

Another Great Little BÔÔK!

by: STEVEN Adam Miguel Umholtz,

The Liberty Poet.

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ]  
U-13081

## Cover letter

Dear Director or staff of Prisons Foundation.org  
 greetings, this is [STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]  
 at Hamilton Correction Annex 11419 S.W. Co. Rd. 249 Jasper, AL 35200-3785

Enclosed is My Newest book called Another Great Little BOOK.  
 It's 56 pages all told & it's a continuation of my first book you  
 published. Some day I hope to them in hard copy together  
 soon. I'm also sending a self addressed envelope for  
 you to use to send this copy of my book to my father.  
 Also did you or do you have any intent of using my  
 play in my last book called THE Big D.O.C. in your  
 productions at the K-Center in D.C.?

I hope you get this in tact, it copies clearly &  
 my father gets it when you are finished.  
 Thank you for every thing you do for US to  
 publish our books. I'll start on my next one  
 A.S.A.P.! I hope every thing here is correct. I have  
 not gotten a reply to the last letter I sent you  
 with a S.A.S.I.C on or around 8-22-16 I'm sure  
 it's on its way. Thank you again for every thing  
 & I hope to hear from you soon. ☺

Sincerely: [STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]

Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz

The Liberty Poet.

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## Introduction

My name is Steven Adam Miguel Ummoltz. I was born in Kansas City MO. in 1970. I wrote this book over the last two years of 2015-2016 in a time that I was unlawfully detained, in hopes that something good will come out of this for my kids & Any one who is taking time to read it.

The last part of this book is my recollection of the first 12 years of my life. I hope my kids read it and get to know me better in my absence & in that process see that I am trying to do every thing I can to get the TRUTH exposed & The Lies behind us so that we can all press on together as one big happy family that truly loves the Lord, to a happily ever after ending with him in heaven! Kids Daddy loves you all very much & I miss you more than any thing! I look forward to the day we all get to see each other again, soon, here, there or in the Air when the Lord comes to take us all home to be with him forever.

Untill <sup>you</sup> read his word every day & put it to use. So that you don't miss out on that. Remember Romans 8:18 & 31, John 8:32 & James 4:12. Life is short & just a test, whats next last forever. Dont end up on the wrong side of heaven because you chose to follow those who only want to mislead you with lies in life! Enjoy this book untill the next one comes & After you read it write me a letter & tell me what you thought & send it to me!

9-12-2016

# ♪ " A REAL BUCCANEER " ♪

Those Tampa Bay Pirates they fight without shame!  
And their shows arr the best at every Home game.

Their tickets arr steep when I get them each year...  
How I just wish the price was a "BUCK" AN YEAR!!

Oh the Parking lot Parties arr great and Free...  
YO the Ho-Ho-HOME field live is the place for ME!

No matter the score I HOOT and I'll CHEER,  
for I'm a Diehard Fan of those "BUCCANEERS"!

During Super Bowl 37 we scored the MOST.  
We really beat The Raiders on the Western Coast.

BACK in '76 we got our START...  
TREASURIN' TOUCHDOWNS with All Arr HEARTS!

So come down to Tampa & join the Crowd,  
Here we All have "FUN" & you bet were "LOUD"!

Now bring your team - We wish you WELL...  
But we're THE BUCC'S & we're THE BEST --  
OF THE N. F. L. ! (THE END.)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Post on 9-24-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ 91-13081]  
F-D.C.#

## Beauty and the Beach.

In 1984, I opened the door to my father's office, walked in, and there she was. In an instant, the most beautiful girl I had ever seen with the bluest eyes had captured my heart at first sight. I said to myself, I'm going to marry that girl some day. I was 14 years-old and 10 years later in that very church building where my father preached and where we first met, I did just that!

11 months later we had our first child Hannah, my pride & joy. We moved into our little house in the Ocala National Forest that my great-grandmother had given us. I was deeply in love with my wife and could not wait to get home each day just to spend time and be with her. It was like a dream come true every day when I woke up and saw her in bed right beside me. As a result, over the next 15 years we had 10 children together.

One day I had come home one afternoon and spent some great passionate quality time in bed with my wife! And we eventually fell asleep. In a dream, I was in a park and there on a beach was a beautiful deep blonde. I've always had a thing for blondes and my wife knew it. In the dream I walked up to her, sat down, and we began talking. One thing led to another and she kissed me. Before you knew it, we were making out right there on the park beach. It was so intimate, she had to have a cigarette afterwards. So I sat on the ground looking up at her thinking, Wow, that was great and boy she sure is beautiful!

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Post on 1-28-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]

F.D.C.#

## Beauty and the Bench.

Then All of a sudden I was getting punched in the side. And I woke up to find my wife delivering the punches! I threw the blanket and covers over her and said, "WHAT is your problem WOMAN?" "YOU!" she exclaimed.

"What did I do?" I said.

"You were cheating on me with a blonde on a park bench!" she said.

I said "Are you CRAZY?"

She said "NO! I was just dreaming it!"

In shock I asked, "Was she good looking? & Where was this 'PARK bench'?" Needless to say, I WAS PUNCHED AGAIN.

Every time After that when she would see a blonde woman that was good looking, she would nudge me and say, "Honey, Blond Alert!"

I would respond, "Woah baby, Where's a park bench when I need one?" I'd get punched affectionately and that night we would put our "Park Bench" to good use in our bedroom.

And that's THE END of that Beautiful True tale of Some TAIL on a Bench. (THE END.)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 1-28-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]

F.D.C.#

"THE Wild Wild WESTS"

## Butler C.I.!

At Butler pull up those britches & your shirt must be Tucked  
or you'll go to "THE BOX" where things are AMUCK!

Their Chowhalls real Awful, the foods NOT ENOUGH...  
And the guards are disgruntled, NASTY or gruff.

Now don't ASK for PAPER, toothpaste, or SOAP...  
they look at you CRAZY and just tell you "NOPE"!

The canteens a disaster, "The System is BROKE"!  
You'd think they would Fix it, but that's a real JOKE.

Butlers just like AN Airport, your stay won't be long.  
Yes at Butler for certain... EVERYTHING'S WRONG! (THE END.)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 2-20-2016

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]

F.D.C.#



# CAMP SUWANTONAMO!

At SUWANNEE odds are ALWAYS 1 to 10 theres No request forms & their OUT of PENS!

Now "if" you get some from their Pile, they'll just get Trashed as C.O.'s SMILE.

Their "RUBBER STAMP" SAYS "YOUR DENIED"! They Lost your FACTS, & that C.O. Lied.

Your witness Vanished with No PEEP. Their trained so well, like STUPID SHEEP.

They loose or drag you with your MAIL! It's Slower than A frozen SNAIL.

There's No worse place that you CAN go. We call this Camp SUWANTONAMO!

Their Petty Tyrants of a Treasonous Land... with F.D.C. Corruptious GRAND! (THE END.)

by STEVEN Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Post on 4-8-2016

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U-13081]

F.D.C.#

Dear Stephanie,

I ASK God for a PENNANT, Now I know he heard my plight...  
He sent a friend from Texas, with "you" he sure did right!  
In All your worldly travels, In All you say & do,  
Thank's for sending letters... That says I care for you!

When ever I get mail from you it brightens up my day,  
And proves that I should Not give up. It says when we pray!  
I thank the Lord for sending you an Angel from the West...  
God, He's Always good to me and "YES" He sent the Best!

Now this poem isn't good enough, it's only just a start.  
To you my friend I'd like to send, the confidence of my heart.  
For more than smirks I hope this works each day to make you smile,  
don't have a stroke it's Not a joke, I'll send poems by the pile!

I pray that your Not frightened, scared off or think I jest,  
but one last thing I've got to say to get it off my chest...  
I love you Steph, Keep writing, your better than the rest! (THE END)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Post on 3-29-2016

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]  
F.D.C.#

# Friends.

I got this little greeting card to brighten up your day.

So I hope you like this poem AND All it has to say!

We did NOT meet by Accident, Pure LUCK or just by Chance!

God picked you out & set things up. He did that in ADVANCE!

TRUE friends can be like diamonds, Rubies or pure Gold.

With Godly friends we can depend on blessings to behold!

I'd rather have a friend like you than All the gold in France...

for every time I think of you, I want to Sing AND Dance!

When ever we communicate I'm Never EVER bored.

Your life is such a joy to me, your living for our Lord!

A blessing and a rarity like you is hard to find.

I'm glad the Lord sent you my friend, Thanks for being Kind!

IF this made your day, SMILE & PASS it ON. (THE END)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet. on 3-30-2016

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]

F.D.C. #

♫ "From the CAN to THE CAN!" ♫

There you sit upon that CRAPPER,  
SMOKIN' K-2 in a COFFEE ground WRAPPER!  
You're ALWAYS high on a pukin' FIT...  
YES Now your BRAINS have TURNED to SH#\*!  
You think it's SMART to SNEAK A SMOKE...  
OH what a FOOL, Now you're the JOKE!  
You're moving SLOW & lookin' PALE.  
You bet your butt you're goin' TO JAIL!  
Now when you get OUT DON'T Do it AGAIN--  
Cuz That Old K-2 is NOT your Friend. (THE END)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz

The Liberty Post on 12-16-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U-13081]  
F.D.C.#

♪ "Frosty the BLOWMAN" ♪

Frosty the BLOWMAN who came from a pile of COKE,  
At the party house got SWORTED UP, so he became the JOKE!

Folks glaired & staired for hours... with Frosty to UNWIND.  
For old "Frosty" was just Pure Cocaine, he'd really BLOW Their  
MINDS!

Then when "Frosty" left Their Systems - They knew They  
NEEDED MORE.

So the boys All Stole, As the girls All SOLD,  
Their bodies like A WHORE!

Some gave their lives to "Frosty", like SLAVES to  
HAVE A BLAST.

To SOON that life WAS OVER & Their fun  
WAS IN THE PAST!

Now Stay AWAY from "Frosty", Don't SWORT it,  
Shoot or SMOKE, or a life you'll loose  
to Sing The BLUES, As you become his JOKE!

See here the lesson to learn WELL...  
is "Frosties JOKE --- sends Friends -  
TO HELL! (THE END.)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz

The Liberty Poet on 9-13-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ 2-130.81]  
F.D.C.#

## Island Trapped but Heaven bound.

I built my SEA trapped cottage on a hill between two trees.  
At Night I lay upon its roof, Star gaze & feel the breeze!

By day I watch the Ships roll by right here from my front yard,  
Where I fish & swim then take a bath, this life it's not so hard.

I bow & pray to start each day with a hot meal on my plate.  
For the fish I caught the day before this is their final fate.

The birds fly here from far & wide to use my trees for rest,  
I love to hear them sing their songs, that beauty is the best.

The sea is really mighty, some times I hear it roar.  
That's when I hide inside my little house, I even bolt the door.

Then right before the storm goes by & the sea gets clear as glass,  
I pray to God, get peace of mind, He makes my worries pass.

When your life is like my island with days like a raging sea,  
Confess your sins to Jesus & He will set you free! (THE END)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 8-20-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]

# LIFE'S RACE!

IN the human race, No it's Not where you

Start that really matters the MOST.

It's how you finish, AND if you RAN for  
the father, Son AND Holy ghost.

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 11-24-2014

# " Locked UP PENAPHORIC FREEDOM! "

Yes I wrote some humble poems, No I showed them All with Pride!  
Then when my happy Teacher SAW them, you bet she sadly Cried.  
Oh my spelling was disaster, that grammars still a MESS.  
The Themes my only highlight, To this I DO Confess.

I have Stories up in Heaven, there's a snowman down in Hell.  
He's made of bad white powder it's Not good to USE or SELL.  
Yeah I try to keep it funky though I've sadly wrote some 'RAP'.  
Turns out to be reality - "Life's LEMONS & Pure CRAP!"

Now people love my writings, We hate to brag but PLEASE...  
go see my stuff on DOC, you'll laugh & SLAP your KNEES!  
They say everyone should read it, Tell your friends "go take a look!"  
Don't pass it by or when you die, you'll wish you'd read my BOOK!

It's freely Pasted on the internet where I can't make a Cent...  
so please take time, just send a Dime, then I CAN pay my RENT.  
Here in the Klunk, it really STUNKS that I need a money Tree,  
but I have No fear to Shake this Spear - "My PEN" it sets me FREE!

When I was young, I had a goal that meant a lot to ME.  
I love to read & yearned to write of Christ my lord with glee.  
Yet jobs & folks preventing seemed I'd Never get it DONE.  
Still keeping faith in God Above, I've Trusted in his SON.

Now with help from him my goals Complete, At least "go take a look!"  
Get to this site then Add my NAME, & read our published BOOK!

Site: "Prisons Foundation.org" name: STEVEN UMHOLTZ. (THE END.)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 7-11-2015  
[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U13081]



PAY DAY! \$

9-6-2016

PLEASE don't forget when your \$hip\$ come in,  
the ONE who stitched your STUFF.

For I WAS there in your despair as "things  
for you WERE ruff."

When you won't EVER PAY, Drag A Cracker you PLAY,  
I don't get mad I don't get bitter, Nor is it YOU  
that I really despise.

Though I TRULY CAN'T stand when your stories  
so GRAND, TURN OUT to be NOTHING but LIES!

So know your life will get worse....  
your lies came with A CURSE.

TAKE it AS Odd, YES- My father, is GOD.  
Now for my work... He will get reimbursed!  
(THE END.)

by STEVEN Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet.

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U43081]

# ♪ "Pride in AMERICA?" ♪

I'd just like to tell you of the red, white & Blue.  
Now this story that I tell you is genuine & TRUE!

I'm telling you of things that those four fathers did,  
So the TRUTH will be given to the Children of our Kids.

Yes they murdered lots of Natives who owned All  
this Land.

NO that WASN'T Noble & it SURE WASN'T grand.

The Negroes were forced here AS SLAVES for our Trade.  
YES That's how this Nations old backbone was LAID.

They said we're ALL EQUAL, Now you know that's NOT TRUE,  
or the SLAVES & those Natives would have ALL been  
EQUAL TOO!

Those lies in Their Stories that they pumped in your head,  
Should All be corrected by the TRUTH of ALL our Dead.

The Crimes that were done here on this land Far  
& Wide... I ASK you How could they do  
these things & STILL HAVE ANY PRIDE? (THE END.)

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 8-20-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ 2-13081]

## "SHOCK."

I dreamed death came the other Night &

Heavens gates swung wide.

With kindly grace an Angel came and

ushered me inside.

There to my amazement were some folks I

knew on earth, whom I had judged

and thought unfit, of very little worth.

Indignant words came to my lips but never

were set free.

For every face showed stunned surprise,

Not one expected me! (THE END.)

by "Kathy"? From Mr. Chase, another great  
poet I met. I'll see you here, there or  
at those gates in the Air Chase.

Thanks for telling me this poem.

I hope others enjoy it as much as I did.

# Silence of THE \$CAM\$.

THERE'S TREASON in this NATION that's brought TO US by FRAUD.

Through Judges & Attornies who trespass from Abroad.

They SWAR AN OATH to join their KLAN for life, NO it's NOT free...

YES MANY die to hide the Lie of THE B.A.R & U.C.C.!

That British Accredited Registry & The Uniform Commercial Code!

It's All A Giant Load of CRAP and it came from Their Commode!

If you Address their Acts of Crime with a Motion or Appeal,

They "drag it on for MANY YEARS... or Screw you" in A "DEAL"!

THE STATE will NOT disclose to you the details of their Plot...

To stick US All in prison as they leave us there to rot.

The Judge, The Gov. & President... with "JUSTICE" there's NO LUCK!

They in THE KLAN with \$Kull & Bones to merely gain & PA\$\$ The BUCK!

Addressing this Corruption All these WOLVES turn into SHEEP.

They ACT AS if their Stupid, to this issue... "Enslavis."

Silence - "NOT A PEEP!" (THE END) [STEVEN UMHOLTZ 2/13/81 FDC#]

by: Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz The Liberty Post or 6523-206

# The Life of A Lumberjack!

Hay I'm a lumberjack, I make good pay,  
So listen to this story of a lumberjack's day!

Now I get up in the mornin' strap my big boots on,  
I eat real quick & to the woods I'm gone CUZ - CHORUS.

CHORUS = I'm just a lumberjack & that's OK - OH I'm workin' my life away!

When the sun pops up & hits the tops of the trees,  
THAT'S where I make my day.  
I'll be hackin' & a cuttin' & a sweatin' like a cloud  
AS I'm workin' till the break of day,  
When I eat a quick lunch then it's back to work  
before the Boss blows his top like a big FAT JERK  
CUZ - CHORUS.

I climb big trees so I can cut 'em down,  
I yell "TIMBER" real loud, then it's thunder on the  
ground AS I cut the logs off the mountain tops &  
SEND 'em down the hill where they load 'em on a  
truck then they send 'em to my mill CUZ - CHORUS.

I'm like the birds & the squirrels in the tops of the trees,  
Yeah we're all a bunch of "NUTS" just a swingin' in  
the BREEZE CUZ - CHORUS.

I've got to be real careful so that I don't SLIP!  
& if I ever do it's a ONEWAY Tri---p CUZ - CHORUS.

by STEVEN Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Poet on 9-19-2015  
[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U-13081]

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# <sup>♩</sup> The Life of a Lumberjack! <sup>♩</sup>

Cuttin' down trees I NEVER EVER get bored &  
EVERY Night when I finish I Always thank the Lord  
that I'm still a lumberjack & doin' OK & that he  
kept me real safe so I could live another day  
CUZ- CHORUS.

When the SUN goes down I take a bath & go to bed.  
I get a little bit of sleep AS I rest my weary head  
CUZ- CHORUS.

Well I was just a lumberjack for 27 years,  
Now I'm TRAPPED here in a prison. I'm  
surrounded by the "QUEERS", but they better  
look OUT, they better KEEP AWAY from ME  
or I'll cut off ALL their Peckers like I used  
to CUT THE TREES CUZ I'm still just a  
lumberjack & that's OK, Now I sleep All the time  
AS I dream of better days, like when they open  
UP that prison gate to SET ME FREE,  
I'll hit the ground a running YES I'm headin'  
for those TREES CUZ- CHORUS.

CHORUS = I'm just a lumberjack & that's OK - OH I'm workin' my life away!

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz, The Liberty Post on 9-19-2015

[STEVEN UMHOLTZ U-13081]  
F.D.C.#.

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