

The Life and Times of MICHAEL LEE GOETZ, SR.

*Memoirs of a Family Man, Cold War Veteran
Texas pioneer, and Digital Media Trailblazer*



By: Michael Lee Goetz, sr.

***The
Life and Times of...
Michael Lee Goetz, sr.***

Memoirs of a Texas original.



By Michael Lee Goetz Sr.

Coffee Table Edition



TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Chapter One – Texas Roots	4
Chapter Two – Duty Calls	10
Chapter Three – The Wall	14
Chapter Four – Chasing Dreams	19
Chapter Five – Web Journey	24
Chapter Six – First Webcast	29
Chapter Seven – Internet Bust	36
Chapter Eight – Standing Alone	40
Chapter Nine – Carolina Years	45
Chapter Ten – Austin Dream	51
Chapter Eleven – Circle G	56
Chapter Twelve – Final Thoughts	63

My Memoir Comments...

My Memoirs

Chapter 1 Roots in Texas.



was born on September 11, 1963, in Galveston, Texas.

Galveston gave me my first breath of life, but I grew up moving through other places before settling into the town that would define me... Carrollton, Texas.

The anchor of my world was my mother. She never finished high school, yet she was wise and had a big heart. Her love, guidance, and protection shaped who I became.



In the summer before I entered the fourth grade, my mother married Gordon. He was a good provider and a decent man. He kept food on the table and a roof over our heads, but he wasn't a strong influence in my life. I have never known my real father.

That summer, after the wedding, we moved to Carrollton, and I started 4th grade at Carrollton Elementary in Mr. Knight's class. That's where my real story of growing up began.

Carrollton became the heart of my youth. I went through school there, attended church, played sports, and learned lessons that carried me the rest of my life.



It was a Texas town where football was more than a game, it was a way of life.

Football became the core of who I was.

Wearing the pads, lining up under the lights, giving and taking hits—from pee-wee to simi pro... that was where I found my strength and identity.

Track and field was my second love. I took to throwing the shot put and discus with natural strength and determination. From junior high through the Cold War... I set a few records and won most of the competitions I entered.

Competing came naturally. I didn't just love the power and motion of the throw; I loved representing my school, standing in that ring, and seeing my throw fly farther than anyone else.

That drive would even carry into my military years, where I represented Spangdahlem Air Force Base during the Cold War at the European Championships.



I didn't win there, but I held my own. And the chance to travel around Europe, was really cool.

Baseball was part of my youth too, but it never reached the same level of importance.

I enjoyed it, I played, and I have pictures to prove it.... but it wasn't really my kind of sport.



Life threw me a different kind of challenge when I was sixteen. I found out I

was going to be a father. My high school sweetheart was pregnant with our first son, Justin.



We got married before he was born to build a family. I went to work, trying to provide, but life was tough.

The weight of responsibility was heavy, and eventually my health gave out. I got sick and ended up in the Hospital with pneumonia.

Those setbacks pushed me to look for something better, something more stable. That's when the military became my path.

So, by the time I left Carrollton, I was more than just a young man chasing sports dreams.

I was a husband, a father, and someone already tested by life's weight.



Carrollton had been the training ground, not just for my body, but for my spirit.

Looking back, I can see the hand of God in those early years. The lessons of school, the discipline of football, the struggles of early marriage, and the responsibility of fatherhood—all became the foundation for the man I had to be.



Chapter 2

Duty Calls



By the time I was sixteen, life had already pushed me into adulthood. My high school sweetheart and I spent one summer together, and before the next school year started, I was to be a father.

Justin came into the world at Baylor Hospital in Dallas. He was my firstborn, and while he was a blessing, he also changed the course of my life.

Most kids at my age were worrying about grades, football, or finding a date for homecoming. I was worrying about providing for a wife and son.

That's when the military became my path. At seventeen, with permission from Mom, I enlisted in the United States Air Force.



I wasn't just chasing a paycheck... I was chasing stability for my family, and a chance to serve my

country.

I was trained as an Aircraft Weapons Systems Specialist. That meant every piece of armament on our jets — bombs, missiles, rockets, and even nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons — passed through my hands. I was also a decorated M-16 marksman.

It was serious work with serious consequences, and it shaped me quickly. There was no room for mistakes when handling weapons of war.

The Military defined my early adulthood. Stationed in places like George AFB, Homestead, and Spangdahlem West Germany, I lived on the front lines of Cold War history.

During my years in Europe, there were several times when the Soviets would launch their bombers toward us. The alarms would sound, and we'd throw on uniforms, helmets, sometimes full chem gear, and rush to the flight line.

Of course, they turned back and our jets would return. But for those tense hours, we had to prepare for Armageddon.

It was exercises like "Able Archer" in 83 that pushed both sides to the edge.



None of us knew at the time... just how close the world came to Nuclear Destruction.

Despite the pressure on the flight line, I found strength in athletics. Powerlifting became my outlet.

The Air Force gave me a chance to be the base power lifting coach and compete.



I grew big and strong, traveling across Europe to represent my base.

Those years hardened me but also gave me direction. I earned an Associate's Degree from the Community College of the Air Force and built a reputation as a reliable "Super Troop."

At the same time, the strain of Cold War readiness — the constant drills, the sense of impending doom — began carving scars that I wouldn't recognize until decades later.

Back then, I just put my head down and did my job. I had a wife, a child, and a duty to my country. That was enough to keep me moving forward.



Chapter 3

The Wall

The Cold War was my reality for a full decade. For years I worked the flight line, loaded bombs, and lived on the leading edge of the Cold War... with the knowledge that one wrong move or a political spark, could end the world as we know it.

But history doesn't stay still, and by the late 1980s, change was coming fast.



In 1989, the Berlin Wall fell. For those of us once stationed in West Germany, it was surreal.

We had lived much of our adult lives preparing for World War III, only to watch the Wall—the symbol of division—crumble almost overnight.

The world cheered, but for me, it was complicated. I had given ten years of my life to readiness, training to kill the Russians, and suddenly the fight was over.

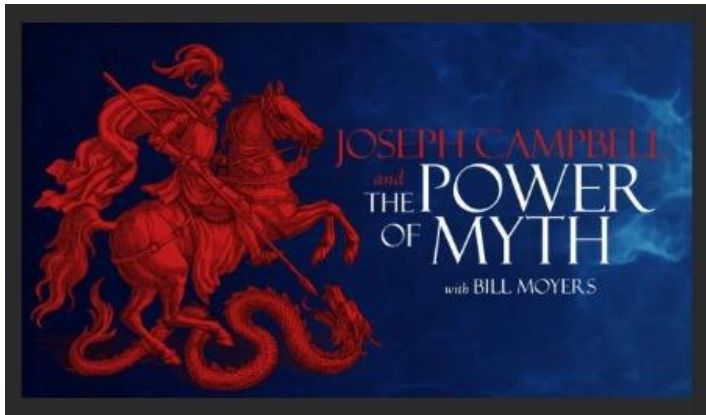
At first, I just keep pushing on with my life. I was still committed to my job, and I had Jeanie by my side.



My reputation as a “super troop” carried me forward of course, but my heart just wasn’t in it anymore.

I had spent years preparing for Armageddon. But once the Wall came down, I realized I didn’t want to spend any more time thinking about killing people.

For me, the War was over, and I wanted to go home.



Around that time, I began reading The Power of Myth.

Joseph Campbell's words helped me step back and see my own story differently.

It gave me a framework for personal change and growth—something I desperately needed as the world I'd known was disappearing.

That shift in attitude put me at odds with my commander, however.

He couldn't understand how I had gone from being one of their most outstanding troops ... to someone questioning the mission itself.

As a result, they put me through multiple evaluations, even placing me in mental health wards—sometimes still in uniform.

I like to believe that they thought they were being helpful, but when I finally came back from months of evaluations, I discovered my dorm room had been broken into.

Practically everything I owned was gone—even my guitar.

To make it worse, my off-base business (South Coast Gym) had been sold while I was away.

It was a crushing blow.

Despite all that, I still left the Air Force with an honorable discharge. And, I had a degree, a strong background in leadership, and a sense of discipline that would carry me into civilian life.

I also carried scars:

PTSD I didn't yet understand, but the feeling that I had given the best years of my life to a



system that didn't know what to do with ole warriors like me... I understood.

Still, I was young, strong, and free for the first time since I was a kid.

I had spent ten years wearing the uniform, and now I was stepping back into the civilian world.

I didn't know exactly where I was going, but I knew I had to build a new life. So, I packed up what little I had left... and walked away from the Air Force.

The Cold War was over. My service was finished. And for the first, the future actually felt like it was mine to decide.



Chapter 4

Chasing Dreams.

Leaving the Air Force was like stepping into another world. For a decade, my life had been rigid — duty, orders, precision, and constant readiness.

Suddenly, I was free. But freedom without direction can be dangerous, and I knew I needed a new mission. For me, that mission became chasing an old dream: football.



I had always loved the game. From pee-wee to high school... under the Friday night lights of Texas. Football was more than a pastime — it was part of who I was.

The military had made me stronger than ever before. Years of powerlifting and competing across Europe had built me into a powerful athlete.

I knew I still had gas in the tank, and I wasn't ready to let go of the dream.



So, I set my sights high — the University of Miami Hurricanes. They were the kings of college football at the time, the defending national champions, a powerhouse program filled with talent, swagger, and expectations.

Their Practices were also just up the road.

I had to try.



Most people said I was crazy. I was older than the players and some of the coaches. A veteran stepping into the locker room of many young phenoms. But I had never shied away from a challenge I believed in.

When I walked on, I wasn't just making the team. I was stepping into history. The Hurricanes weren't just winning games — they were a dynasty. And I was determined to prove I belonged.

The heat of Miami was a challenge, and practice was intense... but I thrived in it. Discipline, toughness, and the ability to push past limits were second nature to me.

Though I wasn't a starter, I suited up for practice and banged heads with some of the greatest athletes in college football. I was living the dream.



On January 1, 1991, I ran onto the Cotton Bowl field with the Defending National Champions... Miami Hurricanes.

That moment is forever etched into my mind.

The roar of the stadium, the sea of cheering fans, and the feeling of standing in uniform on that field...

it was the culmination of years of sacrifice, training, and belief.



I may not have been a star, but I was a Hurricane, part of something bigger than myself.

Looking back, it wasn't just about football. It was about proving to myself that I could reinvent my life after the military. That I could take on challenges that seemed impossible and still find my place.

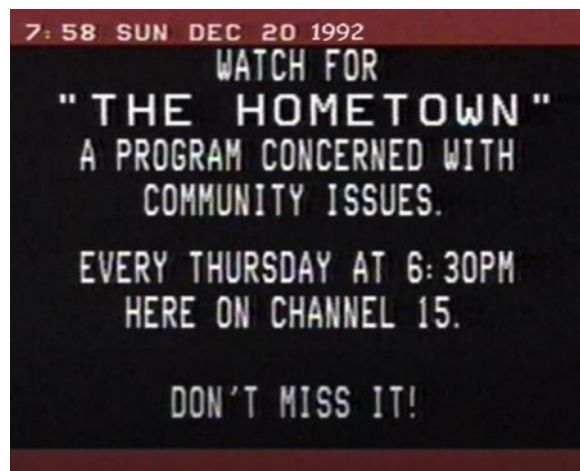
Football eventually ended, as all things do. But the lessons stayed: teamwork, resilience, and the power of chasing dreams, no matter how improbable they seem.

By the time I hung up my pads, The Cold War veteran had become a Miami Hurricane. And that unlikely journey gave me the courage to dream even bigger.



Chapter 5

Web Journey



 grew up in Carrollton, but after ten years in the military, I came home and saw how much the city had changed. Most of the town was living with strangers now.

It wasn't the place I remembered.

Of course, we still had a weekly newspaper, but that was never enough to keep up with events of our hometown. It was hard to have a sense of community.

That's when my friend Randy Edwards and I began talking about how to create something better.



Together, we kicked around the idea of creating The Hometown — a show for our community.

So, I studied the Cable Franchise Agreement and discovered the city and cable company were supposed to provide cable access channels.... with a coordinator, cameras, and a tv studio.



And so, The Hometown was born.

For several years, I produced and hosted the show, bringing local stories to local people on cable tv.

But success also brought conflict.

The problems started when I began criticizing the city and the cable company for failing to meet their obligations under the franchise agreement.



ACCORDING TO THE
CABLE ACT OF 1984,

THE POWER OF
TELEVISION

IS GUARANTEED TO
ANYONE WILLING TO
DEMAND IT !!!!

That didn't sit well with the powers that be.

Access became harder, segments got blocked, and before long, the very channel meant for the public was shutting me out.

To me, that was censorship, plain and simple. I knew I needed a new path.

For a time, I considered buying Channel 55, a UHF station in Dallas–Fort Worth, for a million dollars.

But even if I had pulled it off, UHF was limited — it barely reached beyond the local area, and not many people even watched it. I wanted something bigger.

That's when my friend Nick Anderson handed me a book on HTML. I remember asking him, "Nick, what is this?" He explained it was a language to write web pages.



Then it hit me: if I could put The Hometown on the Internet, nobody could censor me. I dove in.

It wasn't easy. This was the mid -1990s, before YouTube, broadband, smart phones, and drag-and-drop web design.

It took about a year of trial and error, but I kept pushing to get it done.

It wasn't smooth or glamorous — the streams were glitchy, the audience small, and the tools primitive. But it was the future.

Long before YouTube or other streaming giants, I was webcasting live shows and offering on-demand video... Almost a decade ahead of the curve.

Growing up in Carrollton, serving my country, and then returning home to see my city in need — that's what drove me to start THE HOMETOWN. But it was censorship that forced me to take it online.

And in doing so, I ended up pioneering something no one else had yet imagined: a true Internet TV show.



Chapter 6

First Webcasts

By the late-1990s, we had our 2nd son...just in time to witness the show fully transferring from public access cable TV... to the Internet.



It was clumsy and unpolished at first, but the idea was revolutionary.

By 1997, the pieces finally came together.

I had built a working website, figured out how to encode video, and had enough equipment to stream live — over dial-up, no less.

What happened next made Internet history.

One of our first big moments came on New Year's Eve, 1997, at The Harder Bar.



We hosted what I believe was the first public New Year's webcast. The bar was packed, balloons dropping, people cheering — and there I was, microphone in hand, broadcasting a Dallas bar scene to the world.



It was raw, pixelated, and jerky, but it was LIVE around the world. We weren't just recording history; we were making it.

Later that year... there I stood, microphone in hand again, but this time with a banner behind me declaring the future of TV.

LIVE webcast at the Texas State Fair from the WFAA "Future of Television" exhibit.



Nobody really understood how big the Internet was going to be yet. But I did.

Streaming from the Fair, showing people the potential of online broadcasting.

I knew this was the direction the world was heading, and I was ready to lead the way. Football was next.



In 1997, at Standridge Stadium, we pulled off the first HS football webcast: Smith vs. Turner.

My old rivalry, broadcast live to the world before anyone else had even considered the idea.

Texas high school football is its own religion, and now it had found its way online.

But maybe the most historic webcast of all came in December 1999, when my daughter Stephanie Ann Goetz was born.

Using an old laptop, my Handy Cam, and a dial-up phone line, we streamed her birth live from Denton, Texas.

Stephanie became the first baby born live on the Internet.

It was emotional, powerful, and historic.



It wasn't about making headlines — it was about showing the human side of technology.

The Internet wasn't just for news or entertainment; it could capture life itself, unfiltered and real.

During the early years, THE HOMETOWN also streamed concerts, political forums, and other community events.



The idea was always the same: use this new medium to connect people in ways traditional TV and newspapers could not.

Looking back, the late '90s felt like the Wild West of the Internet. Nothing was easy.

Every webcast meant tinkering with hardware, battling slow connections, and hoping the stream held up.

But it worked. And in working, I proved the point: online video had arrived.

What began in Carrollton as a fight against censorship had now become something larger.



THE HOMETOWN wasn't just a community show anymore — it laid the foundation for YouTube, Netflix, Hulu, Twitch, Facebook Live, and every other streaming platform since.

I didn't have their money, but I did have something they didn't. A belief that ordinary life, ordinary people, and ordinary moments mattered. All deserved to be shared. And the Internet made it possible.



Chapter 7

Internet Bust

By the mid-1990s, the world was changing faster than anyone could keep up with. Computers were moving into homes, the Internet was becoming more than just a curiosity, and people were starting to imagine new ways of connecting.



Those early years gave me a front-row seat to Internet history.

I hosted the first online TV show, the first state fair webcast, the first football webcast, the first New Year's webcast, and even the first baby born live online.

Each moment felt impossible at the time, but we made it happen with little more than a pc, cam, phone line, and a belief that the Internet could change the world.

Looking back, I realize I wasn't just making television. I was building proof. Proof that ordinary people could use this new technology to tell their own stories, to share their own communities, and to bypass the traditional gatekeepers of media.

That's why I began documenting these firsts as NFTs...

digital tokens on the blockchain that could certify these milestones in Internet history.



To most people, they were just quirky images: a cat video, a webcast event, a meme. But to me, they are artifacts — evidence that what I did was real, and that it mattered.

The Internet boom eventually turned into the Internet bust, wiping out companies and fortunes.

But for me, it was never about Wall Street. It was about helping people communicate and doing my show — regardless of money.

Even when the dot-com bubble burst, I still had my show, my site, and proof of the things I had done.

Many of the things I pioneered were later celebrated when others copied my lead.

THE
HOMETOWN

Internet History Collection

First Internet Podcast

you-on-tv.com

Still, I know my work helped shape the future of online video.

In the end, that's what THE HOMETOWN was always about: telling my story.

How ordinary people — armed with a camera and a little faith — helped build the modern multimedia Internet.



Chapter 8

Standing Alone

When THE HOMETOWN moved from cable access to the Internet, I thought I had solved my problems. No city hall, no cable company, no sponsor could shut me down. What I didn't realize was all the other enormous challenges ahead.

Carrollton was growing fast in the 1990s. Change was in the air.

I grew up there, served my country, and came home to see a city changing beyond recognition.



We only had a weekly newspaper, and it wasn't enough. People didn't know what was happening in their own hometown. That's why I started the show

But tv is expensive.

The cable company was supposed to provide a studio, equipment, and coordinators for public use under the franchise agreement. They didn't. When I started pointing that out, both the city and the cable company turned on me.

What began as a local community program, became a battle of free speech on tv... seen around the World.

I ran for office because I thought maybe if I was on the inside, I could make change. Every election I put myself out there, speaking honestly about my vision of technology and Government in the 21st Century.

I ran for Mayor three times, city council twice. I lost every election.



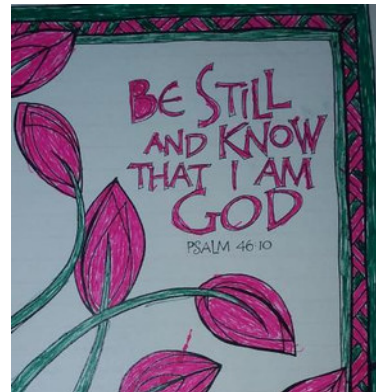
People cheered me on in the grocery store. They told me I was right. But when Election Day came, they apparently stayed home. The most I ever got was about 20%. Sometimes single digits.

Meanwhile, the pressure became intense. Sponsors disappeared. The blacklist grew. At times, I even got death threats. I sent my family away for their safety.

There were nights I slept on the street, asking God, Is this really worth it?

The answer was always yes.

I loved Carrollton. It was the town I grew up in. I had walked those streets as a kid and carried that hometown pride through the Cold War.



If I couldn't stand up for it now, then who would?

But the cost was heavy. My family didn't understand why Dad would spend so much time on a show that didn't pay the bills... and caused so much conflict.

My kids needed stability, and I couldn't always provide it. My marriages broke under the strain.

Looking back, I regret that.

I believed my show was the right thing to do. Still praying my kids understand.

In my final election, the city introduced electronic voting machines. There was a glitch in the system however, and the results couldn't be verified.

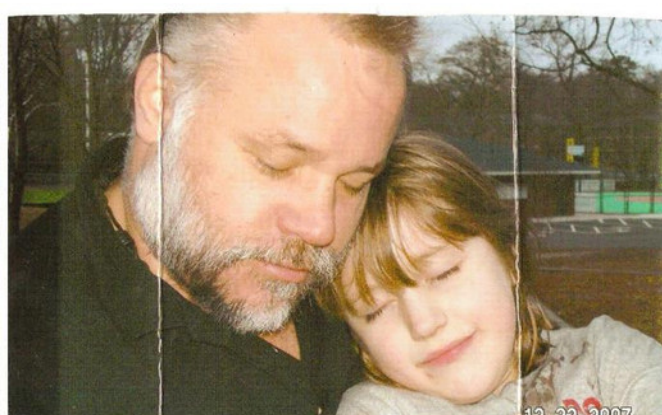


I filed a lawsuit, demanding a legitimate election... but nothing changed.

That's when I had enough. It was time to go.

My family needed me more than Carrollton politics did.

So, I packed up the car, loaded my family inside, and drove east to North Carolina. I didn't look back.



The fight for truth never really ended, but the political battles in my old hometown are behind me now.

Sometimes you must “go it alone” when doing right.



Chapter 9

Carolina Years

After Carrollton politics collapsed under censorship, lawsuits, and an unverifiable election, I packed up my family and left Texas.



My newborn daughter Stephanie had just come into the world, and I thought moving to Greenville, North Carolina — where Sherry's family lived — would give us stability and a fresh start.

But almost immediately, I discovered the opposite. Sherry's family didn't want me there. I was pushed out, and before long, I was on the street again.

The fight to survive and stay in my daughter's life became my purpose.



I always felt bad I didn't spend more time with my boys. So, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to leave her... until she was grown and ready to stand on her own 2 feet.

I argued for Father's rights through the Pitt County courts, the NC state system. And eventually, all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court.



My case sparked legal discussion, but no precedent for protecting Parental Rights was ever set.

Even so, I refused to walk away.... Staying as close to Stephanie and her brothers as I could. Always showing them love despite the odds.

Hopefully my case laid the foundation for real parental rights someday.

It is hard to understand how I have a 1st amendment right to talk about my kids, but no right to have them.

Those years in NC were marked by hardship. At times I was homeless, working odd jobs just to survive. But I kept finding a way forward.

I began substitute teaching in Pitt County schools and eventually taught for 17 years.

From Greenville North Carolina... to Austin Texas, I have seen many classrooms.

Of course, I love teaching, but it was difficult to survive on Substitute teacher pay.



I also built Mike's PC Shop, carving out a business to support myself while still fighting for father's rights through the courts.

I loved being near East Carolina University (ECU).



I often walked around... even when I wasn't enrolled, drawn to the energy of campus life.



Eventually, I returned to school myself, finishing my bachelor's degree and entering ECU's graduate program.

But ECU Grad School became another battle.

The Online Master's program promised to teach about technology in the classroom... but they didn't use it. I spent most of my time Typing APA reports and emails.

And when my Carpal Tunnel Syndrome from my military years made the work harder, my complaints were met with resistance.

ECU eventually pushed me out.



North Carolina tested me hard. I fought for my rights as a father, student, and for my daughter's future.

Despite the setbacks, Stephanie grew up knowing her father loved her... just like her brothers — and no court could take that away.



Chapter 10

Austin Dream

After my daughter started college, I set my sights on Texas again.

Austin seemed like the place for a fresh start — a city alive with music, technology, and opportunity.

I thought I could finally settle, pursue my master's degree at the University of Texas, and rebuild both my show and my life.



I drove slowly back across the country from Greenville, North Carolina, trying to make a new plan for life.

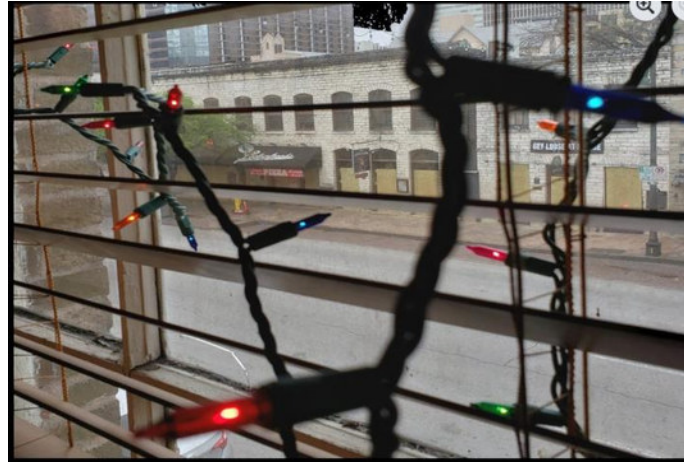
I hoped my VA home loan might secure a house but quickly realized that \$120,000 wasn't enough for Austin's soaring prices, especially near the University of Texas.

For a while, I lived out of my truck, often parking beneath the bridge at 6th Street and I-35.

Life was rough, but downtown Austin gave me something I hadn't felt in years: excitement.



Eventually, I found a small apartment overlooking 6th Street itself.



My bedroom window looked down on the heart of Austin's nightlife.

On Friday and Saturday nights, the police closed the street to cars, and 6th Street turned into a living festival of people, music, and hell raising.

It was the perfect backdrop for THE HOMETOWN.

Everywhere I looked, musicians, artists, and performers were chasing their dreams. I had the camera, the experience, and the vision to showcase them.

I recorded interviews, promoted local talent, and brought the same spirit of community storytelling from Carrollton into Austin's beating heart.

But even in Austin, old struggles followed me. Clubs and venues didn't yet understand the potential of live streaming. Paid gigs were rare. I was running on passion more than profit. Still, I thought it was just a matter of time for Live webcast to catch on.

Then COVID struck.

One day the streets were alive, the next they were boarded up.



The nightlife went silent and closed its doors.

My plans for graduate school at UT were shelved.

Austin no longer felt like the same city. It was then I realized my future lay beyond downtown — that I needed something lasting.

That's when I began searching the Texas Hill Country for land, and eventually found Hamilton, where the next chapter of my life — the Goetz Family Homestead — would begin.

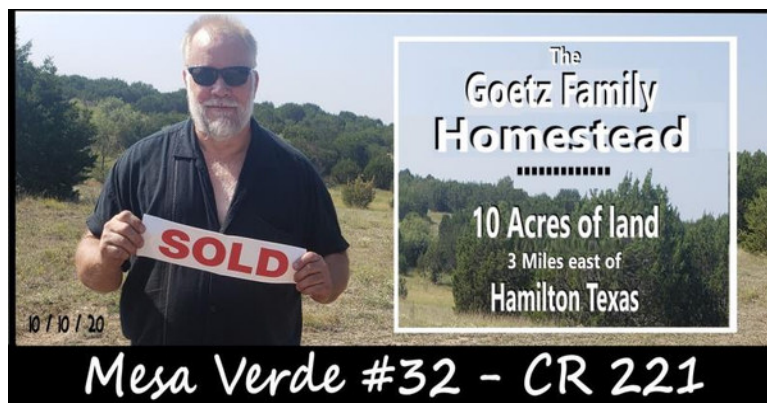


Chapter 11

Circle G

Leaving Austin's noise behind, I drove Northwest into the Texas Hill Country.

I wasn't looking for nightlife anymore... I was looking for land to pioneer.



For the first time in my family's history, I owned something permanent, a place my kids could inherit. That's when I came across the Mesa Verde Ranch.

This massive ranch was being divided into small tracts — ten, twenty acres at a time.

To most people, it was just raw ranch land. No water wells, no fences, no power. Just rattle snakes, mesquite trees, and cattle trails.

To me, it was exactly what I needed. Ten acres for under \$90,000 — just within reach. I called it the Goetz Family Homestead, or the “Circle G Ranch”.

The move was drastic. I went from an apartment on 6th Street in Austin to 10 acres of Raw Ranch land.



At first, my “cabin” was little more than a shell with a metal roof.

Summers were brutal — the temperatures inside the cabin was often over 100.

Winters often meant a lot of cold winds and freezing rain, so I got a wood burning stove to keep me warm... as long as I keep chopping firewood.

The first years nearly broke me. Drought dried up my tanks. I had to ration every drop of water.



In 2024, I wrecked my Trooper.

Living off grid is already difficult... but you can't survive long without regular supply runs into town.

I spent over a year on foot, catching rides when I could.

Although it was only a few miles, I had to have a way to haul supplies back to the Cabin.

I did eventually get another truck, but I'm still working on the Trooper.

Then, in the middle of everything else... Rosie had thirteen puppies.

It wasn't long before the Coyotes circled the cabin, yipping and barking... hungry for the pups.



I was not going to let a pack of coyotes eat the puppies... so I stood on the porch with my rifle, firing off warning shots, hollering and cussing until they backed off.

Rosie and Bandita are critical to the ranch life...



Like when they tried to corner a rattlesnake that had slithered up to the cabin.

They also help me control the cattle and other varmints.... like wild hogs, bobcats, and the coyotes.

Together, they've been good watch dogs, and about the only thing I have to talk to sometimes.

As neighbors began to move in, I learned that country living meant more than land — it meant community.

Wanting to do my part, I began helping at the fire department with tech support.

I have also made several videos to help raise awareness and recourses for the important job they do.



As a Veteran and Dad, I like hanging out with people willing to risk their lives to help others.

I also volunteer at the
Community Center.

and fellowship at
Living Waters
Worship Center and
St John Lutheran
church.



Almost 5 years later, the Circle G is better than ever.
The cabin is livable, the dogs are training with Halo
collars, and I've got trucks running again.

It's still off-grid, still tough, but it's mine. A family
homestead, finally real — something I can pass down
with pride.



Chapter 12

Final thoughts.

Looking back across more than six decades, I see a life lived in full.

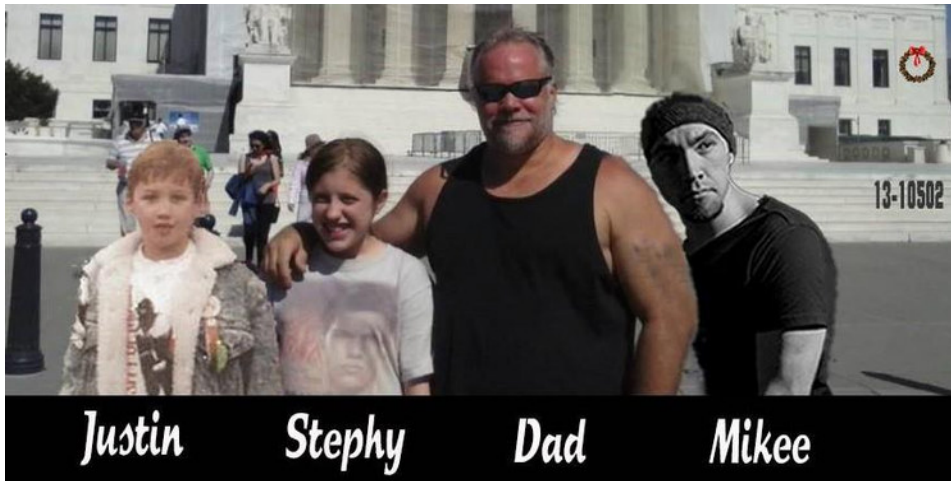


From Galveston to Carrollton, from the Cold War in Germany to the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, from public access television to pioneering the Internet,

and finally, to my family homestead in Hamilton, Texas.

Every chapter has had its trials, its blessings, and its purpose.

I know I make choices that are often hard on my family.



My kids — Justin, Mikey, and Stephanie — have each carried part of that journey with me.

If I regret anything, it is the pain and instability my battles sometimes caused them.

But I have no regrets for standing up for what I believe is right.

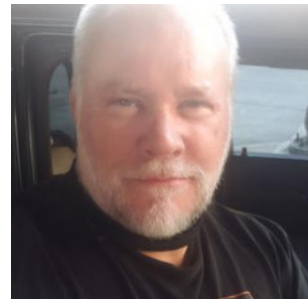
My children were all born out of love, and everything I did, at the core, was to give them a better chance than I had.

I have lived as a husband, a father, a soldier, a teacher, a journalist, a politician, a pioneer, and now as a homesteader. Each role taught me something. Each left its mark.

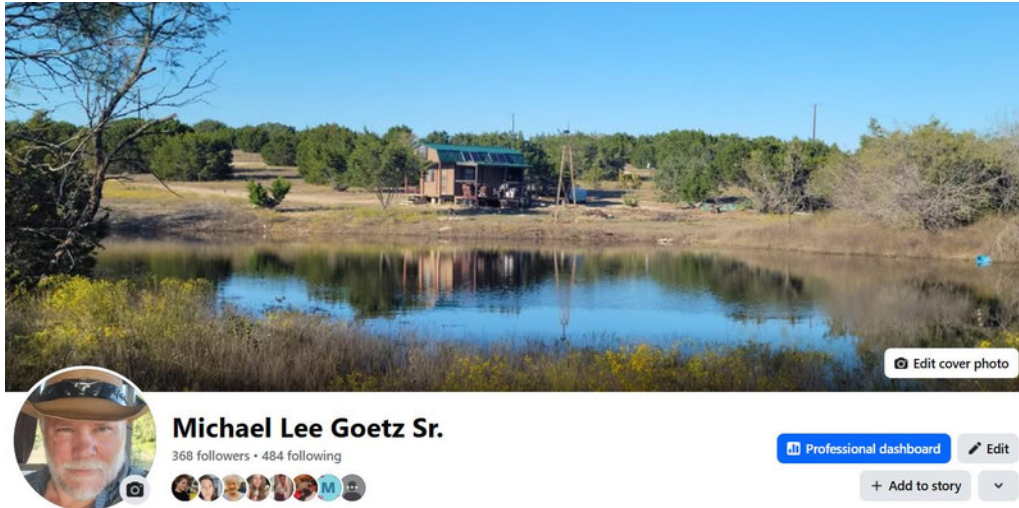
Some chapters ended in loss, but all of them left me stronger.

I have always tried to keep my conscience clear.

Whether it was loading Nukes in the Cold War, walking onto the field at Miami, fighting censorship in my hometown, or standing alone in NC courts, I respectfully speak the truth as I see it... and carry the weight of those choices.



Now I live quietly, off-grid in the Texas Hill Country, with cattle and my dogs mostly.



The Circle G Ranch is my legacy to my children — proof that, no matter how many times life knocks you down, you can still stand back up and build something lasting.

Faith has carried me through it all. God has spoken to me in moments big and small, and I have always tried to listen and obey.

My hopes are simple...

Live to at least 100,

Leave behind a good family name, and

meet the end of my days with the same clear
conscience I have tried to keep all along.

The rest of my story, Lord willing, is still being written...

MLGSR

October 2025

From the island city of Galveston, Texas, where he was born in 1963, to the cutting-edge digital frontier of online video, Michael Lee Goetz, Sr. has lived a life defined by resilience, vision, and pioneering spirit.

A Cold War veteran and Dad, Michael served his country through a turbulent era before returning home at the dawn of a new decade. In 1990, just out of the military, he walked on with the defending national champion Miami Hurricanes football team, traveling with them to the Cotton Bowl as a redshirt freshman. But when his father passed away, Michael returned to Texas, carrying both the discipline of service and the drive of competition into the next chapters of his life.

That drive led him to become one of the earliest innovators of online broadcasting. When censorship pushed his public access TV show, THE HOMETOWN, off the air, Michael refused to be silenced. In 1997, he pioneered www.You-On-Tv.com, the internet's first continuous online TV show - years before YouTube existed. From live webcasts to the first baby born online, his vision broke barriers and set the stage for the digital media landscape we take for granted today.

Now living off-grid in the Texas Hill Country, Michael continues to build - his homestead, his family legacy, and his vision for the future. Through his AI Theatre project, visitors can listen, watch, and even interact with 'AI Mike,' a virtual version of himself that shares his story and brings history to life for future generations.

The Life and Times of Michael Lee Goetz, Sr. is more than a memoir. It is the chronicle of a family man, veteran, athlete, homesteader, and digital trailblazer whose life bridges the Cold War, the rise of the internet, and the dawn of artificial intelligence.



White for Truth. Blue for Loyalty.
The lion stands for Courage, with red eyes representing the Warrior Spirit
of the Germanic tribes who once defied Rome.

© 2025 Michael Lee Goetz, Sr.