

ATTN: Parties familiar with Jim Kiraly (aka James Francis Kiraly) or Grace Kiraly (aka Grace Violet Kmeta Kiraly)

## **1. Introduction.**

This document is part of a process of “gathering information” (JimKiraly's attorneys suggested the term) for documented purposes related to the two people indicated above. Who happen to be my biological parents, though the paternity side isn't definite.

Attorneys are invited to review the Legitimate and Reasonable Purposes list linked in section 6.8. I'd like to ask some questions related, directly or indirectly, to a failed attempt by Jim Kiraly to seek a gag order related to spousal and child abuse. I'll include context and close with contact information and a short poem.

This document is not a communication to the two people indicated above. Nor is it a communication to Riane Holub, though it is, in fact, a communication to Eric Holub.

This document is licensed under Creative Commons CC BY-NC-ND 4.0. For attribution purposes, the rights-holder is OldCoder. For more information on the license, visit the following webpage:

<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

Copies of this document, possibly revised and updated, will be posted periodically to the Kiraly Gag Order cases websites. To locate one of the websites, do a Google search for these three words: Jim Kiraly Abuse

As a technical note, the websites have recently switched to a mobile-friendly design. This means that people can read them on their smart-phones. However, only the first page has been converted to the new format so far.

Additional links and search terms will be provided throughout the rest of this document.

## **2. Individuals and culture.**

For purposes of further identification, and for other documented legitimate and reasonable purposes, descriptions of the individuals involved follow:

James Francis Kiraly, DOB May 10, 1933, SSN xxx-xx-8134, declining health, possibly deceased from a stroke, former Vice President of Transamerica Corporation, current or former member of Retired Active Men SLO Branch #2, current or former member of Service Core for Retired Executives (S.C.O.R.E), visibly obsessive-compulsive (neighbors have commented on this part), Fundamentalist, and abuser (Jim will not deny this under oath).

Jim Kiraly comes across well when he deals with men and women in business contexts. However, in his personal life, he has a history of controlling and physically violent behavior towards his wife Grace Kiraly. Additionally, he seems to be perceived as unsettling by women who he talks to if Grace isn't present and the context is personal.

Grace Violet Kmeta Kiraly, DOB October 1, 1933, SSN xxx-xx-1879, believed to be healthy aside from a brush with cancer and a shattered and reconstructed arm, Fundamentalist, “Christ Follower”, superficially pleasant in social contexts, shallow and unpleasant beneath the surface.

Grace Kiraly's birthday is today. She's old now, but she looks younger than her age. However, she shows early signs of dementia, despite her young-ish appearance.

There's more of a history of dementia and, actually, infidelity, suicide, and physical violence on Jim Kiraly's side of the family, the Kiralys. I'm not presently aware of any of these things on Grace's side of the family, the Kmetas.

So, Grace's decline ought to parallel that of her father Ivan Kmeta, who retained most of his mental facilities until he passed away in his late 90s. However, the fact is, Grace started to fade years ago.

Grace's young-ish appearance is related both to diet and exercise and to a genetic predisposition to cancer. For more information on the subject, Google for the word: telomeres

Last known addresses for Jim and Grace: 217 Gerry Court, Walnut Creek, CA for about 32 years. 32 La Gaviota, Pismo Beach, CA for about 17 years. 6329 Twinberry Circle, Avila Beach, CA for 1 year.

The couple are church-goers, but they don't agree on interpretations of the Word of God. Jim strongly favors dry and legalistic. Grace is drawn more to Charismatic. Under different circumstances, she'd be one of the “speaking in tongues” people.

Jim and Grace both subscribe to the school of thought that spousal abuse, if it occurs, is the Will of God. This perspective is by no means universal among Fundamentalists. However, it was a core principle in the Fundamentalist culture that I was raised in.

Jim and Grace are opposites in other respects, but they're similar in their views of Black people. In this context, they're happy to have “safe” Blacks, such as the ones that they meet at Church, as acquaintances. However, they believe that Blacks in general deserved to be slaves and, additionally, have a tendency towards shiftlessness and crime.

### **3. Me.**

I'm Robert Kiraly, the Old Coder. I'm the eldest surviving son of Grace Kiraly. The odds are that my biological father is Jim Kiraly. However, it appears that Grace was in a prior relationship with Jim's brother Bill later than she's acknowledged. So, the matter isn't 100% clear.

I'm an autistic software engineer with a few small accomplishments. I was semi-retired a decade ago but have had to come out of retirement. I spent part of the past decade in a wheelchair due to psoriatic arthritis, but I'm mobile presently.

I have one primary project left in life; one task that, more than others, needs to be completed. This document is part of the project.

Feel free to follow the primary project and others at Twitter. My handle there is BoldCoder and the link is:

<https://twitter.com/BoldCoder>

If you'd like to know how I'm perceived by those who know me well, feel free to review the YouTube video at either of the following links:

<https://haggishell.com/xmas>

<http://jameskiraly.org/christmas>

#### **4. Family history.**

Grace's parents, Ivan and Olga Kmeta, escaped from the Soviet Union with their son Anatol not long after its founding nearly a century ago. This was a good thing, as Ivan was a religious leader and the Soviets had a tendency to shoot them. To read more about Ivan's life, visit the following webpage:

<http://christfollower.me/ivan>

Grace was born in Canada, but the Kmeta family, renamed to “Mayton” due to the fact that the surname “Kmeta” sounded too foreign, relocated to the U.S. and eventually settled on the East Coast. There, Grace, as a young lady, became romantically involved with a young man named Bill (or William) Kiraly. Grace seems to have become pregnant at least once by Bill, but the baby either miscarried or was aborted.

Grace didn't see Bill as marriage material, so she moved on to his brother Jim, a sailor who showed promise as a business-man.

Bill married another woman, became one of Reagan's “Star Wars” engineers, and died of cancer circa the end of the 1980s. I visited him in the 1970s and one thing that stands out in my recollection is his resemblance, physical and emotional, to my brother Ken, another engineer who was one of the inventors of the Amazon Kindle.

To be clear, Bill couldn't have been Ken's father. There's a slight chance that Bill was my father, but Ken was born years later. Regardless, family traits, genetics, nature vs. nurture, these are subjects of interest.

Grace told me, decades later, that Jim was good in bed, but the prospect of marriage to a stable and sensible provider was more important than the physical part.

Grace found part of what she was looking for. Jim proved to be, not a stellar figure in business, but a respectable organization man who rose to Vice President of a then-major corporation and stayed there for decades.

Regrettably, Jim proved to be mentally ill as well, a violent person who literally shook with rage on a regular basis. He smashed things and sometimes people.

Jim's eyes used to bulge when he was shaking. Looking back, it was odd that people, both inside the family and outside it, were able to pretend that things were normal. The ability, and the decision, to pretend this way is something that I'd like to write about.

The part that I, personally, didn't fully realize until old age was that nobody was actually afraid of Jim except for me.

Jim was a bully, he injured his wife, he tore things up and broke them, and he had no concept of civility even when he wasn't enraged. He used to pick his nose where he wished, mocked both adults and children like a child himself, and pouted like a child about trivial things until his wife spent, literally, hours talking him out of the pout.

The last issue, pouting, is one of the clearest sets of recollections that I have of Jim Kiraly that run all the way from preschool to adulthood.

Aside from the rages and the bullying and the unpleasantness of the environment, Grace used to need to go speak to Jim, submissively, in the right tone of voice, and find the right words to soothe Jim's feelings and to assure him that he was in charge.

It wasn't a rapid process.

But my mother and brothers understood that Jim was, in fact, simply an adult child. Physically dangerous, yes, to the point that I had to smash my own hand in a car door once to distract Jim before he could injure or kill my brother Ken. But Jim was a child regardless.

And nobody in the family saw fit to explain this to me. It was all part of the strange “pretending” issue. Somehow, what was happening was supposed to be normal.

As a related note, Ken was never even slightly afraid of Jim and so didn't mind provoking him. This didn't help matters. In addition to the smashed-hand incident, I had to take Ken out of the house on multiple occasions to avoid Jim's explosions.

By age 17, I was strong enough to fight back against Jim physically. I could have used lethal force to protect myself and nobody would have blinked. Not even Jim's wife Grace; she was weary of Jim at this point, exhausted physically and emotionally, and would have welcomed his removal. But I saw Jim as frightening and continued to see him this way until 2012.

That's all gone now.

I understand, now, that Jim Kiraly was a 4-year old all his life. A “creepy” figure, certainly, but also a boy frozen emotionally at age 4, when Jim's father Frank punched his mother Ann through glass and left forever. Jim internalized that type of behavior and was unable to grow past it as the decades passed.

For Grace Kiraly's part, she left Jim Kiraly not long into the marriage, small children in tow, but returned because there was nowhere to go. I was one of the small children. I remember vomiting on the plane and wondering if my toys would be all right without me.

Less than a decade after Grace left Jim and returned, she ordered Jim out of the house.

Grace let Jim back into her life after he insisted on returning, but she considered leaving him for good as late as the 1980s. She used to phone me, night after night, asking me what to do about Jim and about my youngest brother Scott.

Scott, a retarded boy, figured into Grace's exhaustion. He could only be helped to an extent, but Grace threw herself into mainstreaming him. I did what I could to help, myself.

At one point, Jim and Grace sent Scott to a Christian prison in rural California, and I was the only one of Scott's brothers to visit him. On another occasion, Jim and Grace feared that Scott would kill Ken, so they sent Ken to stay with me.

Scott was incapable of empathy, as much as Jim was. He lived a pointless life, full of hatred of the different, and was expected to be dead by now due to weight in the 300 to 450 pound range. People of that weight tend to pass away before age 50. However, I've seen somebody who seems to be Scott visiting my websites, so he's apparently still alive.

As you might imagine, needing to deal with both Jim and Scott, Grace was burdened to a remarkable extent.

Things settled down in the 1990s. But, still, Jim was furious if Grace wanted to go out on errands at night without him. Grace was also forced to eat meat despite her desire to be vegetarian. Jim liked meat and Grace had to eat what he did.

Today, there is a word for it: "Controlling". Grace Kiraly had to be where Jim Kiraly was, when he wasn't working. She had to eat what he ate. She had to sense his moods and respond to them or it was seen as a betrayal. A betrayal that would lead, at best, to pouting and, more often, to quivering rage, literal shaking, eyes bulging.

I need objective views. Is this type of thing normal? If it's combined with physical violence, doesn't it cross a line? At what point does one say that something is no longer cute, but is sick instead?

I should have told Grace to leave Jim when she asked me for my advice. But I was always the sensible one, the one who sought balance.

I was the fool.

## **5. The gag-order cases.**

We're not to the main questions. I should bridge the gap. This part is more difficult for me.

5.1. I was a success as a software engineer. I retired in my 40s or, rather, went into semi-retirement. I continued to work, indirectly, for the U.S. military at Northrop-Grumman. I both designed and implemented fighter-jet software.

5.2. Throughout my career, I was never a "people person", but I was respected and was told more than once that I'd been a mentor.

One Russian consultant that I managed in 2000 didn't speak English, but as he left to fly home, he hugged me and said, "You good man, Bob".

This happened with a few homeless people as well. I didn't talk much to people outside of work. I did notice homeless people walking around. Until I lost my car in a 2000 auto accident, I'd drive them places. Even after I lost the car, I'd find them, try to check up on them, treat them as human.

Sometimes, they'd hug me. I was always startled when this happened.

The helping part is what somebody like me does. It's natural. To be honest, after seeing how "normals" treat the different ones, I don't hold a high opinion of "normals". They seem like animals to me.

But it's also natural for somebody like me to be objective. I know that different people are different. I seek the ones who see others as real and who therefore are real themselves. I collect such people and value them.

They aren't as common as they ought to be.

5.3. I worked, typically, 80 hours a week. During the dot-com era, it was up to 120 hours a week despite the fact that I was in my 40s. I slept on concrete floors for a few hours at a time, got up, worked as long as I could, and napped again.

I did my job.

5.4. I lost my mobility in 2001. I used a cane for a while and ultimately ended up in a wheelchair. I lost most of my life savings in the Crash of 2008 as well. But I rebuilt and was on my way back to a normal life by the end of 2011.

I never asked family members for help with medical care. Or for anything at all but connections related to jobs. The latter request was denied despite the help that I'd offered people over the decades.

My brother Ken Kiraly, in particular... Ken was frightened of differential equations, so he dropped out of college. I let Ken live with me for 2 years rent-free, got him his first job, and taught him to code in 'C'.

A few years later, to show my faith in Ken, I put more money into his startup, Multiscope, than Ken did initially. When the money ran out, I told him not to worry about it. Ken denied later that all of this had happened.

Years later, Ken, now a lead at Amazon Corporation, wouldn't discuss the possibility of a reference for a job for me. Oh, well. BTW if you're interested in startups, feel free to Google Multiscope and Ken Kiraly.

5.5. In mid-2011, I was largely immobilized for 2 weeks. I ran out of food and it took from half an hour to an hour to crawl to get water. Bathroom issues were complicated.

My apartment manager was in the hospital with the cancer that would eventually kill him, so there was nobody to talk to about letting people in to help.

Eventually, I made enough of a fuss that people came into my apartment. They were irritated at first, but this seemed to change after they found me sprawled on the living-room floor, using a pile of clothes as a nest.

I was given food. It tasted very good. I was given a wheelchair. I took a job as a recruiter by phone. It took me 6 months to recover.

I went out on crutches too soon, twice, and wasn't able to make it back home either time. The issue wasn't pain. I leaned on the crutches and felt all right, but I couldn't move. The ability to move simply wasn't there. It was odd.

5.6. An acquaintance, Paul, killed himself during this period because I wasn't there for him. I phoned Paul's wife to see how he was doing. She sounded odd and I made a joke about it. Then she explained that Paul was dead.

Paul killed himself because he was an older developer who couldn't find a job. I was supposed to help him by teaching him Linux.

5.7. I made two new friends in 2011. One was an unusual elderly attorney named DNA. Actually, his name was Gene, but DNA served for a while as a code-name used to protect Gene from the Kiralys. You can watch my videos of DNA on the following website:

<http://youtube.oldcoder.org/>

And one of the applicants that I helped as a recruiter thought that I was nice. Eventually, he came roaring up on his motorcycle to visit me in person. We've stayed in communication. I pass through his area sometimes. I've had dinner with him and his wife. I've taught knock-knock jokes to his 5-year-old son. This is as close to family situations as I'll be able to have now.

This was std::vector, another code name intended as protection against the Kiralys. He is Victor in real life. If you'd like to see a photo of std::vector and read a poem about him, visit either of the following two webpages:

<http://jameskiraly.org/vector>

<https://thomaskiraly.com/victor>

“http”, “https”, “vector”, and “victor” should all work. I try to be flexible as the Kiralys have DDOSed the websites and may succeed in taking some of them down. DDOS is a felony, by the way, but felonies are perceived to be O.K. if wealthy people commit them.

5.8. In Fall 2011, I spent a lot of time thinking about life.

I had a number of positive phone discussions with my abuser Jim Kiraly. We talked about Jim's volunteer work, his computer experiments, and his household repairs. Not a single conversation was unwelcome to Jim. Jim won't deny a word of this under oath, but attorneys should note that it needs to be under oath.

I also talked to Grace about the past. She was game and never once asked me not to call.

5.9. At Thanksgiving 2011, I felt confident enough to tell my parents that I was working on a book about relationships. My father, Jim Kiraly, immediately ordered me never to call again or he'd go to the police. About what wasn't clear.

Jim did go to the police on the next business day. The police never contacted me, but I learned months later that they'd dismissed him as a crank.

I didn't understand any of this until later. The issue was, of course, that Jim Kiraly feared the book would be about the abuse. This was the last thing on my mind, but Jim never even asked. He just assumed.

5.10. About a month later, in early 2012, Grace Kiraly drove 200 miles unannounced to visit me. We ate at the Olive Garden in Mountain View, CA.

Subsequently, Grace initiated a series of phone calls to me in which she lectured me about the merits of Vitamin C.

I didn't phone Grace; instead, she phoned me. As a note to attorneys, there is no "he said she said" about this. I obtained Grace's phone records later on in Discovery. The records confirm that Grace called me on a regular basis.

I asked Grace for permission to interview her Pastor, at New Life Pismo Church, regarding the meaning of the term "Christ Follower" and the role of a Christian in the temporal world. Grace said, go ahead.

The Pastor and I made an appointment and chatted pleasantly. I also phoned a volunteer group that Jim had told me about and discussed the group's mission and the meaning of the word "altruism". The phone calls, I learned later, enraged Jim Kiraly. He was worried that I'd talk about the abuse.

5.11. Jim started to tell people, "Don't be afraid to give me something to prosecute Bob". Which was ludicrous, but I'm autistic and was still easily frightened at the time. That part has been burned out of me now.

I phoned Jim Kiraly and I said one thing, and one thing only: *"You can't hurt me any more, Jimmy. Wife-beater. Child abuser."*

5.12. I proceeded with my life. On my birthday in June 2012, I left everybody chilly but polite "Goodbye Forever" messages. Then I learned that Jim had filed for emergency anti-violence actions a month before. And I hadn't been served or even notified.

I say "actions" plural because Jim persuaded one of my brothers, Tom Kiraly, CFO of Hanger, Inc., in Austin, Texas, to file for emergency anti-violence protection against me. This, despite the fact that Tom lived 3,000 miles away at the time and had never asked me not to call him. In fact, he'd invited me to do so.

If I understand correctly, Jim Kiraly got Tom Kiraly to do this by telling Tom that false statements were going to be made related to Tom's having had sexual relations with his children Rianne and James and also to Tom's having committed violence against his wife Karen. Tom, being an idiot, jumped into the litigation pool feet first.

5.13. I didn't understand the point of the actions, the gag-order part, until months later. I was too busy to think about this part for a while.

I phoned Nancy Grabow, a High School acquaintance I'd talked to occasionally in recent years. Nancy was a former romantic partner of our mutual classmate Akhil Amar, a lesser Supreme Court Candidate in 2008, and the head of Yale Law School.

Nancy asked Akhil if he'd help.

Akhil sent one of his brothers, Vikram Amar, then of U.C. Davis Law School, a few days later. However, I was dying, literally, at the time, so Vikram took off. I like to joke that he went "Whoosh" and left a vapor trail. By the way, gee, thanks, Vikram :P

More about the dying part in a minute.

5.14. This is the same Akhil Amar who was honored recently by Obama. To be clear, Akhil and I were never friends. In fact, he's the reason that I never sought treatment for autism or even acknowledged that I was autistic until all of this happened.

Akhil was a pr\*ck. But I valued him as my best enemy and measured myself against him for six years. I'd have done better than he did in life, I think, if it hadn't been for the violent-abuse issue. If I'd accepted that I was autistic, this might have made a difference; I'm not sure. Akhil worked hard, regardless, and deserves credit he's earned.

As an amusing footnote, Akhil and/or his staff seem to have studied my weblogs carefully to see what I've written about him. However, it might have been a random Yale student. I'm only sure that it was somebody at Yale who was very interested in Akhil. They reviewed every reference to him, no matter how minor.

5.15. Akhil and I were considered intelligent. My brother Ken was intelligent as well, but not at the same level. Grace told me once that Ken had stated this; it came as a surprise that he'd been so objective.

Grace Kiraly ranks a few notches below Ken Kiraly. Our brother Tom Kiraly has basic skills, but I'd consider him normal. Jim Kiraly is a dullard, but his OCD, which runs deeper than I'd realized as a boy, helps him to get things done in business. My youngest brother, Scott Kiraly, doesn't fit into conventional rankings.

One related, and amusing, part of the Gag Order cases came at a point where Jim and Tom told the Court, in writing, that "Bob thinks he's smarter than the Law". I've told Jim and Tom, since then, *"I'm not smarter than the Law, b\*tches, but I sure as Hell am smarter than you"*.

Tom is my younger brother, but not much younger. He and Jim have known me for all my life. They both have a sense of my abilities as well as the degree of commitment that I demonstrate when it's necessary. In fact, the Pleadings actually say something like this: *"Bob is smart enough to have hacked us, so he must have done it."*

Jim and Tom must have known that their decision to commit abuse of process, and multiple prosecutable crimes in addition to this, was likely to lead to legitimate and reasonable consequences for the rest of their lives.

If you know Jim or Tom, tell me, what were they thinking? I'm not being facetious. It's information that is needed.

5.16. As Court approached, I was distressed enough that I'd forgotten to drink water for most of a week.

It appears that I went past the threshold that American Indians used to cross on vision quests. On the other side of the threshold, I met the Angel of Death.

I'm a literal, autistic, Coder, focused on that which is real. But I met Death, regardless, and felt the touch of His wings as they brushed against my face. It was simply a glitch, of course, brought on by dehydration.

Or, at least, I assume that it was a glitch. We're of the World and can't really be sure of what is beyond it.

5.17. By the day before Court, I was semi-conscious. I spent the day in the Emergency Room where I was treated for dehydration. I don't know for sure what I looked like, but I was told that my flesh had caved in.

The next day, I made it to Court, a long distance without a car for somebody who'd left the hospital late the night before. I had no attorney and couldn't quite stand up.

Sometimes, I'm facetious about the Gag Order cases and say, "*It was loads of fun*". But, really, it wasn't fun.

5.18. When the Court got to the part about proof of service, it was missing. This was because I'd talked to Michael Bonetto about the issue. He insisted that I'd been served, but it appears that he quietly removed a faked proof of service from the file when he realized that I might try to make an issue of it.

I started to tell the Court that I hadn't been served, but they shut me up immediately.

5.19. The condensed version of the year that followed, mid-2012 to mid-2013, is that Jim Kiraly refused to settle unless I agreed to a gag order.

I was supposed to go into a violence database, and possibly to jail, if I ever talked about the abuse or wrote about it.

A violent abuser, Jim Kiraly, was going to put his non-violent victim, in a wheelchair, into a violence database for talking about the abuse.

I was never going to sign that.

As a note for attorneys, when I received the demand that I sign a gag order, I immediately posted the demand online. Jim's primary attorney, Michael Bonetto of Hoge Fenton, suggested that I was breaking a law, Evidence Code Section 1152, by doing so. I posted a rebuttal which demonstrated that he was lying.

5.20. I wasn't accused of violence, or of threats of violence, or of anything specific and relevant. I wasn't even accused of unwelcome phone calls in 2012; after all, my mother had been the one who'd phoned me and who'd come to visit me unannounced. I should have filed for emergency anti-violence protection against her.

As a bonus, I was in a wheelchair, I'd lost the use of my right hand, I lived 200 miles from Jim Kiraly, and I didn't even own a car.

In short, the case was awkward for Jim Kiraly's attorneys. It was abuse of process, which can be classified as a crime. Hoge Fenton, the law firm involved, took the case primarily, I think, because Jim told them that I was a pauper and would be trying to defend myself. In other words, I was supposed to be easy pickings.

5.21. Jim Kiraly claimed, without specifics, that I was making false claims of abuse. So I produced a witness, a 1970s boy from outside the family, and shoved the witness up Jim's abuser fundamentals. I offered to let Jim's attorneys be photographed with the witness. Who they wouldn't be able to smear, I noted, because he'd grown up to be the quadriplegic head of a disability foundation. The claim of false claims of abuse was quietly dropped.

5.22. Jim Kiraly submitted postcards I'd sent him as "evidence". Evidence of what wasn't clear, as the postcards were about asking Jim to stop threatening me. But the best part was that I'd asked the Pismo Beach police to approve the postcards in advance. I mentioned this and the postcards quietly disappeared from the case.

5.23. I demanded Jim's phone records in Discovery and demonstrated that Grace had been the one to phone me, not the other way around. I heard less talk about phone calls after that.

5.24. Jim Kiraly demanded all of my medical records back to birth. This is considered inappropriate. I instructed my attorney (I'd found one by now) to tell the other side, "*Look in my diapers, b\*tches*".

I don't know if my attorney followed my instructions. However, I didn't hear anything further about infancy immunization records subsequently.

5.25. Ultimately, I realized that my attorney, John Perrott of Thomas Chase Stutzman in San Jose, was charging me thousands of dollars a month, but not doing anything. Most of the non-pro forma paperwork was being written by me, but somehow the legal bills were running up to \$5,000 to \$8,000 per month.

As a bonus, John Perrott's law firm turned out to be headed by an attorney, Thomas Chase Stutzman, who was a borderline sex offender. Better still, one of the firm's paralegals, Lisi Zhang, told me to drop her firm because John Perrott was just going to take my money and not do anything. Those were close to her exact words.

5.26. Imagine that you're fighting to keep your abuser from sending you to jail for talking about the abuse. Which you weren't even going to do. Now imagine that you learn you're standing on quicksand with limited options.

It was too late, in my view, to drop John Perrott. His firm wasn't going to return any of my funds. And I couldn't represent myself; i.e., act as a "Pro-Per". This was exactly what Jim Kiraly had expected and hoped for.

The plan was to dispose of me easily as soon as I made the slightest procedural error. The facts of the cases were never going to be examined.

I don't think that Jim's attorney, Michael Bonetto of Hoge Fenton in San Jose, expected initially that Jim's and Tom's Pleadings were ever actually going to be read.

I was supposed to show up without an attorney and get locked up through the simple equation that a wealthy person usually beats a poor person in Court regardless of the facts.

5.27. So, I started talking to the public. Everybody seemed surprised, but it was an obvious move. Probably the only move that I could have made.

It was a good move.

Jim Kiraly was ridiculously vulnerable. Nobody was going to care about me personally, some broken down Old Coder in an obscure legal battle. But positioning is everything.

Jim Kiraly was a violent abuser seeking to place his non-violent wheelchair-bound victim in a violence database for talking about the abuse. Which his victim wasn't even going to do. It was all out of fear and rage on the abuser's part.

If I'd been able to get my message down to that short but striking paragraph in 2012, and had spent my remaining funds on publicity instead of watching my life savings burn, I'd have gotten much further much faster.

5.28. As part of my move into the public eye, I set up Free Speech websites in the name of each person involved, including Michael Bonetto. His site was, and is, located at:

<https://michaelbonetto.com/>

One result was sort of funny. I don't know if the story is true. However, I was told that Michael wandered the halls of his law firm, asking for help to get my websites taken down. If I understand correctly, he was told to clean up his own mess.

5.29. Jim suggested that I'd "hacked" Amazon Corporation.

There was no specific accusation. Just vague remarks which suggested I must have done something unspecified wrong and therefore an emergency anti-violence ruling was appropriate. The cases were like this all the way through.

The Amazon story is mildly interesting. I wanted to get a message to my brother Ken, the inventor of the Amazon Kindle. So, I left a 10-minute voicemail related to what was happening for an entire division of Amazon. Amazon had an unusually generous time allotment; my view is that it was perfectly reasonable to take advantage of it.

You can say a lot in 10 minutes. My recollection is that I did so.

But this was neither "hacking" nor illegal. It was legitimate and reasonable use of a facility that a company had offered to the public. And, from a technical perspective, a bright chimpanzee could have done the same thing.

5.30. As a related note, one consequence of Ken's involvement with Amazon Corporation was that I received two death threats.

The 1st death threat was supposedly from the company itself. The 2nd death threat was odd. So odd that I've wondered, for 4 years, if the person who threatened me was Ken himself.

5.31. Jim Kiraly stated that I must have "hacked" him personally.

Once again, there was no specific accusation. Just vague remarks, nothing to fight back against, but I had to respond to such allegations regardless and it cost thousands of dollars total.

This "hacking" allegation, the second one, had to do with my knowledge of Jim's plans.

I knew that Jim was hoping to try to charge me with “blackmail”, even though I'd never even suggested that I was going to talk about the abuse. I knew because a cousin had told me. But Jim told the Court that I must have found out by “hacking” his PC.

I went through a year of this.

5.32. Jim Kiraly said that I'd demanded money for medical care. He provided no specifics. Once again, he made an allegation that I couldn't fight back against because there was no specific accusation. And I had to pay to respond to these allegations despite the lack of specifics. Somehow, this was legal. Though, really, in context, it was abuse of process and a prosecutable crime.

Michael Bonetto seemed bored by the time that this issue was addressed. He asked me if this had happened, I stated under oath that it had not, and the subject wasn't raised again.

5.33. Tom Kiraly, whose legal case was technically separate from Jim's, but connected to it, submitted Pleadings that, I noted at the time, were so inept that they practically drooled on the floor.

Tom stated, under oath, that I'd started to “stalk” him by phoning him in early 2012 to wish him a Happy Birthday. Tom neglected to mention that the call was arranged through his secretary, that he took the call with evident pleasure, that he invited me to call back, and that he took calls for months afterward and never once asked me not to call. In short, the statement was demonstrable perjury.

The rest of Tom's pleadings contained nothing that even made sense. He included a story about Jim in which he, Tom, didn't even appear. The story was worded carefully so that it didn't actually state that anything had happened. It was like this: *“We think that the police called Bob and warned him that he must not commit crimes, but we are not actually saying that the police did call him.”*

Tom also accused me of offering to leave copies of Ivan Kmeta's books of religious poetry to him in my will. There was language similar to this: *“The offer of the books was in some way an attempt to harm my livelihood”*.

I stated in my response that I was at a loss for words. This part is no longer true. Tom and I will be discussing what he was thinking.

5.34. Try to imagine living like this for a year.

You've had a rough few years, but you've started to rebuild your life and your life savings. Then your abuser comes and files paperwork that never accuses you of anything specific and relevant. But you need to spend \$5,000 to respond to one document, \$3,500 to write another document. Month after month until everything is gone.

And it won't stop unless you sign a gag order. A gag order that will send you to jail if you talk about your abuser.

5.35. In the end, Jim Kiraly had nothing left. He'd thrown a lot of bric-a-brac at me and I'd turned most of it into rubble. Without an attorney's help, I might add. I did most of the non-pro forma work. John Perrott mostly sat there and took my life savings.

Jim had one thing left, and one only: Frightened voicemail messages that I'd left for my brothers. In the messages, I was clearly angry and therefore “frightening”. But I made no illegal threats nor even used profanity that I recall.

More importantly, I don't recall leaving Jim any voicemail messages in 2012 save for one chilly but polite “Goodbye Forever” message. Technically, the voicemail messages to my brothers shouldn't even have been admissible in Jim's legal case.

I asked my attorney, John Perrott, to take actions related to sorting out the voicemail messages and filing a motion to have some of them declared inadmissible. He declined to do so.

Jim, on his side, still had money to spend and Michael Bonetto was happy to take it. Michael decided to force me to be filmed so that my autistic manner of speech could be portrayed as frightening.

I think it was at this point, the demand that I be filmed so that the way that I spoke, the voice that I'd had since infancy, could be portrayed as monstrous simply because of its rhythm and patterns, that I changed forever.

I became that which I am now. Adult, no longer frightened, and in full possession of the capabilities that I was born with.

I'm wise enough to understand my limits. We all have physical, emotional, and practical limits and this includes me.

At the same time, my position when I encounter an attorney or other party who crosses the line is, *“In a legitimate and reasonable sense, friend, one that is protected under U.S. and other laws, you belong to me now. You're my property.”*

And it's true.

It's odd. I'm the person I was supposed to be now. Perhaps more like myself than I've been since 1971. 45 years ago now. I was always kind and now I'm kind consciously. It's a choice. But I'm different from who I was for all the years in-between.

5.36. Michael Bonetto dropped the attempt to film me when Jim ran out of money and Michael decided that the cases were over. It was partly due to the fact that a plan to cheat Jim Kiraly had fallen through.

I know that Michael Bonetto was cheating Jim Kiraly, or planning to do so, because my attorney, John Perrott, tried to involve me in a scheme that he and Michael had cooked up.

The idea was to drive up Jim's costs by bringing my autism into the cases. I was forced to introduce the autism issue due to things that Michael had said, but I'd like to be clear that I had no involvement in the plan to cheat Jim, which I'm pretty sure was illegal.

5.37. In the end, I signed agreements that I co-wrote.

There was no gag order. Instead, there was a page or two detailing my right to talk about the abuse, and the cases, to the entire world in email, on YouTube, in every possible venue.

Jim got fewer concessions than I'd tried to offer him for a year. I'm told that Jim may have spent as much as \$100,000. Whatever the actual figure, it was a lot and Jim got less than he could have gotten for free. I like to remind him of that.

I managed to slip in a little edit that Jim's attorney Michael Bonetto didn't catch. It was intended to be a loophole for fallback use. It would probably have helped to some extent, but this wasn't guaranteed. A contract specialist that I consulted told me that my edit could go either way because agreements are interpreted "as a whole". My response was that Jim's "as-whole" behavior would be the deciding factor.

5.38. It all proved to be moot, because Jim and Tom violated the agreements less than a month after the cases ended. They had a blackhat in Dallas, Texas contact me to threaten me. I haven't been bound by the agreements since that day.

As a note for attorneys, I repudiated the agreements publicly. This gave Jim a presumptive violation. However, he'd violated the agreements himself and had committed felonies as well. I felt pretty good about the repudiation.

So, not only did Jim spend perhaps \$100,000 to get agreements weaker than the ones he could have gotten for free, he threw them away.

Technically, in fact, Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly owe me a \$5,000 penalty each now for their initial violation of the agreements, the violation that released me from any obligation to comply with the agreements myself.

Contract specialists will raise an eyebrow at some of this, but, again, it isn't just agreements that are assessed "as a whole". If Jim and Tom weren't wealthy, and I was worth now what I was worth a decade ago, they'd be in jail.

Will anybody deny that this is how the Law in America works? If you'd like to deny it, how was what Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly did to me for a year even possible?

5.39. It's been three years since Jim and Tom broke the agreements and a difficult year ended. But their actions cost me my life savings, my home of 25 years, most of my books that the boy loved, any chance for a family of my own, time to write, time to live, everything.

There is nothing left but the book that I set out to write in 2011. Actually, I first planned it in 1971. So, withhold judgment based on animal instincts.

*"I know Jim Kiraly and he's an upright citizen, so it's wrong to talk about the abuse and Jim's attempt to get a gag order."* Feh. Tell me what I need to know. Which we now come to.

## **6. Questions for you.**

I've asked a few questions in the preceding text. Answer them, if you can. But the primary questions are below.

6.1. What, if anything has Jim Kiraly stated to you, either verbally or in writing, regarding his actions and my own in 2011, 2012, or the years since then?

This information is needed for legal actions against Jim Kiraly or, in the event he's deceased, against his estate, Grace Kiraly, Tom Kiraly, Jim's former attorneys, and other parties.

6.2. If Jim Kiraly's health has improved, has he returned to volunteer work? If so, is he around children?

This is perhaps the most important question. What children, either grade-school or teenagers, is Jim Kiraly around and is he ever left alone with them?

If you live near Jim, do you allow your children to visit his house without you being present?

6.3. Or, may I inquire, has Jim Kiraly passed away?

I know that his health declined prior to the move from 32 La Gaviota. There is information related to the decline in publicly accessible records.

Additionally, Jim's friends at Retired Active Men confirmed directly to me that he was fading. And I suspect that the house at 6329 Twinberry Circle was chosen partly due to this issue. The layout at the new house is better for somebody with limited mobility than the layout at the old house was.

I had an odd dream about Jim in January 2016. It's discussed on my weblog. But I don't believe in supernatural telegrams. My subconscious was reminding me, I think, that Jim's time is short and I'm on a schedule as far as dealing with him goes.

I haven't checked for a death certificate yet because my feeling is that Jim isn't dead yet. Which is positive, because there are matters to be addressed such as the multiple felonies that Jim has committed since 2011.

And, more importantly, answers to some of my questions. Questions such as, "How was this possible? What should I tell others to do about the Jim Kiralys in their lives?" Feel free to comment on those issues yourself.

If Jim Kiraly has passed away, when and how did this take place? Was he the same self-centered brutal but comical figure as always to the end? Did he show any signs of reflection?

6.4. Jim Kiraly had an associate in Dallas, Texas threaten me right after the end of the legal cases in 2013.

The context was that a second cousin, Russell Kerechanko, died at age 30 from a drug overdose. I wrote an obituary and posted it on my weblog.

The dead man's sister, Lisa Kerechanko, wrote to me demanding that I take down the obituary. I spent the night of July 3, 2013, writing a response that I was proud of. I sent the letter to Lisa on the morning of July 4. This was my Independence Day celebration. You can read my letter to Lisa at:

<https://sandykerechanko.com/lisa>

My letter led to a threat from Jim Kiraly made through a family friend located in Dallas, Texas. The family friend is what is known "in the business" as a "blackhat". Fortunately, he isn't very good at what he does.

Jim's blackhat friend provided evidence that he were closely associated with Jim and told me that I'd be "hurt" if I didn't take down my weblog.

I traced the route of the blackhat's car as it traveled across Texas and to the corner in Dallas that his building is on. But I only know street addresses. Not suite numbers and the buildings on that corner aren't small.

The blackhat responded with a DDOS attack on one of my servers. As I've noted, Jim's involvement in the DDOS is a prosecutable felony; specifically, a violation of CFAA (Computer Fraud and Abuse Act).

Has Jim Kiraly ever talked about somebody in Dallas, Texas who has rudimentary blackhat skills? If so, this information is needed to aid in a criminal investigation and, ultimately, prosecution of Jim and Tom Kiraly on felony charges.

6.5. Whether or not Jim has kicked the bucket, Grace is good for another 10 years. Physically, at any rate. Mentally, she should be able to navigate for another few years. However, the signs of dementia do seem to be present.

Grace values appearances above all else. You're not likely to see her as she is except in unguarded moments. This said, tell me what you can of Grace's rationalizations, what's happened to her mind, how she compartmentalizes things.

Be careful, by the way, if you're ever caught in a discussion with Grace Kiraly related to her life with Jim Kiraly.

I once mentioned something that Jim had done to Grace. It was a casual remark. Grace shouted, "*My husband is not a brute*". The interesting thing is, her remark didn't address what Jim had done. It was a vague value judgment with little or no connection to what I'd said.

On a similar note, I once mentioned something that Grace herself had done. Again, it was a casual remark. Grace snapped, "*Is that what you think of me?*" No connection at all to the question of what had happened, which had, in fact, happened.

I think that more people are like Grace Kiraly than are like Jim Kiraly. This is good; the fabric of society couldn't carry the weight of many Jim Kiralys. But, if the majority of the population is like Grace, if there is no such thing as facts, remorse, or personal responsibility to most people, is there a point to pretending that moral codes are important?

Moral codes do matter. There needs to be a way to make sense of all of this. And I believe that there is a way.

There are two types of people. First, those with moral codes. It's simple to identify such people.

These are the people who work forward from the facts and make fact-based decisions that are difficult but consistent with principles. Then there are those who work backwards. Who react to programmed patterns as animals do.

The resolution is to be aware of the two kinds of people.

So, tell me, and I've paid enough of a price to deserve to know, is my mother Grace Kiraly simply an animal, a beast of the field, and are most people like her?

If you respond, do so based on that which is real; facts, observations, not animal patterns and templates. Be sentient. Be real.

Anything less makes you part of the horrors of history.

6.6. What churches do Jim Kiraly and Grace Kiraly attend? If they still attend churches, this raises legitimate and reasonable questions discussed on the weblog.

6.7. You'll find contact information for me on the weblog. To locate the weblog, you can use any of the following Google searches:

Kerechanko  
Jim Kiraly Abuse  
Grace Kiraly Harlot

Ken Kiraly Kindle  
Kiraly Gag Order  
Michael Bonetto Abuse

Tom Kiraly Idiot  
John Perrott Attorney

6.8. As a final note to attorneys, a partial list of legitimate and reasonable purposes may be read online at either of the following links:

<https://jameskiraly.org/infopurposes>

<https://michaelbonetto.com/infopurposes>

Regards, Robert (the Old Coder)

6.9. P.S. You'll find what amounts to one chapter of the main book, which the Kiralys have mocked as non-existent, on-line at either of the following links:

<https://christfollower.me/ebook>

<https://haggishell.com/ebook>

May I close with a poem from the book?

*For decades, I paid a price  
For nothing that I received  
In the end, I was deceived  
I'm not nice  
This needs to be understood  
Look under the hood  
I'm the Feral Coder now*

*Here is the lesson to you from me  
Those who judge right and true  
Based on what people do  
As opposed to what they're perceived to be  
Who embrace diversity*

*Who accept the constitutive  
other  
These are the ones to call your  
Brother  
Put aside God above  
These are the ones to value and  
to love*