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### **THE PHILIPPINES**



**Leslie and Andrew**

I have been living in Bauan, the Philippines, since June of 2018. Prior to that, I lived in Elgin Public Housing in Kane County, Illinois. The total lack of justice from the Indiana Supreme Court and Midwest judges at the district and 7<sup>th</sup> Circuit level drove me into poverty with Social Security Disability (SSDI) as my income source at \$1,188 per

month as of 2020. This is **\$14,256** per year. The 2020 poverty line in the USA is \$12,760 for one person. As an individual, my SSDI is **11.7% above the poverty line**.

However, when I moved to the Philippines, I began supporting both my home health aide, Leslie, and her 4 children who rely on her. Those children were homeless and hungry when I moved there and I have provided them with a place to live and food, not to mention the utility bills. Leslie and I would like to get married, but we cannot because the Philippines does not allow divorce, the last nation not to have divorce (Vatican City does not count). She is married. My SSDI would provide the 4 children I support with nearly \$1,000 more per month, but the catch is that I must be married to their mother. Instead, the poverty line for 6 people is **\$35,160** and my SSDI is only **40% of that amount**.

So, the lack of a divorce law puts pressure on me as the prospective stepfather to provide support without marriage, precluding SSDI child benefits.

We could go to the USA or some other country for Leslie to divorce, but I don't have money due to the courts in the USA being so uniformly hostile and unwilling to give me justice. No justice for my poisoning by the U.S. Marine Corps as a baby. No justice for the poisoning and death of my mother from a cancer caused by the same base where I was born, Camp LeJeune, N.C. No justice when someone crashes into me on my way to work and no justice when state and federal courts discriminate against me. Any direction I turn, there is no justice. Injustice, thy name is America.

But I will not learn to be like such people. I would rather share what little I have with people who have even less than me and who appreciate what I give and say thank you.

I tend to get one small settlement per year as my defendants try to escape the costs of litigation. The ABA settled with me in 2018 and that paid for my plane ticket to the Philippines. An insurance company settled with me in 2019 and I used the money to buy an e-bike so my home health aide and I would have virtually free local transportation and my spine would be spared the pain of poor suspension in tricycle taxis. This e-bike was my first compensatory payment for my home health aide beyond room and board.

My home health aide has been working virtually for free and I have been making insurance claims for her work to the Veterans Administration. However, the VA has been denying me the health coverage that goes with the base where I was born for the past 6 years. It is outrageous that I have conditions on the VA list, my mother died from a cancer on the VA list, but they won't cover me because we slept off base while my father served about 15 months on base. We had base privileges like using the contaminated Camp LeJeune swimming pool and the contaminated hospital where I was born, but GOD FORBID I be granted health care. Maybe the Court where I appealed has a heart instead of a stone in its chest. It is very annoying to me that VA spends money on art in its HQ but will not cover me when I WAS POISONED BY THE MARINE CORPS.

I will keep making claims for her time and work and I cross my fingers that justice will happen, though my past experience is that no justice will happen. So, I expect to continue in poverty with a home health aide also in poverty because of the injustice problem in the USA and the human rights violation represented in the Philippines not having divorce. *Straw v. Wilkie*, 18-7129 (U.S. CAVC). Also: *Straw v. North Carolina*, 7:18-cv-74-M (E.D. N.C.).

CHILDREN



Mark, JR, Maryan, and Angelo

The first child is named Mark and he has autism.



Mark has been learning useful skills like counting change at the store and helping his mom with household tasks.

The second child is named JR.



JR got an award for mathematical skills at school and helps his mom with cooking and taking care of Angelo.

The third child is named Maryan, Leslie's only girl.



Maryan like to help her mom with the house and is a bit of a joker.

Before I moved to the Philippines, these kids were not well. They were missing a lot of school and did not have a permanent home. That has now changed.

The last child, a young toddler, is named Angelo. Angelo is the result of a very short relationship after Leslie's husband abandoned her and left for South America years before. Angelo's father was murdered in front of Leslie while she was pregnant with Angelo. I bought Angelo a stroller when I moved there and have provided him with milk and medicine and doctor visits.



Angelo likes to spend time with his grandfather, who often looks after him. It's a team effort.



So, I am proud to demonstrate that I am not like the people who injured me. Neither the criminals who poisoned me, the criminal who broke both of my legs and my pelvis on my way to the Indiana Supreme Court to work, nor the civil rights criminals who deny me justice and cheat to ensure that I lose. After cheating and being biased against me, courts have stripped me of **5 law licenses** and the right to use a variety of courts in the Midwest. A corrupt tree bringeth forth corrupt fruit.

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Perhaps I should not be angry because one must expect unjust people to act unjustly. But I am still angry. When someone violates you and your rights, you have an additional right to be angry about it, sad about it, even mentally unwell because of it.

Sometimes I think back to when I was a kid and watched Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer on TV. I remember the Island of Misfit Toys. That's how I feel. I have come to an island of misfit toys and those I find here also suffered and were abandoned, abused by larger nations. There is no justice in a husband making 3 children with a woman and then leaving her to take care of them with no job while he starts a new life in another country and will not provide for his children.

I understand the abandoned woman. I understand the injustice the children must feel having a severe disability, being abandoned, and having your father murdered.

Other people look for money and status. I look for something much more valuable. Being able to provide a tiny measure of justice for kids parched of justice, hungry and

homeless. I will leave my country, a country that abused me, and I will bring my tiny bank account to make a big difference for someone else.

Because the violations of me have continued, I have applied for asylum in the Philippines and the DOJ of the Philippines requests others to help me as I am a **Person of Concern** under international law. My human rights as a disabled person have been thrashed, wrecked, insulted, and denied. If I cannot rely on courts in the United States to provide justice, I have no rights in that country. They can be taken away as courts like the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 7<sup>th</sup> Circuit **pick winners** and **refuse to apply law**.