efforts to uphold biblical truth. These challenges were recorded in his earlier work *The Bierton Crisis* (1984), now republished under the title *Let Christian Men Be Men*, intended to help others facing similar trials of faith.

Meanwhile, Michael remained untouched by David's conversion. He continued to live flamboyantly and lawlessly, a path that led him to a 16-year prison sentence in the Philippines in 1996. Sadly, he died in prison in 2005 from tuberculosis.

In 1995, David became aware of Michael's arrest via an ITN television news broadcast. This prompted him to begin writing the story of their lives, which was first published as *Converted on LSD Trip*. In 1999, he received word that Michael—after five years in prison—had also experienced a profound conversion. His heart was moved after reading *Mere Christianity* by C.S. Lewis. Convinced that Jesus was indeed “the Christ, the Son of the living God” (Matthew 16:16, KJV), Michael too turned from crime to Christ.

In 2001, David journeyed to the Philippines to support his brother and engage in gospel outreach among inmates. Together, they laboured to bring the message of redemption to those within New Bilibid Prison and other institutions across the country. Their shared ministry is chronicled in the book *Trojan Warriors*, which contains 66 stirring testimonies of men whose lives were transformed by the grace of God—22 of whom were on Death Row.

This book stands as a powerful testimony to the sovereign grace of God, the wonder of redemption, and the transforming power of the gospel. David Clarke's journey is a light of hope for all who seek to follow the Lord Jesus Christ, and a reminder that, no matter one's past, true freedom is found in Him.