

THE LETTERS

By John F. Hall

As a writer and being retired from law enforcement, the military, and the state, I enjoy not being a public figure. It's nice to be a "has been." I just want to be left alone to enjoy the beauty of nature and to write letters and stories. My days of fighting for truth, justice, and the American way should be far behind me. I'm no Superman and I don't fly. I paid my dues and I have nothing to prove.



Before I had any knowledge that a "replacement" for the Acting Chairwoman of the Federal Trade Commission had been nominated and confirmed by the Senate, I felt that I was fighting a one-man battle against a corporate giant. I was pushed into action when this corporate giant began to abuse me and my wife, Paula with harassing phone calls. Unlike David in the Bible, who was 14 when he told King Saul, that by the grace of God he had killed a lion and a bear. My days of being a soldier are long gone.

Three months ago, just like in Shakespeare's play "Julius Caesar," I should have heard the warning to beware the ides of March. A modern day Goliath, Randall Stephenson, the CEO of American Telephone and Telegraph (AT&T), had decided to do battle with me. He will not get his hands dirty. His minions are doing his dirty work. I admit that I was unprepared and not the least bit fit to do battle with a corporate giant. On reason why I may not have heard the ides of March warning is the constant ringing in my ears. I got the ear damage from being a machine gunner in the 101st Airborne Division when I was a 17 year old paratrooper. Everyday, after waking up with a prayer in my heart, it seems like the ringing in my ear gets louder. I can appreciate why old people talk so much about their aches and pains. I believe that Jade and Lexie can relate to pain because Jade hurt her ankle at WKU and Lexie hurt her ankle playing volleyball at HCA.

If I did not tell this story about me and my wife, Paula being harassed by AT&T, it would be lost in the dust bins of history. I kept going back and forth on whether to incorporate the letter to the AT&T CEO into this story. I decided to use it. Rather than bore the reader with the technical information of how I used AT&T's own technology against them, I decided to write about Lina Khan. I know that the only person to really trust in this world is Jesus Christ. Maybe Lina will not be afraid to stand up against AT&T. One of the first things she will see, on the job, is my letter to the AT&T CEO.

This story may well be played out in the halls of Congress, long after the Good Lord calls me home. So I will write a few things about Lina Khan. She is a Columbia Law Professor. The New York Times made the following press release: "Earlier in the day (June 17, 2021) the Senate voted across party lines, 69 to 28, to confirm Ms. Khan as a commissioner...Khan, 32, was sworn in on Tuesday, making her the youngest chair in the F.T.C.'s history." The President named her Chair of the Federal Trade Commission. Ms. Khan in a statement said, "I look forward to working with my colleagues to protect the public from corporate abuse."

I suspect that the AT&T CEO's minions did their research on me, but an unusual thing happened back in March, 2021. We went to the Nissan dealership to look for a car to replace our 2016 Ford Escape. It has over 100,000 miles. In January of this year, one of my insurance companies sent me a letter to inform me that they had been hacked. A lot of personal information was taken. They had a block put on my credit information with the three credit reporting agencies. Anyone trying to get financial information on me would receive a blank report. The car dealership ran a credit check on Paula and she received a high credit score. The Nissan Finance Corp financed the car in Paula's name. Two weeks later, we both received letters from several financial institutions. The letters stated that they were sorry that they could not finance the car. Even the Nissan dealership sent us a letter, in error, that they could not finance the car.

So the AT&T minions found an ideal old couple, in poor health, with a bad credit rating, to abuse and harass. They were going to make an example out of us because we refused to drop Dish TV; we refused to give up our home phone line; we refused to sign up for AT&T wireless home service, and we refused to bundle our services with AT&T. The minions ignored the fact that we had maintained the home phone line since 1978; that we had a separate SDI line for AT&T internet; that we both have cell phones with unlimited calling with AT&T, and that we were in our 2nd year using Dish TV.

Kerry Phillips, Frank Dycus, and Billy Yates wrote the song "I Don't Need Your Rocking Chair." The late county music singer, George Jones mastered that song. These are a few of their lyrics: "I don't need your rocking chair, your Geritol or your Medicare. Well I still got Neon in my veins. This gray hair don't mean a thing. I do my rockin' on the stage. You can't put this possum in a cage. My body's old but it ain't impaired. Well I don't need your rockin' chair. I ain't ready for the junkyard yet, 'cause I still feel like a new corvette. It might take a little longer but I'll get there. Well I don't need your rockin' chair..."

I'm no song writer, but if I was, I would use lyrics such as: "I don't need AT&T's lying mouth, or their wire fraud hiding under the couch. They can't hide their attempted fraud, like a barking dog named Maude. Their harassing calls into the night, will cause them to lose a legal fight. My letters are meant to sting, because I expect a very big win."

I'll end this story with a hymn by the McKameys called "The Old Love Letter." These are the lyrics: "I found an old love letter that was written just for me. It told me how much I am loved, sweet and tenderly. With a broken heart I read each line of God's love for me. It was written by a nail scarred hand at Calvary! Oh how this old love letter spoke to my heart and soul. I was captured by every word as I watched His love unfold. With special care He wrote it down for all eternity. It was written by a nail scarred hand at Calvary! I found the old love letter, the pages stained with red. I am yours eternally is what the postscript said. I treasure my letter that he nailed upon that tree. My tears stain the pages every time I read...With special care He wrote it down for all eternity. It was written by a nail scarred hand at Calvary!"

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*Read other stories by John F. Hall at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>