

A personal record 3 for June 28 2008.

Boomerang time for those who chose to be my enemies:

[boomerangtimebringingtheballhometoroanokevirginiasfailuremedicaldoctorsandfailedphysicians.pdf](#)

"My doctors don't understand me" is a cry some people jeered at me long ago as I struggled to write pages about what they did, but mostly what they did not do. I had to struggle because the medicines they gave me were destroying brain cells, which became very obvious by 2002. My body tone & stamina was so reduced by their "care" I could barely stand up from the computer chair when I lived in Bedford Virginia.

So the doctors started a secret database about me as a means of covering themselves just in case one day I would manage to obtain legal representation against them for their sloppiness but mostly for their lack of professional help they claim to offer patients here in Roanoke Virginia. Sometimes these last 6 & 8 years someone has said to me "Well, if a doctor isn't doing their job for you, Change Doctors!"

Yep friends, everybody has some wonderful sound bite to chew on you that usually tends to agree with doctors by making you the patient, somehow it being all your fault you are not being helped. My "doctors" started the database record of comments about me and made it available to any other "new doctor" I would try. I discovered it quite by accident actually. I drove over to a hospital in Bedford when my heartbeat became irregular (from losing stamina), and the doctor there was very kind, concern written all over his face.

Then he left the room and was gone a good while, so finally curiosity got the best of me. I looked through the glass to see where he might be. Well, friends, he was looking at a computer monitor, obviously reading something about me that was keeping him busy. How do I know? I know because when he returned his whole complexion had changed. He stopped the being concerned about me... It was just that obvious that my previous doctors had issued a document about me that was hanging around my neck like a cow bell telling other doctors I would ever try next time, tell them what they thought, in their **attempt to damn me to any new doctor I would seek out for help.**

So most of you reading a few of my web pages "exposing Roanoke doctors" have assumed the physicians were innocent and I was guilty as sin? So I must be the instigator; **it's all me attacking them, eh?** hahaha No friends, not at all. The doctors started this "war" and believe me, it has been a warfare to the death: my death. I have in fact died a number of times since this saga began, just as I made clear on the index page of askinventor.com recently in 2008.

It has only been a few weeks now since I was put into severe cardiac distress on May 2 from a lack of oxygen reaching my heart and yet, I refused to call any paramedics or ambulance. **Why?** Well, **would you call out to your enemies for help?** Would you call out for help knowing that every doctor who sees you at the hospital only has to flip a switch to read previous doctor's profile of you and their CYA **assessment written, not to help you their patient but to damn you to new doctors?**

Who the heck do you think I am, some nerd with nothing better to do with my time than sit around causing good doctors trouble?! What in the world would ever possess me to do

THAT?! Look, I've been run over by a professional think tank here, a consortium of local doctors trying to work up an ironclad case against me to make sure everyone would think my still being disabled after 20 years on disability is somehow MY FAULT to keep people from knowing the sad state of doctor care here in Roanoke VA, that they are simply **inadequate to the task of healing a patient for TWENTY LONG YEARS UNDER THEIR CARE.**

They use their swastikas oops plaques on the wall and their white coats to impress upon you that they have to be right and I, the ignorant non-medical trained patient must therefore have been wrong all along. So here in this document **for the first time** I have ever taken time out of my day to do so I am going to explain in detail what they did =>

After my leg and ankle were crushed by 1,000 lbs. of freight that fell 8 feet, carrying a force impact of 8,000 ft.lbs. across the back of both my calves, that was when medical care started going awry and quite sour. The Williamsburg doctor had to bring me out of sedation to tell me there was some law on the books that he could not operate on me til 4 hours had passed because lacking a family member to sign the OK. So I signed the OK for him to do surgery then. Later I was brought back out of sedation yet again, telling me they had made a mistake. They had me sign the OK about 15 minutes shy of the 4-hour mark and they would have to further sedate me another full 4 hours and have me then sign the OK all over again. After all that I passed out and stayed out for I suppose a few days. That, my friends, is evidence they over-morphined me enough to put out down a stockyard steer.

When the doctors treated my ankle and put my foot back together that was a great thing and I appreciate them for doing that. However, they did not treat me for everything else damages I had received. All they did was morphine me enough to shut me up, fog up my brain so I would not call for a lawyer to find out why I was being denied treatment for the smashing my chest took when I was whipped into the asphalt chest first.

And so began my "doctor care" by Virginia doctors that little did I know nor even suspect would turn out to **BE THE NORM FOR TWENTY YEARS.** Nor did I know at that time either that the Virginia doctors had wrangled down into law a legal cap for all malpractice lawsuits filed by Virginia patients, keeping it ceilings down at \$1.6 million! These Communist-brained doctors had taken legal rights away from patients to an open court settlement all patients should have privy to as a human being.

hahaha Since they had me in a corral stripped of Rights this way, stripped down to where they had me under their control, they had successfully chased out any lawyers from Virginia **who might have been here to champion my case.**

Now are you beginning to see the light of day? **Sun does not shine here in Virginia.** See what they really did? They laid down a line in the sand that would later prove helpful to the next big challenge to come along => the Virginia Tobacco Settlement which was also illegal and worthy of Communists of decades past.

Just like the doctors and dentists in this Communist-operated area that pretends to be democratic blah blah blah because they set up common prices for their services. They have successfully adopted and instituted Communist practices all over Virginia, the Constitution of the United States of America be damned. The Bill of Rights be damned

here too. In Virginia its citizenry is disrespected in Courts and assumed to be guilty.

I had no recourse but to start writing down onto the Internet the days, weeks and months, and yes YEARS that would serve to keep me disabled for **TWENTY YEARS**. But mostly I did it for my kids and for myself because I figured with all my health problems getting worse for lack of medical treatment my memory of the details would grow quickly dim, so I began keeping a notebook record in 2002 after Dr. Steinweg caused me to plunge into a catatonic freeze for 3 minute's duration in his office exam room.

All my brain senses had shut completely off. There was no passage of time, not even hearing my own heartbeat. It was like being dead. When I had "went out" he was sitting at the computer terminal typing, but when I opened my eyes he had moved to another chair, a movement I had not noticed as I did not notice anything that transpired. All my senses had turned completely OFF.

So he says to me sitting in the new place "you have been out for 3 minutes" and I remember that as clearly as it just happened because I had just come back to life. **Wouldn't you remember the first words spoken to you at your resurrection?!**

So did this "doctor" whisk me over to another room to find out what happened to me? No. We talked a minute, I got dressed and he patted me on the back, saying "See you at your next visit" and I walked out to my car for the **DRIVE UP THE INTERSTATE 8 MILES TO MY HOME**. So why was I driving next to cars filled with children minutes after having died in the doctor's office instead of being put on heart machines and a brain wave test?

It is because the doctors own the State of Virginia, so-called "the Commonwealth". What a funny claim of a name for a State that deprives its citizens of so much, smashes their legal rights to pulp by passing Communist Manifesto-style ceilings and caps, outright [denies them their Right to Sue tobacco companies](#). Is this America or Russia? Can anyone tell?

Ah, but this is where they want me, you see, they want me on the defensive, they want me looking like I am b^tching and complaining and whining and even imagining, when in fact **all I am doing is making an historical record of atrocities** as I did on **#1 [this page so many years ago](#)**, and **#2 [this page link yet again](#)**. And yet **#3 [one more expose here](#)**. Not to mention their **#4 Medicare Ripoff "3 Waiting Room Scam"** on [this link](#)... some all of which I recently **#5** also referenced here in a photo copy of Dr. Edward Workman's assessment that [Woodrow Riley NEEDS MEDICAL MANAGEMENT that has since been withheld by Roanoke doctors](#); more here > www.newpath4.com/why.pdf.

What were the atrocities? I am glad you asked that question. I intend to answer it. But before I do that you should know what all this power concentrated in frauds-committing Roanoke Virginia doctors has led to [them attempting to keep my health discoveries from you this online document](#). They keep me hidden, keep my cancer discoveries hidden working in league with the "News Media" in the hopes that with the passage of time they can release my information under other more medical-sounding names as I gave them so they can continue their fraud, their doctor/impostor sham. And that is exactly what they have accomplished. Notice the recent "research lab discovery" they could now cure melanomas of dying patients recently in the News

hahaha, which is nothing more than my discovery redressed to look more scientific, that by over-consumption of antioxidants a hungry cancer cell gluttons itself to death by giving itself a death by internal acid burn, read it for yourself in the [News Release I put out on August 31 2007](#) telling exactly how I was able to defeat a major chest cancer I contracted in their hospital (more sloppy malpractice-worthy hatred toward Roanokers). Now you heard about my discovery and saw them on TV, but did you hear a peep about it being my discovery from having cured myself of a massive chest cancer? **No? Hmmm.**

Are you beginning to see the light of Evil that shines in Virginia every day?

Ah, yes, I see the eyes opening even from here as, like Saul, the scales are falling from your eyes, because now you are also beginning to understand why you have not gotten any of my zero emissions non-polluting car engines. By successfully keeping me down financially screwed out of all just compensations, physically stomped into the ground by refusing to give me the healthcare they went on to charge me plenty for, keeping me from filing any lawsuit for [being forever Immune System damaged in the womb](#) by Mom smoking their cigarettes (doctors told her it was OK to smoke while pregnant) as I was trying desperately to live, and through the continuous efforts of many others who have used my ideas without nary a thought to giving me a Just Royalty, **they continue their Communist scam on the American Public** that really would like to have my engines now that the cost of gas has passed \$4 and even \$5 dollars a gallon.

Couldn't be Communists? Hmm, Republiclan scams; Republiclan doctors?

Business-owning doctors using the law of the land to mash Virginians for monies they never earned? You know, I know the word "conspiracy" has fallen into ridicule but just how much does anyone read of the historical records I have written til the conspiracy word somehow begins to take on real meaning?

Let's start defining terms an get down specific.

After the Williamsburg doctor (Dr. Wilhelm) over-morphined me for hours because of their sloppy clerical error, knocking me out for several days almost, no attention was given for any other internal injuries of damages done inside my chest... that had been forward-projected when I got hit in the shoulder, that when my knees were jammed down into the pavement a whipping action ensued a vector force into my torso.

I was traveling at a blur, my chest slamming the ground at the speed of a rocket sled. In their defense I think possibly they noted some of my ribs were cracked but they were not wrapped so maybe not. Maybe they have no defense at all but what does that matter? They have made themselves the law of the land, Virginia land. They "own the house" and do whatever they want, patients be damned, and they walk scott free like Nazis escaping from Nuremberg ... except when a patient fights so hard to live to later release page after page of [online testimony](#) like this document til they have no recourse but to [lie and steal their way to fame riding my wave of discoveries they were unable to make on their own](#). Like [on this copyrighted page where I told about dissolving fat using botox-like injections](#) they have [since begun calling "mesotherapy" click here for a descption](#). Anyone know the definition of plagiarism? **Would it matter in VIRGINIA?!** Conspiracy is a right good word when used correctly and appropriately.

So from the start at Williamsburg General Hospital that has since changed its name, the beginning of ignored medical needs for Woodrow Riley began in earnest. Once I left there medical care began spiralling south very fast. Back in Roanoke Worker's Compensation sent me to several doctors who put on a good scam show as if they were going to help me. **I was very encouraged at that.** I had been hurt on a new job that paid the best salary of any job I had ever held in my life. They issued me a big-engined Peterbilt truck to make deliveries, the best truck I had ever driven. I was glad to finally be sent to doctors to help me return to such a high-paying job.

What really happened? Whew. I found out their real motive later on, that they were using "physical therapists" to push and rush me through paces as best they could to prove I was faking my injuries... so they could shove my family under their bus. That, dear friends, was the medical garbage I started running into, a worse meteor storm than you may ever imagined could be thrown against a half-dead man. **Half-dead?** Yes, I was close to death and all they thought about was how to finish me off the rest of the way, not give any real medical treatment. Their "therapist's" efforts to shove me through exercise equipment failed because I was crippled up inside & out. I was a barely breathing physical wreck (and I possess a tape recording of my voice made the summer of 1989 that proves it as I was gasping to talk [to a radio DJ about my lightning system](#)).

The first doctor to do that trick on me was later thrown in jail and shortly thereafter out of Medicine ~ stripped of his medical license and practice for over-prescribing pain medications to other patients. I forget his name. The next doctor to use that trick was Dr. Joseph Moscal still practicing at the Roanoke Orthopedic Center on Electric Road. He was the doctor who re-traumatized my entire leg by taking out the long ankle screw without bracing my leg. He reintroduced the torqued leg damage back to active status, then later when I was in agony and called him for a painkiller **Dr. Moscal flipped me off telling me to take Tylenol with Codeine that did not work at all til I smartened up and drank beer with it.**

But for my chest pain none of my doctors ever gave me anything for that, so when Dr. William Clarkson gave me Prozac for a while in 1990 I raised my dosage to 6 Prozacs a day to knock the chest pain. Still don't think it has been a conspiracy eh? But the question I will try to answer for you by the end of this treatise is who did the conspiracy, really, and why it was of such monumental importance to go to all this trouble.

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Picking up again after Dr. Steinweg sending me onto the highway after a catatonic seizure he induced by pretending to believe me when I said I needed medical help but really (I later learned) he had decided I was lying, and yet he kept up this lie, this ruse, treating me anyway so he could keep ripping off Worker's Comp for every penny he could grab. A later conversation with my Jefferson-Pilot insurance company revealed it to me. And so on yada yada yada down the road, and it has been 1 long road. Ask you a question then: if I actually am as bipolar nutso as all my doctors have maintained, then why haven't I committed suicide yet? What power is there in this Universe has kept me walking forward against such a hammering onslaught as has been hitting me in the face?

Have you ever read such a story as mine and is it just a story? Is my "historical record" a first person fabrication? Well, the \$7,000 dollars I have spent for nutritional supplements

in trying to diagnose, treat and heal my own self while these doctor impostors have walked away trying to let me die in a ditch is no fabrication. My son loaning me money to buy them no fabrication. My son helping me walk to the bathroom for 5 months in 2003 when the gout was in my feet is no fabrication. The heart attacks and backwards-beating heart muscle (Lewis-Gale Hospital, 2001) is no fabrication.

My muscles in my feet not growing back til 2004 after I tried a new product called Muscle Jack, ending 14 years of hobbling around while my doctors told my wife and family members "**we don't see anything wrong with him**", [causing my marriage to end eventually fail in divorce](#)... when point of fact, my testosterone was in a "locked condition" common to white caucasian males that needed a prohormone or metabolic steroid to free it up to rebuild feet muscles. It was no fabrication trying to walk with every bone in my feet scrubbing against the bone beside it without muscle cushion. **I am not fabricating nor have I ever fabricated a damn thing.** In my worst nightmares I never could have dreamed up such an all-inclusive doctor scam as I have been living in for almost 20 years after my accident. However, was it a conspiracy to waylay me to stop the engines I was showing that honored God, Creation-level systems?

Possibly it was but they have covered their trail by constantly attempting to make me the bad guy, which has played nicely into their habit of making great fame and wealth and [achieving wide acclaim](#) as being [innovative thinkers by using and adopting my ideas](#). Not a one of them dared admit and will not now admit to that; it would bring down their house of cards. Tell you what there friend, take a look at that new Bayer commercial on your TV set telling how they have started putting a phytonutrient coating around Bayer aspirin. **Who do you suppose came up with that? hahahaha Them?** I can prove otherwise, unless they forged prior documents to counter any claim I would later make, as is common among our great companies & U.S. slimeball corporations today.

I wanted some of these companies to use my ideas but I never said I would refuse Just Compensation. When 2003 rolled around and I was in the middle of gout crippled up unable to walk without help, both feet swollen, I labored for 3 straight days trying to figure out why Professor Hertzberg's "air-powered car" that ran on compressed nitrogen had failed to replace the gasoline and diesel combustion engines. At 3:30 am of a very dark and moonless night a flash of inspiration ~and the answer~ almost knocked me out of my computer chair. He in his old age had made several mistakes, much of them from his egotistic desire for more fame to top off his already famous great career as an aerospace and aeronautic engineer who had helped build the United States NASA Shuttle system. **Simply put, he demanded the answer be AIR-ONLY.** He demanded the answer conform to his will and he failed, whereas I approached it humbly just wanting any answer that worked, not world acclaim or fame. And yet when I started writing my answer onto the Internet the following July and August 2003 I was beset by engineers accusing me of wanting those very things!

I view being accused falsely in a very poor light because if I did such a thing it would strip me of any value of my Christian baptism as one of Jehovah's Witnesses, but they did not know that. The doctors surrounding me for decades and, in fact, for much of my life and accusing me of faking back spasms and back pain, even to the point of ushering in doubts they put in my wife and family saying I was lying, these accusations are to me a Great Evil because if I actually did all that I might lose any hope of everlasting life and be denounced by God, plus by His Christ Son who sacrificed himself for mankind. To call

me a liar is an evil I must write about and even if it does look like "whining" I will do so, even if it does look like complaining and moaning and b^tching my eyeballs out, I will disagree with these who have falsely accused this servant of God. "Servant of God"? I have explained this claim rather fully in this online pdf document written in 2008 (exactly to the day [as it worked out from 2/20/2008's warning](#)) =>

[06202008warningmessagesfrombeyondelijahsgravegodsendinesofpeaceusedfornextworld war.pdf](#) , followed yet again by [another warning of 6/26/2008](#) .

Just how much a servant of God have I been anyway? Well, before my accidents in 1986 and 1989 I was not much a servant at all; I was a medical miracle just being still alive in Virginia where medical care was withheld from me since I was born, and yet it began long before that. The doctor who delivered me, Dr. Hermann Brubaker who founded yep, Boxley Hill Clinic ~ I have since found out [Dr. Brubaker was practicing abortion-in-advance by sterilizing Roanoke VA women he judged should not have any more children](#). He did it to my sister-in-Law Mrs. Leonard Smith which told me he did it also to my own Mom. **And now you are beginning to see the Evil that has chased me that has come from doctors.** They told Mom it was OK to smoke, which fetal poisoned me after conception for 9 straight months, which I view as an act of Satan to stop the God-honoring inventions I have been blessed to have beginning in 1989 with my [lightning capacitor system for getting completely pure AC current](#) from magnetic induction wave spring outward 90 degrees from when a lightning bolt travels down a lightning rod (tall metal lightning-attracting pole)... and followed by several other inventions that, had I not been caught in this garbage thrown at me by DOCTORS AND ENGINEERS you would now have a home powered completely by natural energies of Wind and Solar, and cars, pickups and trucks, and heavy SUV's and Hummers running on mechanical heart-like compressed air systems ([link one 1st announcement](#) followed later by [link two explained](#)).

The opposition that has raised its serpent head is smarter than doctors and has used doctors to make my life and my family's life and my wife's life one long living hell, them too ignorant to know what they were doing, which was getting in the way of God's servant and working on Satan's behalf to stop God's engines He was releasing through this poor wretched physical wreck who has believed in Him since He saved me through two head-crushing accidents when I was about 6 months of age then later when I was about 4 years old where I went flying from a car. **The effort put forth to kill me started when I was conceived? For starters, I do not think I was the only one.** It is my studied belief that there were a number of babies in this Southwest Virginia area where the children had Native American mixed genealogy through their parents that immigrated here from West Virginia looking for work, then married locally. I believe Satan knew some others this possible destiny ahead to be used by God to release the engines I have brought to the table. **It was never a matter of me being "special"** as my accusers also have stated many times I was trying to make myself out to be.

Secondly, Satan actually started messing us up before any of us in this lot were conceived, when nuclear tests were done aboveground to win the war in Europe and also defeat Japan in 1945. The radiation was carried up from Nevada and New Mexico by the jetstream to seed into rainclouds over Virginia, the rain from those clouds being drank by our parents... that caused so many children in this area to have the selfsame "rare thyroid condition" I was told I had after my 1989 accident. **It was not rare at all** and we were poisoned by nuclear fallout from our own United States Government without a penny compensation nor any recognition at all **but rug burn from how fast they**

silenced us by calling it a rare condition that was [a waterboarding bar none gun blast](#).

The group of children I came from was targeted for death by a Satan who did not know which one of us would be the one to invent these engine systems... and God help them, they must have encountered the same garbage that has been thrown all over me for over 57 years. Satan used the same trick the Holy Bible tells us he used to try and stop Moses and the same trick he tried yet again to stop Jesus from being born.

The doctors were just greedy self-aggrandizing-yet-ignorant pawns in the game... Satan hoping on hope I would drive my car loaded with explosive gas into one of them in anger, a thought that occurred to me more than once [but a cup I refused to drink from](#). Dr. Kellam, after I begged him in his examination room to help me walk, then realizing he too must have thought I was lying, a challenge against the validity of my Christian baptism causing great anger to well up in me to snap his neck; but I refused again then.

People have trouble understanding this, but I knew important things after I invented the lightning system that needed to get done **~which turned out to be revealing [Imitation Energy](#)~** and I knew when those thoughts of harming such misguided souls came, that if acted on would stop those glorious things from getting done as I would either be in a jail cell without a computer or deceased, not to mention I would be choosing to put a chasm between me and God well, **I made the right choices**.

Since I made those right choices I have been blessed again and again with many new invention insights that I hope will one day transform this world... and it will be a world where no one will ever be trashed by an abusive-minded ex-angel who decided to fight his Father in Heaven... which is of course my beliefs not necessarily shared by all who read this document. **What we have here is a preponderance of evidence of a lifetime of attacks** coming at me through medical doctors who essentially walked on by, leaving me laying in a ditch bleeding and broken to a point my own family started doubting. This life has been one long atrocity piled on atrocity that has actually stopped my heart from beating a number of times: 1962 (summer drowning), 2000, 2002, 2007 & 2008 and being run down by a car in 1977 and so on and so forth. My life has been one long bomb blast that caused me PTSD, bipolar, [thyroid incompatibility as if transplanted in from a complete stranger causing internal organ hypothermia](#).

Everyone has their problems. But for all these men who have dared do the will of this Satan against a servant of God and all those who have taken profits from my many concepts they lifted off my web pages w/out thanking the God who has helped me, they have been assigned a personal damnation from this God who kept me breathing thru all this. The Lewis-Gale Administrator who barred me from getting medical care there also carries His Indignation, not to mention that depriving me of monies stopped me from giving the Public working non-polluting zero-emission engines they so sorely need and as children of God deserve to have as their inheritance should they make the right choice.

Make the right choice, please, while there's time remaining. My engine systems look a bit reminiscent of Noah's ark being built in front of his neighbors who later drowned to death with their children and dogs. I have been drowned, and they chose poorly.

WM Riley, 6/28/2008