

A TESTAMONIAL TO THE EFFECT OF MARIJUANA ON MY LIFE

AN AOUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

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This testimonial is the true-life experience concerning the effect of marijuana and the effect of marijuana prohibition has had on myself and my family.

I was born in 1961, as a child I was quite restless. My mind was everywhere, all over the place, so busy, I could not concentrate, I could not comprehend.

ATTENTION DEFICET DISORDER

In elementary school, the effect of A.D.D. had a negative influence on me. My grades in school were barely passing with “D” and “F” on my report card. This negative influence continued thru the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> grades. At the age of 12 I was barely passing and was placed in a special education class where a teacher by the name of Adrian Byrd taught me how to read properly. She was the first teacher to recognize the disorder. At the time there was no medication to treat A.D.D.

----- THE PATERN OF BRAIN WAVES OF A 14-YEAR-OLD CHILD -----

----- THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON DRUGS! -----

Commercial Influence of Television<sup>1</sup>

Along about the same time the commercials appeared on TV, was also the same time that I started using or experimenting with the effect of marijuana.

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<sup>1</sup> Televised Influence - Media Broadcasting 1970's

Middle School, in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade, the age of 12, I remember sneaking off school grounds with some influential friends and like all other children we were being kids, smoking - "Out Behind the Barn,"<sup>2</sup> and "Smoking in the Boy's Room."<sup>3</sup> Little did I realize at the time; my grades were improving. Throughout the rest of my high school days, I continued smoking and my grades kept improving.

### THE COLLEGE YEARS

The influence of the University, "Little Boxes"<sup>4</sup>, the thyme song for the television series "WEEDS"<sup>5</sup> opened the eyes of many Americans. Provided a window to educate the truth about marijuana and a strong influence on the public.

While attending school at Oklahoma State University I was employed as a campus security officer thru the work study program. I was given a promotion because I told the Chief of Security that I could not arrest a student for the possession of marijuana. If he insisted that I should, then I would be forced to arrest all the students that had possession and, in a few weeks, or days there would be very few students still attending. The Dean offered me a full-time position at the University, I declined, respectfully and was employed by Halliburton Services Special Products Division in 1981. In 1985 I was forced to provide them a UA<sup>6</sup>. That was the end of my employee/employer relationship with Halliburton.

### THE EMPLOYMENT NIGHTMARE

After Halliburton I spent several years in the construction industry. The construction industry was not giving UA testing and most everyone I worked with enjoyed the same aspects to the influence of marijuana. In 1987 my wife, Melinda, and I started our own construction company. The Ozark Foothills Planning Commission, at the request of Governor John Ashcroft, awarded us our first commercial contract, The Small Business Incubator, Popular Bluff, MO. We

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<sup>2</sup> Out Behind the Barn – Paul Thomas, 1969

<sup>3</sup> Smoking in the Boys Room – Brownsville Station, 1973

<sup>4</sup> Little Boxes – Malvina Reynolds, 2009

<sup>5</sup> WEEDS – sitcom television series, 2005 - 2012

<sup>6</sup> U A - Urinary Analysis to protect the Insurance Companies.

continued contracting across the nation in several different states. The last project we completed is right here in Topeka, THE CHILDRENS PALACE.<sup>7</sup>

The next segment of this testimonial bespeaks the health and struggle of my dearly departed wife, Melinda Sue Thomas. She was of the first women, if not the very first woman, to pass away in the United States with COVID-19 symptoms.

- MAY SHE REST IN PEACE –

### MELINDA SUE THOMAS

Melinda was born at 12:05 am on July 5, 1961. She missed being a firecracker baby by 5 minutes. Like most of us, she was born into a family that was poverty stricken. She was the ninth child of several other children and her single mom did whatever she could to support a family of 12. I met Melinda at the Cimarron Ball Room in Stillwater, OK. Like other young couples we enjoyed a good beer and a good joint at the end of the day. I was attending school at Oklahoma State and she was working with the Culinary Arts Students on the main campus. We knew one another for a short time before we were married at the age of 19. Over the period of 40 years, we became accustomed to knowing when the other was stressed or in pain. Melinda had developed a severe back problem. She was in a car accident in 2009 and the MRI scan revealed a severe injury at L5. After several years of surgeries and recovery from the accident we decided that her back injury needed attention. Melinda, to feel comfortable about the operation's she needed, volunteered to stop smoking the marijuana so that the toxicity in her system was clear and she was clean. Melinda quit smoking the marijuana. Within a few months after she had quit Melinda became progressively worse. She became so disabled she could not walk. Within 6 months after she had quit smoking, she was diagnosed with stage 4 small cell carcinoma. The undetected cancer had taken over her body and was eating her. It had metastasized into her organs; Melinda knew her life was soon to an end. Melinda refused to stop; she

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<sup>7</sup> Children's Palace – Elementary School, Topeka Rescue Mission

was not giving up without a fight. Several months of chemo treatments and she took all of them with her head high and as strong as she could fight, she fought. Melinda saw her Asian doctors just after the holiday season on January 7. The last chemo she received was on Friday, February 13, 2020. She left my arms the very next day, Valentine's Day. On the 18<sup>th</sup> there were complications, the life support was removed on the 19<sup>th</sup>. The Doctor and the care team agreed that she had a virus, but they did not know what it was. Be that as it may, there is no doubt in my mind that if my wife would have been able to keep consuming the THC, the active chemical substance that makes marijuana so important to our bodies. The chemical substance that gives our bodies the ability to suppress cancer and the ability to keep cancer in remission. There is NO DOUBT in my mind that her cancer would have stayed in remission, and my wife would be here with me today.

### IT HAS BEEN A GREAT LIFE

I cannot complain one once for the life that I have lived, for IT is one of individuality. My experience, my accomplishments - God has given me everything that I have ever thought I would have and everything that I have experienced.

### -TO BE WHO I AM – BECAUSE I AM – WHO I AM – WANTS ME TO BE-

Born in Rapid City, South Dakota, I was the ninth child of a family of ten, it was February 8, 1961.

My father had retired from the military and we moved to Elmore City, Oklahoma. In just a few years my father bought 4 acres in Alma, Oklahoma. Alma was the stomping ground for my childhood and place that I will always remember as home. It was in Alma that I worked with my mother, I remember that I was with her in the garden and berry picking and my mother taught me a lot about cultivating and caring for a garden. It was in Alma that I grew my first garden, I

first started cultivating marijuana at the age of 12. I had a good patch growing along the creek, it was a time when there was not a lot of flak about smoking a grape vine. By the time I reached 14 and with influence of TV and a few friends I become aware that what I was growing, and smoking was illegal. That did not deter me one bit from exercising my freedom of choice, and it does not deter me one bit today. No matter what other people think they might know, growing and consuming marijuana is something I will do for the rest of my life.

I am going to back up a few years, and talk about an incident that happened, a chance meeting that set the course of my life. It was late in the summer; hot we were in a hay field east of Ardmore Oklahoma. I was sitting on top of a haystack and my father had gone out into the field with George Clopton, and another man, I believe this man was an FBI officer and he was with another older man that was sitting in a car just below the haystack as to where I was sitting. The older man, sitting in the car, they referred to him as Judge. I had heard Mr. Clopton and the FBI officer, to whom I believe was the son-in-law of the elderly gentlemen, they referred to him as Judge. The elderly man, Judge, asked if I could shoot a gun, a rifle. "Yes", I replied, the Judge asked me to come sit beside him. I climbed down out of the haystack and took a seat just away from the car on the ground. In the shade of the truck of which the hay was stacked on. Judge asked me, again if I could shoot and then he wanted me to work for him. He wanted me to find out what was getting his calves. I did not get to go to work for the Judge at first, my father wanted the Judge to hire my older brother instead, it was not until a few years later that I would work on "The Hefner Ranch". The Judge had passed away the following year. The first man ever to employ me, besides my father, at the age of 9 was the 26<sup>th</sup> Supreme Court Justice of the State of Oklahoma; Judge Robert Alexander Hefner. Judge Hefner set the course of my life when he deputized me to secure and protect his property, I am still servitude to him.

I worked on the Hefner Ranch for several years, between the age of 12 thru 16, like any other red blooded American male, what do you think I did? Yep, the same thing you did, and marijuana played a big part of all that, now didn't it?? Shall we discuss that now or save it for later? Okay, lets save THAT for later.

While working on The Hefner Ranch we built a lot of fence, smoked a lot, built more fence, smoke more POT. There it is, the introductory of the word POT.

POT is derived from the Spanish word, Potacion Da Guava or Potiguava. A derivative or extract from the Cannabis (marijuana) leaves. Soaked in wine or bourbon, the Pot guava, (Potiguava), is something like the extract known as RSO.

RSO, Rick Simpson Oil, Rick Simpson, a Canadian Marijuana Activist. Several different types of extracts are available. RSO's have leading medicinal qualities, the most important being that RSO's can help in the treatment of cancer. The active chemical agent - THC, tetrahydrocannabinols.

POT<sup>8</sup> - Pharmaceutical Order Tetrahydrocannabinols

During my high school years POT, marijuana was of little attention. The DARE program had not been introduced. I can recollect one afternoon the art teacher called me in early. It seemed that there was a little misunderstanding of the use of school equipment. That was the end of my ceramic smoke stones.

My father was a transportation director for public schools in Oklahoma. Organizing a fleet of busses was nothing compared to the communications he directed during World War II. He was a Petty Officer on the USS Williamsburg.<sup>9</sup> He was the Transportation Director Perry Public Schools. I graduated from Perry High School with a 3.6 GPA. Edward Malzahn, owner of Ditch Witch, gave me a scholarship to attend Oklahoma State University School of Technology. Personal references from Edward Malzahn, (Ditch Witch) and Bill Hefner, (Hefner Corporation) acquired me a position as Campus Security while attending school.

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<sup>8</sup> POT – Copywrite/Trademark- Mud Creek Pharms, a subsidiary of THOMAS ENTERPRISE, LLC

<sup>9</sup> USS Williamsburg – The Presidential Yacht, President Harry S. Truman

Earlier I referred to how I was promoted over more experienced law enforcement deputy's that had applied for the same position. My experience and the people I met during college, working as a security officer, would have and still does have a profound effect to the relationship this country has concerning the international foreign influence of sovereign nations. I was a campus security officer, dealing with international foreign exchange students. It was 1980, the American Embassy was overthrown by a radical group, aggressively protesting the influence the United States had over their country, Iran.

The influence of a chance meeting deferred the annihilation of nations.

Graduated from Oklahoma State and received employment with Haliburton Services in Duncan Oklahoma. I do not want to mislead; this is a testament to the effect of marijuana on my life. All during high school, college, and into employment with Haliburton, I smoked and consumed a load of marijuana just about every day. Graduate, Bachelor's Degree – 3.85 GPA, Registrar's Honor Mechanical Engineer @Haliburton, designed the flow control valves that moved tons of bulk cement for the construction of the Guru Dam, Venezuela 1982.

**My ability to think, comprehend and make sound decisions, was not deprived.**

We are moving into a new age. The age of mass communication at a speed that we have never seen before. The era of hydro-electromagnetic propulsion. We are mastering the ability to levitate. I mention all the above limitations for one reference; my father and I, designed and patented the first and only gravity gate.

The device displayed a force that provided for perpetual motion. It was 1969. Before I reached high school, we had researched and compiled knowledge to the theory of hydro-electromagnetic propulsion. The same prismatic force is used in

The Hyperloop-One

Haliburton Services were facing some tough times in 1980, oil prices were down the drilling of new oil wells had come to a halt. By 1982 I found myself 96 stories high in Denver, Colorado and having a wonderful time. Working in construction and having the ability to read blueprints put me at a big advantage over most that worked in construction and soon I had become one of the highest paid construction superintendents in the United States. As I stated earlier, John Ashcroft, Governor of the great state of Missouri, insisted that Stan Thomas Enterprise be awarded the contract to supervise the construction of the first Small Business Incubator.

**While achieving these accomplishments, I smoked and consumed marijuana.  
RESPECTABLY, EVERYDAY!**

**I want to take a moment, to pay tribute to the finest person I have ever known.  
The best business partner I could ever have. From our very first project the  
Small Business Incubator, to the very last project, The Children's Palace.  
My wife and business partner for 40 years, Melinda Sue Thomas.**

**A fine example that marijuana does not ruin the lives of those who consume it.  
It is not THAT, that you put in your body that defiles you. THAT, that you do  
defines you. Each one of you claim to be Christians and you follow in the way of  
Our Lord, and the teaching of Jesus Christ.**

**Will you still bring judgement to those who wish to consume the perfect gift of  
God to mankind?**

### THE INFLUENCE OF POOR LAW ENFORCEMENT

I think that everyone will agree that WE, American's, have seen enough - "POOR LAW ENFORCEMENT," just in the past few years. I saw enough of poor law

enforcement the first year I worked as a security guard. I also witnessed the magnificent effect of good and proper law enforcement. It takes a solid person to not let the influence of having the power of a police officer go to your head. The influence that an arbitrating law enforcement officer has on the effect of everyday life of those who decide to not head to marijuana laws. Allow me to give you a good example, I will use one example, one that I am deeply knowledgeable about. The example I am going to present to you is one of my own.

It was 1990, and we were in the middle of winter and like all winters, money was tight, work was slow. Construction and cold weather do not mix well together. As usual, I was doing what I always did in the winter, inside designing and making plans for upcoming projects. I had a few young men that helped me from time to time, and one of them, his name was Byron Bullington. Byron had installed a few light fixtures for my sister. Byron was an avid marijuana smoker, there was not a day that went by that he did not have marijuana. Byron would come out to our home quite often. Sometimes he would bring a friend, they would visit and fish in the little pond that was adjacent to my house. Now at the same time, during the winter I was working on a project for the City of Paul's Valley, Oklahoma. The community swimming pool needed repair and the city planners had hired me to do some civil engineering work for them. This project was estimated at around \$1.5 million dollars. **\$ 800,000 of the project funding had already been used.** The construction of the project had not begun, the project plans were still on my desk. Now, Byron would come out to the house, bring his friend Randy and most if not every time, we would sit and smoke a joint and talk about life. Byron came out by the house with another young man that had a rather large container of marijuana and wanted me to hold it for them. I respectfully declined their offer to keep that much marijuana in my house. I did not want the responsibility of holding on to someone's stash for them. That was unheard of and I did not participate. I did not like the vibe that was emitting from this young man and Byron seemed to be rather nervous. A few days later I noticed a sheriff vehicle parked just up the road at a neighbor's house. I had seen the vehicle there before; it was not alarming. What would trigger the undersheriff and a few deputies to take such action. A few months before the three (3) marijuana exchanging had taking place, there had been a murder and the county matriarch had been ruthlessly gunned down

and stuffed under a bridge. The matriarch was a particularly good friend to Melinda and me. Her name was Kay Bussey. Kay and her husband David had shared birthday parties with us over the past several years. Kay and David Bussey were close friends to me and my family. The persons that were involved in the brutal killing were related to me. Jerold Nooner and Mary Cole, Jerold had got into an argument with Kay and he flipped, for lack of better words. Jerold Nooner gunned down Kay Bussey presumably because she threatened to take his children from them. Byron Bullington had gotten himself in a little bit of hot water for distribution of a controlled substance. The friend with the rather large bag of marijuana turned out to be the undersheriff son and he was a police officer in Elmore City. The undersheriff, Gerald Broadhead and his son Donny Broadhead acted arbitrarily and vindictive in their proceedings and actions to manipulate Byron into a plea bargain to establish me as the distributor and destroy my reputation as an upstanding citizen that I have always portrayed myself to be. Garvin County, Paul's Valley, Oklahoma was once a thriving community, with a Wal-Mart and Restaurants. It was a beautiful place; the community still owes me for about \$30,000 for the drafting and civil engineering work my company provided to them. The swimming pool was never renovated. Wal-Mart closed their doors, the town is empty, a ghost town compared to what it once was. The hospital closed just a few years ago, and the karma that holds that community in bondage, is the same karma that effects the cities and towns all over this nation. The bondage that the marijuana laws have on this nation, all the problems that these laws create can be released and the cities and the towns will thrive.

**Prohibition does not work; it strikes at the heart of democracy.**

FURTHERMORE

The day before I was so violently raided, the day before, I had been in the town of Paul's Valley. My attorney for the rather large workman's comp insurance claim was located just across the street from the courthouse. I greeted Byron and the Undersheriff Jerold Broadhead, as they were walking down the street. They did not seem to have too much of a problem with my presence. You did catch the fact that my work comp attorney was just across the street from the courthouse. Work Comp Settlement, Trustee, distribution charges, can I stack the deck for you any better. Other than just keep rubbing your noses into what looks like and, well, probably is INTRAPMENT. Be it not I to drag the pathetic reputation of a small town, my hometown, a community that would go to no end to smear their perfect reputation. Be it not I to smear their perfect name, they were doing a good enough job themselves. So, the trial got postponed and set back and removed and postponed again for two years this went on. Finally, after a great deal of planning, and on the same day that I was due to appear in court, in Garvin County Oklahoma, on the same day, I was on an International ONE-WAY FLIGHT out of New York to Amsterdam, Netherlands. I had defected from the United States to avoid political prosecution in Garvin County Oklahoma. I had no idea as to what I was going to need to overcome once I was on the ground in the Netherlands, Amsterdam. It was 1993.

Going thru customs check point was a little different in 1993 compared to what it is now. Back then if there was not a window open you just walked right on by and there was no one there to detain you. We were tourist there to enjoy ourselves.

A simple fact, the only place available that I could turn to would be the refugee agency in Amsterdam. On my third day there I went to the refugee camp or headquarters, I talked with several people before I was approached by an executive officer with the Amnesty International Campaign. Be it fate or just a stroke of luck, the individual took my entire story, ever piece of evidence that I could give him he was proud to accept. The material I provided to Amnesty International would be presented to all members of the United Nations in 1994. Government policies on the use of marijuana changed in 1995.

## GOING BACK HOME

I don't remember the name of the individual who was with Amnesty International. What I do remember about that day is that we enjoyed our conversation, and he told me that he had some good news and some bad news. I at him and replied, "I'm have to go back home?", He said that I was, and the good news was that not only was Amnesty International going to help me return home, but that the testimony was going to be one of the most important things that I had ever accomplished. Amnesty International had me on a flight within a week, they did not escort me to the airport, the gentleman and I agreed that it was the right thing to do. Go back home, do your time and pay the fine. Whatever it might be.

I almost missed my flight, running thru the airport to get there, the ramp had pulled back from the plane entrance and there was a gap between the plane and the loading ramp. As I approached the plane, I stated that I had thought I had missed my flight. The pilot, I presumed, turned to me and said that there was no problem, we knew you were coming and that I need to just relax we have a few minutes before we leave. I have requested that the fuel be topped off because it is a long flight, we don't want to be running out of fuel over the Atlantic Ocean. I

pulled a rather large joint from my ear, I had it tucked it there like you would a pen or a pencil, just above the ear. I stated, "I can't take this on the plane." One of the sturdiest laughed and said "No, that wouldn't be advisable." The Captain said, "We have a few minutes, enjoy it before we go. You're not illegal now, but after we get in the air and across the Atlantic you will be. So, I fired that baby up.

I had taken a few hits, noticed that the sturdiest was looking at me and I said, "Pardon me, would you like to join me?" There was another round of laughter, as I handed the rather large blunt to her. We, the people that were standing at the end of the ramp, stood there and passed the blunt around, several times. We finished it off and got on the plane. After we were in the air for a few minutes, the sturdiest approached me. She said to me "Young man, this flight is only 30% capacity. You stated earlier that you had a bad back. If you want, there would be

no problem if you wanted to move up to first class. When you are finished in the rest room you are welcome to transfer your belongings up there and I will have a seat for you. Much to my surprise, but that is exactly what I did. I want to add, the best flight that I have ever been on, is one that I did not have to pay for.

Once I had returned home, after a most rigorist bus ride. Returned to Garvin County, Oklahoma. I had already moved my family to Bennington, Kansas. The Prosecuting attorney and I had been in contact with each other thru the assistance of my attorney, Rouse was his name. The prosecuting attorney was giving me a rather good plea bargain. I told my attorney, at the court room that I wanted him to tell the prosecuting attorney to cut the plea bargain in half of what we had previously discussed. At first Mr. Rouse was just beside himself and had told me that THAT was not going to happen, and he did not want to do. I stood up beside my mother and told him to go into that court room and tell the prosecutor to cut the plea deal in half or we are going to trial. Mr. Rouse did as I asked and as I was watching, I could see the prosecutor shake his head in a yes gesture. A smile come over my face and Mr. Rouse got this surprised look and glanced back at me. I knew that I had just made a historical plea deal and that the Attorney for Amnesty International was correct. The testimonial that I gave him. The same testimony, excluding the rather sad fate of my wife, may she rest in peace. The same testimony that I gave him is the same testimony that I am giving you, members of the Kansas Legislature, it is the same testimony that I am presenting to you today.

MEMBERS OF THE KANSAS STATE LEGISLATURE, HEAR MY VOICE.

My name is Stanley Wade Thomas, I live in Abilene, Kansas and I am proud to be a Kansas resident. This is a great state that we live in and today you can make a difference. You can set the standard for what will become the most profound decision that you might ever make in your entire lives. You can give people their freedom, that that some of us have had little opportunity to enjoy. You can set the standard to what will become the panicle of the marijuana industry.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME!

